

Maria Lear

(- 22 Mar 1828)

Lear. In this City, on Saturday last, Mrs. Maria Lear, Consort of Benjamin Lincoln Lear, Esq., of this City -- a Lady of whom it is sufficient to say, that the whole community laments her untimely death.

Lines

On the lamented death of Mrs. Benj. Lincoln Lear

List! 'Tis the dirge of a soul that is fled,
And In! the processions, in solemn array,
Moves slowly along to the place of the dead,
With the relics of one that is passing away.

But why should I weep? Perhaps it is one,
Who has outlived each tie that Chad bound him;
And cares worn and aged, Forsaken and lone,
He joy'd that his feeble existence was done,
To escape from the solitude 'round him.

On no! -- 'Tis the hearse of Maria -- who died
In youth, with her relatives near her,
With husband, and mother, and friends, by her side,
And all that to life could endear her.
Beloved, and loving, with a youthful heart,
How awful is the mandate to depart!

But yesterday I saw her, newly wed,
The smile of love and joy upon her brow,
The lily garland twined around her head,
As cold and pale as her poor body now.

And now they bear her in funeral gloom,
To her cold cheerless mansion -- to the tomb?
But 'tis her anguish'd friends, not her I weep;
The virtuous know of joys beyond the tomb;
And she will waken from her transient sleep,
To meet, in other worlds, a brighter doom.