

ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

THUS lowly bending on my parent earth,
 I view with tears the day that gave me birth ;
 Since I had power to think I ne'er could find
 Myself of any service to mankind ;
 Tho' oft this vain, this giddy foolish heart,
 For others griefs does most severely smart ;
 And yet I ne'er found means, or never could,
 But this I know, I never did them good.
 Me whom the iron hand of fate does press,
 Tho' most familiar, never felt the less ;
 Scorn'd by those friends with whom I once could vie,
 Without one kind companion doom'd to sigh,
 I feel new causes, each succeeding morn,
 To mourn the day when such a wretch was born.
 But O ! Almighty Father ! if I dare
 To lift my eyes to thee, accept this prayer ;
 Let ne'er ambition fire my youthful breast,
 Nor earthly trifles rob my soul of rest.

May I ne'er heave a sigh for dirty pelf,
Or any thing that but concerns myself,
Unless my fins: O! may they be forgiv'n,
And all my happiness be plac'd in heav'n!
O might I be enabled to relieve
The wants, and sooth the cares of those that grieve;
I'd view my birth-day with a heart elate,
And leave the world without the least regret.

THE END.