

To Lady H——n.

Sweet, gentle mourner, cease thy plaintive notes.  
What sympathy?—What gratitude—I feel—I owe:  
How many happy, tranquil days I've pass'd  
In these gay fields, or sweet sequester'd shades?  
Planted by thee \*—by her † the dearest friend,  
Or by that venerable Tower—and ancient Pines,  
Where mourns the dove;  
Or by that sacred Isle—where rest the last remains,  
The best of husbands.  
Fled! from our sight, but in thy souls  
Doubly united.  
Fond recollection of each happy scene.

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\* Lady H.

† Miss Ann H.

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How to delineate the indulgent

Father?

A plain inscription

Suits his truth.

How anxious to impress it on their tender minds?

To banish art, deceit, or guile.

Of gentlest manners, easy and polite,

Each guest was happy; parted with regret.

Home—was the centre of his

Happiness,

Received his parting sigh! blest it;

And went to Heaven.

Hush! to thy griefs, thy family claims

Thy care.

No blasts--the tender buds--of hope--shall kill.

Their filial love shall comfort

Thy sad heart.

The duties! now of both, are left

On thee.