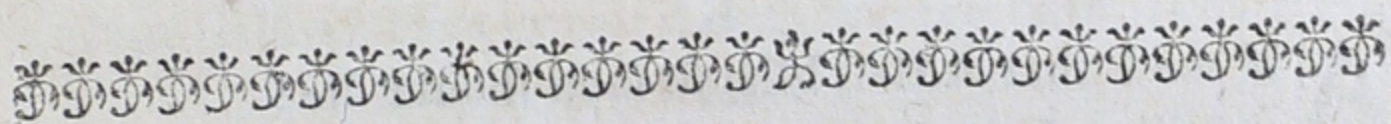


Attractive Power; whose mighty sway
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise
 A liquid altar to thy praise:
 Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
 Invoke to their infernal bower;
 But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light,
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap;
 Thy kindly beams alone impart
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me, from thy silver throne,
 To steal *his* heart, or find *my own*.



O D E to a T H R U S H.

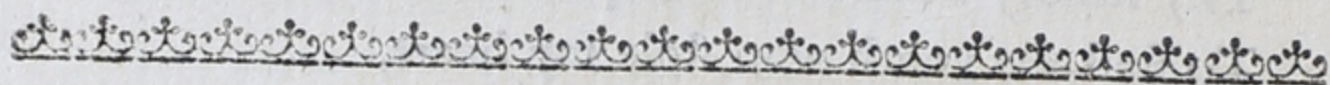
By Miss P * * * *

SWEET warbler! to whose artless song
 Soft Music's native powers belong,
 Here fix thy haunt; and o'er these plains
 Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains,
 Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
 And sweetly hymn the parting day:
 But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
 Thy song o'er Flavia's favorite bower;

There

There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chant thy loves, or woes around.

So may'st thou live securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest;
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy;
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips blush half the year.



E L E G Y.

I.

AH me! that restless bliss so soon should flie!
Still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
And flatt'ring hope says all my joys are nigh,
Officious jealousy renews my pain.

II.

When cold suspense and torturing despair,
When pausing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
Some idle falshood haunts my list'ning ear,
And wakes my heart to all it felt before.

III.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance,
With easy step, and unaffected air,
False rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

IV. Another