

Then thou, and all the wond'ring world should see
A Poem, worthy him, and worthy thee.

But here *Apollo* checks my soaring wing,
Of wars, and fighting fields forbids to sing;
And softly whispers, “ *Thyrsis* ! keep the plains,
“ Content to sound the Reed to list'ning swains ;
“ Nor small the praise, if *Britain*'s Patriot smile,
“ The Muse inspire, and *Phæbus* crown the toil.”

In that new world where other suns arise,
And other stars and planets gild the skies,
Two Swains (from *Britain* one deriv'd his birth,
And one, untravell'd, till'd his native earth ;)
From rural cares to shady groves retir'd,
Thus sung, and answer'd as the muse inspir'd.

D A P H N I S.

Soft is the music of that murm'ring spring,
But not so tuneful as the notes you sing :
Sweet whispers thro' the pines the breezes bear,
Your lays are sweeter to my ravish'd ear.

Then