THE SHRUBBERY,

Written in a Time of Affliction.

Die feoles and gives the lie

OH 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.

Belinds and her bird! 'eis rare

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.

women are the teachers.

But fixt unalterable care

Foregoes not what she feels within,

Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,

And slights the season and the scene.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,

While peace posses'd these silent bow'rs,

Her animating smile withdrawn,

Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

See Mary what beauties, bring

The faint or moralist should tread

This moss-grown alley, musing slow,

They seek like me the secret shade,

But not like me, to nourish woe.

Where Flora is tell it her prime,

Tis a bow'r of Arcadian Iweets,

As the farest and fweetelf that blo

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste,

Alike admonish not to roam,

These tell me of enjoyments past,

And those of forrows yet to come.

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HE To the beautiful botom of May.