

To tell of Druid rites in ages gone;
 When the pale frenzied priest in sight of God,
 Exulting spill'd his dearest brother's blood,
 And thought the sacrifice a boon for heaven:
 But here perchance the Indian warrior stood;
 In battle's front, and met his swarthy foe;
 While death look'd on impatient of delay,
 To seize the weaker victim. Captives led
 Along the margin of this limpid stream,
 The vanquish'd in their sorrow may have pass'd,
 To swell the triumphs of the savage field.

Ah! who can tell the future? Mighty time!
 Thy steps are on the mountains, and they fall;
 Thy breath is on the rivers, and they shrink
 To puny streams, unnotic'd as they flow.
 Thou see'st the rise of empires and decline,
 And cities flourish with their domes and towers,
 And glitt'ring palaces the pride of Kings:—
 Anon they waste away; and ruin sows
 His deadly nightshade o'er their tombless graves.
 Or if a vestige of their place remain,
 The slimy crocodile and bittern keep,
 Each gloomy crevice and dismantled wall
 By right of long possession. Thus the world
 Proves—tho' unwilling—from the book of time,
 That man's fix'd dwelling is not under heaven.