

Anonymous, "On the Art of Writing: Sent to MIRA"

Description

ANONYMOUS

"On the Art of Writing : Sent to MIRA"

Hail sacred art! by Gods above
Design'd the messenger of love,
In pity to th' immortal mind,
In earthly prison close confin'd.
Without thee, what were *Mira's* grace? 5
Or beauteous *Helen's* fatal face?
Like sparks that glitt'ring upward fly,
Scarce known to live before they dye.
Thalia too, celestial maid,
Implor'd by bards, implores thy aid. 10
If you refuse, how vain her song!
The numbers perish on her tongue.
Fly hence! on light'ning's wings away,
And to my lovely *Mira* say,
That *London's* wealth, and mirth, and pride, 15
With all things apt to charm beside,
Enamel'd lawns, and waving trees,
From *Mira* take their power to please.
For when my Fair is out of sight,
These are but shadows of delight. 20
Away! thou love-relieving art!
To dearest *Mira* bear my heart,
Bid her, in *Cupid's* name, return
That heart, for which I rave, I burn.
But shou'd she scorn the archer's skill, 25
Great *Pallas*, guardian of her will,
Bid her dismiss her needless fears,
For lo! *Sincerity* appears.
Say, *Hymen* waits with ardent care,
To give the World a happy pair: 30
And *Cupid* too stands armed by,
To wound the first that dares to fly.
Thus Love and Reason shall combine,
And like twin-stars alternate shine;
Whatever Reason shall approve, 35

