

When those dark tresses that adorn her neck
Assume the grey, and mark the beauty's week, —
Virtue surviving shall prolong her reign,
And give those charms the power to charm again.
As the sweet Rose, proud of the smiling wreath,
Still claims a triumph with its parting breath,
And lives in fragrance ever after death, —
So she shall live by memory enshrined,
Immortal through the beauties of the mind.

Selected by
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