

Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,  
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:  
 That great MARIA all those Joys may know,  
 Which, from Her Cares, upon Her Subjects flow.

VIII.  
 For Thy own Glory sing our Sov'raign's Praise,  
 God of Verfes and of Days:

Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn  
 Their lasting Work with WILLIAM's Name;  
 Let chofen Mufes yet unborn  
 Take great MARIA for their future Theam:

Eternal Structures let Them raife,  
 On WILLIAM's and MARIA's Praise:  
 Nor want new Subject for the Song;

Nor fear they can exhaust the Store;  
 'Till Nature's Musick lyes unstrung;  
 'Till Thou, great God, shalt lose Thy double Pow'r;  
 And touch Thy Lyre, and shoot Thy Beams no more.

## T H E LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other Day  
 Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea:  
 The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,  
 His Beams entire, his Fierceneſs loft:  
 And, on the Surface of the Deep,  
 The Winds lay only not aſleep:

I  
 The

The Nymph did like the Scene appear,  
 Serenely pleafant, calmly fair:  
 Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.  
 With fecret Joy I heard Her fay,  
 That She wou'd never mifs one Day  
 A Walk fo fine, a Sight fo gay.

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high;  
 Impending Tempefts charge the Sky;  
 The Light'ning flies; the Thunder roars;  
 And big Waves lafh the frighten'd Shoars.  
 Struck with the Horror of the Sight,  
 She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;  
 And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again  
 Approach the Shoar, or view the Main.

Once more at leaft look back, faid I;  
 Thy felf in That large Glafs defcry:  
 When Thou art in good Humour drest;  
 When gentle Reason rules thy Breaft;  
 The Sun upon the calmest Sea  
 Appears not half fo bright as Thee:  
 'Tis then, that with Delight I rove  
 Upon the boundlefs Depth of Love:  
 I blefs my Chain; I hand my Oar;  
 Nor think on all I left on Shoar.

But when vain Doubt, and groundlefs Fear  
 Do That Dear Foolifh Bofom tear;

When

When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye  
Tell Me, the rising Storm is nigh:

'Tis then, Thou art yon' angry Main,  
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;  
And the poor Sailor, that must try  
It's Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make;  
While Love and Fate still drive Me back:  
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,  
I chide Thee first, and then obey.  
Wretched when from Thee, vex'd when nigh,  
I with Thee, or without Thee, die.

## LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:

A

## PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

### AMARILLIS.

WHILE from the Skies the ruddy Sun descends;

And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends:

While pearly Dew's o'erspread the fruitful Field;

And closing Flowers reviving Odours yield:

Let Us, beneath these spreading Trees, recite

What from our Hearts our Muses may indite.

Nor