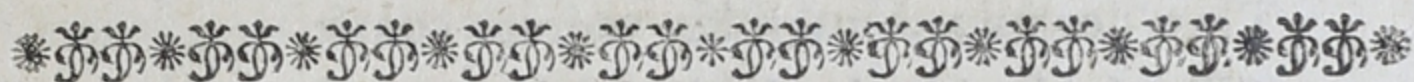


A simple shepherd, yet unknown,
Aspires to snatch an ivy crown,
On daring pinions bold to soar,
Tho' here thy Waller sung before,
And Johnson dipt his learned pen,
And Sidney pour'd his fancy-flowing strain.



TO THE

Hon. WILMOT VAUGHAN, Esq; in WALES.

By the Same.

YE distant realms that hold my friend
Beneath a cold ungenial sky,
Where lab'ring groves with weight of vapours bend,
Or raving winds o'er barren mountains fly;
Restore him quick to London's social clime,
Restore him quick to friendship, love and joy;
Be swift, ye lazy steeds of Time,
Ye moments, all your speed employ.
Behold November's glooms arise,
Pale suns with fainter glory shine,
Dark gathering tempests blacken in the skies,
And shiv'ring woods their sickly leaves resign.
Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
To court disease in Winter's baleful reign,
To listen to th' Atlantic foam,
While rocks repel the roaring main,

While

While horror fills the region vast,
 Rheumatic tortures Eurus brings,
 Pregnant with agues flies the northern blast,
 And clouds drop quartans from their flagging wings.
 Dost thou explore Sabrina's fountful source,
 Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height ascends :
 Then downward mark her vagrant course,
 Till mix'd with clouds the landscape ends ?
 Dost thou revere the hallow'd soil
 Where Druids old sepulchred lie ;
 Or up cold Snowden's craggy fummits toil,
 And muse on ancient savage liberty ?
 Ill suit such walks with bleak autumnal air,
 Say, can November yield the joys of May ?
 When Jove deforms the blasted year,
 Can Wallia boast a chearful day ?
 The town expects thee. — Hark, around,
 Thro' every street of gay resort,
 New chariots rattle with awak'ning sound,
 And crowd the levees, and besiege the court.
 The patriot, kindling as his wars ensue,
 Now fires his soul with liberty and fame,
 Marshals his threat'ning tropes anew,
 And gives his hoarded thunders aim.
 Now seats their absent lords deplore,
 Neglected villas empty stand,
 Capacious Gro'venor gathers all its store,
 And mighty London swallows up the land.

See sportive Vanity her flights begin,
 See new-blown Folly's plenteous harvest rise,
 She mimick beauties dye their skin,
 And harlots roll their venal eyes.
 Fashions are set, and fops return,
 And young coquettes in arms appear;
 Dreaming of conquest, how their bosoms burn,
 Trick'd in the new fantasy of the year.
 Fly then away, nor scorn to bear a part
 In this gay scene of folly amply spread:
 Follies well us'd refine the heart,
 And pleasures clear the studious head;
 By grateful interchange of mirth
 The toils of study sweeter grow,
 As varying seasons recommend the earth,
 Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

