



To Mrs. BINDON at BATH.

By the Honourable Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.

A POLLO of old on Britannia did smile,
 And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle,
 Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
 And in every wilderness planted his bays ;
 Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
 Then Shakespear, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
 And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
 As he sung in such strains as the God might have own'd :
 But now, since the laurel is given of late
 To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
 Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
 And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
 He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
 And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled before ;
 And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
 A science their flight and ill treatment hath lost ;
 But that *women* alone for the future shall write ;
 And who can resist, when they doubly delight ?
 And lest we shou'd doubt what he said to be true,
 Has begun by inspiring Saphira and You.

Mrs.