

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.