

NIGHT THE THIRD.

N A R C I S S A,

TO HER GRACE

The DUCHESS of P-----.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs
To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man, [unad,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! Lost to virtue, Lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
Communion sweet! communion large, and high!
Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God*!
Then nearest *These*, when Others most remote;
And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but These*.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.

Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

Take PHOEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebri-