Ah! let us, ere the fatal die be call'd,
That lately Studley's pride must fall at last,
And lovely Betsy's form submit to death!

STERN Winter now by Spring repref't,
Forbears the long continued strife,
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of Life.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arbitrary Tyranny confines,
Who smirking Nature courts in vain,
Th' Rapture fings, and Beauty loathes.

Yet
Yet tho' my limbs Difalfe invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where his humble turrets rife.

Here flop, my Soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depair,
Where first great Nature charm'd my fight,
Where Wisdom inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend;
Once more, great Nature's work renew.

Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life;
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd;

From false cares, caufeful ftrife,
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Wet Meditation's quiet seat,
Calm the generous scorn of venal power.

When Pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging Factions rush to war;
Here let me learn to flain the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not bear.

But
But, left I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

BY THE SAME.

O Phœbus! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve