Oh! may the rich attention pay,
   Where'er your simple history's found.

Oh! be they to your virtues kind,
   Your woes their pity ever gain;
Your errors, may their candour find,
   Rememb'ring you, as they, are men.

SONNET.

FORSAKE the sparkling eye of joy,
    On downy wing, oh! balmy sleep;
Swift all thy gentle power employ,
   To close the eyes that weep.

Confin'd within their ebon cell,
   All thy terrific visions stay;
Wide, where thy dreams of pleasure dwell,
   The ivory gates display.

The sickening heart thy powers release,
   From every felt, or threaten'd harm;
Let former days return to bless,
And fond illusions charm.

Whate'er of dear departed good,
The pensive mourner can deplore;
Thou may'st, in paths with pleasure strew'd,
Kindly again restore.

There—bliss of youth! th' approving friend,
And health, and dear parental love;
Joys, which all earthly joys transcend,
With the freed spirit rove.

Oh sleep! display thy visions fair,
Where grief has sown its thorns within;
Till death, dissolving mortal care,
Shall realize the scene.