

TO W. S. BARRY, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

ON SEEING A PIANO FORTE TAKEN ASUNDER TO BE NEWLY
HARMONISED.

Poor tuneless thing, I see thee lie,
Thy fragment toss'd unmusical,
Yet soon shall magic hand supply
Thy softer accents to recall;
Taught by his touch thy wandering strain
Shall breathe again a softer lay,
I soon shall hear thy ivory train
His matchless harmony obey.
'Tis his the hand 'tis thine the heart
To breathe aloud the poet's praise,
His noblest fancy to impart,
And add more lustre to his lays;
With many a song shall I requite
The hand that doth such sweetness give,
I'll dwell on thee with more delight
If my rude touch thou canst forgive.

EPIGRAM.

TO A LADY WHO WAS KISSED BY THE POET AFTER DRINKING
ASSAFOETADA.

With joy I take the raptured kiss,
And ~~and~~ sweet nectar in the bliss,
Though poison were to him that sips,
An antidote is on thy lips.