

Go lovely Flower, that with thy sister flowers,  
 Link'd in most sweet and delicate harmony,  
 Adorn'st this spot, thy native soil and home,  
 Go, gently sever'd by a fostering hand,  
 With Matron graces to adorn and charm  
 Thy home adopted: there transplanted bloom  
 With beauty all thy own, and multiplied.

Happy the man <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ in his bosom wears,  
 Guarding with sacred love, so bright a gem.  
 'Tis him the waves and troublous tides of life  
 Charmed by thy presence, shall lose half their force,  
 And break innocuous; shade and passing clouds,  
 Glimmer'd by thy ~~presence~~ <sup>smile</sup>, shall disappear,  
 And shew a cheerful path. May sweet content,  
 And all true happiness, domestic bliss -

<sup>The offspring of your virtues and your worth,</sup>  
 Wait ever on your steps, & guide you on  
 Through pleasant scenes and long protracted joys,  
 Accompanied by faith & hope & love  
 And inward peace - the gaze of happier still,

Go then fair Bride, and gently deign to accept  
These our best wishes for your constant welfare.

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To Mrs B., greeting; from her devoted  
Wife  
Mary

In realms of everlasting light and joy.