
TO MISS BRAND.

MARY! our Prayer being still the same,
 A little Litany I frame.
 The Wish, that dwells within each breast,
 So early form'd, so oft express'd,
 Is, by the Muse's favouring care,
 At length reduc'd to Form of Prayer.
 Sisters, who're Friends, like you and me,
 Perhaps will join our Litany;
 Whilst those, whose hearts know no such love,
 Will from our Mode, Dissenters prove.

PRAYER.

TO THE PARCÆ.

Inexorable Triad! tell us! where,
 In what vast Antre, or what Cypress grove,
 Your gloomy Altars trembling Mortals rear;
 And what the hallow'd Sacrifice ye love?

If ever your stern breasts relent at tears,
 If ye have hearts that sighs can comprehend,
 If ye can sympathize in human cares,
 Propitious to our humble suit attend!

Two Sisters are we, who in life's rough way,
 Full early enter'd 'neath a baneful Star,
 Together, though unblest'd with one bright ray,
 We bear the hardships of its constant war.