

Thou, who hast cheered a life's laborious years,
My joys ennobled, chased away my tears,
My passions purified, my tastes refined,
And raised my morals, and enlarged my mind.
As oft beneath sea-beaten cliffs we met,
To eye the west when summer's sun was set,
And vivid clouds were varying hue and shape,
And ocean glowed as tinted of the grape :
Or met at morn in by-paths on the down,
Ere toil with smoke o'ercanopied the town :
Or met in midnight volumes all thine own,
Or the thronged playhouse, still with thee alone.
Thee, heaven-descended on the noonday's wings,
Each valley welcomed, thee the woods and springs,
Thee the bleak headlands, thee the glassy brine
Exulting hailed, and mixed their voice with thine—
Soft winds and conscious skies returned the call,
And the whole world's great presence throbbed
through all.

In which ere merged I pass away from time,
Be still propitious, and inspire the rhyme,