

But I repine not—in the Muses' train

I love to follow—taught by fancy's call

To wake a doleful dirge, or pleasing strain,

As joy, or woe, alternately may fall!

The mind, alone the standard of the man,

If rightly managed, all our bliss secures—

And clearly shows, that wise, that holy plan,

By which Omnipotence our peace ensures.

Farewell, my Lord, until another page

Shall ope its spotless bosom to my pen—

When on the pleasing task I will engage,

To sing thy worth—thou kindest, best of men.

THE END.