

The nymph reply'd, " You first, my swain,  
 " Confine your sonnets to the plain ;  
 " One envious tongue alike disarms,  
 " You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

" What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?  
 " Or what, unknown, the poet's skill ?  
 " What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,  
 " Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?"

#### IV. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

**A** DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join  
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;  
 And, as your dazled eye-balls roll,  
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,  
 Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,  
 But limpid stream and shady tree  
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,  
 See yonder does my Daphne rove :  
 With pride her foot-steps I pursue,  
 And bid your frantick joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,  
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:  
 I scorn the madness you approve,  
 And value reason next to love.

V. Imitated from the FRENCH.

**Y**ES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd;  
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid;  
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run;  
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!  
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove  
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains;  
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;  
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove!  
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!  
 Be still tho', my heart; thine emotion give o'er;  
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,  
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!  
 Then breathless with ardor my fair-one pursu'd,  
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!  
 But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;  
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.