EPITAPH ON A SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY THE SAME.

LOV'D BANKS, for thee I heave the frequent ſigh,
For thee the ſolemn tear bedews mine eye;
No more thy converſe blythe ſhall cheer my day,
Or chaſe the gloom of anxious thought away.

And art thou, dear aſſociate! art thou gone?
Long muſt thy friend his ſudden loſs bemoan;
O'er the cold turf where thy pale reliques ſleep,
Shall fond Remembrance oft repair to weep.

SONNET