O'er Eriendship's grave desponding weep,

While brib'd alone by grief and paur.

To this vile fpot that Hope we chain;

TOMIRANDA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER-IN-LAW

THE EARL OF L

WHILST, facred now to fecret woe,
Thy frequent tears, Miranda, flow,
The penfive Muse resumes the strain,
And fondly tries to soothe thy pain.
Where'er our wand'ring footsteps stray,
If Fate, or Chance, direct the way;
If Hope dilate the heart of youth,
Or Age pursue the hermit Truth;
Each passing hour this moral shews,
Who prays for Life, but covets woes;
Yet still from Death we froward turn,
And, frighted, view the peaceful Urn;

O'er Friendship's grave desponding weep,
And mourn for those who only sleep;
Whilst, brib'd alone by grief and pain,
To this vile spot that Hope we chain;
Which Heav'n ordain'd on cherub wing to soar:
A pledge of joy when Time shall be no more.

Thy frequent tears, Miranda, flow, to feerer woe,
Thy frequent tears, Miranda, flow, the fire penfive Mufe refumes the firain,

And fondly tries to foothe thy pain.
Where'er our wand ring footfleps flray.

If Pare, or Changes, direct the way s general or or it.

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