SOLITUDE. A SONG.

TO LADY COVENTRY'S MINUET.

BY DR. COTTON.

SWEET companion of the muſe!
Gentle Solitude! appear,
All thy calm content infuſe,
Soften anguiſh, baniſh care:
Lead me, O majeſtic queen!
Thro' the aromatic ſcene:

Nature's copied here by art,
Joyful we the fraud confeſs,
Yet ſo well performs her part,
'Tis but Nature's better dreſs:
Solitude here fix my ſeat,
Here in Cowley's ſoft retreat.

Lay me in the ſilent mead,
Where the murmuring river flows,
Where the elm expands the ſhade,
And each riſing beauty blows:
There I'll ſay, in peace of mind,
"Empty greatneſs fall behind."

Teach

Teach thy votary all the powers
Of each plant, and every tree,
Tell how ſhort-liv'd are the flowers,
Bring the moral home to me,
Bid me fleeting life deſpiſe,
Make me humble, make me wiſe.

Pride within my lowly cell
Never yet up-rear'd her head,
Solitude, with thee I'll dwell!
Pride with me is long ſince dead:
Cold to Pleaſure, deaf to Praiſe,
Here I wiſh to end my days.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER,

MDCCXLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

PAtient to hear, and bounteous to beſtow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the ſelf-approving part,
That midnight muſic of the honeſt heart;

Theſe