



VERSES written in a GARDEN.

By Lady M. W. M.

SEE how that pair of billing doves  
 With open murmurs own their loves ;  
 And heedless of censorious eyes,  
 Pursue their unpolluted joys :  
 No fears of future want molest  
 The downy quiet of their nest ;  
 No int'rest join'd the happy pair,  
 Securely blest in Nature's care,  
 While her dear dictates they pursue :  
 For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,  
 Our maxims, our religious rules,  
 Can learning to our lives ensure  
 Virtue so bright, or blifs so pure ?  
 The great Creator's happy ends,  
 Virtue and pleasure ever blends :  
 In vain the church and court have try'd  
 Th' united essence to divide ;  
 Alike they find their wild mistake,  
 The pedant priest, and giddy rake.