

To Lady FANE on her Grotto at Basilden. 1746.

By Mr. GRAVES.

**G**LIDE smoothly on, thou silver Thames,  
Where FANE has fix'd her calm retreat;

Go pour thy tributary streams,  
To lave imperial Thetis' feet.

There when in flow'ry pride you come  
Amid the courtiers of the main,

And join within the mossy dome  
Old Tiber, Arno, or the Seine;

When each ambitious stream shall boast  
The glories of its flatter'd lords;

What pomp adorns the Gallic coast,  
What Rome, or Tuscany affords.

Then shalt thou speak, (and sure thy tale  
Must check each partial torrent's pride,)

What scenes adorn this flow'ry vale,  
Thro' which thy happier currents glide.

But when thy fond description tells  
The beauties of this grott divine:

What miracles are wrought by shells,  
Where nicest taste and fancy join:

Thy story shall the goddess move,  
To quit her empire of the main,

Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,  
And live retir'd with Thee and FANE.

The I N V I S I B L E. By the Same.

**W**HAT mortal burns not with the love of fame?  
Some write, some fight, some eat themselves a name.

For some beau Frightful haunts each public place,  
And grows conspicuous for — his ugly face.