

E P I T A P H.

NO Tomb alas! A distant plain thy grave,
A fate, Carfairs—too common to the brave.

O Indian, stop!—this sacred—field not tread;
Or learn each virtue—that adorn'd the dead.

Whate'er a friend, a brother, son, could claim;
All that—was gen'rous—he deserv'd the name;
Tho' adverse fate! too oft attacks the best.

In change reverse—his mind sustain'd the test,
Not proud to show, or fawn on Fortune's smiles.

A spirit gentle, far above all wiles.

His merit justly—claims the greenest bays,
By love transmitted in much sweeter lays.

October

1764.

brother's
3, near

stray;

ths. EPI.