

Then, as old bards relate, * the peevish
prude
Diana left the consecrated wood,
Nor dar'd with blood pollute the beaute-
ous grove,
For all was friendship there and all was
love.

Then artless Pastoral's melodious lay
Employ'd the fond Sicilian shepherd's day;
Soft as the stream that murmurs down
the dale

Amid the varied beauties of the vale,
The crystal waves reflecting as they glide
The vernal blossoms that adorn the side,
Flow'd the smooth verse, in purest lan-
guage dress'd,
A faithful image of their life of rest.

As sings the tuneful lark amid the plain,
While love and gratitude inspire the
strain,
When spring's soft gales the vocal groves
inspire;
And raise the warblings of the woodland
choir;

Thus innocent the simple shepherd sung;
Endearing female praise employ'd each
tongue,
While gay description of their streams and
bowers

Fill'd the sweet verse that charm'd their
vacant hours:

† But now, let boastive bards assume the
lyre,

And peevish spite and rage the song inspire;
Evenom'd satire fills the rancorous lay,
And vice and virtue bleed an equal prey;
Envy has taught her hissing snakes to
chime,

And coward slander hides herself in
rhyme.

As a gay nymph with heavenly beauty
blest'd,

While lively youth inspires her careless
breast,

Secure to please, checks not the sprightly
vein;

But yields to fancy's airy flights the rein,
While crowds enamour'd hail with glad
acclaim:

Each sportive fally of the frolic dame;
So Poetry, of old, secure of praise,
To fancy's mazes form'd her easy lays,
Conscious of beauty, charm'd the listen-
ing throng

With the wild graces of enchanting song;
Now past her prime, grown serious in
decay,

Calm, prudish sentiment adorns her lay;
To please by innocence no more her aim,
On others' foibles now she builds her
fame;

Love's pleasing wiles are fled,—her beau-
ties fade,

She looks and reasons like an antient maid.

And you, dear maid, who carelessly
throw by

Those tuneful pages where our shepherds
sigh,

Now learn their use;—far from the rural
dells,

'Midst well dress'd, witty *beaux*, and town
bred *belles*,

Love *sometimes* throws his darts; the
wounded swain

In secret languishes to tell his pain;
He hides his Delia in a milk maid's gown,

Talks of his *steely charge*, and acts the
clown;

While Delia, now in Jenny's simple dress,
Is charnted forth the fairest Shepherdess:

But tho' her habit's changed and her
name,

Her sentiments, her beauties are the same;
Her dimpling cheek retains its former

hue,
Her coral lips their red, her eyes their

blue,
She sings, talks, dances, as she us'd to
do.

' But after all this labour'd, learn'd ex-
cuse,

Such songs, you'll say, are things of little
use,

I keep the sentiments I had before,
Trifles they are—Nor were they meant

for more;
I only beg, while no ambitious views

Or weak vain-glory sway my harmless
muse,

While still she shuns unlovely censure's
strain,

Nor stoops to idolize the great or vain,
But innocently strives to hold a part

In the pure mansions of the female heart,
Your kind indulgence to my fond design

To offer up my verse at Beauty's shrine.

July 15.

POLLIO.

For

* Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines,
Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
Ut nemus sit incruentum de ierinis stragibus;
Regnet in sylvis Dione: Tu recede Delia!

† Alluding to the Manuscript entitled the *Windsor Ball*.