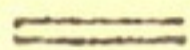


ON THE

DEATH OF DAVID GARRICK, Esq.



How oft hast thou, great master of thine art,
Call'd forth each feeling from the human heart,
With admiration fill'd the wondering mind,
And made exist what Shakspeare's pen design'd,
With valour fir'd, with horror chill'd the breast,
Now sooth'd with love, and now with grief oppress'd,
With frantic madness rent th' astonish'd ear,
Or from the eye made flow the pitying tear ;
Then, as the merry Muses led the way,
And bade thee all thy comic powers display,
How didst thou charm and captivate each sense,
The champion both of wit and eloquence.

No more alas ! thine accents charm the ear,
No feigned sorrows now draw forth the tear,
Deep is the grief, sincere the tears we shed,
Garrick, alas ! lies number'd with the dead.

