

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.)