

To *AURELIA*, on her at-
tempting to write Verses.

LONG had *Aurelia* vainly strove
To write in melting Strains of Love;
Ambitious of a Poet's Name,
She wept, she sigh'd, she long'd for Fame;
While of the great Design possess'd
She thus the *Delian* God address'd:
Brightest of heavenly Powers above,
Immortal Son of thund'ring *Jove*;
Oh glorious Deity impart
To me the soft poetic Art;
Vouchsafe to me thy sacred Fire,
And with thyself my Soul inspire.

She spake---the God indulgent hears
The beauteous Maid, and grants her Prayers.

On *Clio* turns his radiant Eyes,

And to the tuneful Goddess cries,

Fly hence to fair *Aurelia's* Aid,

In heavenly Strains instruct the Maid :

The Muse obeys the God's Commands

With Joy, and swift as Thought descends,

And at *Aurelia's* Side attends.

Conscious of her new Power, the Maid

With Thanks the glorious Gift repay'd :

Now *Waller's* Sweetness, *Granville's* Fire,

At once her tuneful Breast inspire :

No more she vainly strives to please,

The ready Numbers flow with ease :

All soft, harmonious and divine ;

Apollo shines in every Line.

The *Delian* God with Rapture fill'd,

Upon his lovely Pupil smil'd.

Daphne,

Daphne, his once-lov'd charming Care,
Appear'd to him not half so fair :

For the lost Nymph he mourns no more ;

Nor in his Songs her Loss deplore ;

But from the flighted Tree he tears

It's Leaves, to deck *Aurelia's* Hairs.

A Poet now by all she's own'd,

And with immortal Honour crown'd.



O N

A L A D Y's Singing.

HOW was I charm'd, when fair *Harmonia*
fung !

What heavenly Sweetness dwelt upon her Tongue !

What melting Joys did her soft Song impart !

Oh Pow'r of Musick, on a tender Heart !

While