



*A LETTER to Lady F——.*

From the Other World.

**F**ROM the *Elysian* Fields I sing,  
 Where ever blooms the balmy Spring :  
 From Roseat Groves and Myrtle Shades,  
 That not a sultry Beam invades.  
 Each Grove with heav'nly Music rings,  
 And Odours rise on Zephyrs Wings.  
 Mild Glory lightens all the Bow'rs,  
 And purest Pleasure wings the Hours.  
 While crystal Streams, incircling, flow  
 Through all the flow'ry Vales below ;  
 That in the softest Murmurs ~~thrill~~, *trill*  
 Adown each flow-descending Hill.

Where



Where grows immortalizing Fruit,  
For ever giving fresh Recruit.  
No drowsy Slumbers close the Eyes  
In these gay Regions of the Skies.  
Nor Dream a frightful Form assumes,  
Impress'd by indigested Fumes.  
Nor aking Head from heated Brain,  
Disease, nor, its Attendant, Pain.  
Here, no despairing Lover dies;  
No base Deluder cheats with Lyes,  
Nor come or jealous Cares or Sighs.  
Nor Eye e'er drops a briny Tear;  
For Truth and Love are native here.  
Each Spirit has his Task assign'd  
As pleases best, or suits his Mind.  
Some to the central Sun descend;  
Some to the neighb'ring Planets tend;  
Nor some so small a Space can bound,  
As does old SATURN's annual Round;

But



But through the vast unbounded Space,  
Their Maker's Works with Rapture trace.  
Of this small Surface losing Sight,  
Amidst Ten Thousand Worlds of Light ;  
Some tune their golden Harps, and sing  
The boundless Glories of their KING.  
Or how from Chaos Nature rose,  
How central Fires these Scenes shall close.  
How at the last important Day,  
All shall the Trumpet's Voice obey,  
With Horror some, and some with Joy.

SOME on the kindest Errands fly,  
Adown the azure hilly Sky ;  
And whisper CELIA in the Ear,  
“ Of yon deluding Fop beware.”  
To STREPHON, when the sparkling Wine  
Does to Excess his Soul incline ;  
“ Exert the Man, and fly the Bait ;  
“ See Poison on the Pleasure wait.”

And,



And, pointing to the tempting Fair,  
“ Disease, ill Fame, and Guilt are there.”  
Bids Reason guide his erring Feet,  
And ev’ry Virtue grow complete.  
Bids Wit, within due Bounds confin’d,  
Adorn, and not debauch, his Mind.  
If STREPHON’s deaf, away they fly,  
And, griev’d, they mount their native Sky.  
They leave him ’midst a lighter Band,  
Of airy Beings still at hand ;  
Who left the World with tainted Breast,  
With their own Follies still impress’d,  
Envious, deceitful, and unblest.  
Who hover round with downward Flight,  
Visit in Dreams at Dead of Night ;  
Fill MYRA’s Head with Dukes and Earls,  
And Equipage, and costly Pearls.  
Bid STREPHON dance, and drink, and play,  
Turn Day to Night, and Night to Day ;

Till



Till Health, and Fame, and Fortune flies,  
STREPHON repents, despairs, and dies.

THESE tuneful POPE calls *Nomes* and *Sylphs*;  
These *Britons* took for *fairy Elves*;  
The *Genius* was the Pagan Name;  
They gave their Bards and Sages Fame.  
And MILTON, POPE, and DRYDEN fir'd;  
And CLARKE and NEWTON these inspir'd.  
Nor STREPHON, nor does CELIA know  
But from themselves their Reas'nings flow.  
By Sounds so gently we pervade,  
So unperceiv'd the Trace is made,  
And Picture to the Mind convey'd.

THIS Message, *F*—, to you I bear;  
You was my Friend, are now my Care.  
Your sprightly Wit, that all admire,  
Is an unlicens'd lawless Fire.

Restrain



Restrain its wild impetuous Course ;  
And give your Reason all its Force.  
And let that Reason be your Rule :  
Things sacred bear no Ridicule.  
Be to your better Self but true,  
Then ev'ry Grace will shine in You.

