

ON THE SAME.

I.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

2.

O'er MURRAY's loss the muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet blest'd the guardian care that kept
His sacred head from harm.

3.

There mem'ry, like the bee that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasur'd up before.

4.

The lawless herd with fury blind
Have done him cruel wrong,
The flow'rs are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.