In the blank leaf of Lord Lyttelton's Works.

'Tis thine, great Lyttelton, to raise the soul,
And every low idea to controul;
To form the manners, to enrich the mind,
To guide each passion, and to read mankind:
The rude, the unreform'd by thee are taught
To dress expression, and refine the thought;
To act with dignity, converse with ease,
And teach that happy art—the way to please:
To human kind thy genius sure was given,
A bounteous blessing from indulgent Heaven:
Tho' now in darkness death thine eye hath clos'd,
Thy sacred relics in yon tomb repos'd,
Enlightened ignorance shall bless thy name,
The yet unborn immortalize thy fame.