ntly to decline,
the lot be mine:
verge of fate,
ost date;
nt gloom confin'd,
dignity of mind;
the parting breath,
s a pang to death.
oom is past,
per to the last:
ny feelings bear,
ow's starting tear,
which joy bestows,
beam ethereal glows:
ne gloom of age,
ner youth engage;
t indulgent spare
ience cannot share.
rn with jaundice eye,
e the sparkling moments

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM SEWARD, ESQ.

WHO DIED APRIL 24, 1799.

SAY, shall the muse, the muse to Seward dear,
Fail to the mournful rites her aid to lend?
Refuse to place a chaplet on his bier,
Or give a tear to her departed friend?

Ah no; she weeps! for in thy silent grave
The kindly mild affections wake no more;
Cold is that heart, where bounteous nature gave
Of warm benevolence her richest store.

Those powers by nature given, by time improv'd,
Still to some fair, some honest purpose led;
To cherish modest worth thy spirit lov'd,
To raise dejected merit's drooping head.

The pride of learning, wit's resplendent ray,
The powers of genius, dazzling as they shine,
Before thy social virtues fade away,
Nor shall their loss be felt, or mourn'd like
thine.