

Stanzas to the memory of H. M.

Farewell! and I think not thy memory shall perish,
It shall shine through our hearts as thy virtues have done;
And affection and friendship its lustre shall cherish,
As bright and as dear as the calm setting Sun.

We mourn not for Thee! though too early thou'st left us,
Thou hadst nothing to do, but to die — and be blest!
For Death, which has thus of thy presence bereft us,
Could be unto Thee but the Herald of rest.

Well, peace to thy chambers! that peace the world gives not;
And visions of bliss through the night of the Tomb;
Till thou wake'st in that Heaven where pale Sorrow lives not,
But pleasures immortal around Thee shall bloom.

I remember when prospects as bright and unclouded
As thy own peaceful heart, seem'd thy heritage here;
And I sigh'd, for thy sake, when adversity shrouded
A landscape so lovely, so calm, and so clear.

But 'tis over! and now, unto Faith's piercing vision,
The clouds are dispersing, which darken'd before;
Through Death's gloomy portal shine prospects elysian,
A Vista which Sorrow shall shadow no more.

Farewell! then, once more - Angels watch o'er thy slumbers!
Till Cherity's dawn on thy waking, shall shine;
And O! may the Poet, when Death stills his numbers,
Sink to sleep as inviting, as tranquil as Thine!

B. B.

Sunday January 28 - 1816.