

Glide swiftly, Vessel, to thy destined Port
 Thou bear'st a Jewel of too rich a sort
 To linger here unknown;
 Yet not were wanting here, whose Eye
 The mild & native beauty could describe
 And its pure influence own.

These feel their loss, yet feeling, not repine,
 Nor would that treasure to a range confine,
 That mars the Almighty's plan —
 Please that a vertuous polished mind
 Should, mingling largely with its native land,
 Adorn this sphere of Man.

Then swiftly glide, proud Vessel, to thy port,
 Cheer'd by our ardent vows, & mindful of thy freight:
 Quick seem thy passage, like an infant's sport.
 Adieu, ^{affection} ~~then in eyes~~ smile thro' glistening Eyes

Lives to Mrs (Maddo)