

INVOCATION TO CUPID.

TO FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

DECK'D with rays of purple light,
Hither, Cupid, wing thy flight;
Through the pure unclouded sky
Let thy shafts unnumber'd fly.

Bid the warblers of the grove
Bow before the shrine of Love;
And with thy resistless dart
Pierce, O pierce each youthful heart.

Hark, how round thy hallow'd shrine,
Sweetly chaunt the tuneful Nine;
O'er the green enamel'd plains
Pouring all their magic strains.

Phoebus now with fervid rays
 Lights thy altar's holy blaze;
 And, touching soft his magic lyre,
 Joins the sweet Aonian choir.