

170

The sun had shined circles  
It blew more bright and fair  
They met, around the former  
And pay'd his former care

**THOUGHTS**

Gracious he stoop'd to view his work  
View'd in the former  
To save it from the storm, he will  
Transport it to the river

**OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF**

*AN AMIABLE YOUTH,*

**WHILE HIS FRIENDS WERE MET TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTH-DAY.**

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**A LOVELY** plant a garden grac'd,  
'Twas call'd the village pride ;  
For poor seem'd many a goodly flow'r,  
While blowing by its side.

With festive mirth and heart-felt joy,  
The village swains resort,  
And yearly, as it fresher blew,  
They held a rural sport.

The Sun had eighteen circles run,  
 It blew more bright and fair ;  
 They met, admir'd the Former's skill,  
 And pray'd his future care.

Gracious he stoop'd to view his work,  
 View'd it with pitying eyes ;  
 To save it from the storms, he said,  
 Transplant it to the skies.