

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair :
 Or oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom ;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

III. The R O S E - B U D.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it glows ;
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd ;
 How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze :
 A blast descends from eastern skies,
 And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair ! your charms divine ;
 And check the fond desire to shine
 Where fame's transporting rays allure,
 While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade :
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
 As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd, " You first, my swain,
 " Confine your sonnets to the plain ;
 " One envious tongue alike disarms,
 " You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

" What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?
 " Or what, unknown, the poet's skill ?
 " What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
 " Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?"

IV. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

A DIE U, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
 And, as your dazled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid stream and shady tree
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove :
 With pride her foot-steps I pursue,
 And bid your frantick joys adieu.