

Nor check the youth that boldly would
aspire

To, raise the song of Sympathy and
Love ;

But, as the fond enthusiast strikes the
lyre,

Let all the trembling strings in concord
move,

And let the blaze of thy celestial fire

Wake into life the sentiment refin'd ;

For hope deferr'd enervates the desire,

And casts a sickly languor o'er the
mind ;

But thou to rapture can'st the spirit warm,
And give to glowing thought th' imperish-
able charm !

The PHILOSOPHER and the COX-
COMB.

(By Mr. Cawthorn.)

A Coxcomb once in Handel's parlour
found

A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it
sound ;

O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he
flings,

And rudely presses on th' elastic strings :
Awaken'd Discord shrieks, and scolds and
raves,

Wild as the dissonance of winds and
waves,

Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight
bawls,

Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St.
Paul's,

And hoarser far than all th' ecstastic race
Whose drunken orgies stunn'd the wilds
of Thrace.

Friend ! quoth the sage, that fine ma-
chine contains

Exacter numbers and diviner strains,
Strains such as once could build the The-
ban wall,

And stop the mountain torrent in its fall :
But yet, to wake them, rouse them, and
inspire,

Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul whose all expressive pow'rs

Can copy Nature as she sinks or soars ;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,

Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring

wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the
lyre.

Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,

The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods :
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and
rise,

As the rich harmony or swells, or dies :

The pulse of avarice forgets to move,

A purer rapture fills the breast of love ;

Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,

And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.

Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and
fire,

Hid in itself, as music in the lyre ;
And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs im-
part,

When touch'd and manag'd by the hand
of art :

But hah mankind, like Handel's fool de-
stroy,

Through rage and ignorance, the strain of
joy,

Irregularly will their passions roll
Through Nature's finest instrument, the
soul :

While men of sense, with Handel's hap-
pier skill.

Correct the taste, and harmonize the
will ;

Teach their affections like his notes, to
flow,

Not rais'd too high, nor never sunk too
low ;

Till ev'ry virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,

Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours
along

Th' according music of the moral song.

VERSES in Honour of THOMSON.

(By Mr. Burns.)

WHILE virgin Spring by Eden's
flood,

Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,

Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,

Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed credits his aged head,

And sees with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,

4 P Rousing