

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise,
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

MILTON.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

O MAN! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh, ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasures lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!