**On My Dear Grandchild Simon Bradstreet, Who Died on 16TH November, 1669, Being but a Month and One Day Old**

by [*Anne Bradstreet*](https://www.poetrynook.com/poet/anne-bradstreet)

No sooner came, but gone, and fall'n asleep,  
  
Acquaintance short, yet parting caused us weep;  
  
Three flowers, two scarcely blown, the last i' th' bud,  
  
Cropped by th' Almighty's hand; yet is He good.  
  
With dreadful awe before Him let's be mute,  
  
Such was His will, but why, let's not dispute,  
  
With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,  
  
Let's say He's merciful as well as just.  
  
He will return and make up all our losses,  
  
And smile again after our bitter crosses  
  
Go pretty babe, go rest with sisters twain;  
  
Among the blessed in endless joys remain.

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O Bubble blast, how long can'st last? that always art a breaking,

No sooner blown, but dead and gone, ev'n as a word that's speaking,

O whil'st I live, this grace me give, I doing good may be,

Then death's arrest I shall count best, because it's thy decree.

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(from the poem „Upon a Fit of Sickness“, 1632)