

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
 In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
 And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive !
 Each object here seems real and alive.
 Not more resembling life the figures stand,
 Form'd by Lysippus, or by Phidias' hand.
 Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite ;
 Rush on the eye, and crowd upon the sight,
 At once our wonder and delight you raise,
 We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

ODE to CUPID on VALENTINE'S Day.

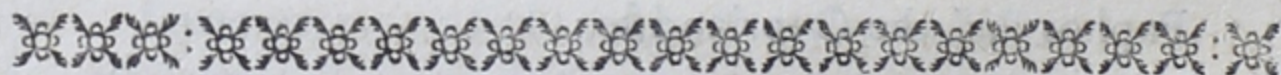
By the Same.

C O M E thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blisful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons too thy pow'r adore.
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haft

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine, and Hymen's day;
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
 Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there.
 This is thine, and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet joys,
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love, we live.



To the Honourable and Reverend F. C.

IN frolick's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
 There was a time, my dear C——s, when
 The Muse would take me on her airy wing

And