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From the Massachusetts Spy,
FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

My much loved friend! what memories
 Of you will thronging come,
 When, far removed from you, I dwell
 Within a distant home.
 Blest thoughts of you, my native hills,
 Each morn will bring to mind,
 With many a scene of dear delight,
 Which I shall leave behind.

And when the evening sunlight throws
 Its rich and gorgeous dyes--
 When clouds of fleecy light repose
 In Pennsylvanian skies--
 Or when the pensive twilight hour
 Has deepened into night,
 And evening, from her silent bower,
 Brings forth her gems of light--

How often will the absent one
 Partake your Christian cheer,
 And, on a wing invisible,
 Her spirit hover near.
 Though cloud-capt hills between us rise,
 And ocean's billows roll,
 These earthly land-marks cannot bound
 The intercourse of soul.

And when to Heaven your spirits mount,
 Upon the wing of prayer,
 Oh! may my name, with others borne,
 Find free acceptance there.
 Your blessings and your sympathies
 I fain would bear away,
 As fadeless gems to cheer the night,
 As ours to light the day.

Farewell, New England! other climes
 May boast a milder sky,
 Fair, and more fertile, other lands,
 In richer sun-light lie--
 Yet thine the scenes where life's true joys,
 Their richest zest impart,
 And thine the skies, which shed abroad
 The sunshine of the heart.

9th mo. 8, 1839.

ADA.