



# O D E,

Written in the same Year.

By the Same.

**H**OW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
 Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By formsunseen their dirge is sung;  
 There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
 And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell a weeping HERMIT there!