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Bright
As t
Now t
And
Chime
Fly o'

Capricious fortune's sport, or passion's slave;
Till peace takes root, and blossoms on the grave.
Can I forget the days of anxious pain,
When that dear angel form I watch'd in vain?
Can I forget the agonizing hour
When those lov'd eyes were clos'd, to wake no
more?

Ah, no! revolving years in vain depart,
The traces still remain upon my heart!

When lost in grief, my eyes refus'd a tear,
Instinctive fondness sought his silent bier,
Hope whisper'd, 'sure he sleeps,' I wildly press'd
The lovely image to my aching breast,
And felt the fearful chill of nature's awful rest.
Now I can weep, and oft in thought recall
The closing scene, the coffin, and the pall.
The solemn knell of death, I heard it toll;
How heavily it struck my wounded soul!

'Tis long since past; forgetfulness has spread
Her misty mantle o'er unnumber'd dead;
But fond affection lingers in the gloom;
Near the dim lamp that glimmers o'er the tomb

Passion's slave;
 soms on the grave.
 ous pain,
 watch'd in vain?
ur
 clos'd, to wake no

She graves with trembling hand the mournful
 rhyme,
Where memory recalls departed time,
 Brings back in one short hour the dream of years,
 And sprinkles on the grave a mother's tears.

ain depart,
 my heart!
 yes refus'd a tear,
is silent bier,
 s' I wildly press'd
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