



*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery,  
in Dublin: Upon receiving an Account  
from Mrs. Barber, of his Lordship's  
great Generosity to her.*

*By the Same.*

**L**ET Others speak your Titles, and your Blood;  
Accept from Me the glorious Name of GOOD.  
This Honour only from fair Virtue springs,  
Ennobles Slaves, adds Dignity to Kings.

O BORN to shew Nobility design'd  
Not to insult, but to protect Mankind!  
Well you discern to spare, or to bestow;  
Nor waste in Riot, what to Worth you owe.

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Judgment

Judgment your Bounty guides; and all agree,  
'Tis Praise, 'tis Glory, to receive from Thee.  
Gen'rous thy Gifts; but more thy matchless Art,  
To spare the Blush, and doubly bind the Heart.

THO' Fortune place me in a distant Scene;  
And Mountains rise, and Oceans roll between;  
O'er Mountains, Oceans, Gratitude conveys  
The good Man's Act, and wide extends his Praise.  
Strange! that your Judgment errs in this alone;  
*Barber* you blest, yet hope your Gifts unknown.  
'Tis Hers to bring each lovely Deed to Light,  
And force unwilling Virtue to the Sight:  
'Tis Hers, and 'tis Her Muse's greatest Pride,  
A *Favour* never to *forget*, or *hide*.

ILLUSTRIOUS Youth! and let me style you Friend!  
O look with Candour on the Lines I send!  
Warm from the Heart my artless Numbers fall;  
Nor wait Correctness, when your Virtues call.

Here,

*On several Occasions.*

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Here, blest'd with all that human Life requires,  
Superior to vain Fears, or low Desires;  
In chearful Solitude, in studious Ease;  
Careful my Conscience, and my God, to please;  
I think on Thee, when Want, or Worth implore;  
And unrepining share my little Store.  
So Stars attend the beauteous Queen of Night;  
And faintly shine, nor emulate her Light.

Edmonton, April 5. 1733.



To