Verfe 3 parts. E're fince the *Theban* Bard to prove The Wond'rous Magick of his Art Taught Trees and Forrests how to move All Nature has a gen'ral Concert held

Each Creature strives to bear a part,

And All but Death and Hell to Conquering Musick yeild.

Verfe 2. Vor. But ftay, I hear Methinks a Motley Crew of 100

A peevifh, odd, Eccentrick Race The Glory of the Art debafe Perhaps becaufe the facred Emblem 'Tis Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too, So dang rous tis to be perverfely wife.

But be they ever in the Wrong, Who fay the Prophets Harp 'ere fpoil'd the Poets Song ?

Sire to thy Self, thy Self as old as her of a sold as for a sold as for

Or art thou of Eternal Date V

Verfe 7. parts.

To Athens now my Muse Retire, Teress W bas drug 10 The Refuge and the Theatre of Wit, ensuring an and T And in that fafe and fweet Retreat a very hind symptometry Amongst Apollo's fons Enquire

And fee if any Friend of thinebe there,

But fure fo near the *Thefpian* fpring The humbleft Bard may fit and fing Here reft my Mufe, and dwell for ever Here. The super A 10

Their Happy Privilege in Hymus and Anthems boaff. In Love and Wonder pats their Bliefel hours.

> Nor let the lower World Repine The Maffy Orb in which we Sluggards move As if fequefter d from the Arts divine Here's Mukek too (As Oursa Rival were forh: World above, [Hark how the feather'd Shoir their Matrins C

> > v= And purling freams for A dent

And all both Time and Mealure know.