

TO ———.

**TILL** life shall cease t' inform this mould'ring clay,  
The soft affections round my heart will play;  
Still must I feel, for so the Fates ordain,  
Nor can one adverse blast be spent in vain;  
But hope, e'en now, would shew me brighter hours,  
Inventive fancy deck her chosen bowers;  
Beneath the sky prepare some clime serene,  
And bid each gentle virtue guard the scene;  
There tender friendship's animating ray,  
Without one selfish passion's base allay;  
And health, and peace, and genius she bestows,  
And all the fairyland with pleasure glows;  
The Muses, Loves, and Graces, sport around,  
No pain or sorrow treads the hallow'd ground;  
Delusion all—reason denies her aid,  
Touches the landscape, and its beauties fade,  
Thus spoke the tongue where earth too deeply  
charm'd,  
Thus felt the heart by strong affections warm'd;  
Let earth for brighter prospects be resign'd,  
And firmer hope bestow a calmer mind.