VERSES ON MRS. BILLINGTON'S APPEARANCE

Common always left for specific within the

Eliza tunes her forthethralling lar

AT OXFORD.

TO THOMAS BARRETT LENNARD, ESQ.

In ages past the sweetly-slowing strain,

By Orpheus pour'd along the verdant plain,

Disarm'd the tiger's sierce relentless rage,

And could the lion's horrid wrath asswage:

Secure from harm amidst the bloody throng,

The love-lorn bard attun'd his plaintive song.

Next old Amphion prov'd the pow'r of sound,

And bade his walls defenceless Thebes surround.

Such were the wond'rous feats of former days,

And such the force of long-forgotten lays.

Though now at Musick's voice no ramparts rise,

No lion fell in magic thraldom lies,

Yet still its sweet resistless pow'r remains,

We feel its force in living vocal strains.

For, hark! how worthy of Apollo's praise,

Eliza tunes her softly-thrilling lays!

And whilst full many a proud aspiring sane
In echo sweet prolongs the cheerful strain,

Behold, forth issuing from the portals wide,

Display'd in many a long and sable tide,

The letter'd sons of holy science come,

By music lur'd to quit that peaceful home,

Where tranquil pleasures crown the passing hour,

And Wisdom dwells unaw'd by tyrant power.

Behold how round Apollo's shrine they throng,

And list enraptur'd to the swelling song.

But mark!—Swift passing through the buoyant air
Yon gloried car a nobler tribute bear!
See Handel, source of sweet majestic strains,
Direct his slight to these his favourite plains.

Behold him now with mute attention paufe,

Now join, with rapture bright, the just applause.

Since Handel then approves the lovely dame,

And stamps his fiat on her lasting fame,

From lov'd Parnassus' height descend, ye Nine,

And round her brows your brightest laurels twine.

With Capid's wreath has deck'd her page, And, tutor'd by the wily boy,

L'ALTHOUGH the Muse in ev'ry age

Has tun'd her lyre to themes of joy.
Yet Hiltory, fweet recording maid,

By Truth allur'd, forfakes the fhade;
And as adown the ftream of time

She fleers her courfe with port fublime,

She paufing points to many a gray thmor work, shall Where, Love, thy willows weep and wave, there?

Through fad Vocluis penfive firays, many and reform

And Mature's tender tribute pays, and its genue's