

O God ! Which of the two doth please the most ;
 The simple country folk, or this proud hoste
 Of wealth, who on soft cushions bend the knee,
 Think less of prayer and more of luxury ?
 I cannot judge ; the Publican I see,
 And by his side the boastful Pharisee,
 The former humble, meek, repentant, mild,
 The latter boasts a soul by sin unsoiled,
 The one admits the faults of man his own,
 The other boasts but leaves his sins unknown,
 The self-exalted man in time must fall,
 While the self-humbled man will rise o'er all.

But now, sweet church, I'll quit thy holy aisle
 And wander out among the dead awhile,
 This is the church-yard, cold and grey and lone,
 Its grassy mounds, its walls of battered stone,
 Its creaking gate that grates the sorrowing mind,
 Shuts in the dead and leaves the world behind.
 Oh, lonesome sight ! Oh, harbour of the bier !
 I'll enter, and I'll seek my friends in here,
 Among the dead ! they whom I left so well,
 So young, so strong, so vainly hoping all,
 Oh ! why, Oh ! why have I out-lived their days,
 Why wander'd back on this poor sight to gaze ?
 Weak man ! fierce time ! you both have had your will,
 He's gone but thou, Oh Time ! art ling'ring still.

Let me alone to meditate awhile,
 On this sad end of man's unceasing toil ;
 Let me condemn that all too constant sway
 Of toil that gives not time for prayer and play ;
 Then let me trace along each marble stone
 And find if e'er these names to me were known,