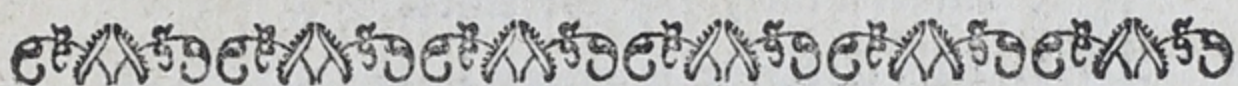


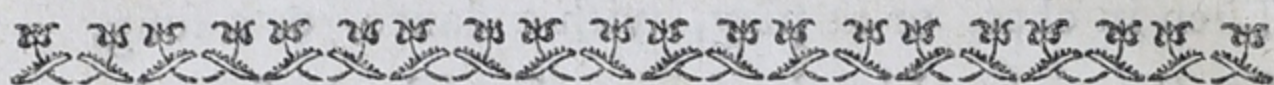
Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
 And calm with your joys gently glide thro' the day.
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind.



On a Lady drinking the Bath-Waters.

THE gushing streams impetuous flow,
 In haste to DELIA's lips to go,
 With equal haste and equal heat,
 Who would not rush those lips to meet?
 Bless'd envy'd streams, still greater bliss
 Attends your warm and liquid kifs.
 For from her lips your welcome tide
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide;
 There fill each swelling globe of love,
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move.
 From hence in soft meanders stray,
 And find at last the blissful way
 Which thought may paint, tho' verse mayn't say. }

Too happy rival dwell not there
 To rack my heart with jealous care,
 But quit the blest abode, tho' loth,
 And quickly passing, ease us both.



V E R S E S written in a L A D Y'S
 S H E R L O C K upon Death.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master;
 Then let us only study now
 How may we live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest, be blest
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G.