

The *Vision*. To *Theron*.

Now gentle sleep my willing Eyes had
(clos'd,
And this gay Scene the smiling God
impos'd;
Methought I in a Mirtle shade was plac'd,
My Tresses curl'd, my Brows with Laurel
(grac'd.
Fresh was the Air, serenely bright the Day,
And all around lookt ravishingly Gay,
Active my Thoughts, my Lyre was in my
(hand,
And once more *Theron* did my Voice command;
Once more the charming *Hero* did inspire
My daring Muse with an Heroick Fire;
The smiling *Cupids* softly flutter'd round,
Till animated with the generous sound,
Like fighting Gods, each shook his Dart and
(frown'd.
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50 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The listning streams enchanted with my Song,
 Scarce drove their still preceeding waves along ;
 Whil'st o're and o're complaisant eccho bears,
 Through every cavern the immortal Airs ;

About my Lips th' impatient Zephirs hung,
 To snatch the tuneful Numbers from my
 (Tongue ;)

And the pleas'd Graces crowded round to
 (hear their Darling Sung.)

The Queen of Beauty, and her Doves, stood by,
 When I, to please the Lovely Deity,

Told her, what Looks, what Eyes, and Smiles
 (he had,
 Not her own Charms more fatally betray'd :

At every strain the wounded Goddess sighs,

Strains, sweet and powerful, as her own fair
 (Eyes.

Then, smiling, towards her own bright Orb she
 (flew,

And, with her, all the Sanguine Visions drew.