

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me ;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What blifs to me can seasons bring ?
Or what, the needless pride of spring ?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield ;
So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh ;
Might well demand one tender tear ;
For when was Damon unsincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains ; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer ?

SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES ; Fulvia is like Venus fair ;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air :
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants — the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore ;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her

Her train was form'd of smiles of loves
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

The Rape of the TRAP, a BALLAD; written
 at College, 1736. By the Same.

'T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muse's favourite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation!

All in a college-study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense, in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended;
 And, when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge