


THE CONQUEST

Long time the bashful Muse content to stray
Where list'ning Swains approv'd her simple Lay,
By art untutour'd and unknown to Fame,
Had learnt to warble only DELIA's Name;
Nor from her silent Caves and Grottoes led
Had dar'd the crimson Fields of War to tread:
New ardors now her throbbing Breast invade,
For Themes untried She quits the chequer'd Shade,
Fierce Transport bears her o'er th' embattled Plain,
And softer pleasures call her back in vain.
So from the Toils of martial Service freed
Thro' flow'ry Meadows roves the Warrior Steed,
Now plunges in the River's cristal Tide,
To slake his Thirst or cool his glowing Side;
Now on soft Herbage rolls in wanton play,
And lengthens out with Ease th' inglorious Day;
But when the Trumpet's piercing Clangor sounds
He leaps indignant o'er opposing Mounds,
Untasted leaves the gusting Rill behind,
And flies to Fame impetuous as the Wind.



Where