TO MISS B----SH,

OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I ſeek the dreary ſhore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive ſtrain,
And tho' a lover ſings in vain,
Yet you ſhall hear the ſong.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid ſneers;
With aſſiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or teaſe you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the ſun
Does his hot courſe of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long external dog-ſtar reigns,
And ſplendor flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenſer than my mind,
Which burns a conſtant flame:
There will I loſe thy heavenly form,
Nor ſhall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw ſhadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the ſea,
I'll drown the ſofter ſubject, thee,
And ſink each lovely charm:
No more my boſom ſhall be torne;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cheriſh the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpoſe find
Thy ſway within my breaſt:
But hence, ſoft ſcenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be bleſt.

D.