

Dear source of pleasure!—gods, how oft I feel  
Transports few know, and transports none can tell;  
Desist! desist!—nor talk of common sense;  
I have in view an ample recompence;  
Imagination common sense supplies, [eyes }  
And laughs, and talks, and charms my ravish'd }  
With fairer prospects than yon Tyrian skies\*.

\* “Tyrian”—expressive of the fine glow of equinoctial  
skies, under whose influence our author was when the above  
Poem was written.

