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O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,

The kindeft and the beft!

WINTER,

The bare I flow to restrict this bis on A.

A District Resident of the E.

That weary-laden mount is and T

The Great, the Westeleystear thy blow; W

I.

AND THE RESERVE AND THE PROPERTY AND THE

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear,
Than all the pride of May:
The Tempest's howl, it foothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leastless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

AN THE PROSPINIT OF DEAT

Thou POW'R SUPREME, whose mighty Scheme,

These woes of mine fulfil;

Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will!

Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant

This one request of mine!)

Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign!

\* Dr. Young.

Of life I ought to man;