

As Thou her Crescent, the thy Character
 assumes; still more a Goddess by the Change.

Are there demurring Wits, who dare dispute
 this Revolution in the World *inspir'd*?
 Ye Train *Pierian*! to the *Lunar* Sphere,
 in silent Hour, address your ardent Call
 for Aid immortal; less her Brother's Right.
 She, with the Spheres harmonious, nightly leads
 the mazy Dance, and hears their matchless Strain,
 a Strain for Gods! deny'd to mortal Ear.
 Transmit it heard, Thou Silver Queen of Heav'n!
 What Title, or what Name endears thee most?
 CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE! — — or dost hear
 with higher Gust, fair P - - D of the Skies?
 Is that the soft Enchantment calls thee down,
 more pow'rful than of old *Circean* Charm?
 Come; but from Heav'nly Banquets with thee bring
 the Soul of Song; and whisper in mine Ear
 the Theft divine; or in propitious Dreams
 (for Dreams are Thine) transfuse it thro' the Breast
 of thy first Votary — — But not thy last;
 if, like thy *Namesake*, Thou art ever kind.