

F L O W E R S.

By ANTHONY WHISTLER, Esq;

— *Ego apis matinae**More modoque,**Grata carpentis thyma.*

HOR.

I.

LET fages, with superfluous pains,
 The learned page devour;
 While Florio better knowledge drains
 From each instructive flow'r.

II.

His fav'rite Rose his fear alarms,
 All opening to the sun;
 Like vain coquettes, who spread their charms,
 And shine, to be undone.

III.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dress,
 And made for nought but show,
 In every sense, may well express
 The glittering, empty beau!

IV.

The Snow-drop first but peeps to light,
 And fearful shews its head;
 Thus modest merit shines more bright,
 By self-distrust misled.

V. Th'

V.

Th' Auric'la, which thro' labour rose,
 Yet shines compleat by art,
 The force of education shows ;
 How much it can impart.

VI.

He marks the Sensitive's nice fit ;
 Nor fears he to proclaim,
 If each man's darling vice were hit,
 That he would *act the same*.

VII.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
 The Violet, with care ;
 Hinting we should not worth refuse,
 Altho' we find it *there*.

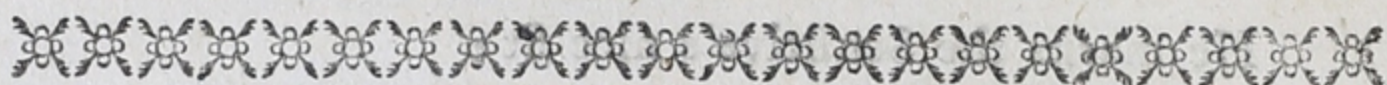
VIII.

The Tuberoſe that lofty ſprings,
 Nor can ſupport its height,
 Well repreſents imperious kings,
 Grown impotent by might.

IX.

Fragrant, tho' pale, the Lily blows ;
 To teach the female breaſt,
 How virtue can its ſweets diſcloſe
 In all complexions dreſt.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
 Nature some charm decrees ;
 Learn hence, ye nymphs, her face to wear,
 Ye cannot fail to please.



S O N G. By the Same.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you teize one,
 To say, what won my heart ;
 It cannot fure be treason,
 If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming ;
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright ;
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming ;
 Nor beauty's daz'ling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining ;
 Nor shape, that made me sigh :
 'Twas not your tongue, combining,
 For that I knew——might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature ;
 Bold, soft ; sincere, and gay :
 It shone in every feature,
 And stole my heart away.