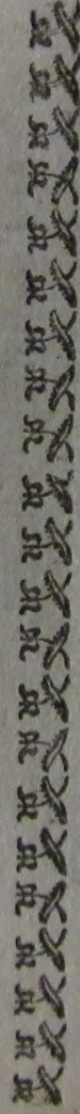


“ Now hither turn but your reflection,
“ You'll kiss the rod of my correction.
“ This flow'r, on whom so rude you press,
“ In Nature's simplest cloathing dress,
“ From her our num'rous tribes derive
“ The choicest sweets that store the hive:
“ And she, meek daughter of the vale,
“ That growing scents the passing gale,
“ Not less revives the ravish'd sense,
“ When rooted and remov'd from hence.
“ On Chloe's breast still seen to blow,
“ Adds whiteness to the dazzling snow:
“ And dealing sweetness, tho' in death,
“ Perfumes e'en Chloe's fragrant breath.”



T H E I N V I T A T I O N .

E Y T H E S A M E .

A W A K E, my fair, the morning springs,
The dew-drops glance around,
The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
The echoing vales resound.

Where

The simple sweets would STELLA taste,
That breathing morning yields,
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
And freshness of the fields.

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,
We'll take our early way,
And view the valley spreading wide,
And opening with the day.

Nor uninformative shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain,
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall,
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
In Fancy's ear shall call,

“ O ye in Youth and Beauty's pride,
“ Who lightly dance along;
“ While Laughter frolicks at your side,
“ And Rapture tunes your song;

“ What though each grace around you play,
“ Each beauty bloom for you,
“ Warm as the blush of rising day,
“ And sparkling as the dew ;

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“ The blush that glows so gaily now,
“ But glows to disappear;
“ And quiv’ring from the bending bough,
“ Soon breaks the pearly tear!

“ So pass the beauties of your prime,
“ That e’en in blooming die;
“ So, shrinking at the blast of Time,
“ The treach’rous graces fly.”

Let those, my STELLA, slight the strain,
Who fear to find it true!
Each fair of transient beauty vain,
And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,
And hold the willing heart,
My STELLA shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
And beauties still controul,
The graces of the polish’d mind,
And beauties of the foul.

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