



EPITAPH ON CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS.

BY THE SAME.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guiltless power or hapless love,
 Rest here oppress'd by poverty no more,
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before:
 Rest undisturb'd within this humble shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.



THE
 POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO LORD CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
 The counsels lab'ring in thy patriot soul,
 Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
 And thy keen glance extends from pole to pole:

O Chatham! nurs'd in antient virtue's lore,
 To these sad strains incline a fav'ring ear;
 Think on the God whom thou and I adore,
 Nor turn unpitying from *the Poor Man's Prayer*.