

## EPITAPH ON G. R. BERKELEY, ESQ.

TO MRS. GEORGE BERKELEY, HIS MOTHER.

**S**INCE now, dear Youth, this sad recording stone  
 Proclaims, alas! thy gentle spirit flown;  
 To thee, thou spotless, thou lamented shade,  
 By weeping friends be sorrow's tribute paid;  
 Yet, whilst a Brother's Muse attunes her lays,  
 And her aspiring love attempts thy praise,  
 Attempts to paint that pang her bosom knew,  
 When robb'd by Death of happiness and you;  
 Whilst to this tablet frail she gives the trust,  
 To bear thy virtues and protect thy dust;  
 Let none who mourn for thee desponding rave:  
 For Hope celestial, dawning on thy grave,  
 Gilds with sereneest beam that distant shore,  
 From whose sad bourn mortals return no more.