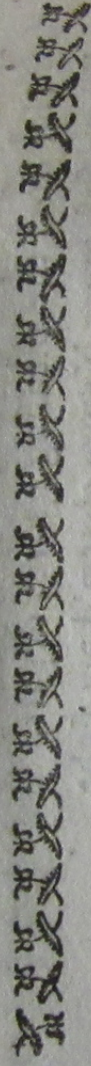


But, lest I fall by subtler foes,  
Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,  
The swelling passions to compose,  
And quell the rebels of the heart.



T H E M I D S U M M E R W I S H .

B Y T H E S A M E .

**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.

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Improve the peaceful hour with wine,  
Let music die along the grove;  
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,  
And every strain be tun'd to Love.

Come, STELLA, queen of all my heart!  
Come, born to fill its vast desires!  
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,  
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,  
By turns we languish, and we burn,  
Let fighting gales our sighs repeat,  
Our murmurs murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,  
And blushing skies the morn foretell,  
Sink on the down of STELLA's breast,  
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN:

STELLA

I S H.

Improve