

An EPITAPH.

By the fame.

F e'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow, If e'er thy bosom felt another's woe, If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove, If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy foul was dear, This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear! For here, alas! too early fnatch'd away, All that was lovely Death has made his prey. No more her cheeks with crimfon roses vie, No more the diamond sparkles in her eye; Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast, Alas! that breath with all its sweets is loft. Pale now those lips, where blushing rubies hung, And mute the charming music of her tongue! Ye virgins fair, your fading charms furvey, She was whate'er your tender hearts can fay; To her sweet memory for ever dear, Let the green turf receive your trickling tear. To this fad place your earliest garlands bring, And deck her grave with firstlings of the Spring.

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Let opening roses, drooping lillies tell,

Like those she bloom'd, and ah! like these she sell.

In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,

And distant yews a sable shade bestow;

Round her, ye Graces, constant vigils keep,

And guard (fair Innocence!) her sacred sleep:

Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,

To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.

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UT PICTURA POESIS.

By Mr. Nourse, late of All-Souls College Oxon, 1741.

The conscious pleasure swell'd her silent breast,

Her secret pride exulting smiles confest.

When thus her sister spoke, whose care presides

O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides,

Just, Goddess, is thy joy, thy train, we own,

Approaches nearest to Apollo's throne.

Foremost in Learning's ranks they sit sublime,

Honour'd and lov'd thro' every age of time:

Yet let me say, some sav'rite son of mine

Has more than follow'd every son of thine.

Thy Homer needs not grieve to hear his same

Exceeds not Raphael's widely honour'd name:

S once the Muse, reclining on her lyre,

Raphael