

Who o'er Mankind a haughty Rule maintains,
 Whose Wit can manage what her Beauty gains :
 Such by these Arts their Empire may improve,
 And what they lost by Nature gain by Love.



To *M I R A*.

Inviting her to a

RETREAT in the COUNTRY.

NOW Spring returning decks the Year
 With all that's lovely, all that's fair ;
 The Fields in lively Green array'd,
 With deeper Glooms the silent Shade ;

Soft descends the gentle show'rs,
 And wakes to Life the springing Flow'rs ;
 Hence ambrosial Sweets exhale,
 And various Colours paint the Vale ;
 Refreshing Airs the Zephyrs blow,
 The Streams with pleasing Murmurs flow ;
 While nightly 'midst the silent Plain
 Thy fav'rite Bird renews her Strain,
 Come then, my *Mira*, come and share
 My Joys, and breath a purer Air.
 Together let us range the Plains,
 Amongst the rustick Nymphs and Swains ;
 In rural Dress, devoid of Care,
 Give to the Winds our flowing Hair,
 And round the Meadows gayly roam,
 For Youth does sober Mirth become.
 Now straining up yon airy Height,
 We'll entertain the wand'ring Sight,

With

With flow'ry Fields, and waving Woods,
 Hills and Dales, and falling Floods :
 Or to relieve the searching Eyes,
 See distant Spires and Temples rise,

Come now, my *Mira*, let us rove
 Together thro' the mazy Grove ;
 Here, while with gentle Pace we walk,
 Beguile the Time with pleasing Talk :
 Here show thy melting Eloquence,
 Thy sprightly Wit, thy manly Sense ;
 Thy virtuous Notions void of Art,
 And while you charm, correct the Heart.

Or now together carelefs laid,
 Beneath a Cyprefs spreading Shade,
 Our Thoughts to heavenly Numbers raise,
 Repeating *Pope's* harmonious Lays,

Now *Homer's* awful Leaves turn o'er,
 Or graver History explore ;
 Or study *Plato's* sacred Page,
 Uncommon to our Sex and Age.

Now wand'ring by the Moon's pale Light,
 Amidst the silent Shades of Night,
 Where on the late deserted Plains
 A pleasing Melancholy reigns ;
 Softly thro' the rustling Trees
 Sobs the sweetly dying Breeze ;
 The Echo's catch the plaintive Sound,
 And gentle Murmurs breathe around.
 Now sing, my Friend, and let thy Strain
 Recount the Arts of faithless Man :
 Thy Notes, sweet *Philomel*, shall join,
 And mix her soft Complaints with thine.

But

But raise, my *Mira*, raise thy Song,
To Friendship nobler Strains belong.
Oh sing its tender chaste Desires,
Its equal, pure, and lasting Fires !
Such as in thy Bosom burns,
Such as my fond Soul returns.
Friendship is but Love refin'd,
Not weakens, but exalts the Mind ;
And when its sacred Power we prove,
We guess how heavenly Spirits love.
