



SONNET V.

On a FAMILY-PICTURE.

WHEN pensive on that portraiture I gaze,
 Where my four brothers round about me stand,
 And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,
 The goodly monument of happier days ;

And think, how soon insatiate death, who preys
 On all, has cropp'd the rest with ruthless hand,
 While only I survive of all that band,
 Which one chaste bed did to my father raise ;

It seems, that like a column left alone,
 The tott'ring remnant of some splendid fane,
 'Scap'd from the fury of the barb'rous Gaul,
 And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown,
 Amidst our house's ruins I remain,
 Single, unprop'd, and nodding to my fall.