

You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And by absence will conquer her heart or—your own.

VI.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas, to the fair one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

I. S. H.



The BULFINCH in Town.

By a Lady of Quality.

HARK to the blackbird's pleasing note:
Sweet usher of the vocal throng!

Nature directs his warbling throat,

And all that hear, admire the song.

Yon' bulfinch, with unvary'd tone,

Of cadence harsh, and accent shrill,

Has brighter plumage to atone

For want of harmony and skill.

Yet, discontent with nature's boon,

Like man, to mimick art he flies;

On opera-pinions hoping soon

Unrival'd he shall mount the skies.

And

And while, to please some courtly fair,
 He one dull tune with labour learns,
 A well-gilt cage remote from air,
 And faded plumes, is all he earns!

Go, hapless captive! still repeat
 The sounds which nature never taught;
 Go, listening fair! and call them sweet,
 Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvy'd both! go hear and sing
 Your study'd musick o'er and o'er;
 Whilst I attend th' inviting spring,
 In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.



S O N G.

Written in Winter 1745.

By the Same.

I.

THE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,
 The hills all white with snow,
 Leave me dejected and forlorn!
 Who can describe my woe?