

To a young LADY who was going to India.

**S**HALL we once more then meet on Albion's coast,  
Before, my dear, in India you're a toast?  
There gilded pleasures wait your jet-black eyes,  
And Afian youths for Scots Maria dies.  
Yes! they may die—and die—and die again,  
But ye's return and wed a Scottish swain.

Or wed him there.