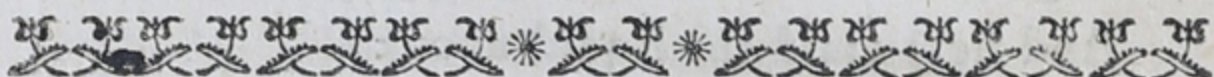


Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone——
 We frolick, while 'tis May.



ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

By the Same.

I.

T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers, that blow ;
 Demurest of the Tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 The coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

III. Still

III.

Still had she gaz'd : but 'midst the tide
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream ;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first and then a claw
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

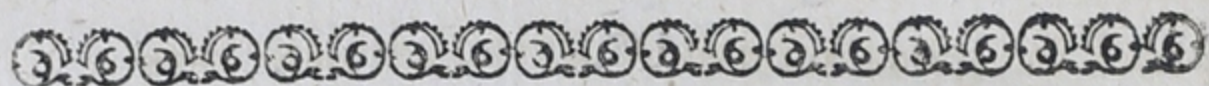
V.

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between ;
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.



A M O N O D Y

On the DEATH of

Queen CAROLINE.

By RICHARD WEST, Esq; Son to the Chancellor of
 Ireland, and Grandson to Bishop BURNET.

I.

SING we no more of HYMENEAL lays,
 Nor strew the land with myrtles and with bays:
 The voice of joy is fled the BRITISH shore,
 For CAROLINE's no more:
 And now our sorrows ask a sadder string;
 Come, plaintive goddess of the Cyrrhan spring,
 Pour thy deep note, and shed thy tuneful tear,
 And, while we lose the memory of pain
 In thy oblivious strain,
 — Ah! drop thy cypress on yon mournful bier!

Begin: