How fade the glories of the year!
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man!
Thy life’s a flower, thy days a span.

Parent of All! tremendous Power!
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
And the measurable main.

Prolate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou!
O happy happier days, and bring
One glorious, One Eternal Spring.

EPITAPH ON A PEASANT.

BY THE SAME.

THE Swain who own’d your rural cot
Now lies near this fezucer’d spot.

He tred the path of humble life,
Nor knew the forrows which await
The tripping revels of the great.

Here
Here village lads at evening hour
Shall wreath the lately gathered flower,
And pensive nymphs assemble here,
O Stranger! thy sad tribute give,
Like Damon die, like Damon live,
For Virtue, smiling, plaudit gains,
When freed from these terrestrial plains.

**PSALM CXXXVII.**

BY THE SAME.

Where the fair streams of fam’d Euphrates flow,
And make the vales of Babylonia gay,
Make the green borders of the silver flood,
On the flood’s exil’d mournful children pour:
For Zion’s sake they shed the frequent tear;
Their silent harps, to tuneful late, unfrung;
When lo! their enemies demand the plains,
That erst refin’d sweet on Judah’s plains.

How shall the songs, Jehovah, Sovereign King,
In this foreign land, thy captive people sing?