TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET TIGHE:

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

Who require the past, nor hope the morrows

It falls for those who, left behind,

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.

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Still round my pillow southing stay;

Still spread thy kindly limitent of and

Alas! for him where youth has boyed

... Buds him the unified areas naturally win shifts ...