



SONNET III.

To F. K. Esq;

O Sprung from worthies, who with counsels wife
 Adorn'd and strengthen'd great Elifa's throne,
 Who yet with virtuous pride, may'ft well despise
 To borrow praise from merits not thy own.

Oft as I view the monumental stone
 Where our lov'd H***'s cold ashes rest,
 Musing on joys with him long past and gone,
 A pleasing sad remembrance fills my breast. —

Did the sharp pang we feel for friends deceas'd
 Unbated last, we must with anguish die ;
 But nature bids its rigour should be eas'd
 By lenient time, and strong necessity :
 These calm the passions, and subdue the mind
 To bear th' appointed lot of human kind.