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Doe

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To

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Can want, and yet be bleft!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

At perfidy ingrate! Arm we see or widged TO

Whild I bere, mult cry here,

DIR G. E.

Oh, enviable, early sland, ere wante is

To Care, to Guildust, nowinds alad

Howell duchanged for riper simes, it

To feel the follies, or the gain ts, aw ?

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth,
Along the banks of AIRE,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?

Began the rev'rend Sage;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began,

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs you moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen you weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!

Mispending all thy precious hours,

Thy glorious, youthful prime!

Alternate Follies take the sway;

Licentious Passions burn;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,

That Man was made to mourn.

Too food thed had veran.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,

Or Manhood's active might;

Man then is useful to his kind,

Supported is his right:

But see him on the edge of life,

With Cares and Sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!

Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest.

But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,

All wretched and forlorn,

Thro' weary life this lesson learn,

That Man was made to mourn!

By Nature's law dilly a d. websit or

If I'ms defign'd grown lordling sallage, sa'l H

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

District the good will break.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,

This partial view of human-kind

See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And fee his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn,
U 2

Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn.

Thro weary life this leften learn.

That Man was and IndT If I'm design'd you lordling's slave, By Nature's law design'd, Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? If not, why am I subject to His cruelty, or scorn? Or why has Man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb thy youthful breast: This partial view of human-kind Is furely not the last! The poor, oppressed, honest man Had never, sure, been born, Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn!

The poor perition fourn,

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But Oh! a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn!



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