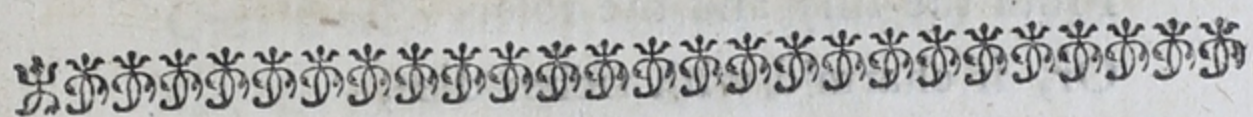


And thou'd fallacious art display
 O'er titled dross a golden ray,
 Still baser thro' detecting years,
 The speckled counterfeit appears.

But when from proof, far issuing forth,
 The ore asserts its native worth;
 Then, sov'reign bard, 'tis justly thine
 To stamp the well-attested coin;
 And consecrated with thy name,
 To treasure in the stores of Fame.



EPISTLE to POLLIO, from the
 Hills of HOWTH in IRELAND.

By the Same.

POLLIO! would'st thou condescend
 Here to see thy humble friend,
 Far from doctors, potions, pills,
 Drinking health on native hills;
 Thou the precious draught may'st share,
 Lucy shall the bowl prepare.
 From the brousing goat it flows,
 From each balmy shrub that grows;

Hence

Hence the kidling's wanton fire,
 Hence the nerves that brace his fire.
 Vigorous, buxom, young and gay,
 Thou like them shalt love and play.

What, tho' far from silver Thames,
 Stately piles, and courtly dames?
 Here we boast a purer flood,
 Joys that stream from sprightly blood;
 Here is simple beauty seen,
 Fair, and cloath'd like beauty's queen:
 Nature's hands the garbs compose,
 From the lilly and the rose.
 Or, if charm'd with richer dies,
 Fancy every robe supplies.
 Shou'd perchance some high-born fair,
 Absent, claim thy tender care;
 Here, enraptur'd shalt thou trace,
 S———'s shape, and R———'s face;
 While the waking dream shall pay,
 Many a wishing hopeless day.
 Domes with gold and toil unbought,
 Rise by magick pow'r of thought,
 Where by artist's hand undrawn,
 Slopes the vale, and spreads the lawn;
 As if sportive nature meant,
 Here to mock the works of Kent.

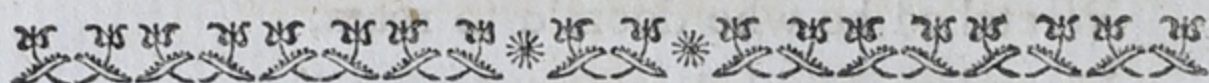
Come, and with thee bring along
 Jocund tale and witty song,

Sense to teach, and words to move,
 Arts that please, adorn, improve;
 And, to gild the glorious scene,
 Conscience spotless and serene.

Poor with all a H——t's store,
 Lives the man who pines for more.
 Wretched he who doom'd to roam,
 Never can be blest at home;
 Nor retire within his mind,
 From th' ungrateful and unkind.
 Happy they whom crowds befriend,
 Curs'd who on the crowd depend;
 On the great one's peevish fit,
 On the coxcomb's spurious wit;
 Ever sentenc'd to bemoan
 Others failings in their own.

If, like them, rejecting ease,
 Hills and health no longer please;
 Quick descend! — Thou may'st resort
 To the viceroy's splendid court.
 There, indignant, shalt thou see
 Cringing slaves, who might be free,
 Brib'd, with titles, hope, or gain,
 Tye their country's shameful chain;
 Or, inspir'd by heav'n's good cause,
 Waste the land with holy laws:
 While the gleanings of their power,
 Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.

Now, methinks, I hear thee say,
 “ Drink alone thy mountain-whey !
 “ Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals ?
 “ Sights like these are nearer Paul’s.



An ODE to WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;

By the Same.

I.

REMOTE from liberty and truth,
 By fortune’s crime, my early youth
 Drank error’s poison’d springs.
 Taught by dark creeds and mystick law,
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,
 I bow’d to priests and kings.

II.

Soon reason dawn’d, with troubled fight
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,
 Afflicted and afraid.
 Too weak it shone to mark my way,
 Enough to tempt my steps to stray
 Along the dubious shade.

III. Rest-