

On reading HUTCHISON on the
PASSIONS.

THOU who thro' Nature's various Faults
 can rove,
 And shew what Springs the eager Passions move ;
 Teach us to combat Anger, Grief and Fear,
 Recal the Sigh, and stop the falling Tear.
 Oh be thy soft Philosophy address,
 To the untroubled Ear and tranquil Breast :
 To these be all thy peaceful Notions taught,
 Who idly rove amidst a Calm of Thought :
 Whose Soul by Love or Hate were ne'er possess'd,
 Who ne'er were wretched, and who ne'er were blest :
 Whose fainter Wishes, Pleasures, Fears remain,
 Dreams but of Bliss, and Shadows of a Pain ;

Serenely

Serenely stupid ; so some shallow Stream
 Flows thro' the winding Valleys still the same :
 Whom no rude Wind can ever discompose,
 Who fears no Winter Rain, or falling Snows ;
 But slowly down its flow'ry Borders creeps,
 And the soft Zephyr on its Bosom sleeps.
 Oh couldst thou teach the tortur'd Soul to know,
 With Patience, each Extream of human Woe ;
 To bear with Ills, and unrepining prove
 The Frowns of Fortune, and the Racks of Love :
 Still should my Breast some quiet Moments share,
 Still rise superior to each threatenng Care :
 Nor fear approaching Ills, or distant Woes,
 But in *Philander's* Absence find Repose.
