

4.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
 Puts a period to thy play,
 Sing then—and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man—
 Wretched man, whose years are spent
 In repining discontent;
 Lives not, aged tho' he be,
 Half a span compar'd with thee.

4. THE PARROT.

I.

IN painted plumes superbly drest,
 A native of the gorgeous east,
 By many a billow tost;
 Poll gains at length the British shore,
 Part of the captain's precious store,
 A present to his toast.

Z 3

2. Belinda's

2.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd
 To teach him now and then a word,
 As Poll can master it;
 But 'tis her own important charge
 To qualify him more at large,
 And make him quite a wit,

3.

Sweet Poll! his doating mistress cries,
 Sweet Poll! the mimic bird replies,
 And calls aloud for sack,
 She next instructs him in the kifs,
 'Tis now a little one like Miss,
 And now a hearty smack.

4.

At first he aims at what he hears
 And listening close with both his ears,
 Just catches at the sound;
 But soon articulates aloud,
 Much to th' amusement of the crowd
 And stuns the neighbours round.

T H E S H R U B B E R Y,

Written in a Time of Affliction.

I.

O H happy shades ! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me,
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree !

2.

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

3.

But fixt unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
And flights the season and the scene.

For