



My friends, and kindred all, I pray draw near,
And grant my grief, your sympathetic tear,
Relentless Death's! Sent Down my Friend to Dust!
Young, Sprightly, gay, and yet Depart She must,
Bless'd with a kind, a Tender, gentle, Soul,
As er'e yet Breath'd from Indus to the Pole,
Loveing to her mate, to Her Neighbours kind,
Delighted always with a gen'rous Mind;
Worthy Her partner, promising her Race,
In Virtue She Excell'd and envy Grace,
Now alas! She Sleeps, in Death's Imbrace.

M^{rs} Mary Baldwin

Deseas'd