

Our voices let's raise
 In Phœbus's praise,
 Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
 Our musical words
 Shall be join'd by the birds,
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A

N O O N - P I E C E ;

O R,

The M O W E R S at Dinner.

O D E II.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
 Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
 Dumeta Silvani, caretque
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

HOR.

THE Sun is now too radiant to behold,
 And vehement he sheds his liquid Rays of Gold ;
 No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse ;
 And short, but yet distinct and clear,
 To the wanton whistling air
 The mimic shadows dance.

C

Fat

Fat Mirth, and Gallantry the gay,
 And romping Extasy 'gin play.
 Now Myriads of young Cupids rise,
 And open all their joy-bright eyes,
 Filling with infant prate the grove,
 And lip in sweetly-fault'ring love.
 In the middle of the ring,
 Mad with May, and wild of wing,
 Fire-ey'd Wantonness shall sing.

By the rivulet on the rushes,
 Beneath a canopy of bushes,
 Where the ever-faithful Tray,
 Guards the dumplings and the whey,
 Colin Clout and Yorkshire Will
 From the leathern bottle swill.

Their scythes upon the adverse bank
 Glitter 'mongst th' entangled trees,
 Where the hazles form a rank,
 And court'fy to the courting breeze.

Ah! Harriot! soveraign mistress of my heart,
 Could I thee to these meads decoy,
 New grace to each fair object thou'dst impart,
 And heighten ev'ry scene to perfect joy.

On a bank of fragrant thyme,
 Beneath yon stately, shadowy pine,
 We'll with the well-disguised hook
 Cheat the tenants of the brook ;
 Or where coy Daphne's thickest shade
 Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
 There read Sydney's high-wrought stories
 Of ladies charms and heroes glories ;
 Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
 And kiss the fiction into fact.

Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
 Let's to the gardens regulated greens,
 Where taste and elegance command
 Art to lend her dædal hand,
 Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
 To discipline are reconcil'd,
 And laws and order cultivate,
 Quite civiliz'd into a state.

From the sun, and from the show'r,
 Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
 Secluded from the teizing pry
 Of Argus' curiosity :
 There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
 The gay meridian is seen,
 Ere decays the lamp of light,
 And length'ning shades stretch out to night----

Seize, seize the hint---each hour improve
 (This is morality in love)
 Lend, lend thine hand---O let me view
 Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue !
 Then---then thy lips, the coral cell
 Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell !
 Thus we'll each fultry noon employ
 In day-dreams of extatic joy.

A

N I G H T - P I E C E ;

O R,

M O D E R N P H I L O S O P H Y .

O D E III.

Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nocentiâ.

HOR.

'T WAS when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
 Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
 Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
 And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led.

Night, with all her negro train,
 Took possession of the plain ;

In