

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS AND FABLES,  
BY  
MRS. ISABELLA KELLY.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LAMENTED

MR. ROBERT HAWKE KELLY.

**F**AIR breaks the morn o'er yonder eastern skies,  
And bright'ning hills in pleasing prospect rise;  
But who can say, serene the day will end,  
The sun unclouded to its depth descend?  
Such dear departed infant was thy dawn,  
But gloom o'er shades the eve my hopes had drawn.  
Oh, thou! so late my child—my hope and pride,  
Who ever pleas'd, until the hour thou died,  
In mournful strains let now my sad heart tell,  
How I my darling boy could bid farewell!  
Angelic brightness! oh! look down and see  
What bitter pangs thy parent feels for thee!

If thy pure shade can know what passes here;  
 Accept the bursting sigh—the gushing tear;—  
 And thou, so soon enthron'd in realms above,  
 Forgive the murmurs of maternal love !  
 Severely kind was that all-sacred day,  
 When thy sweet form did ev'ry pain repay :  
 Thy angel beauty did my hope engage,  
 That thou shouldst bless my life, and cheer my age ;  
 And thou, fair spirit, now remov'd from pain,  
 Hast taught my humble heart, that life is vain :  
 Yet, what is this that struggles at my breast  
 For thee, my child ?—it will not be suppress'd :  
 Thy spotless innocence—thy soul so pure,  
 From scorn could not thy guiltless clay secure.  
 What tho' distinguish'd by *that* honor'd name  
 Which gain'd to Britain glory, wealth and fame,  
 That swift destruction o'er her foes has hurl'd,  
 And liv'd the pride of an admiring world ;  
 What tho' descended from that soldier's breast,  
 Who reigns \* a hero, worshipt in the East,  
 Whose gallant deeds adorn Indostan's page,  
 And thou the latest darling of his age ;  
 Did it avail thee, honor, worth, and grace,  
 Gave brilliant lustre to thy mother's race,—

\* Col. K——y was then living, high in reputation as in rank—  
 commanding the centre army in the Carnatic.

A noble race, where all the virtues glow,  
 Adorn'd with all that monarchs can bestow ?  
 Ah, no! tho' thus distinguish'd by thy birth,  
 Thou wast deny'd a little spot of earth ;  
 Tho' soft humanity exalts her crest,  
 And in Britannia reigns an honor'd guest,  
 Yet cruel C--b--w-l refus'd a grave \*,  
 The last retreat thy lovely form could crave  
 But if unhallow'd was thy closing scene,  
 Thou angel innocent art now serene ;  
 And tho' no costly marble e'er may grace  
 Thy low-reposing bed—thy resting-place—  
 Yet shall the fairest flowers the spot adorn,  
 Cherish'd with purest tears of early morn ;  
 And angels guard thy guiltless sleeping clay,  
 Till thou awakest to eternal day.  
 How sweet *thy* rest ! from ev'ry evil free !  
 “ The world is left to wretchedness and me,”  
 Oh, why !—but soft—be still, my murm'ring breast,—  
 My little angel's gone to endless rest ;  
 With kindred spirits, far remote from pain,  
 He waits the hour when we shall meet again.

\* Neither clergyman nor sexton were in the church-yard—and the corps obliged to be carried back till next day.