

B A S K E T of F L O W E R S.

S O N G.

PRofufely gay, they catch the eye,
This one I chufe and moft admire. &c.

Such as the rofe may **MARY** be,
When youth is fled. She's good to me. &c.

Stranger I came without a name,
All thefe fine flowers ſhe brought to me. &c.

Softly, my lyre,—that filken ſtring,
Tun'd to a gift ſo ſweet to ſing. &c.

The bluſhing roſe—and jeſſamine,
Sweet is that air—ſweet lyre again. &c.

Than bluſhing roſe or jeſſamine,
Dearer to me in Friendſhip's name. &c.

Softly, my lyre, that trembling ſtring,
Friendſhip ſo new, a fleeting thing. &c.

No, ſtrike! nor tremble, tremble ſo,
Friendſhip and Virtue thou art one.
Friendſhip and Virtue, &c.