

Nor hear the roar and splash of gale,
The timid cry and piercing wail ;
No longer will confusion reign
When deep into the dust I'm lain :
No longer will the scorching heat
Force dropping sweat upon my beat,
Triumphant zero's expansion
Will feed and clothe my mansion.

Ode to the Muses.

MY muses to me oft have been
An unbounded pleasure ;
A means to drive away the spleen—
A delight and treasure.
Dispels my gloom from off my breast,
And takes the rankling thorn ;
Into the haven of my rest
It brings a peaceful morn.

Inscription.

A MORTAL lay beneath this clay,
In or out of season,
A perfect say, on Judgment Day,
Will restore my reason.