

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THAT MOST GLORIOUS MAN, NOW DEPARTED THIS LIFE
JOHN HAYDON, *knight*.

Say mortals, Who departs from earth
And bears its fruits away ?
Say, can the rich boast o'er the poor
In death's tremendous day ?

All, all are dust, and frail, and weak,
And vanish like a shade ;
Our tears, the loss proclaims to all
Our Haydon's death has made.

Thy virtuous deeds will still remain
Thy charity to prove ;
And ages long to come will gain
Thy gifts of generous love.

Sanctioned by Royal Henry's care,
Thy courts of learning stand,
Our earnest youth thy labors share ;
A strong yet playful band.

Yon goodly bridge, thy noble gift,
Shall spread thy fame around ;
This porch shall tell, to all who come,
Where faith in God was found.

Studios of law, loved by the poor,
To peace a constant friend ;
Come boys, and youth, and aged men,
And mourn with me his end.

Render to him the heartfelt praise,
To constant goodness due ;
Bid envy hide nor dare to stain
The noble and the true.

May Haydon's spirit long be felt
Midst scenes his virtue blest ;
He who on earth to Christ was true,
In heaven with Christ shall rest.