

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamel'd ground

With Nature's vary'd hues :

Not so returns our youth decay'd,

Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade

The spring of life renews.

VI.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam

Will soon dissolve the human dream,

And bring th' appointed hour :

Too late we catch his parting ray,

And mourn the idly-wasted day

No longer in our power.

VII.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight

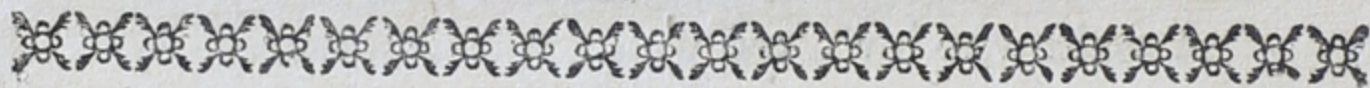
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,

A hope beyond the skies ;

Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,

But rosy Spring for ever bloom,

And suns eternal rise.



ODE to CYNTHIA. By the Same,

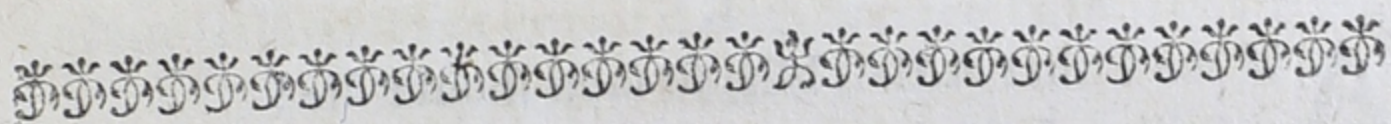
SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,

Of aspect mild and brow serene,

Whose friendly beams by night appear,

The lonely traveller to cheer ;

Attractive Power; whose mighty sway
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise
 A liquid altar to thy praise:
 Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
 Invoke to their infernal bower;
 But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light,
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap;
 Thy kindly beams alone impart
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me, from thy silver throne,
 To steal *his* heart, or find *my own*.



O D E to a T H R U S H.

By Miss P * * * *

SWEET warbler! to whose artless song
 Soft Music's native powers belong,
 Here fix thy haunt; and o'er these plains
 Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains,
 Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
 And sweetly hymn the parting day:
 But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
 Thy song o'er Flavia's favorite bower;

There