

## XIV

The cold sod wraps her lovely form,  
 That rapture to my soul imparted ;  
 She lived in beauty ! but the storm  
 In early morn, life's current thwarted.

## XVI

Where once the laughing, mirthful eye,  
 With joy's bright beam was wont to glisten ;  
 (When time on pinions fleet went by,  
 And we to hope's fond tale would listen :

## XVII

Or when the tear-drop started there,—  
 The sympathetic gem of feeling,—  
 And o'er that face so passing fair  
 Soft pity's sorrowing look was stealing.)