

TO MISS ———\* OF DUBLIN,  
ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

**E**MBOSOM'D in the bloom-bespangled thorn,  
The lonely Minstrel wakes her strain forlorn,  
And to the ear of Night unfolds her tale,  
Of ceaseless sorrow, and of widow'd wail:  
Thus, bending 'neath a more than common woe,  
At Mem'ry's shrine thy tears incessant flow.  
Yet why, ah, why, with cheerless gloom o'ercast,  
Still ponder o'er th' irrevocable past?  
Why, weeping, bend o'er Virtue's hallow'd tomb,  
Whence Hope, immortal Hope, dispels the gloom?  
To her mild sway thy tortur'd breast resign,  
And make, dear maid, her balmy pleasures thine.

\* A near relation of Mr. B's father, to whom her brothers were under great obligations for amiable attentions during their nine years' sojourn at Harrow School. She never paid the least attention to his parents on the ever-to-be-lamented death of their excellent son; for whom, when living, she was vain of boasting a friendship: her name is therefore erased.