

## WRITTEN AT WEST-ASTON.

*June, 1808.*

---

YES, I remember the dear suffering saint,  
Whose hand, with fond, commemorative care,  
Planted that myrtle on my natal day.  
It was a day of joy to him she loved  
Best upon earth ;—and still her gentle heart,  
That never felt one passion's eager throb,  
Nor aught but quiet joys, and patient woes,  
Was prompt to sympathize with all ; and most  
With that beloved brother.—She had hoped  
Perchance, that, fondly on his arm reclined  
In placid happiness, her feeble step  
Might here have wandered through these friendly shades,  
This hospitable seat of kindred worth :  
And that the plant, thus reared, in future years  
Might win his smile benignant, when her hand

Should point where, in its bower of loveliness,  
Bright spreading to the sun its fragrant leaf,  
His Mary's myrtle bloomed.—Ah me! 'tis sad  
When sweet affection thus designs in vain,  
And sees the fragile web it smiling spun  
In playful love, crushed by the sudden storm,  
And swept to dark oblivion, mid the wreck  
Of greater hopes!—Even while she thought of bliss,  
Already o'er that darling brother's head  
The death-commissioned angel noiseless waved  
His black and heavy wings: and though she mourned  
That stroke, in pious sorrow, many a year,  
Yet, even then, the life-consuming shaft  
In her chaste breast she uncomplaining bore.  
Now, both at rest, in blessed peacefulness,  
With no impatient hope, regret, or doubt,  
Await that full completion of the bliss  
Which their more perfect spirits shall receive.  
Fair blossomed her young tree, effusing sweet  
Its aromatic breath; for other eyes  
Blushed the soft folded buds, and other hands

Pruned its luxuriant branches : friendship still  
Preserved the fond memorial ; nay, even yet  
Would fain preserve with careful tenderness  
The blighted relic of what once it loved.  
Hard were the wintry hours felt even here  
Amid these green protecting walls, and late  
The timid Spring, oft chilled and rudely checked,  
At last unveiled her tenderest charms, and smiled  
With radiant blushes on her amorous train ;  
But no reviving gale, no fruitful dew,  
Visits the brown parched leaf, or from the stem,  
The withering stem, elicits the young shoots  
With hopes of life and beauty ; yet thy care  
Perhaps, dear Sydney, thine assiduous care  
May save it still. What can resist the care  
Of fond, assiduous love ? Oh ! it can raise  
The shuddering soul, though sunk beneath the black,  
Suspended pall of death ! Believe this lip,  
Believe this grateful heart, which best can feel  
The life-restoring power of watchful love.