

An Acrostic.

To Miss Edwards.

Ever may the current of thy veins
Mildly flow enraptured by sweet strains
Made doubly dear by bright associations
A stranger to all dull vexations :

Even when the gloomy spectre death
Disturbs the tranquil softness of thy breath
Wafted on angels' wings beyond the skies
Aloft may thy bright soul eternal rise,
Resplendent with the merit won through years
Desert the scene of misery and tears
Secure at length from all earth's hostile fears.

