

Some exhibitions would be diff'rent made,  
 Or, in another aspect advertized  
 Nor to the sensitive day after day,  
 Persistingly their appetites expose.

For half a century our Location's been  
 Within the City, or a suburb nigh,  
 And in that cycle, brief when it is past,  
 Three generations vanish'd out of sight,  
 Three generations of men in their prime,  
 The willing victims of licentious lives  
 Remember'd only, if remember'd now  
 For some extravagancies they could boast  
 Above the boon companions of their time  
 Of such, one city of the Dead is full,  
 Another more capacious filling fast  
 Of the disciples that they left behind.  
 Dead to persuasion, to remonstrance deaf,  
 Deaf to the anguish in a father's heart,  
 Deaf to the meltings of a mother's love,  
 Blind to the blush that burns upon the face  
 Of a fond sister, where a smile should be,  
 And blind to blanks in their associates made,  
 That like themselves did hasten to fill up  
 Void spaces in the cemetery seen.  
 They grudged to see unoccupied, aware  
 Debauch already has made sure to them,  
 Nor stipulates to make a long delay.  
 Foreclose the mortgage and a transfer make  
 So marble tablets may hereafter show  
 Where fast young men are hidden out of sight.

Alas ! for them ; no contemplation theirs,  
 No joyous moments in sequester'd haunts,  
 Where Nature in her loveliness is seen  
 Array'd in beauty, that the summer gives,  
 Where revelling and riot is unknown.  
 Nor do the vicious, or the vain intrude  
 To bring pollution with their presence there,  
 But the Pierian nymphs with bland address  
 Welcome the innocent to their abodes,  
 And unsolicited their steps attend  
 Or bid them banquet in their leafy bowers,