



Hester

When maidens such as Hester
die
Their place ye may not well
supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been
dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.
A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common
rate,
That flush'd her spirit:
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.
Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling
cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's
school;
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind;
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot
blind;

Ye could not Hester.
My sprightly neighbour! gone
before
To that unknown and silent
shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning
When from thy cheerful eyes a
ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?



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