She chuses that delightful cave beneath
  The crystal treasures of meek His' stream;
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
  While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath
  She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

To Lady H——Y. By Mr. de Voltaire.

H——Y would you know the passion
  You have kindled in my breast,
Trifling is the inclination
  That by words can be express'd.
In my silence see the lover,
  True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
  All the power of your own.

On Sir Robert Walpole's Birth-day,
  August the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. D——ton.

All hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
  Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn,
  While