

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP,

BY THE SAME.

**N**O more fond Love shall wound my breast,  
In all his smiles deceitful drest,

I scorn his coward fway;

And now with pleasure can explore

The galling chains I felt before,

Since I am free to-day.

To-day with Friendship I'll rejoice,

Whilst dear Lucinda's gentle voice

Shall soften every care:

O Goddess of the joy sincere!

The social sigh! the pleasing tear!

Thy noble bonds I'll wear.

When first, ill-fated, hapless hour!

My soul confest Amintor's power,

Lucinda shar'd my grief;

And leaning on her faithful breast,

The fatal passion I confest,

And found a soft relief.

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My steps she oft was wont to lead  
 Along the fair enamell'd mead,  
 To soothe my raging pain;  
 And oft with tender converse strove  
 To draw the sting of hopeless Love,  
 And make me smile again.

O! much-lov'd Maid! whilst life remains  
 To thee I'll consecrate my strains,  
 For thee I'll tune my lyre;  
 And, echoing with my sweetest lays,  
 The vocal hills shall speak the praise  
 Of Friendship's sacred fire.

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T O T H E M O O N.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

**A**LL hail! majestic Queen of Night,  
 Bright Cynthia! sweetest Nymph, whose presence brings  
 The pensive pleasures, calm delight,  
 While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,  
 Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,  
 Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day  
 Have all too ruffled.—Hence away  
 Stale Jest, and flippan Mirth, and Strife-engendering Noise.

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SHIP,

my breast,

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