

Oh could my mind, unfolded in my page,  
Enlighten climes and mould a future age;  
There as it glowed, 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,  
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,  
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;  
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,  
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;  
Blest were my lines, tho' limited their sphere,  
Tho' short their date, as his who traced them here.

1793.