

May 15. 1771.

EARL of ELGIN's death.

Dead!

No—in the heart of each he lives who knew

His virtues.

The prime of life—the midst of all his schemes

Too soon cut off.

O ELGIN! who e'er did know thee,

That did not love thee with a sister's heart?

Thy wife—thy children—friends and kindred, tell,

How good he was;

Or let the orphan and the poor point out

The many proofs of his benevolence.

O! guard them still,

Nor let their sad distress,

Or wild distracting grief,

Retard thy spirit from the blest abode.

Kind and compassionate,

Amiable,

And



And all the virtues, in the softest drefs,

Chearful and pleasant,

Direct in Truth's fair path;

Nor blush'd to own Religion's sovereign sway,

Just of thy word—as to the hope thou gave,

ELGIN, farewell,

Go, reap the pleasure of a well spent life.

Friend of my youth,

Accept the tribute of a sacred tear

Due to thy gentle shade.