

But hark! — the seas begin to roar,  
The whistling winds assault my ear,  
The lou'ring storms around appear —

Fancy, bear me to the shore.

There in thy realms, bright goddess, deign  
Secure to fix thy votary's feet:

O give to follow oft thy train:

Still with accustom'd lay thy power to greet;

To dwell with Peace, and sport with thee,

Fancy, ever fair and free.



### An Address to his Elbow-chair, new cloath'd.

By the late W<sup>M</sup>. SOMERVILE, Esq; Author of the Chace.\*

**M**Y dear companion, and my faithful friend!

If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;

If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,

Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;

Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays,

And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

\* *Written towards the close of Mr. Somerville's life.*



True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;  
 But what are trappings, and external show ?  
 To real worth alone I make my court ;  
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.

Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay ;  
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;  
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;  
 Derided, shun'd ; the lumber of my house !  
 Thy robe, how chang'd from what it was before !  
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore !  
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round ;  
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.  
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd ;  
 I knew thy worth ; my friend in rags I lov'd !  
 I lov'd thee, *more* ; nor like a courtier, spurn'd  
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,  
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.  
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd ;  
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.  
 But sage experience taught me how to prize  
 Myself ; and how, this world : she bade me rise  
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race  
 Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place  
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

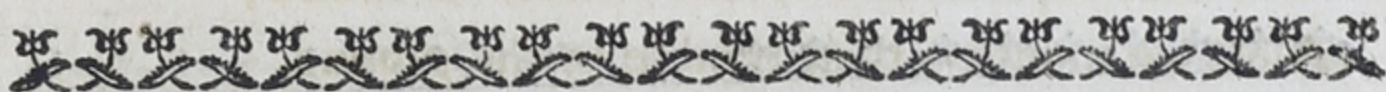
Here on thy yielding down I sit secure ;  
 And, patiently, what heav'n has sent, endure ;

From



From all the futile cares of business free ;  
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be* :  
 Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;  
 And seriously prepare, to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies ;  
 And all the malice of the storm defies :  
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,  
 Pities the restless crew he left behind ;  
 Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone  
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown.



## S O N G.

By the Same.

**A**S o'er Asteria's fields I rove,  
 The blissful seat of peace and love,  
 Ten thousand beauties round me rise,  
 And mingle pleasure with surprize.

By nature blest in every part,  
 Adorn'd with every grace of art,  
 This paradise of blooming joys  
 Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.