

Alas ! each marble slab some name doth bear,
 Recalling friends that once my heart held dear,
 And dearer still in death they come to mind,
 As in this narrow cell they lie confined ;
 Oh ye ! fond spirits, where ambition burned,
 You are, indeed, " Dust unto dust return'd,"
 O Glory, Fame and Wealth ! what can you save ?
 " The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"
 Yet further still doth virtue's pathway tend
 Unto a God, a Father and a Friend,
 Beyond the grave there's joy that ne'er will cease,
 Where worthy souls forever rest in peace.

And now, sweet muse, who didst invoke my song,
 Let critics scoff, I ne'er will do thee wrong,
 What'er be good, that part alone be thine,
 What'er be ill, that part be counted mine,
 For thou art good, as master hands have shewn,
 The faults are mine, the virtues all thine own ;
 But this I know, and this to man be given,
 That wealth is might, but goodness leads to heav'n.

