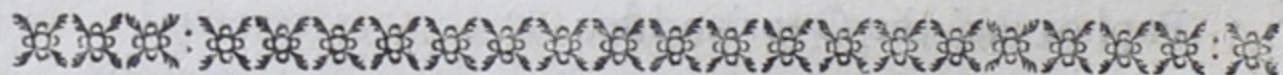


Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine, and Hymen's day;
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
 Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there.
 This is thine, and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet joys,
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love, we live.



To the Honourable and Reverend F. C.

IN frolick's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
 There was a time, my dear C——s, when
 The Muse would take me on her airy wing

And

And waft to views romantic; there present
 Some motley vision, shade and sun: the cliff
 O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey;
 Bad me meanders trace, and catch the form
 Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes ambition, brushing by, wou'd twitch
 My mantle, and with winning look sublime
 Allure to follow. What tho' steep the track,
 Her mountain's top wou'd overpay when climb'd
 The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
 And lovely thence the prospects. She cou'd tell
 Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
 But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
 (What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
 And woo some thriving art: her num'rous mines
 Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse
 Sounded irregular marches to be gone——
 What, pause a moment when Ambition calls?
 No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
 And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
 When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,
 Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,
 Smiling approach'd, and what occasion ask'd,
 Of climbing? She already provident
 Had cater'd well, if stomach cou'd digest
 Her viands, and a palate not too nice.

Unfit she said, for perilous attempt,
That manly limb requir'd, and sinews tough.

She took, and lay'd me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On poppy beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground :
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
Nor stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits ; but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a nitch
Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts
And prating fanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round, the same stale silent scene :
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude !
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
And Saunter, with a book, and warbling Muse,
In praise of hawthorns.—Life's whole business this !
Is it to bask i' th' sun, if so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why

Why sits Content upon a cottage-hill
 At eventide, and blest the coarse meal
 In footy corner? why sweet slumbers wait
 Th' hard pallet? not because from haunt remote
 Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:
 'Tis labour makes the peasant's fav'ry fare,
 And works out his repose: for ease must ask
 The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh! listen not to that enchantress Ease
 With seeming smile, her palatable cup
 By standing grows insipid; and beware
 The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.
 What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd?
 What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!
 Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
 Despotic; and as subjects long inur'd
 To servile burden, grow supine and tame,
 So fares it with our sov'reign and her train.

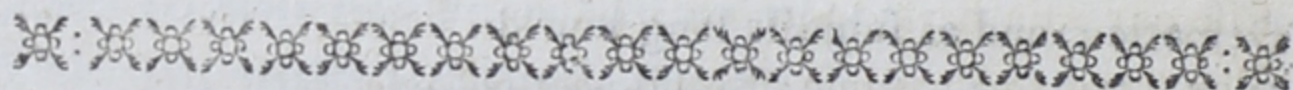
What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
 From worldly bondage to set free, what gain
 Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
 Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast.

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
 Think we that man with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
 And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
 Sluggards are nature's rebels, slight her laws,
 Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
 Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard,

But

But such the tenure of our earthly state !
Riches and fame are Industry's reward ;
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold

Think what you owe your country, what yourself:
If splendor charm not, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some
Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down :
Think of (Reflection's stab !) the pitying friend
With shoulder shrug'd, and sorry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd :
And if some sad example, indolent,
To warn and scare be wanting — think of me.



To the Reverend T—— T——, D. D.

—FRENCH pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want—
No more of that, my friend ; you touch a string
That hurts my ear. All politics apart,
Except a gen'rous wish, a glowing prayer
For British welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
Give party to the winds : it is a word,
A phantom sound, by which the cunning great
Whistle to their dependents : a decoy
To gull th' unwary, where the master stands

Encouraging