

IN THE BLANK LEAF OF LORD LYTTTELTON'S WORKS.

'TIS thine, great Lyttelton, to raise the soul,  
 And every low idea to controul;  
 To form the manners, to enrich the mind,  
 To guide each passion, and to read mankind:  
 The rude, the unreform'd by thee are taught  
 To dress expression, and refine the thought;  
 To act with dignity, converse with ease,  
 And teach that happy art—the way to please:  
 To human kind thy genius sure was given,  
 A bounteous blessing from indulgent Heaven:  
 Tho' now in darkness death thine eye hath clos'd,  
 Thy sacred relics in yon tomb repos'd,  
 Enlightened ignorance shall bless thy name,  
 The yet unborn immortalize thy fame.

LINES