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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To Miss * * * *. By Miss Elisa Carter.

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To Miss * * * *. By Miss ELISA CARTER.

I.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles

O'er nature's soft repose,
No lowering cloud obscures the skies;

Nor rustling tempest blows.

II.

Now every passion sinks to rest,

The throbbing heart lies still,

And varying schemes of life no more

Distract the labouring will.

III.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice

Attends each mental power;

Come dear Amanda, and enjoy

Reflection's favourite hour.

IV.

Come, while this peaceful scene invites,

Let's search this ample round;

Where shall the lovely fleeting form

Of Happiness be found?

V.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth

Of gay assemblies dwell?

Or hide beneath the solemn gloom

That shades the hermit's cell?

VI.

How oft the laughing brow of joy
 A sick'ning heart conceals,
 And thro' the cloister's deep recess
 Invading sorrow steals.

VII.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
 The fugitive we trace!
 It dwells not in the faithless smile
 That brightens Clodio's face.

VIII.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
 All yet agree, in one,
 To place its being in some state,
 At distance from *our own*.

IX.

O blind to each indulgent gift
 Of power, supremely wise,
 Who fancy happiness in aught
 That Providence denies.

X.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
 And vain what we possess,
 Unless harmonious reason tunes
 The passions into peace.

XI.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
 Is happiness confin'd,
 And deaf to folly's noise attends
 The music of the mind.