

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 duly paid
 To the Master of the shade!

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

Where

Where every menial face affords
 Raptur'd thoughts that want but words ?
 And the Patron's dearer part,
 The gentle sharer of his heart,
 Wears her wonted charms again.
 Time, that felt Affliction's chain,
 Learns on lighter wings to move ;
 And the tender pledge of love,
 Sweet Amelia, now is prest
 With double transport to her breast,
 Sweet Amelia, thoughtless why,
 Imitates the general joy ;
 Innocent of care or guile
 See the lovely Mimic smile,
 And, as the heart-felt raptures rise,
 Catch them from her Mother's eyes.

Does the noisy town deny
 Soothing airs, and extacy ?
 Sion's shades afford retreat,
 Thither bend thy pilgrim feet.
 There bid th' imaginary train,
 Coinage of the Poet's brain,
 Not only in effects appear,
 But forms, and limbs, and features wear.
 Let festive Mirth, with flow'rets crown'd,
 Lightly tread the measur'd round ;

And

And Peace, that seldom knows to share
 The Statesman's friendly bowl, be there;
 While rosy Health, superior guest,
 Loose to the Zephyrs bares her breast;
 And, to add a sweeter grace,
 Give her soft Amelia's face.

Mason, why this dull delay?
 Haste, to Sion haste away.
 There the Muse again shall ask,
 Nor thy hand forget its task;
 Nor the Lyre its strains refuse
 To the Patron of the Muse.



On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

TRANSLATED

From the LATIN of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWN, Esq;

By SOAME JENNYN S, Esq;

B O O K I.

TO all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
 T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven;
 No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
 No fears of dark futurity molest.

Man,