

## A N E P I T A P H.

**B**IRON, if e'er thy bosom bled for woe,  
 If e'er a tear bedew'd thy radiant eyes,  
 To yon church-yard, at close of evening go,  
 There low on earth the gay LOUISA lies.

**B**IRON, for thee she lost the joys of youth,  
 To thee, by magic pow'r, her heart was giv'n;  
 For thee rejected friendship, love, and truth;  
 For thee she scorn'd the world, and slighted Heav'n.

**B**IRON, for thee she pin'd the summer day,  
 By PHOEBUS' ray, or LUNA's milder beam;  
 Nor could forget the fatal ninth of May,  
 Till, led by Death, she tasted LETHE's stream.

**B**IRON, for thee—but ah! I'll stop in time;  
 Around her grave I saw fierce lightnings dart;  
 There sleeps her muse, there rest her pow'rs sublime;  
**B**IRON, for thee LOUISA broke her heart!

W O R D S