



*William Lisle Bowles, Poet and Clergyman*

*Epitaph to An Old Faithful Parishioner*

*By the Rev W. L. Bowles*

Read! This heap of earth, this grave stone mark:-

Here lie the last remains of poor John Dark.

Five years beyond man's age he lived, and trod

This path each Sabbath to the House of God,

From youth to age; nor ever from his heart,

Did that best prayer of our Saviour taught depart:-

At his last hour, with lifted hands, he cried,

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done"; and died.

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