EPITHALAMIUM.

By the Same.

YE nymphs, that from *Diana*'s ſport retir'd,
Yon foreſt leave awhile, and love to haunt
The bord'ring vallies; ſaw ye, as they paſs'd,
A choſen pair, the glory of your plains,
Array'd in youth's full bloom, and nature's prime?
Saw ye the glance of beauty, when the fair,
Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graees dreſs'd,
March'd on: with joy the bridegroom fluſh'd, beyond
What livelieſt fancy, unpoſſeſs'd, can dream?
Heard ye the muſic of the groves around
Warbling, while choirs of gratulation rung
From ev'ry ſpray; and nightingales, ſoft tun'd,
In notes peculiar thrill'd the nuptial ſong!
Such as in neighb'ring *Windſor*'s fav'rite ſhade
They chaunt; and, if their *Handel*'s ear be true,
No where on ſilence ſteal with lay ſo ſweet.
Auſpicious omens brood on the fair hour!
Did ever *Hymen*'s look more freſh appear,
Or his bright veſt with deeper yellow flow?
The veſt that on occaſions high and rare

Pontifical

Pontifical he wears, when hearts ſincere
Combine; of healthy cheek, and ſparkling eye
As in the ſtate of nature, ere his ſhafts
By gold were blunted. How the blazing torch,
Fann'd by love's pinion, ſheds unuſual fire!
Lo! by the trail of light, he left behind,
As from the ſhrine his jubilee return'd,
The Muſe, invited gueſt, attends her theme
Right to the nuptial bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
She hemm'd, thrice bleſt the threſhold with a ſneeze,
Prelude of happineſs to come. Her lyre
She ſtrung,—a friendly, voluntary ſtrain.

"Hail (ſhe began) diſtinguiſh'd pair! how fit
To join in wedded love, each other's choice!
Bridegroom, thy taſte is elegant indeed,
And fingers nice, that on ſome ſunny bank
In beauty's garden cull'd ſo fair a flow'r,
To thine tranſplanted from her native ſoil:
Cheriſh beſure thy blooming charge; keep off
Each blaſt unkind, and Zephyr's gale alone
Blow there, and genial ſuns for ever ſmile.
Who not applaud thy vow? hereafter who
Diſpute thy palate, judging and exact,
Owner of curious bliſs?——Nor thou, fair bride,
Repine, nor homeward caſt thy longing eye;
'Twas time to ſever from the virgin choir.
What joy in lonelineſs to waſte the hours
Unfruitful? ſee, hard by, *Loddona*'s ſtream

Cold and inactive creep along ; her face
Shaded with penſive willow,—till anon
Married to jovial *Thames*, briſkly ſhe glides
O'er many a laughing mead. ——'Tis nature wills
Such union: bleſt ſociety ! where ſouls
Move, as in dance, to melody divine
Fit partners. (How unlike the noiſy broils
Of wedded ſtrife !) Hence friendſhip's gen'rous glow
At love's high noon; and hence the ſober flame
Steady, as life declines.——All comforts hence
Of child and parent, ſtrongeſt, deareſt ties !
Think not the fair original deſign'd
To flouriſh and be loſt. The world expects
Some copies to adorn another age.——
Thank the kind gods; be happy, live and love.

To a Gentleman, on the Birth-day of his firſt Son.

By the Same.

THY ſanguine hope compleated in a boy,
Hymen's kind boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
Of fine ſtrange things, and miracles to be,
Expect no flatt'ring prophecy from me.
'Tis Time's maturing buſ'neſs to call forth
Degen'rate meanneſs, or tranſmitted worth :

Under