

Our anxious wishes steep the wing of time,
To give each portion what the world calls good,
Health, riches, honor, but a changing chain,
Presents us storms and death's unspanning flood.

ON THE DEATH OF

Here oft as friendship drops the falling tear,
The Muse shall spread instruction from this tomb,
Shall warn the young that death is ever near,
For in the morning did the master come.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN:

Yet while we breathe the life of this fair flower,
Fate gives to hope her animating ray;
Pierces the cloud which veils that glorious hour,
When all our life's affections pass away.

LET no unhallowed step approach the tomb,
Sacred to spotless innocence and truth;
The fragrant rose here waved her vermeil bloom,
And gentlest manners grac'd the glow of youth:

When bright Aurora lights the blushing east,
When the mild zephyrs meet the scorching ray,
No tint more beauteous can Aurora cast,
No breath more gentle, fans the god of day.

The gather'd fragrance of the vernal year,
The softest harmony that wakes the grove,
Nor steals the sense, nor charms th' enraptur'd ear,
Like wisdom rising with the form we love.

Our ardent wishes strip the wing of time,
 To give each portion what the world calls good,
 Health, riches, honor, but a changing clime
 Presents us storms and death's unsparing flood.

Here oft as friendship drops the falling tear,
 The Muse shall spread instruction from this tomb,
 Shall warn the young that death is ever near*,
 For in the morning did the master come.

Yet while we mourn the fall of this fair flower,
 Faith gives to hope her animating ray :
 Pierces the cloud which veils that glorious hour,
 When all our light afflictions pass away.

* Mark xiii, 35.