



*Written for my Son, in a Bible which was  
presented to him.*

**W**ELCOME, thou sacred, solemn Guest,  
Who com'st to guide me to the Blest.  
O Fountain of eternal Truth,  
Thou gracious Guardian of my Youth!  
True Wisdom to my Soul dispense,  
That I may learn thy Will from hence:  
Still let me make thy Word my Rule,  
And still despise the *scorning Fool*.  
Inspir'd from thence, my Verse shall soar,  
Till Time itself shall be no more.

ALAS, my Soul! and what is great,  
In Glory of a mortal Date?  
Henceforth this vain Ambition spare,  
And be *Eternity* thy Care.