



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.