

The E V E R - G R E E N :

W H E N tepid breezes fann'd the air,
 And violets perfum'd the glade,
 Pensive and grave my charming fair
 Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flourish, said I, those favour'd boughs,
 And ever sooth the purest flames !
 Witnesses to none but faithful vows !
 Wounded by none but faithful names !

Yield every tree that crowns the grove
 To this which pleas'd my wandering dear !
 Range where you will, ye bands of love,
 Ye still shall *seem* to revel here.

Lavinia smil'd—and whilst her arm
 Her fair reclining head sustain'd,
 Betray'd she felt some fresh-alarm ;
 And thus the meaning smile explain'd.

When summer suns shine forth no more,
 Will then this lime its shelter yield ?
 Protect us when the tempests roar,
 And winter drives us from the field ?

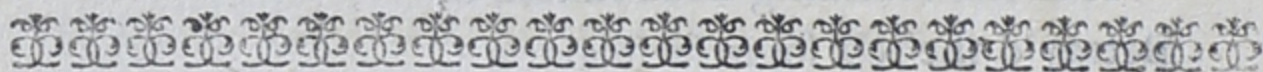
Yet faithful then the fir shall last —
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,
 To think when my fair season's past,
 Which Damon then will most resemble.

A N S W E R.

TO O timorous maid! can time or chance
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?
 O lay aside that tender glance,
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female sway!
 My flame like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay:

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen;
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
 Yet find thy swain — an ever-green.



C A N D O U R.

TH E warmest friend, I ever prov'd,
 My bitterest foe I see:
 The kindest maid I ever lov'd,
 Is false to love and me.

But