

What kindly hand shall clothe the shivering frame,  
Escaped in rags the fury of the flame ?  
What heart compassionate the poor, distress'd ?  
What soothing voice console the anxious breast,  
That mourn, in hopeless grief, some missing friend,  
While sad reflection shudders o'er his end ?

Conclude we then :—my midnight lamp expires—  
My spirit ebbs, my gentle muse retires,  
Slow to Parnassus' steep she wends her way,  
And leaves behind this desultory lay.