

38601-2

Upper Charlotte Street
June 4th 1791

Dear Macmahon,

I have transcribed the song for you as I promised, & have only to request of you never to give, or suffer to be taken a copy on any account whatever; I will tell you my reason for this ~~strict injunction~~, which has indeed me to refuse. To this hour, all applications for any of my writings - I have devoted to the benefit of a person very near & dear to me all my manuscripts, & were any of them to be correctly publish'd, or given from my hand, it would greatly reduce the value & do an injury where I mean a very effectual kindness -

Yours sincerely
Geo. Morrice

Mary

Mrs

...

Thos. Morris

38602

Written at Arundel Castle
August 3. 1798

1
Song

Come fill thy glass - my rosy Laps!
With Fancy's blest infusion!
I will witch thy sight - with wild delight!
And brighten Love's illusion!
I will round thee open - a world of Hope,
A Heaven of sweet emotion!
Then, let's not miss - the promised bliss,
For want of true Devotion!

2
Come, with me dip - thy blushing lip!
And help me mirth to mingle!
All life we see - is sympathy!
True joy was never single!
No bliss we prove - in wine or love,
Unless in mutual measure!
Then, join thy hand - at Fate's command!
And touch the sparkling measure!

3

Thy heart can boast a fav'rite toast,
And mine a partial feeling;
But in our glass while thought shall pass,
We'll taste without revealing:
No eye shall mark the sacred spark,
No tongue profane our rapture;
The vital flame's too dear to name
In Tolly's careless chapter. —

4

The heart that 's felt still loves to melt,
The life suits no good fellow;
His world divine grows fresh with wine,
As Sancy's Sun grows mellow;
If 'tis the same in thy soft frame,
Same life's a tedious sorrow:
Then, let's to night, push on delight,
And drag dull care tomorrow.

Morrice