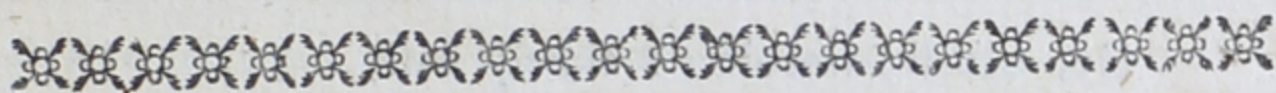


Yet when your short-liv'd summers shine no more,  
My patient mind, sworn foe to vice's way,  
Sustain'd on lighter wings than yours shall soar  
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and Elysian bowers,  
Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,  
Where blasts no light'ning, and no thunder low'rs,  
But spring, and joy unchang'd for ever reign.



# V A L E N T I N E's Day.

By the Same.

**T**H E tuneful choir in amorous strains  
Accost their feather'd loves,  
While each fond mate with equal pains  
The tender suit approves.

With chearful hop from spray to spray  
They sport along the meads ;  
In social blifs together stray,  
Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' spring's gay scenes each happy pair  
Their fluttering joys pursue ;  
Its various charms and produce share,  
For ever kind and true.

Their



Their spritely notes from every shade  
 Their mutual loves proclaim ;  
 Till winter's chilling blasts invade,  
 And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,  
 Nor woods nor meads delight ;  
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,  
 And mourns th' unwelcome fight.

Go, blisful warblers ! timely wise,  
 Th' instructive moral tell !  
 Nor thou their *meaning* lays despise,  
 My charming Annabelle !



The SCAVENGERS. A Town Eclogue.

In the Manner of SWIFT.

By the Same.

**A** WAKE my Muse, prepare a loftier theme :  
 The winding valley and the dimpled stream  
 Delight not all ; quit, quit the verdant field,  
 And try what dusty streets and alleys yield.

Where