

From youth to age, smit with thy charms,
I've lur'd thee to my cot ;
But thou elud'st those eager arms,
And will not be my lot.

A smile is all my soul can hope,
In this unstable state ;
Yet let me give my fancy scope,
When time shall terminate.

Then wilt thou yield to my embrace,
Grant favours all divine ;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And be for ever mine.

ODE to NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done ;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and
gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light :
At length descends a browner shade ;
At length the glim'ring objects fade :
Till all submit to night's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all
the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke,
Now silence holds her solemn sway ;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray :
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills
is heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, night's
solitary bird.

Hail sacred hour of peaceful rest !
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast !
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains ;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil ;
But for a while forgets his chains, and
sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him
spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,

When shrieks and groans arouse his pal-
sy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience
wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his lovesick tale :
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and hush her soul
away.

Of by the covert of thy shade
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid ;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girl
tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him
to her bow'r.

Of at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page ;
Or wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole :
There pleas'd to range the realms of end-
less night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's
devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet ;
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and Granville join the
friendly board.

Granville, whose polish'd mind is
fraught
With all that Rome or Greece e'er
taught ;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the Stagyrte or Plato draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy !
And glean from Granville's learned
store
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer
stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sun-shine
and the day.