And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
   Thus quietly thy summer goes,
   Thy days declining to repose.
Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
   Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
   Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
   The space between, is but an hour,
   The frail duration of a flower.

(1786; 1788)

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND (1787)

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture, that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.\

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,

1. The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating
   the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c: And (if that
   of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomahawks and other military weapons (Frenneau's
   note).