

And thence survey, as from great nature's throne,
The worlds that WOLFE has made, and AMHERST makes our own.

M E N A L C A S.

Lead on; I follow: In your native land
Your try'd experience must the choice command;
And if you sing, as when th' enraptur'd swains
In silence listen'd to the rival strains,
When you and *Thyrsis* struck th' alternate lyre
(He loves black beauties, you the fair admire;
Monimia's sable charms employ his skill,
Parthenia's praises your soft measures fill)
The hungry herds shall listen from below,
The trees forget to move, the gales to blow;
Its fall the thund'ring cataract suspend,
The river rise in heaps, and to the strains attend.

D A P H N I S.

Alas! these flattering vanities are o'er,
Nor can such trifling themes amuse me more.

Whom