I often wonder'd—why not keep
With those who play, and eat and sleep,
And never till the sod?
But no—thou only dwell'st with him
The daily frame-worn Nethinim,
And carrier of the hod.

Well be it so—thou creature gaunt—A day will come I will not want

Thy niggard bounties more,
And why thou keep'st me meanly clad,
My frame emaciate and sad,

Won't be explained before.

Yet Paul enjoins that we assent
To godly live, and be content,
And ne'er distrust or doubt;
For into life we nothing brought,
And all that we have fondly got,
We cannot carry out.

Thanks for that lesson—low I bow—
And see its opposite—just now,
With truthfulness impress'd;
And know those bold aspirants—who
Would fain be rich pierce keenly thro',
Their spirits with unrest.

Then I will never more repine,
Tho' penury and toil be mine,
Nor envy worldly great;
But emulate the good and wise,
And leave the rich their luxuries,
For more intrinsic weight.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this green sward lies the dust of a Bard,
Who sang miscellaneous strains,
And who was as poor, as a hind on a moor,
And oft got abuse for his pains;—
His heart was not made for traffic and trade,
Like some in this town he could name;
His was to aspire to something still higher,
A niche in the Temple of Fame.