

TO THE

MEMORY OF A LADY,

*Whom the Author much esteemed when very young.*

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IF gratitude was e'er a debt,  
Or friendship were a tye,  
Then will I think on Margaret,  
Till I shall droop and die.

To me succeeding years have shewn,  
Thou wert a peerless maid ;  
For years alas ! are past and gone,  
Since thou in dust wert laid.

The hours of folly, light and vain,  
I count a loss to me ;  
But pleasures in reflection's train,  
Are those I pass'd with thee.

To follow thy engaging worth,  
 My early days inclin'd ;  
 And now I fondly call them forth,  
 To cheer my pensive mind.

Not dearer to my youthful heart,  
 My early fancy's pride,  
 Than now, when sicken'd hopes depart,  
 And pleasing scenes subside,

How oft the time I would prolong,  
 When listening to thy tongue ;  
 For who with wisdom lived so long,  
 That ever died so young.

GENIUS and learning tho' we gain

Genius and learning bless in vain ;

How shared with error and with woe

The progress of my tale would show

Till application call'd for strength

And virtue gives its labours worth.