

And 'till the lov'd *Monefes* owns,  
 The conqu'ring Maid for whom he burns;  
 'Till he'll the happy Fair unfold,  
 The Sequel must remain untold.



T O

A L A D Y . Singing.

**S**TILL sing, bright Maid, nor cease the pleasing  
 Charm,

Each Soul subdued, each tender Bosom warm;

Such magick Sweetness to thy Voice is giv'n,

We hear a Seraph, and we taste of Heav'n:

Strange force of Harmony, whose Power controuls,  
 The warring Passions, and informs our Souls,  
 Soft soothing Sounds, by whose enchantment blest,  
 Anger and Grief forsake the tranquil Breast;  
 While soft Ideas rising in the Mind,  
 Bids us in Love a gentle Tyrant find,  
 And to his Sway the softned Soul's resign'd.

Thus sung the *Thracian* Bard, while all around,  
 The list'ning Beasts confess'd the magick Sound:  
 Less sweet the Harmony *Amphion* made,  
 When dancing Stones mov'd to the Notes he play'd;  
 Or him, who bore by Dolphins to the Shore,  
 Made Winds and Waves confess his magick Pow'r:  
 Thou no less pow'rful o'er the Human Mind,  
 As great a Triumph from thy Songs can find;  
 Love and its pleasing Pains at once inspire,  
 And fix in ev'ry Breast the latent Fire.