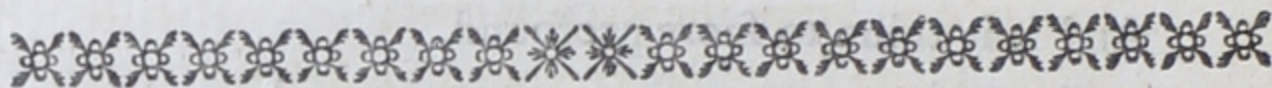


Too soon they were ; and every dart,  
 Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,  
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart ;  
 And taught at once to *love* and *sing*.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire ;  
 For who will now your altars throng ?  
 From Love we learn to swell the lyre ;  
 And Echo asks no sweeter song.



O D E.      Written 1739.

By the Same.

*Urit spes animi credula mutui.*

HOR.

'T WAS not by beauty's aid alone.  
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,  
 His boasted power display'd :  
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,  
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,  
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view ;  
 Her lips with all the rose's hue  
 Have all its sweets combin'd ;  
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,  
 'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire  
 To prove the charmer kind —



Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,  
 With softest accent, sweetest air,  
 By Envy's self admir'd ;  
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,  
 In vain might every grace adorn,  
 What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon turn'd his lyre——  
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,  
 Which love-sick swains endure :  
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart ;  
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,  
 And smiles —— must ever cure.

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,  
 How frail security from love,  
 Experience hourly shows !  
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,  
 On every charming lip and eye  
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the Fair-one's eyes ;  
 In vain the sage explores the skies,  
 To learn from stars his fate :  
 'Till led by fancy wide astray,  
 He finds no planet mark his way ;  
 Convinc'd and wise —— too late.

As partial to their words we prove ;  
 Then boldly join the lists of love,  
 With towering hopes supply'd :  
 So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,  
 Mistook their Deity's designs ;  
 Then took the field —— and dy'd.