

Captain C U P I D.

By the Same.

ERST, in Cythera's sacred shade,
When Venus clasp'd the god of war,
The laughing loves around them play'd,
One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The shining baldric grac'd his breast,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft', to win some stubborn maid,
Still does the wanton God assume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
Resolv'd her conquests to maintain;
His fruitless art each poet try'd:
Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

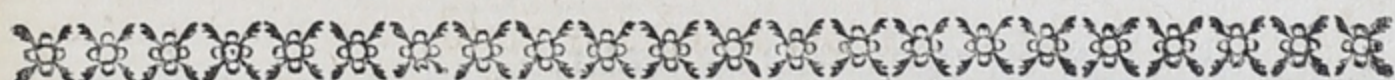
'Till Cupid came, a captain bold:
Of trenches and of palisadoes
He talk'd; and many a tale he to'd
Of battles, and of ambuscadoes.

How

How oft' his godship had been drunk;
What melting maids he had undone;
How oft' by night had storm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a faucy dun.

He swore, drank, whor'd, fung, danc'd with spirit,
And o'er each pleasing topic ran;
'Till Phyllis sigh'd, and own'd his merit,
The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verse let Phœbus doat,
Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan,
Nor verse nor pipe will Phyllis note.
The Captain is the charming man.



O D E on Ambition.

By the Same.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
While his bold oars the sparkling surface sweep,
With new delight, transported hails
The blue expanded skies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous scene of wealth and power,
In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening storm, and gloomy hour.

Life's