

T I M E.

TIME may ambition's nest destroy,

Though on a rock 'tis perch'd so high,
May find dull av'rice in his cave,

And drag to light the sordid slave;

But from affection's temper'd chain

To free the heart he strives in vain.

The sculptur'd urn, the marble bust,

By time are crumbled with the dust;

But tender thoughts the muse has twin'd

For love, for friendship's brow design'd,

Shall still endure, shall still delight,

Till time is lost in endless night.