

VERSES to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

On receiving a Gilt Pocket-Book. 1751.

By Mr. J A G O.

**T**HESE spotless leaves, this neat array  
Might *well* invite your charming quill,  
In fair assemblage to display  
The power of learning, wit, and skill :

But since *you* carelessly refuse,  
And to my pen the task assign ;  
O! let your Genius guide my Muse,  
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best-lov'd art,  
With frugal care to store my mind ;  
In *this* to play the miser's part,  
And give mean lucre to the wind :

To shun the coxcomb's empty noise ;  
To scorn the villain's artful mask ;  
Nor trust gay pleasure's fleeting joys,  
Nor urge ambition's endless task.

Teach

Teach me to stem youth's boisterous tide ;  
 To regulate its giddy rage ;  
 By reason's aid, my barque to guide  
 Into the friendly port of age :

To share what *classic* culture yields ;  
 Thro' *rhetoric's* painted meads to roam ;  
 With you to reap historic fields,  
 And bring the golden harvest home :

To taste the genuine sweets of *wit* ;  
 To quaff in *humour's* sprightly bowl ;  
 The philosophic *mean* to hit,  
 And prize the dignity of soul.

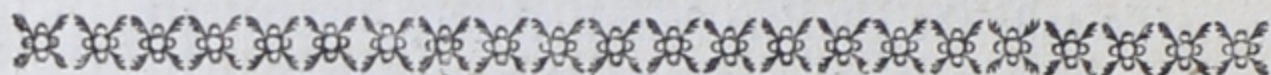
Teach me to read fair *Nature's* book,  
 Wide-opening in each flowery plain ;  
 And with judicious eye to look  
 On all the glories of her reign.

To hail her seated on her throne ;  
 By awful woods encompass'd round :  
 Or her *divine* extraction own,  
 Tho' with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Thro' arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,  
 Near solemn rocks, with *her* to rove :  
 Or court her, 'mid her gentle fauns,  
 In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,  
 Or in the nearer landſkips charm,  
 Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,  
 To grace our ſweet *Arcadian* farm,

*There* let me fit; and gaze with you,  
 On Nature's works by Art refin'd;  
 And own, while we their conteſt view,  
 Both fair, but faireſt, *thus* combin'd!



## The S W A L L O W S.

Written September, 1748.

By the Same.

**E**RE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,  
 And gave to wintry ſtorms the varied year,  
 The Swallow-race, with foreſight clear inspir'd,  
 To Southern climes prepar'd their courſe to ſteer.

On *Damon's* roof a grave aſſembly fate;  
 His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;  
 With ſerious look he mark'd the nice debate,  
 And to his *Delia* thus addreſs'd his mind.

Obſerve