



E P I T H A L A M I U M.

By the Same.

YE nymphs, that from *Diana's* sport retir'd,
Yon forest leave awhile, and love to haunt
The bord'ring vallies; saw ye, as they pass'd,
A chosen pair, the glory of your plains,
Array'd in youth's full bloom, and nature's prime?
Saw ye the glance of beauty, when the fair,
Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graees dress'd,
March'd on: with joy the bridegroom flush'd, beyond
What liveliest fancy, unposseſſ'd, can dream?

Heard ye the music of the groves around
Warbling, while choirs of gratulation rung
From ev'ry spray; and nightingales, soft tun'd,
In notes peculiar thrill'd the nuptial song!
Such as in neighb'ring *Windsor's* fav'rite shade
They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* ear be true,
No where on silence steal with lay so sweet.

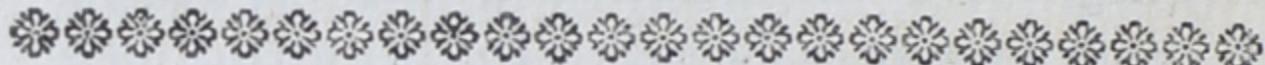
Auspicious omens brood on the fair hour!
Did ever *Hymen's* look more fresh appear,
Or his bright vest with deeper yellow flow?
The vest that on occasions high and rare

Pontifical

Pontifical he wears, when hearts sincere
 Combine; of healthy cheek, and sparkling eye
 As in the state of nature, ere his shafts
 By gold were blunted. How the blazing torch,
 Fann'd by love's pinion, sheds unusual fire!
 Lo! by the trail of light, he left behind,
 As from the shrine his jubilee return'd,
 The Muse, invited guest, attends her theme
 Right to the nuptial bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
 She hemm'd, thrice blest the threshold with a sneeze,
 Prelude of happiness to come. Her lyre
 She strung,—a friendly, voluntary strain.

“ Hail (she began) distinguish'd pair! how fit
 To join in wedded love, each other's choice!
 Bridegroom, thy taste is elegant indeed,
 And fingers nice, that on some sunny bank
 In beauty's garden cull'd so fair a flow'r,
 To thine transplanted from her native soil:
 Cherish before thy blooming charge; keep off
 Each blast unkind, and Zephyr's gale alone
 Blow there, and genial suns for ever smile.
 Who not applaud thy vow? hereafter who
 Dispute thy palate, judging and exact,
 Owner of curious bliss? — Nor thou, fair bride,
 Repine, nor homeward cast thy longing eye;
 'Twas time to sever from the virgin choir.
 What joy in loneliness to waste the hours
 Unfruitful? see, hard by, *Loddona's* stream

Cold and inactive creep along ; her face
 Shaded with pensive willow,—till anon
 Married to jovial *Thames*, briskly she glides
 O'er many a laughing mead. ——'Tis nature wills
 Such union : blest society ! where souls
 Move, as in dance, to melody divine
 Fit partners. (How unlike the noisy broils
 Of wedded strife !) Hence friendship's gen'rous glow
 At love's high noon; and hence the sober flame
 Steady, as life declines.—All comforts hence
 Of child and parent, strongest, dearest ties !
 Think not the fair original design'd
 To flourish and be lost. The world expects
 Some copies to adorn another age.—
 Thank the kind gods ; be happy, live and love.



To a GENTLEMAN, on the Birth-day of
 his first Son.

By the Same.

THY sanguine hope compleated in a boy,
Hymen's kind boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
 Of fine strange things, and miracles to be,
 Expect no flatt'ring prophecy from me.
 'Tis Time's maturing bus'ness to call forth
 Degen'rate meanness, or transmitted worth :

Under