SUPPLEMENT

TO

CHATTERTON'S MISCELLANIES.

TO A FRIEND.

MARCH 6TH, 1768.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received both your favours—The Muſe alone muſt tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleaſure at the joyful news,
I ſtrung the chorded ſhell, and woke the Muſe.
Begin, O Servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line:
Bring down th' etherial Choir to aid the Song;
Let boundleſs raptures ſmoothly glide along.

My Baker's well!—Oh words of ſweet delight!
Now! now! my Muſe, ſoar up th'Olympic height.
What wond'rous numbers can the Goddeſs find,
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a Goddeſs more divine,
The beauteous H—l—d ſhall employ my line.