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Wrote some Months after the Account of my Brother's

Death, who was killed in Action, July 1703.

Addressed to a BEECH TREE, on observing that some of its Leaves were tinged by the Smoke of a Fire that had been kindled under it.

WHAT taints thy shade—or doth the year decay?
Yet soon again—thy tender leaf revives.

I too, in silence, to the grave go down;

But hope inspires—that still a sweeter spring

Awaits new joys;

Sweeter than even these fields;

Where oft the Muse in plaintive notes

Invites the coming year, let the light part

Or mourns the time delayed.

Otterstone 1772.
Trace every virtue that I might commend.

EBI

Wrote