

Tints all around with crimson ray,
 'Tis then, that feeling hearts will glow,
 And soul expanding raptures know;
 This is the scene which we compare,
 To one dear maid so young, so fair.



LINES WRITTEN AT THE BALL,

Given by the Officers of the East and West York Regiment of Militia, in honour of His Majesty—23rd April, 1824 —LT COL. MACAULAY, MAJOR RADENHURST, CAPT. LYONS, LT. GAMELE, St. ~~James~~ JARVIS, Stewards.

O yes, 'twas a gleam of the pleasures of yore,
 That awaken'd my soul to its feeling,
 'Twas the magic of beauty and music once more,
 O'er my senses deliriously stealing.
 Tho' gloomy my fortune of late,
 Yet some little sun shine is in it,
 And I feel very thankful to fate,
 For bestowing this exquisite minute.



THE FETE.—3rd Feb. 1825.

Could I awake the Lyre of pleasure,
 And tune to joy its sweetest songs,
 Then would I sound each pleasing measure,
 That to the festive dance belongs.
 And will each muse desert me now?
 With such a wreath for poesy nigh me,
 Fain would I place it on my brow.
 But vain my wish—the muses fly me.
 Ill could my languid numbers trace,
 The festive splendors joy inviting,
 With highborn Rank adorn'd and Grace,
 With ev'ry charm each heart delighting.
 Come, (since my Harp rejects my lays)
 "Expressive Silence muse Her praise."