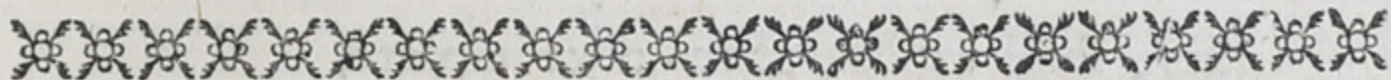


O haste and bring him to my arms ;
 Nor let us ever part :
 My breast shall beat no more alarms,
 When I secure his heart.



Written to a near Neighbour in a tempestuous
 Night, 1748.

By the Same.

I.

YOU bid my Muse not cease to sing,
 You bid my ink not cease to flow ;
 Then say it ever shall be spring,
 And boisterous winds shall never blow :
 When you such miracles can prove,
 I'll sing of friendship, or of love.

II.

But now, alone, by storms oppress'd,
 Which harshly in my ears resound ;
 No cheerful voice with witty jest,
 No jocund pipe to still the sound ;
 Untrain'd beside in verse-like art,
 How shall my pen express my heart ?

III.

In vain I call th' harmonious Nine,
 In vain implore Apollo's aid;
 Obdurate, they refuse a line,
 While spleen and care my rest invade,
 Say, shall we Morpheus next implore,
 And try if dreams befriend us more?

IV.

Wisely at least he'll stop my pen,
 And with his poppies crown my brow:
 Better by far in lonesome den
 To sleep unheard of—— than to glow
 With treach'rous wildfire of the brain,
 Th' intoxicated poet's bane.



Written at a Ferme Ornee near Birmingham;
 August 7th, 1749.

By the Same.

'T IS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
 And wisely gives them Cynthio, to revise:
 To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
 Yet still preserve the lovely Parent's face.

How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
 These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;

Where