

Let no *rank weeds* corrupt, or *brambles* choak,  
 And shake the *vermin* from the British oak;  
 From *northern blasts* protect the vernal bloom,  
 And guard our pastures from the *wolves of Rome*,  
 On Britain's liberty *ingraft* thy name,  
 And *reap the harvest* of immortal fame!



V E R S E S written in a Book called,  
*Fables for the Female Sex.*

By the Same.

**W**HILE here the poet points the charms  
 Which bless the perfect dame,  
 How unaffected beauty warms,  
 And wit preserves the flame;

How prudence, virtue, sense agree,  
 To form the happy wife:  
 In Lucy, and her book, I see,  
 The Picture, and the Life.

V E R S E S