

To Mr. — — on his

P O E M.

I.

SOME Tuneful Being now my Breast in-
spire

With Thoughts as *Gay and Noble as Celestial*
Fire;

For *Clitus* is my Theam;

But ah in vain born on *Pindarick* Wings,

My ventrous Muse

The mighty Aim pursues;

For to his Native Skies still *Clitus* mounts and
Sings,

And we are distant still to an extream.

Poems on several Occasions.

II.

Behold the *Heavenly Charmer*, how he keeps a-
loft;

While Angels Crowd, and Listen to his
Song;

And not an *Angel-Critick* in the throng
That durst correct a Thought.

So Nobly are they Drest,

And Gracefully exprest;

So smoothly glide the Numbers from his
Tongue;

So well his Touch the Charming Strings
obey,

That all his *Heavenly Auditors* Admire,

To hear him weild an equal Theam with as
much skill as they.

His *Voice and Theam* did even their Harps inspire;

And the Glad Anthem they repeat
agen,

“ *Glory to God, Peace and Good-will to*

Men.

To