

SUN-DIAL, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
BREMILL.

So passes silent o'er the dead thy shade,
Brief Time ; and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away !

And have not they, who here forgotten lie
(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past!)
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled, how certain, and how fast !

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath ;
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And dust to dust proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike ; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, were in our power ;
So smiling and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound,
When to these scenes a stranger I drew near,
Proclaim the tidings to the village round,
While memory wept upon the good man's bier.¹

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily, when my brief days are gone ;

¹ My predecessor, Rev. Nathaniel Hume, canon residentiary and precentor of Salisbury, a man of exemplary benevolence.

While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone !

Enough, if we may wait in calm content,
The hour that bears us to the silent sod ;
Blameless improve the time that heaven has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God !