

TO A CERTAIN AUTHOR,
ON HIS
WRITING A PROLOGUE,
WHEREIN HE DESCRIBES A TRAVELLER FROZEN IN A SNOW
STORM.



No more let poets vainly boast
Their fine descriptive art,
They ransack Nature's gayest store,
Yet rarely warm the heart.

Hail, happy Bard, whose brilliant wit,
With more than Poet's art,
Can from a frozen mass extract
Fire that can melt the heart.