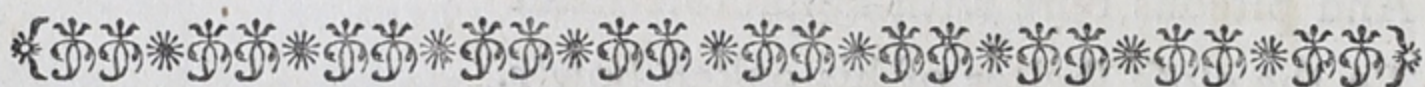


Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train ;
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the Buskin's stately strain ;
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn
 Nor prospects charm, since He far-distant strays
 With whom I trac'd their sweets each eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.



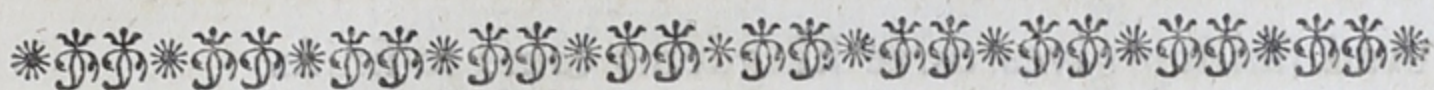
On BATHING.

A SONNET.

By the Same.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Rejoyc'd to rove 'mid the bleak sylvan scene,
 On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,
 And ere fresh morn the low-couch'd lark did hail
 Watching the sound of earliest horn was seen.
 But since gay Summer, thron'd in chariot sheen,
 Is come to scorch each primrose sprinkled dale,

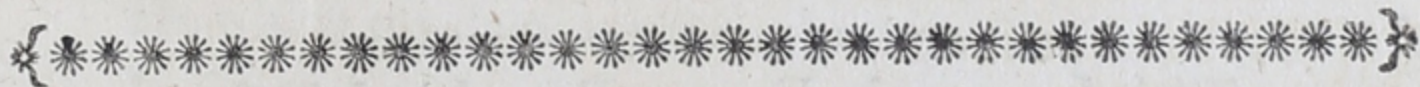
She chuses that delightful cave beneath
 The crystal treasures of meek Ifis' stream;
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgey wreath
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



To Lady H——Y. By Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

H——Y would you know the passion
 You have kindled in my breast,
 Trifling is the inclination
 That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
 True love is by silence known;
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.



On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Birth-day,
 AUGUST the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. D——TON.

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
 Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn,

While