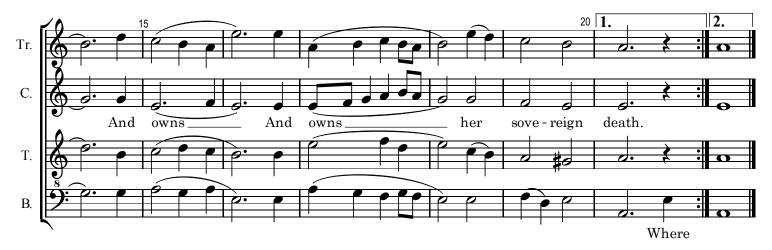
A minor Daniel Read, 1785 (Revised 1794)





- 2. The tyrant, how he triumphs here! His trophies spread around! And heaps of dust and bones appear Through all the hollow ground.
- 3. These skulls, what ghastly figures now! How loathsome to the eyes! These are the heads we lately knew So beauteous and so wise.
- 4. But where the souls, those deathless things, That left this dying clay?
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, And trace eternity.
- 5. O that unfathomable sea! Those deeps without a shore! Where living waters gently play, Or fiery billows roar.

- 6. Thus must we leave the banks of life, And try this doubtful sea:
 Vain are our groans and dying strife
 To gain a moment's stay.
- 7. There we mall swim in heavenly bliss, Or sink in flaming waves, While the pale carcass thoughtless lies Among the silent graves.
- 8. Some hearty friend shall drop his tear On our dry bones, and say, "These once were strong, as mine appear; And mine must be as they."
- 9. Thus shall our moldering members teach What, now our senses learn: For dust and ashes loudest preach Man's infinite concern.