

The Good and Great.

LORD ROLAND, 'mong the good and
great,

Had long maintain'd in honour'd state,
The calm renown which Virtue gives,
And lasts when Life no longer lives.
In early years the manly scar
Display'd his bravery in war :
Nor did maturer age conceal
His Labours for the Public weal.
At length fatigu'd with active life,
The world's gay throng and busy strife,
He sought, as a serene retreat,
The shades of his Patrician seat ;
Long there he liv'd almost ador'd,
For ev'ry Vassal lov'd his Lord.
Within the Mansion's stately hall,
The hospitable Virtues all





What heart-felt Tears bedew the Dust
Of him whose every thought was just.

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... and error
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Display'd their bounties from a store
That charm'd the rich, and fed the poor :
Peace beam'd upon the wide domain,
And smiling toil enrich'd the plain.

Here ROLAND from the world remov'd
By young and old, by all belov'd,
Enjoy'd that animated rest
By which the good alone are blest :
Nor had his noble mind a care
But for the virtues of his Heir.
He had no Son—He lost the Boy
Who once had been his darling joy ;
The Youth had measur'd Life's short span,
E'er He had reach'd the Age of Man,
And left the Titles which had run,
For many an age, from Sire to Son,
And all their Heritage, to grace
The Scions of a distant race.
At length, the proud illustrious Tree,
Emblazon'd with its Ancestry,

And all its bright heraldic fruit
 Was seen to perish at the root :
 TIME plied his Scythe, and DEATH his Dart,
 The leaves decay'd in ev'ry part,
 And the last flow'ret ceas'd to bloom
 When ROLAND sought the silent Tomb :
 He, with his brave forefathers slept,
 And the surrounding country wept.
 Such grief profound had seldom been
 In Roland-hall, or felt or seen,
 As on the much-lamented day,
 When, in DEATH's proud but sad array,
 Its virtuous Lord was borne in state,
 For ever, from its ancient Gate.
 The dismal Spectre march'd before,
 And his grim Scull the plumage bore,
 While gazing folk their loss deplore. }
 The sable train the rites attend,
 And all lament their common Friend :
 Such the best Honours that await
 The Funeral of the GOOD and GREAT.

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