

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.

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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

In an hearse she rode reclin'd,  
 Drawn by screech-owls flow and blind :  
 Close to her, with printless feet,  
 Crept Stillness, in a winding sheet.  
 Next to her deaf Silence was seen,  
 Treading on tip-toes over the green ;  
 Softly, lightly, gently she trips,  
 Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.

You could not see a fight,  
 You could not hear a sound,  
 But what confess'd the night,  
 And horror deepen'd round.

Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,  
 Sophron the wife was laid :  
 And to the answ'ring wood these sounds convey'd :

While others toil within the town,  
 And to Fortune smile or frown,  
 Fond of trifles, fond of toys,  
 And married to that woman, Noise ;  
 Sacred Wisdom be my care,  
 And fairest Virtue, Wisdom's heir.

His speculations thus the sage begun,  
 When, lo! the neighbouring bell  
 In solemn sound struck one :---

He starts---and recollects---he was engag'd to Nell.

Then

Then up he sprang nimble and light,  
 And rapp'd at fair Ele'nor's door ;  
 He laid aside virtue that night,  
 And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

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On the sudden Death of a CLERGYMAN.

O D E IV.

**I**F, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm,  
 And light to life the ashes in the urn,  
 Fate of his iron dart I would disarm,  
 Sudden as thy decease should'st thou return,  
 Recall'd with mandates of despotic founds,  
 And arbitrary grief, that will not hear of bounds.  
 But, ah! such wishes, artless muse, forbear ;  
 'Tis impotence of frantic love,  
 Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,  
 To hope the Thracian's magic power to prove.  
 Alas! thy slender vein,  
 Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,  
 Impatient of a rein,  
 Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling measures keep,  
 ----But thou, alas! canst weep---  
 Thou canst---and o'er the melancholy bier  
 Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.  
 Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,  
 And hail the peaceful shade loos'd from its irksome hold.

Now