NUMBER SEVENTH.

A LADY in the Character of a NYMPH.
To the CORSICAN WARRIOR at Shakespeare's Jubilee *.

O Warrior! whence thy rustic arms and drest?
An exile ah! and Corsica thy place:
Yes, stay, and on these flow'ry banks to dwell,
With Shakespeare's soul, who freedom lov'd so well.
Though I have nought but tears I can give thee,
Yet soon I hope thou better days shalt see.
Yes; sure a time when Briton's sons shall rise,
See their white canvas spreading o'er thy seas;
When they shall boldly soon thy right assert.
But here, in peace, O! Warrior, end the night!
I shrink at war! how many heroes slain,
Of friends and kindred, on some distant plain!
I shrink at war! how many nymphs like me,
To soothe their grief by moon-light night you'll see
By Avon's stream, and as it silent glides,
Bathe their white bosoms, or to hide their heads!
But let no tear the gen'ral joy, to night,
No, not a sigh, the general joy to blight.

* Mr Boswell.
PART I.

MUTE my lyre to barb'rous sounds,
Sullen looks, or pining care,
Cruel Envy's blasting breath,
Mean design or sadder Friendship.

Strike aloud a nobler theme,
Gen'rous Cæsar, virt'ous Cato,
Wild ambition yet restrain,
Rigid airs but damp the soul.

Sweet, melodious, gentle Lyda,
To her mournful tale reply,
Vibrate soft in lasting sorrow,
The forgiving bosom shew.

Did his eyes then steal thy fancy,
Hide the blush and the neglect,
Gen'rous nymph, do music touch thee?
Thou art happy if he's so.

Gayer
Gayer Delia stole the roses,
And the lyre was newly strung,
Chastner airs, they yet may charm him,
And the modest brow regard.

Plaintive notes, and rural fancy,
Faithless Phillis, Shenstone mourn,
Fairy scenes had caught the echo,
Erst in happier times reply.

Choicest spirits, now assemble,
Was it Gray who struck the lyre?
Sweet Æolian airs that tremble,
Or the solemn dirge to hear.

To
To the BRIDE.

PART II.

TUNE my lyre—to happier times,
Sweetest Jean, to swell the note;
Happy swain, then prize thy treasure,
Youth and innocence to meet.

Join the song, and join the dance,
Smotherer slow, or brisker airs;
Scorn the nymph ofickle passion,
Who to riches gives the hand.

Gentle heart that feels the blessing,
If the modest blush can show,
Thy sweet bride in beauty blooming,
Friendship to your loves unite.