

To Miss E. Kirkland.

I wish, dear friend, that this new year  
With spirits and with health may come  
(And if the time must be so near,  
May bear you safely to your home;  
There, with your friends, may every day  
In some new form of joy appear,  
That so your happiness repay  
The sorrow of your absence here.

A painful void behind you'll leave,  
And, when you bid us here farewell,  
There is, who less may speak than grieve,  
And feel, what words would fail to tell.

Then ere we take our mournful leave,  
And ere the homeward stage appear,  
My little cherubs gift receive,  
And these my cherubs wishes hear:—

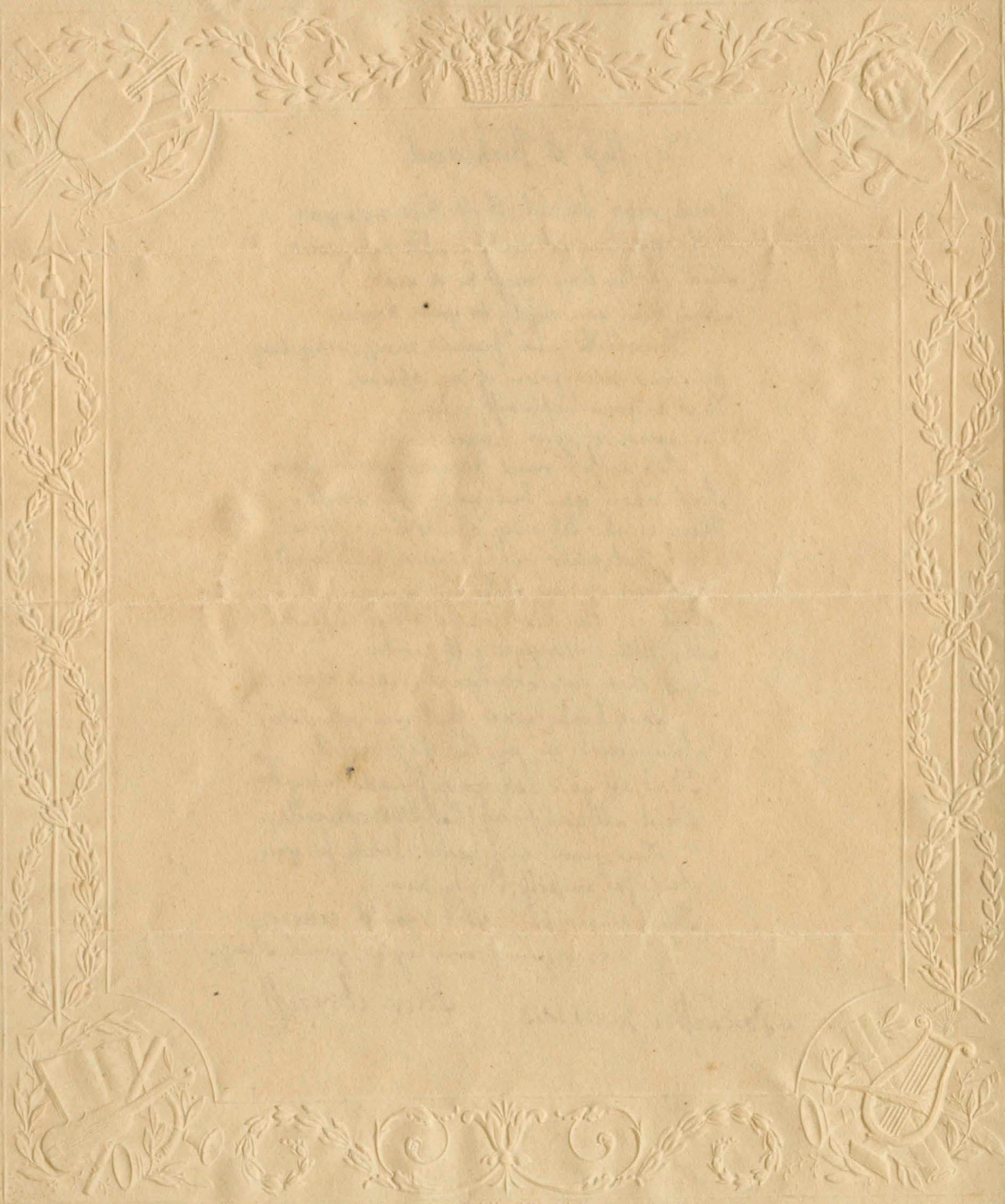
Long happy years that you may see,  
And each in joy the past exceed;  
That all you ask your friends may be,  
And all you pray that God concede:

This, from my heart, I wish for you,  
And for myself, I only pray,  
That soon your visit you'd renew,  
And when you come again, you'd stay.

