

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

COUNT all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's
side,

When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;

Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;

Count all the birds that thro' the æther fly;

Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,

That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;

Count all the dewy blades of verdant grafs;

Count all the drops of rain that softly pass

Thro' the blue æther; or tempestuous roar;

Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;

Count all the minutes since the world began,

Count all the troubles of the life of man;

Count all the torments of the d——n'd in Hell,

More are the beauteous charms that makes my

Nymph excell.

C

T O