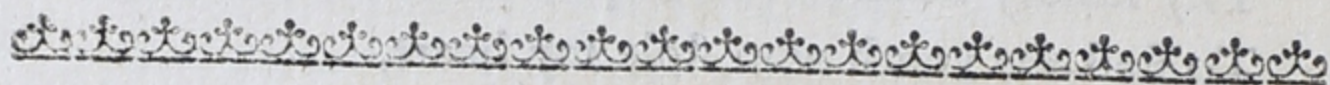


There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chant thy loves, or woes around.

So may'st thou live securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest;
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy;
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips blush half the year.



E L E G Y.

I.

AH me! that restless bliss so soon should flie!
Still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
And flatt'ring hope says all my joys are nigh,
Officious jealousy renews my pain.

II.

When cold suspense and torturing despair,
When pausing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
Some idle falshood haunts my list'ning ear,
And wakes my heart to all it felt before.

III.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance,
With easy step, and unaffected air,
False rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

IV. Another

IV.

Another boasts a more substantial claim,
 For him fair Plenty fills her golden horn,
 A thousand flocks support his haughty flame,
 A thousand acres crown'd with waving corn.

V.

But I nor tread the mazes of the dance
 With easy step, and unaffected air,
 Nor rapture feign, nor roll a meaning glance,
 To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

VI.

I boast not Fortune's more substantial claim,
 For me nor Plenty fills her golden horn,
 Nor wealthy flocks support my humble flame,
 Nor smiling acres crown'd with waving corn.

VII.

Say will thy gen'rous heart for these reject
 A tender passion, and a soul sincere?
 For tho' with me you've little to expect,
 Believe me, Sylvia, you have less to fear.

VIII.

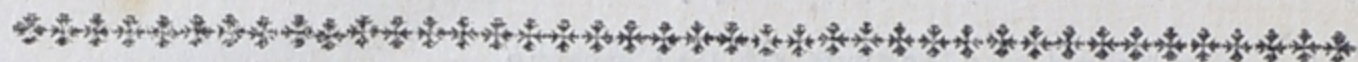
Come, let us tread the flow'ry paths of peace,
 'Till Fate shall seal th' irrevocable doom;
 Then soar together to yon realms of bliss,
 And leave our mingled ashes in the tomb.

IX.

Perhaps some tender sympathetic breast,
 Who knows with Sorrow's elegance to moan,
 May search the charnel where our relicks rest,
 And grave our mem'ry on the faithful stone.

X. "Tread

" Tread soft, ye lovers, o'er this hallow'd ground,
 " Here lies fond Damon by his Sylvia's side;
 " Their souls in life by mutual love were bound,
 " Nor death the lasting union could divide."



A POEM to the Memory of THOMAS, late
Marquis of WHARTON, Lord Privy Seal.

VAIN are these pomps, thy funeral rites to grace,
 And blazon forth thy long *Patrician* race;
 These banners mark'd with boasted feats of old,
 And streamers waving with distinguish'd gold.
 Proud hieroglyphics! where are darkly shown
 Thy brave forefathers merits, not thy own.
 Herald forbear! these painted honours give
 To names that only in thy paint can live.
 Thy colours fade near this illustrious clay,
 And all thy gaudy gildings die away.

See, * heaven displeas'd thy fond attempt upbraids,
 And claims the province thy bold hand invades;
 Untimely darkness gathering round the skies,
 Blackens the morn to grace his obsequies.
 The sick'ning sun shines dim, and in the sight
 Of gazing crowds, resigns his waning light;
 Mark how he labours with relapse of night!

* The marquis was inter'd at Winchendon on the 22d of
 April 1715. The total eclipse of the sun happening whilst his
 remains were on the road, stopped the procession.