Dorchester, Jan. 1. 1812.

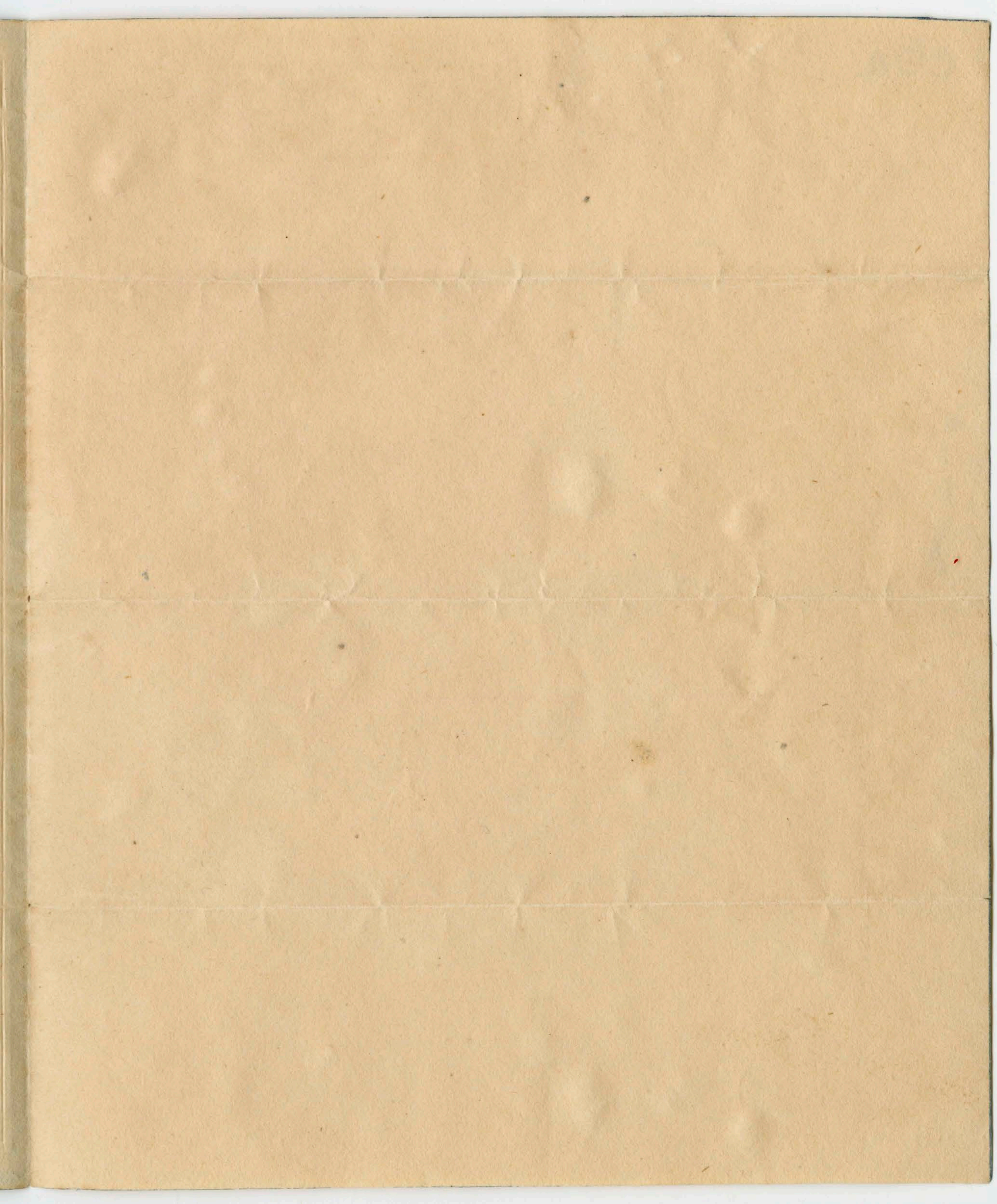
Edw. Everett.





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