

TO
TO ANNA.

BASKING thus in fortune's way,
Would you leave so bright a day?
See the captive lover wait,
Must you die to seal his fate?
Hark! the poet tunes his lyre,
Cruel! would you damp his fire?
Balmy zephyrs court your breath,
Not the bitter blasts of death:
Bright in youth and beauty's charms,
Do you seek his icy arms?
Oh must friendship plead in vain,
Can you give so keen a pain?

Once, as ancient stories tell,
Music prov'd its pow'r in hell;
Music in the hand of love,
E'en the ear of death could move,

And its adamantine chains
Melted at harmonious strains.
Live, and bloom in fortune's ray,
While she gives so bright a day.
Live, and be the poet's theme,
Feed the rapture of his dream ;
Let a friendship most refin'd,
Beam its comforts on your mind ;
Softer than a western breeze,
It shall breathe to give you ease,
All affection can inspire,
Apollo's wit and Orpheus' lyre.