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 unbleſs'd with one bright ray,
We bear the hardſhips of its conſtant war.

Companions ſtill, the ſame our hopes and woes,
Sweet counſel ſeek we in each other's mind;
And the ſoft green, where harraſs'd ſouls repoſe,
Each finds within her Siſter's boſom ſhrin'd.

No dearer Friendſhip, and no ſeparate Joy,
Has e'er eſtrang'd us from each other's heart,
No Strife has ever mingled its alloy,
In Good, or Ill, each had a Siſter's part.

Together we retrace our ſorrows paſt,
With that ſweet intereſt only Siſters feel,
Hope's bright'ning beam upon the future caſt,
Or preſent Ills participating heal.

Such, ye ſtern Parcæ! are your Suppliants now;
Seeking Protection from one dreaded Ill:
We aſk not Wealth, nor Honours for our brow;
Unmurmuring have we liv'd without them ſtill.

Nor do we aſk exemption from all Grief;
Patient we bow to an o'erwhelming ſhare;
There is but One,——for which there 's no relief,
But One——we have not Fortitude to bear.

If erring Mortals, ignorant, and blind,
May, ſinleſs, deprecate the Grief they fear,
Be our petition in your memory ſhrin'd!—
Reſpect the ſacred prevalence of prayer!

CLOTHO! thy Diſtaff at thy pleaſure fill;—
E'en though the flax with rugged knots be croſs'd;
LACHESIS! draw our Threads together ſtill,
We heed not, whether long, or ſhort thou draw'ſt;

When, to their length, th' appointed Threads are ſpun,
Them, to the fatal Shears together guide:
Swiftly, O ATROPOS! thy taſk be done,
THE SISTER THREADS, AT THE SAME STROKE,
DIVIDE.

(*March*, 1796.)

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

FINIS