

Peace to my Foes, if any such there be,
And gracious Heav'n give Repose to me.



An HYMN to the MORNING.

I.

SEE the lovely *Morning* rise,
See her Glories paint the Skies,
Half o'er the reviving Globe
Gaily spreads her Saffron Robe:
See the Hills with Flowers crown'd,
And the Valleys laughing round.

II.

Mira to *Aurora* sings,
While the Lark exulting springs
High in Air---and tunes her Throat
To a soft and merry Note;
The Goldfinch and the Linnet join:
Hail *Aurora*, Nymph divine.

III.

See *Clione*'s gilded Car,
 See it blazes from afar;
 Here the fair One bends her Way,
 Balmy Zephyrs round her play;
 Now she lights upon the Vale,
 Fond to meet the western Gale.

IV.

May this artless Praise be thine,
 Soft *Clione* half divine.
 See her snowy Hand she waves,
 Silent stand her waiting Slaves;
 And while they guard the Silver Reins,
 She wanders lonely o'er the Plains.

V.

See those Cheeks of beauteous Dye,
 Lovely as the dawning Sky,
 Innocence that ne'er beguiles
 Lips that wear eternal Smiles:
 Beauties to the rest unknown,
 Shine in her and her alone.

Now

VI.

Now the Rivers smother flow,
Now the op'ning Roses glow,
The Woodbine twines her odorous Charms
Round the Oaks supporting Arms:
Lilies paint the dewy Ground,
And *Ambrosia* breathes around.

VII.

Come, ye Gales that fan the Spring;
Zephyr, with thy downy Wing,
Gently waft to *Mira's* Breast
Health, Content, and balmy Rest.
Far, O far from hence remain
Sorrow, Care, and sickly Pain.

VIII.

Thus sung *Mira* to her Lyre,
Till the idle Numbers tire:
Ah! *Sappho* sweeter sings, I cry,
And the spiteful Rocks reply,
(Responsive to the jarring Strings)
Sweeter----*Sappho* sweeter sings.