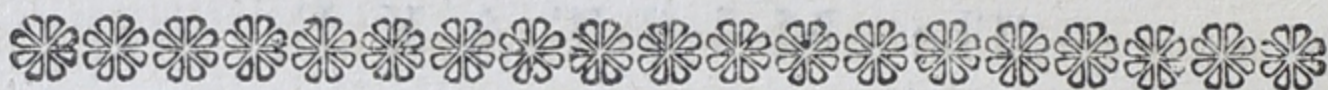


## A Fragment of CHAUCER,

By J. H. Esq;

**R**IGHT wele of lerned clerkis is it fed,  
 That womenhud for mannis' use is made;  
 But naughty man liketh not one, or so,  
 He lusteth aye unthirftily for mo;  
 And whom he whilome cherished, when tied  
 By holy church he cannot her abide.  
 Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,  
 His tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,  
 But thilke same bone if to his tail thou tye,  
 Pardie, he fearing it away doth fly.



Upon an ALCOVE, now at PARSON'S Green.

**O** Favorite Muse of SHENSTONE hear!  
 And leave awhile his blisful groves;  
 Aid me this sweet alcove to sing,  
 The Author's feat whom SHENSTONE loves.

Here the foul-harr'wing genius form'd  
 His PAMELA's enchanting story!  
 And here divine CLARISSA died  
 A martyr to our sex's glory!

'Twas



'Twas here the noble-minded Howe  
 With ev'ry gen'rous passion glow'd :  
 And here the gentle Belford's eyes  
 With manly sorrows overflow'd.

Here Clementina, hapless maid !  
 With wild distress each bosom tears :  
 And here the lovely Harriet own'd  
 A virgin's hopes, a virgin's fears.

Here Emily, sweet artless girl,  
 Fills ev'ry breast with strange delight !  
 And when we fear her early fall,  
 Secures her conquest by her flight.

Here sprightly Charlotte's hum'rous wit  
 Dispenses mirth to all around :  
 But, ah ! we tremble, whilst we smile,  
 Lest its fine edge herself should wound.

Here GRANDISON, to crown the whole,  
 A bright exemplar stands confess'd !  
 Who stole those virtues we admire  
 From the great Author's glowing breast.

O sacred feat ! be thou rever'd  
 By such as own thy master's pow'r ;  
 And, like his works, for ages last,  
 Till fame and language are no more.