To my much valu'd Friend Moneſes.

GReat *Pæan* now thy ſtrongeſt Rays diſpenſe,
Give *Virgils* Flights and *Dryden*'s Eloquence:
All the fam'd Bards of ſacred Poetry,
Let their bright Flames revive again in me.
Inſpire my Breaſt whilſt I his Praiſe rehearſe,
Whoſe worth deſerves thy own immortal Verſe;
I ſing *Moneſes* whom the Gods ordain'd,
To ſhow their Form, e'er 'twas by Sin prophan'd:
He is all Goodneſs, Mercy, Juſtice, Truth,
Has all the Charms without the vice of Youth.
Theſe are the Native Beauties of his Soul,
While every Art and Grace adorns the whole:
Obliging is his Mein, his Judgment ſtrong,
A flowing Wit directs his pleaſing Tongue;
And each inchanting Accent which we hear,
Like airs Divine Tranſport the liſt'ning Ear.
Not *Orpheus* Harp, not yet *Amphion*'s Lyre,
Could with more Sweetneſs or more force inſpire:
Oh! what Infernal Magick Mortals bind,
That his inſtructive Voice can't move the Mind,
And calm the raging Follies of Mankind.

(The

(The paſſive Stones obey'd leſs powerful Sound,
For in their heaps was no reſiſting Atoms found;)
Not greater Pride or Joys did *Ammon* move,
When by the Shrine, pronounc'd the Son of *Jove*:
Then are the Tranſports my bleſt Soul attend,
That I can call the brave *Moneſes* Friend.
Moneſes whom *Apollo* has deſign'd,
With his own Arts, to Heal and Charm Mankind;
Fain would I ſtill perſue my wonderous Song,
But oh! too faſt the bright Ideas throng,
Stifl'd in Raptures e'er they reach my Tongue:
So when with greateſt Zeal we Heaven accoſt,
Our Notions all in Extacies are loſt,
We utter leaſt, where it deſerves the moſt.

FINIS.