

Evanishes the distant hill,  
 And all is hush'd, and all is still,  
 Save where the softly soothing rill,  
 In gentle murmurs whispers love,  
Stream of the night!

Come, my Corinna, let us stray  
 Where Philomel from hidden spray,  
 Delights us with her plaintive lay,  
 And tunes our softened souls to love,  
Bird of the night!

Come to yon mystic shade repair,  
 No eye intrusive shall be there,  
 No fears to check my charming fair,  
 Impervious to all but love,  
Bower of the night!

There, softly on the moss reclined,  
 Rapture and joys and love, we'll find  
 The bank with fragrant rose-leaves lined,  
 Will prove an altar worthy love,  
Couch of the night!

The moon's pale light will half conceal  
 The witching charms love would reveal;  
 Here then, with strict embraces seal  
 Thy plighted vows to mighty love,  
God of the night!

See now yon cloud veils Cynthia's face,  
 And robs her form of beaming grace;  
 'Tis consciousness; she yields her place,  
 And owns thee, glowing queen of love,  
Queen of the night!

But Corinna not being always in the same humour, I afterwards set about altering Cowley's version of old Anacreon, which the reader will find in No. 6, and modified it according to my own taste, *ex. gr.*

Ne'er have I yet a woman seen  
 That had no charm for me,  
 From fifty down to wild fifteen,  
 I've loved them all, d'ye see.  
 'T was colour, shape, her air, her face,  
 Her temper, or her mind,  
 Wit, motion, speech, or nameless grace,  
 In short, 't was womankind.

If tall, how graceful was her air;  
 If short, why, 't was a pretty dear;  
 If fair, she's pleasant as the light;  
 If dark, what lover loves not night;  
 If plump, rich plenty fill'd my arms;  
 If slight, how wild is love's alarms;