To Mrs. MARY BARBER, *under the Name of* SAPPHIRA: *Occaſion'd by the Encouragement She met with in* England, *to publiſh her Poems by Subſcription.*

LONG has the Warrior's, and the Lover's Fire,
Employ'd the Poet, and ingroſs'd the Lyre;
And juſtly too the World might long approve
The Praiſe of HEROES and of virtuous LOVE;
Had Tyrants not uſurp'd the HERO's Name,
Nor low Deſires debas'd the LOVER's Flame;
If on thoſe Themes, all Triflers had not writ,
Guiltleſs of Senſe, or Elegance, or Wit.

FAR different Themes We in thy Verſes view;
Themes, in themſelves, alike ſublime, and new:

Thy

Thy tuneful Labours all conſpire to ſhow
The higheſt Bliſs the Mind can taſte below;
To eaſe thoſe Wants, with which the Wretched pine;
And imitate Beneficence divine:
A Theme, alas! forgot by Bards too long;
And, but for Thee, almoſt unknown to Song.

Such wiſe Reflections in thy Lays are ſhown;
As Flaccus' Muſe, in all her Pride, might own:
So Elegant, and ſo Refin'd, thy Praiſe,
As greateſt Minds, at once, might mend and pleaſe:
No florid Toys, in pompous Numbers dreſt;
But juſteſt Thoughts, in pureſt Stile, expreſt:
Whene'er thy Muſe deſigns the Heart to move,
The melting Reader muſt, with Tears, approve;
Or when, more gay, her ſpritely Satire bites,
'Tis not to wound, but to inſtruct, She writes.

Cou'd ***, or ***, from the Tomb,
Which ſhades their Aſhes till the final Doom,

The

The dire Effects of vitious Writings view,
How wou'd they mourn to think what might enſue!
Bluſh at their Works, for no one End deſign'd,
But to embelliſh Vice, and taint the Mind!
No more their dear-bought Fame wou'd raiſe their Pride;
But Terrors wait on Talents miſapplied.

NOT ſo SAPPHIRA: her unſullied Strain
Shall never give her Soul one conſcious Pain;
To lateſt Times ſhall melt the harden'd Breaſt,
And raiſe her Joys, by making others bleſt.

THESE Works, which Modeſty conceal'd in Night,
Your Candor, gen'rous BRITONS, brings to Light;
Born, by your Arms, for Liberty's Defence;
Born, by your Taſte, the Arbiters of Senſe:
Long may your Taſte, and long your Empire ſtand,
To Honour, Wit, and Worth, from every Land.

OH! cou'd my conſcious Muſe but fully trace
The ſilent Virtues which SAPPHIRA grace;

How

How much her Heart, from low Deſires refin'd ;
How much her Works, the Tranſcript of her Mind ;
Her tender Care, and Grief for the Diſtreſt ;
Her Joy unfeign'd, to ſee true Merit bleſt ;
Her Soul ſo form'd for every ſocial Care ;
A Friend ſo gen'rous, ardent, and ſincere ;
How wou'd you triumph in yourſelves to find
Your Favours ſhewn to ſo complete a Mind ;
To find her Breaſt with every Grace inſpir'd,
Whom firſt You only for her Lays admir'd.
Thus the great Father of the *Hebrew* State,
Who watch'd for weary'd Strangers at his Gate ;
The Good He thought conferr'd on Men unknown,
He found to more exalted Beings ſhown.

Dublin, *Jan.* 5. 1732.

Conſtantia Grierſon.