

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung;
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue
 And if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear
 With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd;
 Allusions to none but the nymph I ador'd;
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impressions she made on my mind.
 Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew:
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

II. DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love:
 My Daphne with your notes detain:
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.
 Ye flow'rs before her footsteps rise;
 Display at once your brightest dyes;
 That she your opening charms may see:
 Or what were all your charms to me?
 Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
 And shed its odours round my bow'r:
 Or never more, O gentle wind,
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair :
 Or oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom ;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

III. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it glows ;
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd ;
 How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze :
 A blast descends from eastern skies,
 And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair ! your charms divine ;
 And check the fond desire to shine
 Where fame's transporting rays allure,
 While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade :
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
 As, to the rose, an eastern wind.