

To Friendship

O Friendship so close of grief! whose smile
Can ease the terrors of life's ruthless storm,
Come, with thy daughter's memory, and beguile
My pensive hours. Recall the fairy forms
Of early pleasures. Bid them trip along
Gay as the sanguine hope which youth inspires.
Renew my Genaldine's enchanting song,
That song which warbles new mid angel choirs.

O be her fearless excellence displayed,
True to the likeness in my bosom worn!
O'er weeping rocks cast that lament shade,
Which screens repentance from approbious scorn,
Give with thy lamp the ead sepulchral gleam,
And twine thy roses round the muredering tomb.

Clower Fields

By Miss Evans