

By Heaven and you my Life blooms or decays,
 You point my wane or my encrease of days,
 Fain, I confess, I would despair forget,
 I would be blest'd if you thought fit,
 Yet I too may your self-will'd Rigour fear,
 For ah, what hopes is there of Love from her,
 Whose very Soul is Love, and yet the word dill
 dains to hear.

*A Letter Written for a L A D Y in Answer
 to a Friend.*

H Ad you not known your Merit was forgot
 That my *Laurinda* I could ne'er forget
 Dulness, you might have want of Friendship thought
 And my neglect in writing call a Fault:
 But though I want your Genius to express,
 Believe me, dearest Friend, my Love's not less
 I would accost your Muse with equal Skill,
 For though I want the Wit, I have the Will,
 Did not my Reason whisper like a friend,
 That I should wrong my self, should I pretend

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But for my friendship I must boldly own
 'Tis firm and Constant, and shall stoop to none;
 Nor is my Heart (which you I thought had known)
 So chang'd or frozen since I came to Town;
 That it by any Object could be mov'd
 To flight my dear *Laurinda* whom I lov'd:
 Alas, sweet friend, you know not our distress,
 You never dream upon our Grievances;
 Though pestilential Blasts all round us blow,
 And many a beauteous darling face undo:
 Though Bells do toll, and all to fears encline;
 Fears, that would spoil a better Muse than mine,
 You careless in the Silver Grove are seen,
 (I wish for your sake I could call it Green)
 Courting the Places Genius to inspire,
 And strength of Fancy warms instead of Fire;
 But I benumb'd with all this Frost and Snow,
 Begin now to believe my Muse is so.
 I like a Linnet, wishing for the Spring,
 (Linnet I say) because I learn to sing;

Hop up and down all day my lonely Cage,
 And find that Cold's as bad as fumbling Age,
 Nothing can stir up my Poetick Rage;
 My Verses dare not yet their worth expose,
 For well their Feet may halt when they are froze
 But when the Summer cloaths the naked Trees,
 And Balmy Winds refresh with gentle breeze:
 When Flowers their gay Wedding Robes put on,
 To please and welcome in the vigorous Sun;
 Then *Silvia* sitting by *Laurinda's* side,
 Shall prove this Truth, and shall not be deny'd
 That none on Earth can e'er more faithful be,
 Or her dear Friend can value more than she.

Silvia.

*The Farmers Daughter, a SONG, set to
 Pleasant Scotch Tune.*

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 Bleak in the Morning early,
 All the Trees were hid in Snow,

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