

**AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MOST DEAR AND AFFECTIONARE
DAUGHTER, MISS HARRIET TAYLOR,
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 15, 1794, IN
THE 25TH YEAR OF HER AGE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649297566

An elegy on the death of a most dear and affectionare daughter, Miss Harriet Taylor, who died November 15, 1794, in the 25th year of her age by John Taylor

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN TAYLOR

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MOST DEAR AND AFFECTIONARE
DAUGHTER, MISS HARRIET TAYLOR,
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 15, 1794, IN
THE 25TH YEAR OF HER AGE**

Miss Jane Stoddard

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MOST DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

MISS HARRIET TAYLOR,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 15, 1794, IN THE 25TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

WRITTEN BY

HER TRULY AFFLICTED FATHER

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ. IN 1795.

TO WHICH HE HAS SINCE ADDED "THE VISION CONTINUED,"
AND "A SHORT CONCLUDING DEDICATION OF THE WHOLE
TO HER BELOVED MEMORY."

TWENTY COPIES ONLY PRINTED, FOR THE AUTHOR;
EACH OF WHICH HE HAS SIGNED WITH HIS NAME.

Taylor

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,
ST. JAMES'S.

1805.



AN

ELEGY, &c.

How weak the man, who counts on lasting joy,
 Enchanted by the pleasure of a day!
Not weaker, shou'd he fruitless toil employ,
 To chase the glittering clouds that fleet away.

Or, touch'd with frenzy, hope perhaps to rise,
 On eddyng winds aloft and proudly dare;
To bid the fiery vapour in the skies,
 Arrest its motion thro' the liquid air.

Scarce hath swift TIME, his laughing circle drawn,
 Of gay delusive years to twenty one;
Ere all the light-blown bubbles of our dawn,
 Vanish like dew-drops from the morning sun.

In manhood's course, how artfully are thrown,
Succeeding lures of life, from stage to stage !
More firm in *prospect*, but when *truly* known,
Frail as the playthings of our infant age !

Of human ties, that bind us most to Earth,
However various, 'tis by all agreed ;
If sunk with sadness, or if cheer'd by mirth,
In either period, FRIENDSHIP takes the lead.

Happy their lot, whose ever-seeking minds
In this false world obtain a small supply !
Supremely so the man, who calmly finds,
AT HOME, its radiance beam from ev'ry eye !

This my pass'd life hath prov'd, and yet may prove,

Save that MY HARRIET is no longer giv'n !

Her soul of *Friendship*, and *her* looks of *love*,

Fled to their source, have found a HOME IN HEAV'N.

Thro' nights dull round, my slumb'ring sense supplied,

Confus'd reflection on each different theme ;

Of comforts left me, or, of those denied,

When short Oblivion, gave this lenient dream.

Methought there came, deep struck with kindred woe,

Pale SORROW gliding from a hallow'd tomb ;

In sighs as soft, as vernal zephyr's blow,

To breathe these accents thro' the dreary gloom.