



DENNIS to Mr. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit Night.

Reflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
 Winter——but that no semblance takes from thee:
 That hoary season yields a type of me.
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
 Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

SONG.