



An Irregular ODE written at Wickham, in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

**Y**E sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,  
Ye gentle shades of Wickham say,  
What is the charm that each successive year,  
Which fees me with my Lucy here,  
Can thus to my transported heart,  
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath that blows  
From the fair jess'mine, and the blushing rose?  
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store,  
Of rural blifs was here before:  
Oft have I met her on the verdant side  
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,  
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,  
Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.  
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield;  
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

VOL. II.

E

III. Is



## III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe ?  
 Four times has the revolving fun  
 His annual circle thro' the zodiac run ;  
 Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r  
 On favour'd mortals can bestow,  
 Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

## IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,  
 Was yielded to my longing arms ;  
 And round our nuptial bed,  
 Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy  
 Shook from his radiant torch the blifsful fires  
 Of innocent desires,  
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.  
 Whence then this strange increafe of joy ?  
 He, only he can tell, who match'd like me,  
 (If fuch another happy man there be)  
 Has by his own experience try'd  
 How much *the Wife* is dearer than the *Bride*.