

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ; 105
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree ; 110
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay, 115
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode 125
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.