

Such then alone may venture here,
 Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
 Whose wide affections can embrace
 The whole extent of human race;
 Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
 Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.



S O N G.

SWEET are the banks, when Spring perfumes
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,

And sweet the blossoms after showers.

Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,

That fans the golden orange-grove;

But oh! how sweeter far than these

The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses! blushing in your beds,

That with your odours scent the air;

Ye lillies chaste! with silver heads

As my Cleora's bosom fair:

No more I court your balmy sweets;

For I, and I alone, can prove,

How sweeter, when each other meets,

The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her love.



THE
 LADY AND THE LINNET,
 A T A L E.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Sumit Myrrha novos, veteres ut ponit amictus,
 Mutat amatores miseros, sic mutat amicos.

FRAGM. INCERT. AUTH.

TO lift the low, the proud depress,
 And succour weakness in distress ;
 A foe forgive, and yet contend
 With generous ardour for a friend :
 Are virtues, tho' but thinly sown,
 Not circumscrib'd to you alone ;
 Since hourly observation finds
 They spring in some inferior minds ;

Which,