

### A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
Wild as the wave,  
Here pause-and, thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn the wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit:  
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control  
Is wisdom's root.