

# For I Am Desolate

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by Gerald Griffin (1803 – 1840)

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I.

The Christmas light is burning bright  
In many a village pane,  
And many a cottage rings to-night  
With many a merry strain.  
Young boys and girls run laughing by,  
Their hearts and eyes elate –  
I can but think on mine, and sigh,  
For I am desolate.

II.

There's none to watch in our old cot,  
Beside the holy light,  
No tongue to bless the silent spot  
Against the parting night.  
I've closed the door, and hither come  
To mourn my lonely fate;  
I cannot bear my own old home,  
It is so desolate!

III.

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,  
And clasp'd my mother's knee;  
I saw my mother follow him –  
My husband wept with me.  
My husband did not long remain –  
His child was left me yet  
But now my heart's last love is slain,  
And I am desolate!