Hark! Hark! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.
Farewell, farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
Farewell, farewell, bright soul, a short farewell.