

To the memory of Miss Ledyard. of Bath. M.
Mersey - thy Memory still is dear

Though many years have pass'd away,
Since thou hast left thy sojourn here
- Last off these garments vile, of clay.

The Sabbath-day to thee went down -
And shed its soft'ned holy light;
When to thy couch in health retired
And fondly wish'd thy friends 'good night.'

And to her sister sweetly said
'Call me before the rising dawn; -
I would not waste my hours in bed -
But rise when blushing is the morn.

When to her room her sister went
Mersey - my sweetest sister 'come;'
No answer - o'er her body bent
She saw that she was summon'd home.

Before the morning streak'd the east,
The soul had burst its brittle clod;
Triumphant - from its clay released
Had mounted to her Saviour, God!

Then sister - rest thee sweet in death
We would not call thee back to die -
Since thou hast yielded up thy breath
Perchance - without a pain or sigh.

Thy guardian spirit pure and bright
Perhaps is watching from the sky;
Thy robes are flowing - virgin white
Where 'holy', 'holy', they reply.

Then hush'd be every murmuring sound
And hush'd the tumult of the heart -
Let hope and faith in us be found
Since thou didst choose that 'better part.'

Sonnet:

She went to her bed, to her couch she retir'd
When evening had curtain'd the sky -
Perhaps the bright stars she warmly admir'd
The planets and moon her spirit inspir'd,
Adoring she knelt - before she retir'd
To her last - to her long silent rest.

The roses were blushing upon her warm cheek
'Twas health with its roseate bloom;
Subdued was her spirit, so pure and so meek
And nothing of Death it seem'd to bespeak
Yet still with his arrows and fingers so bleak
This sister he call'd to the tomb.

Then fare^{thee}well Mercy - again say farewell
Thy Maker has call'd thee on high, -
The anthems of praises methinks now you swell
With beings seraphic forever you dwell
And sweeter the ~~cherub~~ ~~cherubim~~ love, Redeeming you tell
And 'holy', you ever reply.
We lay thee then calmly to thy long repose -
'Dust to dust', be the words that are said, -
Thou hast conquer'd thus early the last of thy foes
By the cold hand of Death - like the early nipp'd rose
But thy spirit cherubic with fervour now glows -
To regions sublime - you have fled.

And dost thou thy kindred then beckon away
And hail one by one to thy shore
Rejoicing that they have left their vile clay
And soard where their vestments are harnish'd by day
And louder hast pour'd thy enrapturing lay
That they never die any more.

O then sister spirit expand thy bright wing
And drink in the music of Heaven.
Again raise your voice to new song to sing
Be sweeter the praises forever you bring
While ravish'd you gaze on your Lord & your King
And the harpings divine that are given.