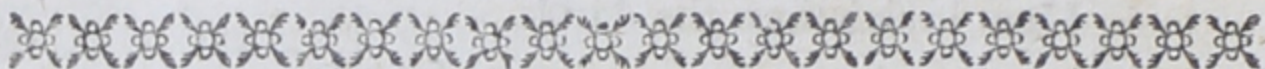


There let them rest unknown,  
The types of many a pleasing scene ;  
But to preserve them bright or clean,  
Is thine, fair Queen ! alone.



To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the Same.

AH ! what is Science, what is Art,  
Or what the pleasure these impart ?  
Ye trophies which the Learn'd pursue  
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu !

What can the tedious tomes bestow,  
To soothe the miseries they show ?  
What, like the blis for *him* decreed,  
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed !

Say, wretched Fancy ! thus refin'd  
From all that glads the simplest hind,  
How rare that object, which supplies  
A charm for too discerning eyes !

The



The polish'd bard, of genius vain,  
Endures a deeper sense of pain :  
As each invading blast devours  
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,  
The steep ascent of Knowledge climb :  
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,  
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aferia, tell us why  
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh :  
Why then does reason seem so fair,  
Why learning then, deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,  
While you so fair a proof unfold  
What force the brightest genius draws  
From polish'd Wisdom's written laws ?

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?  
What strange perfection bids us own  
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,  
And happiest he, who most excels ?