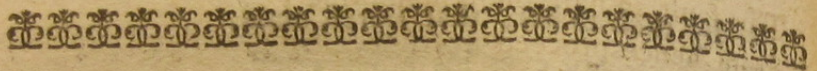


I'll wake the free Horatian song :
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.



T H E
 P O E T A N D H I S P A T R O N .

B Y M R . M O O R E .

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd ?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 Distain'd, and rump'd, from the bed !
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace,
 As Nature, ev'ry morn, bestows
 The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose :
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
 Destroy the face which once they deckt.
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?
 Pray, madam, are you married ? Yes,

Nay, then, indeed, the wonder ceases ;
 No matter, then, how loose your dress is ;
 The end is won, your fortune's made ;
 Your sister, now, may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis, to find
 This fault in half the female kind !
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that fours the wedded life.
 Beauty can only point the dart ;
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;
 Let neatness, then, and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest, than subdue ;
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen ?
 A newer face may raise the flame ;
 But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study, chiefly, to improve
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love ;
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
 That gave your beauty power to bless ?
 Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
 Apollo and the Muses there ;

Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse fung ;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.
 - A noble youth, of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
 Behold him at the stately board ;
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord !
 Each day, deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping muse ;
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame ;
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
 Lamoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus, with anger in his look,
 The late-repenting fool bespoke.
 Blind to the good that courts thee grown ;
 Whence has the sun of favour shone ?

Delighted with thy tuneful art,
 Esteem was growing in my heart ;
 But idly thou reject'st the charm
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
 Unthinking fools alone despise
 The arts that taught them first to rise.



T H E
 W O L F, S H E E P, A N D L A M B.

B Y T H E S A M E.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;
 In that, is due obedience shewn ;
 To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
 Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
 And claims, by purchase vile and base,
 The loathing maid for his embrace ;
 Hence virtue sickens, and the breast,
 Where Peace had built her downy nest,
 Becomes the troubled seat of Care,
 And pines with anguish and despair.
 A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
 Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
 Contemplating his ill-spent life,
 And, cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His