
To my Friend, upon the *Dispensary*.

AS when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night :

Thus We, who lately as of Summers Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit ;
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Lustre shine ;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day,
And reach'd Perfection in your first Essay :
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Skie.

Others

*Others proceed to Art by slow degrees,
 Awkward at first, at length they faintly Please;
 And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,
 'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse:
 Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the Head of Jove
 Steps out full grown, with Noblest Pace to move.
 What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
 Is here invested, and this owes to you:
 You found it Little, but have made it Great;
 They could Describe, but you alone Create.*

*Now let your Muse rise with Expanded Wings,
 To Sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
 Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehearse,
 And raise a Trophy of Immortal Verse:
 Thus to your Art proportion the Design,
 And Mighty Things will Mighty Numbers join,
 A Second Namur, or a future Boyne.*

H. Blount.