

## III.

In vain I call th' harmonious Nine,  
 In vain implore Apollo's aid;  
 Obdurate, they refuse a line,  
 While spleen and care my rest invade,  
 Say, shall we Morpheus next implore,  
 And try if dreams befriend us more?

## IV.

Wisely at least he'll stop my pen,  
 And with his poppies crown my brow:  
 Better by far in lonesome den  
 To sleep unheard of— than to glow  
 With treach'rous wildfire of the brain,  
 Th' intoxicated poet's bane.



Written at a Ferme Ornee near Birmingham;  
 August 7th, 1749.

By the Same.

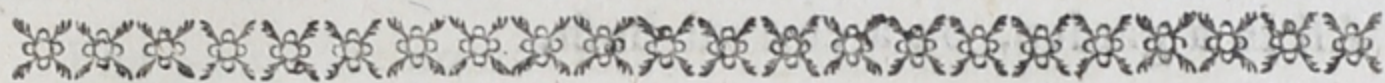
'T IS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,  
 And wisely gives them Cynthio, to revise:  
 To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;  
 Yet still preserve the lovely Parent's face.

How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;  
 These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;

Where



Where modest art in silence lurks conceal'd :  
 While Nature shines, so gracefully reveal'd,  
 That she triumphant claims the total plan ;  
 And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.



The GOLDFINCHES. An Elegy.

By Mr. J A G O.

— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
 Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.*

**T**O you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,  
 Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,  
 To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,  
 The Doric strain belongs ; O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the tuneful race,  
 By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine :  
 A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
 And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Thro' Nature's spacious walks at large they rang'd,  
 No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim ;  
 As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,  
 Themselves in every vary'd scene, the same.