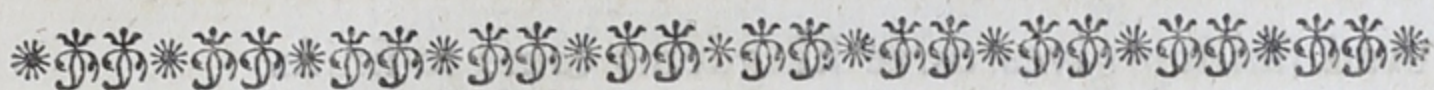


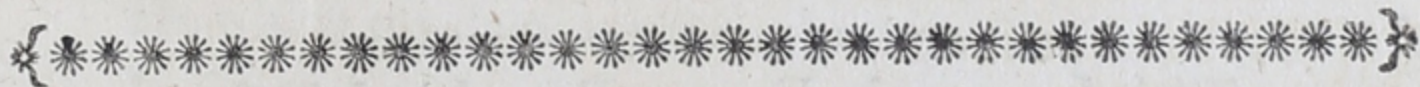
She chuses that delightful cave beneath  
 The crystal treasures of meek Ifis' stream;  
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,  
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,  
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgey wreath  
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



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.



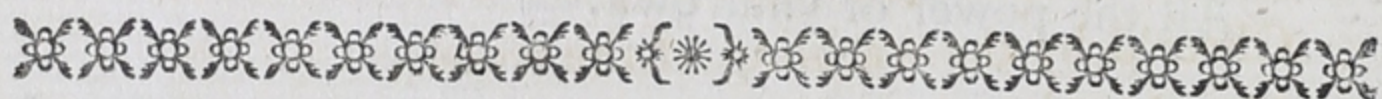
On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Birth-day,  
 AUGUST the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. D——TON.

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

While

While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys  
 The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :  
 One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,  
 One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;  
 His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,  
 His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :  
 His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,  
 And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.  
 August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,  
 Thou fairest daughter of the various year,  
 On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,  
 On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows,  
 The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame,  
 To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name ;  
 Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,  
 Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.  
 By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,  
 The sun and Cæsar but prepar'd this day.



### The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

Written in the Year 1744.

**A**S, by some tyrant's stern command,  
 A wretch forsakes his native land,  
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam  
 An endless exile from his home ;