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OH could my Mind, unfolded in my page,
 Enlighten climes and mould a future age ;
 There as it glow'd, with noblest frenzy fraught,
 Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;
 To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
 And bid the tear of emulation start !
 Oh could it still, thro' each succeeding year,
 My life, my manners, and my name endear ;
 And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
 Still hold communion with the wise and just !—
 Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
 When thro' the world it steals its secret course,