



SONNET XL.

Y Oung, fair, and good! ah why should young and fair
 And good be huddled in untimely grave?
 Must so sweet flow'r so brief a period have,
 Just bloom and charm, then fade and disappear?

Yet our's the loss, who ill alas can spare
 The bright example, which thy virtues gave;
 The guerdon thine, whom gracious heav'n did save
 From longer trial in this vale of care.

Rest then, sweet saint, in peace and honour rest,
 While our true tears bedew thy maiden hearse,
 Light lie the earth upon thy lovely breast;
 And let a grateful heart with grief opprefs'd
 To thy dear mem'ry consecrate this verse,
 Though all too mean for who deserves the best.