



O D E,

Written in the same Year.

By the Same.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By formsunseen their dirge is sung;
 There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping HERMIT there!