

Ye silently, but plainly show
Our onward passage to the tomb,
To that appointed house below,
Where soon or late we all must go.

O that each hair which silvers o'er
Might strike a chord within my breast,
Reminding me of follies o'er,
Of secret sins, and errors past ;
Preparing me for death, and then
Your mission shall not be in vain.

ADIEU !

O YES, begone, I will not bid thee stay ;
The day is come, the hour, when we must sever ;
Nor must I cause thee longer to delay—
O then, farewell, farewell, perhaps for ever.

Go boldly forth, nor lingering look behind,
Launch on the deep, and leave your native shore ;
Yet, O remember, with affection kind,
Those friends you leave, perhaps to see no more.