

TO  
*DELLA CRUSCA.*

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THE PEN.

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O! SEIZE again thy golden quill,  
And with its point my bosom thrill ;  
With magic touch explore my heart,  
And bid the tear of passion start.  
Thy golden quill APOLLO gave——  
Drench'd first in bright Aonia's wave :  
He snatch'd it flutt'ring thro' the sky,  
Borne on the vapour of a sigh :  
It fell from *Cupid's* burnish'd wing  
As forcefully he drew the string  
Which sent his keenest, surest dart  
Thro' a rebellious frozen heart ;  
That had till then defy'd his pow'r,  
And vacant beat thro' each dull hour.

Be worthy then the sacred loan !  
Seated on Fancy's air-built throne,  
Immerse it in her rainbow hues,  
Nor, what the Godheads bid, refuse !

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APOLLO, CUPID, shall inspire,  
And aid thee with their blended fire,  
The *one* poetic language give,  
The *other* bid thy passion live;  
With soft ideas fill thy lays,  
And crown with LOVE thy wint'ry days!

ANNA MATILDA.

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