

SONNET XXIX.

To His C****.

On being desired to attempt writing a Comedy.

WOULD'ST thou then have *me* tempt the comic scene
Of gay Thalia ? Us'd so long to tread
The gloomy paths of Sorrow's cypress shade ;
And the lorn lay, with sighs and tears to stain ?
Alas ! how much unfit her sprightly vein !
Arduous to try !—and seek the sunny mead,
And bow'rs of roses, where she loves to lead
The sportive subjects of her golden reign !
Enough for me, if still, to soothe my days,
Her fair and pensive sister condescend,
With tearful smile, to bless my simple lays ;
Enough, if her soft notes she sometimes lend,
To gain for me, of feeling hearts the praise,
And chiefly thine, my ever partial friend !
