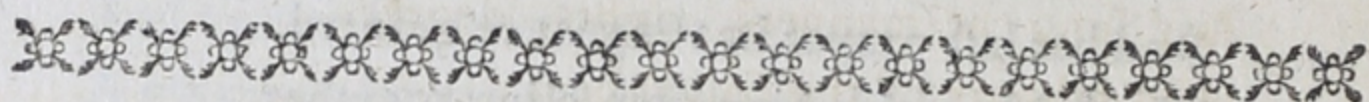


Poor MYRTLE, strangely mortify'd,
 Too late resumes her proper pride ;
 Which, heighten'd now by pique and spleen,
 Paints her condition doubly mean.
 She sour'd her mind, grew broken-hearted,
 And soon this spiteful world departed;
 And now lies decently interr'd,
 Near the old Yew in—— church-yard.



On a BAY-LEAF, pluck'd from VIRGIL'S
 Tomb near Naples. 1736.

By the same.

BOLD was the irreligious hand,
 That could all reverence withstand,
 And sacrilegiously presume
 To rob the poet's sacred tomb
 Of so much honourable shade,
 As this, so small a trophy, made ;
 Could dare to pluck from VIRGIL'S brow
 The honours Nature did bestow,

* Sweetly the gentle goddess smil'd,
 And listen'd to her favourite child ;
 Whether in shepherd's cleanly weed
 He deftly tun'd his oaten reed,

* *Pascua.*

And

And taught the vocal woods around
His Amaryllis to resound ;

‡ Or taught he in a graver strain
To cloath the field with waving grain ;
And in the marriage-folds to twine
The barren elm, and cluster'd vine ;
To yoke the lab'ring ox, to breed
To the known goal the foaming steed ;
And sung the manners, rights, degrees,
And labours of the frugal bees ;

† Or whether with Æneas' name
He swell'd th' extended cheek of Fame,
And all his god-like labours sung,
Whence Rome's extended glories sprung ;

The goddesses smil'd, and own'd she knew
Th' original from whence he drew,
And grateful she spontaneous gave
This living honour to his grave.

Hail, thou sweet shade, whose rev'renc'd name
Still foremost in the mouth of Fame,
Doth preference and value give,
And teach this little leaf to live,
Methinks secluded from that brow,
Where grateful Nature bad it grow,
This beauteous green should fade away,
And yield to iron-tooth'd decay :
But VIRGIL's name forbids that crime,
And blunts the threat'ning scythe of Time.

‡ *Rura.*

† *Duces.*

To