

## TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET TIGHE:

TAKEN FROM US JUNE 7TH, 1804.—ÆTAT 85.

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SWEET, placid Spirit! blest, supremely blest,  
Whose life was tranquil, and whose end was rest;  
'Tis not for thee our general tears shall flow,  
Our loss is selfish, selfish is our woe:  
We mourn a common parent, common friend,  
Centre, round whom thy children loved to bend:  
Where hands divided, met again to move  
In one sweet circle of united love:  
We mourn the tender, sympathising heart  
So prompt to aid, and share the sufferer's part;  
The liberal hand, the kindly patient ear,  
Pity's soft sigh, and ever ready tear;  
The graceful form, yet lovely in decay,  
The peace inspiring eye's benignant ray;



The lip of tenderness that soothed the sad,  
 And loved to bid the innocent be glad;  
 The gently, softening, reconciling word,  
 The ever cheerful, hospitable board:  
 The unassuming wisdom, pious prayers,  
 The still renewed, prolonged, maternal cares:  
 All—all are lost!—of thee, blest Saint, bereft,  
 We mourn, to whom impoverished life is left:  
 Mourn for ourselves! Secure thy lot must be,  
 With those who pure in heart their God shall see.