

To Miss \* \* \* \*. By Miss ELISA CARTER.

## I.

**T**HE midnight moon serenely smiles  
O'er nature's soft repose,  
No lowring cloud obscures the skies,  
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

## II.

Now every passion sinks to rest,  
The throbbing heart lies still,  
And varying schemes of life no more  
Distract the labouring will.

## III.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice  
Attends each mental power;  
Come dear Amanda, and enjoy  
Reflection's favourite hour.

## IV.

Come, while this peaceful scene invites,  
Let's search this ample round;  
Where shall the lovely fleeting form  
Of Happiness be found?

## V.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth  
Of gay assemblies dwell?  
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom  
That shades the hermit's cell?

VI. How

## VI.

How oft the laughing brow of joy  
 A sick'ning heart conceals,  
 And thro' the cloister's deep recess  
 Invading sorrow steals.

## VII.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,  
 The fugitive we trace!  
 It dwells not in the faithless smile  
 That brightens Clodio's face.

## VIII.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,  
 All yet agree, in one,  
 To place its being in some state,  
 At distance from *our own*.

## IX.

O blind to each indulgent gift  
 Of power, supremely wise,  
 Who fancy happiness in aught  
 That Providence denies.

## X.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
 And vain what we possess,  
 Unless harmonious reason tunes  
 The passions into peace.

## XI.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,  
 Is happiness confin'd,  
 And deaf to folly's noise attends  
 The music of the mind.