

103
To innocence these scenes invite,
The fragrant air is health;
Unlike the dangerous delight,
That waits

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

The herd their flowery carpets spare,
And yet
While the plow'd people of the air,
True nature's general joy,

MR. GEORGE KENDAL,

*Who was drowned upon his birth-day, and the day he
he had been bound apprentice.*

With youthful hue my favorite face
In slender form
Extends its shade again to me,
Which thine
I hope without that stain
To nobler conquests so
Yield it the triumph of
And former days restore

“ Ah ! only shewn to check our fond pursuits,

“ And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !”

SWEET youth farewell ! the day that gave thee
birth,

Again unites thee to thy parent earth ;
That day, to busy cares devoted thee,
That day, was crown'd with rest and liberty.
Soft be the slumbers of thy lowly bed,
And lightly lie the turf upon thy head ;
While from thy cold remains with mournful eye,
The muse collects the sweets which shall not die.

Pensive and sad she leaves her joyless bowers,
 To strew thy early tomb with choicest flowers.
 Tho' from thy cheek death pluck'd the blushing rose,
 Thy rising virtues still its sweets disclose :
 And oft as Flora paints the purple year,
 Shall recollection trace thy emblem there.
 When hopeful youth, or worth like thine shall fall,
 The thoughts of thee for added tears shall call.
 Our kindest wishes were in error sown,
 Infinite wisdom gave thee joys unknown.
 Fain would our languid spirits wing their way,
 To hail thee in the realms of radiant day.
 This warning lesson read ye gay and young,
 Who thoughtless flutter in life's giddy throng.
 Of health, of youth possess, still frail your breath,
 For many are the hidden roads to death.

Thus o'er the dust we love we fondly mourn,
 And wait the voice that bids our dust return.
 Loosen'd from earth, would reach yon upper sky,
 By "faith, man's early immortality."
 Thro' these afflictions push with vigour on,
 Shoot the dark gulph, and seize a heavenly crown.