

Lines to a friend

- 1st I'm but a stranger, and my stay
As transient as a flower,
That lingering blooms but for a day,
Or withers in an hour?
- 2nd Soon I'll be far away from thee,
Far distant is my lot;
Then shall I live in memory:
Or shall I be forgot?
- 3rd O no - I'd fain a little space,
In thy remembrance hold;
That even time will not efface,
As absence renders cold?
- 4th Throughout my life 'twill always be
A constant source of joy,
To think that I though far from thee,
Can still thy thoughts employ.
- 5th And wilt thou when long years of care
Shall pain and pleasure blend,
Breathe forth sometimes, a silent prayer,
For thy far distant friends?

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Sarah C. P. P.