



A S O N G.

By the Same.

I.

WHEN fair SERENA fair I knew,
By friendship's happy union charm'd;
Incessant joys around her flew,
And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

II.

But when with fond officious care
I press'd to breathe my amorous pain,
Her lips spoke nought but cold despair,
Her eyes shot ice through ev'ry vein.

III.

Thus in ITALIA's lovely vales
The sun his genial vigour yields,
Reviving heat each sense regales,
And plenty crowns the smiling fields.

IV.

When nearer we approach this ray,
High on the Alps' stupendous brow,
Surpriz'd we see pale sun-beams play
On everlasting hills of snow.

CHISWICK.