Here village lads at evening hour
Shall ſtrew the lately gather'd flower,
And penſive nymphs aſſemble here,
To ſhed a ſympathetic tear.
O Stranger! thy ſad tribute give,
Like Damon die, like Damon live!
For Virtue laſting plaudit gains,
When freed from theſe terreſtrial plains.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY THE SAME.

WHere the fair ſtreams of fam'd Euphrates ſtray,
And make the vales of Babylonia gay,
On the green borders of the ſilver flood,
Judea's exil'd mournful children ſtood:
A penſive band, oppreſt with grief ſevere,
For Zion's fate they ſhed the frequent tear;
Their ſilent harps, ſo tuneful late, unſtrung,
High on the branches of the willows hung;
When lo! their enemies demand the ſtrains
That erſt reſounded ſweet on Judah's plains.—
How ſhall theſe ſongs, Jehovah, Sovereign King!
In this ſtrange clime thy captive people ſing?

Let

Let my right hand forget the note to play,
Let my mute tongue forget to tune the lay,
If e'er my thought neglectful, faithleſs roves,
From thee, O Salem! and thy ſacred groves:
But, mighty Lord! remember thou their ſeed,
Who bade thy city mourn, thy people bleed!
Shall not e'er long proud Babel's turrets fall,
And in her fair ſtreets noiſome reptiles crawl;
Her haughty warriors pale and breathleſs lie,
Daſh'd on the ſtones her helpleſs infants die,
The woes we ſuffer be to her repaid,
And all her glory ſunk in everlaſting ſhade?

THE LATTER PART OF

HABBAKUK, CHAPTER III.

BY THE SAME.

THO' in Judea's mead the verdant blade
Nipt by ungenial froſt full ſudden fade;
Tho' the ripe fig, pride of the garden gay,
Touch'd by the ſun's too fervid beam decay;
Tho' fairer vines the raging whirlwind blaſt,
And olives uſeleſs on the heap are caſt;

Tho'