



In this world all our Comforts o'er
So let us find it at Death's Door.

ENGLIS

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If through Life's
We were our jour
And bring each o
Which court our
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Where is the volu
Could, with due o
Whate'er has pass
Or such an humble
Direct your foot
And see what run

Death's Door.

AN endless Labour it would be,
If through Life's vast variety,
We were our journey to pursue,
And bring each object to the view
Which court our notice as we pass,
And shew them all as in a Glass.
Where is the Canvas would contain
The Portraiture of ev'ry pain ;
Or whose most extended measure
Would give the scene of ev'ry pleasure ?
Where is the volume in whose fold,
Could, with due order, be enroll'd,
Whate'er has pass'd in hours like thine,
Or such an humble Life as mine ?

Direct your footsteps through the fields
And see what rural Nature yields :



Upon the Mountain breathe the gale,
 Or court the Zephyr in the vale.
 Sit on the Rock's stupendous steep,
 And view the wonders of the deep ;
 Or stretch along the sandy shore,
 And listen as the Billows roar ;
 Then pluck, with more advent'rous tread,
 The sea-shell from its briny bed.
 —Now take your Tablets, and proceed
 To write what other days may read ;
 While Science doth her aid impart,
 And moral truths flow from the heart :
 But though the task should be begun,
 When Nature hails the rising sun,
 The orb will set, e'er it is done. }
 —Go where the Hedge, in thicken'd row,
 Offers the flow'rets wild that blow ;
 Which, never nurs'd by cult'ring art,
 To all, their humble charms impart.
 They live through Summer's sultry day ;
 Then shed their leaves, and pass away.

What though their tribes no perfume breathe,
Yet still they're seen to form the wreath
That doth the auburn ringlets dress
Or bosom deck, of Shepherdess,
And form a subject for the page
Of Nature's work, by Nature's sage.
Whate'er on Earth is seen to reign,
Whate'er its darksome caves contain ;
Whate'er the wond'rous deep unfolds,
Or the bright, starry circle holds ;
Or high or low, or great or small,
Man's Hist'ry comprehends them all.
In short, whate'er the Eye can scan,
Is, as it were, a part of Man.
All Nature, Art, whate'er appears
Of their long records, through the years
Which have pac'd on since years began,
Is but the History of Man.
What has been written or been thought,
By wisdom or reflection brought,
Through the long course of ev'ry age,
By each philosopher and sage ;

All that's possess'd of ev'ry lore,
 Or heap'd in the collected store
 Of BODLEIAN or VATICAN,
 Gives but the History of Man.

The space that he is bound to fill,
 Is bright with good or dark with ill ;
 It forms th' uncertain, checquer'd road
 That leads us to our last abode :
 But if our Life, as has been said
 By one who well the subject weigh'd,
 Is a disease, we may be sure,
 That Death can be the only cure.
 Hence the various forms that wait
 Impatient at Death's rugged gate.
 But happy, oh thrice happy they }
 Who do not hasten on their way ; }
 Nor wish to go, nor strive to stay.
 But with a steady patience bear
 Th' allotted weight of human care ;
 And grateful to benignant Heaven
 For all the frequent good that's given,

OF DEATH.

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Calmly behold th' approaching doom,
Nor dread the confines of the Tomb,—
But wait till Death says, all is o'er,
Nor touch the KNOCKER at his Door.

