

To Mary, Annie.

When years have roll'd o'er thee,
And summers are fled,
And this comes before thee,
Like one from the dead,
When these scenes and these days,
Shall be past and afar,
Let them live in the blaze,
Of bright Memory's star.
Then when friends long departed,
Before thee appear,
And the gay and warm hearted,
In fancy are near,
When all fond things together,
Remembrance shall bring,
For me let one feather,
Be plucked from the wing.

Ada