

Classic Poetry Series

Mary Monck

- poems -

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Verses Wrote on Her Death-Bed at Bath, to Her Husband in London

Thou, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy:
Thou tend'rest husband, and thou best of friends,
To thee this first, this last adieu I send.
At length the conqu'ror death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.
He wooes me to him with a chearful grace;
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain;
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
Th' eternal scenes of heav'n he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his pow'r;
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend;
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past ;
And should'st thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

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