

My steps she oft was wont to lead  
 Along the fair enamell'd mead,  
 To soothe my raging pain;  
 And oft with tender converse strove  
 To draw the sting of hopeless Love,  
 And make me smile again.

O! much-lov'd Maid! whilst life remains  
 To thee I'll consecrate my strains,  
 For thee I'll tune my lyre;  
 And, echoing with my sweetest lays,  
 The vocal hills shall speak the praise  
 Of Friendship's sacred fire.

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T O T H E M O O N.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

**A**LL hail! majestic Queen of Night,  
 Bright Cynthia! sweetest Nymph, whose presence brings  
 The pensive pleasures, calm delight,  
 While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,  
 Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,  
 Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day  
 Have all too ruffled.—Hence away  
 Stale Jest, and flippan't Mirth, and Strife-engendering Noise.

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When

SHIP,

my breast,

M

When Evening dons her mantle grey,  
 I'll wind my solitary way,  
 And hie me to some lonely grove  
 (The haunt of Fancy and of Love)  
 Whose social branches, far outspread,  
 Possess the mind with pleasing dread.  
 While Cynthia quivers thro' the trees  
 That wanton with the summer breeze,  
 And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,  
 Reflects oblique her dancing beam.  
 How often, by thy silver light,  
 Have lovers tongues beguil'd the Night?  
 When forth the happy pair have stray'd,  
 The amorous swain and tender maid,  
 And as they walk'd the groves along,  
 Cheer'd the still eve with various song.  
 While every artful strain confess  
 The mutual passion in their breast.  
 To lovers hours fly swift away,  
 And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,  
 When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,  
 Has thy celestial presence known.  
 To thee complains the Nymph forlorn  
 Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;  
 And the dull Swain, with folded arms,  
 Still musing on his false one's charms,

Frames many a sonnet to her name,  
 (As lovers use to express their flame)  
 Or pining wan with thoughtful care,  
 In downcast silence feeds Despair;  
 Or when the air dead stillness keeps,  
 And Cynthia on the water sleeps;  
 Charms the dull ear of sober night,  
 With love-born Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,  
 Thou listenest to the various sound  
 Of Shepherds hopes and Maidens fears  
 (Those conscious Cynthia silent hears  
 While Echo, which still loves to mock,  
 Bears them about from rock to rock).

But shift we now the pensive scene,  
 Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.  
 Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim  
 Forms the green circle quaint and trim;  
 Hither the Fairies blithe advance,  
 And lightly trip in mazy dance;  
 Beating the panfie-paven ground  
 In frolic measures round and round;  
 These Cynthia's Revels gaily keep,  
 While lazy mortals snore asleep;  
 Whom oft they visit in the night,  
 Not visible to human sight;  
 And as old prattling Wives relate,  
 Tho' now the fashion's out of date,

Drop sixpence in the Houfewise's shoe,  
 And pinch the Slatern black and blue.  
 They fill the mind with airy schemes,  
 And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,  
 And athwart men's noses rides?  
 While Oberon, blithe Fairy, trips,  
 And hovers o'er the ladies lips;  
 And when he steals ambrosial bliss,  
 And soft imprints the charming kifs,  
 In Dreams the nymph her swain pursues,  
 Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that woos:

Ye sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,  
 From hence, my lesson read, beware,  
 While Innocence and Mirth preside,  
 We care not where the Fairies glide;  
 And Oberon will never miss  
 To greet his favourites with a kifs;  
 Nor ever more ambrosia sips,  
 Than when he visits ———'s lips.

When all things else in silence sleep,  
 The blithsome Elfs their vigils keep,  
 And always hover round about,  
 To find our worth or frailties out.  
 Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,  
 Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,  
 But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,  
 Where all is virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin fays delight  
 To hail the sober Queen of Night,  
 But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat  
 Warbles the thick melodious note,  
 Duly as evening shades prevail,  
 Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.  
 And as the Lover pensive goes,  
 Chaunts out her symphony of woes.  
 Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,  
 Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hift—the melancholy bird  
 Among the groves no more is heard;  
 And Cynthia pales her silver ray  
 Before th' approach of golden Day,  
 Which on yon mountain's misty height  
 Stands tiptoe with his gladsome light.  
 Now the shrill lark in æther floats,  
 And carols wide her liquid notes;  
 While Phoebus, in his lusty pride,  
 His flaming beams flings far and wide.  
 Cynthia farewell—the pensive Muse  
 No more her feeble flight pursues,  
 But all unwilling takes her way,  
 And mixes with the buzz of Day: