Archive.org "The miscellaneous essays and occasional writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq.[" 161] (1792) Vol III

> TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY M'KEAN.

To yonder new made grave I'll go, And there indulge my fwelling grief: There fhall the tears of friendship flow, And give my wounded heart relief.

To yonder grave, oh! mufe, repair, And whilft I breathe my tender fighs, Attune thy plaintive lyre, for there Archive.org the Miscellaneous essays and occasional writings The loy'd, the loft *Maria* lies, of Francis Hopkinson, Esq (1792) Vol III

Bleft be the ground where thoir art laid; Let no unhallow'd foot prefume Upon thy tufted grave to tread; No hoftile hand profane thy tomb.

Angelic hofts affembled here, Shall guard the confectated ground; In robes of radiant light appear, And fpread feraphic mufic round.

The winds that thro' the midnight gloom, Wild howling o'er the mountains fly; Shall ceafe their rage, when near thy tomb, And pafs in plaintive murmurs by.

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When at the board with feffive glee,Gay pleafures focial bofoms chear;E'en mirth fhall paufe to think on thee,And, thinking, drop a filent tear.

With grateful hearts the poor diffreft, Shall to thy grave lamenting go; Then fhall thy hand be duly bleft, That hand which lov'd to foften woe.

Oft when the moon with placid ray Gleams o'er the dew-befpangled green, Here fhall my filent footfteps ftray, Here fhall my penfive form be feen.

Thy worth, dear faint, fhall then arife All bright to contemplation's view : Review thy life with weeping eyes, And weeping ftrive to copy you.

Remembrance long fhall hold thee faft; Thy form, thy virtues ne'er fhall die : I'll love thee thus whilft life fhall laft, And blefs thee with my lateft figh.

ТНЕ ЕРІТАРИ.

FAIR was her form, ferene her mind, Her heart and hopes were fix'd on high : Her hand beneficent and kind Oft wip'd the tear from forrow's eye.

The

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The fweets of friendship foften'd care; Love, peace, and joy, her foul posseft: Meeknefs perfum'd each rising pray'r,

And ev'ry rifing pray'r was bleft. In heav'n we truft, her fainted fpirit fings Glad *Hallelujahs* to the *King of Kings*.

March, 1773.