

On the Fifth of December, being the Birth-day  
of a beautiful young Lady.

## O D E V.

## I.

**H**A I L, eldest of the monthly train,  
Sire of the winter drear,  
December, in whose iron reign  
Expires the chequer'd Year.  
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,  
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,  
Smile gladly on this blest of Days.  
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,  
And Phœbus shine in all his state  
With more than summer rays.

## II.

Tho' jocund June may justly boast  
Long days and happy hours,  
Tho' August be Pomona's host,  
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;  
Tell June, his fire and crimson dies,  
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,  
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:  
Tell August, thou canst let him see  
A richer, riper fruit than he,  
A sweeter flow'r than May.

The