Now Delia's converſe makes the moments gay,
The nymph for love and innocence I choſe:
O Friend! the man who joys like theſe can taſte
On Vice and Folly needs no hour to waſte.

SONNET,

BY THE SAME.

OF Adverſe Fortune gentle Shenſtone 'plain'd,
The liberal ſoul, the taſte that Nature gave;
In narrow bounds her partial hand reſtrain'd,
But pour'd profuſion on the titled ſlave:

Like his my lot, alike by me diſdain'd
The pomp of courts, one only boon I crave,
O'er my fields fair as thoſe Elyſian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave;

On the high hill to raiſe the higher tower,
To ope wide proſpects over diſtant plains,
Where by broad rivers, towns, and villa's riſe;
Taſte prompts the wiſh, but Fortune bounds the power,
Yet while Health chears, and Competence ſuſtains,
Theſe more than all Contentment bids me prize.