

There stood the tomb, which thousands yet can tell,
 I've seen the place, and recollect it well,
 There stood the tomb, and there its founder lay,
 'Till he was mingled with his parent clay.
 There David Lamb, as fame has publish'd wide,
 Was buried by the rev'rend parson's side.
 There Strawan too while but a youth was laid
 By mard'rous men who thought the lad was dead;
 But Providence who sees all earthly things,
 And often light from utter darkness brings,
 Expos'd his cause, when at the very grave,
 And sav'd his life when none but God could save.
 Before this time the door had long been clos'd;
 There death and darkness were alone repos'd.
 The hoary Sexton now possession takes
 To hold his spades, his mattocks, boards and spakes.
 There Hill the mason wrought with anxious care,
 On winter nights when he the time could spare,
 In cutting stones for placing at the head,
 Of these already number'd with the dead,
 But Smith, base man, whom even but the name,
 Fills Aberbrothock's souls, with lasting shame,
 Contrived a plan and did remove these stones
 From cov'ring dead to cover living bones.
 Thanks to humanity 'tis now again
 Design'd for better use by honest men;
 'Tis not a place where to keep thieves confin'd,
 To keep them out is now the end design'd.
 The Bankers' chest, the great depot of gold,
 Is hither kept, and kept in safest hold.
 O fellow man, think on thy mortal state,
 Thou little know'st what still may be thy fate;
 If thou art rich, yea happy, just and wise,
 Do not the mean, the weak, nor poor despise,
 What is their fate may too alas be thine,
 Their's may be your's, and also too be mine;
 Transitions great are not uncommon things,
 Princes may beg, and beggars may be kings.