

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
 Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
 Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
 With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
 That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
 Thy distant Friend should mourn thy shorter date,
 And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
 If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
 Of blameless intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.



E L E G Y VI.

To another F R I E N D.

Written at Rome, 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small 'orb confin'd
 The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
 The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
 Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

ε *The medal of Marcus Aurelius.*

Not

Not so his fame ; for erst did heaven ordain
 Whilst seas should waft us, and whilst suns should warm,
 On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign,
 And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of Age,
 His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue ;
 Oft as my eye revolves the historic page,
 Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at many things,
 Which men, which angels might with rapture see ;
 Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
 And, blush not whilst I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind,
 Which pities, whilst it blames, th' unfeeling vain,
 With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
 That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd ?
 Did heedless Fortune slumber at thy birth,
 Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
 And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth ?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguished sphere
 Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
 For calm Content, and smiling Ease are there,
 And, Heav'n's divinest gift, sweet Liberty.

Happy

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
 Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
 Else had I only shar'd the general good,
 And lost the friend the Universe had gain'd.



The LYRIC MUSE to Mr. M A S O N.

On the Recovery of the Right Honourable the Earl
 of HOLDERNESSE from a dangerous Illness.

By the Same.

MASON, snatch the votive Lyre,
 D'Arcy lives, and I inspire.
 'Tis the Muse that deigns to ask,
 Can thy hand forget its task?
 Or can the Lyre its strains refuse
 To the Patron of the Muse?

Hark, what notes of artless love
 The feather'd poets of the grove,
 Grateful for the bowers they fill,
 Warble wild on Sion hill;
 In tuneful tribute duely paid
 To the Master of the shade!

And shall the Bard sit fancy-proof
 Beneath the hospitable roof,

Where