1819, 19 Janeiro, Nova Iorque. Grace Nathan Seixas, “I had a bud so very sweet...”  

I had a bud so very sweet – its fragrance reached the skies.  
The angels joined in holy league – and seized it as their prize.  
They bore it to their realms of bliss – where it will ever bloom,  
For in the bosom of their God they placed my rich perfume.

Written on the death of my grandchild, Jan'y 19th, 1819.