

The three following beautiful Stanzas by Miss A. H.
to the Author.

AS musing I wander'd along
The green banks where you often have stray'd,
Where the thrush sweetly warbles her song,
And primroses paint the gay mead;
I heard from the sad moaning dove,
The loss of her mate who was true;
And sighs from each tree of the grove,
Lamenting the absence of you.

Has Cinthia a heart to refuse
The wish of each nymph on the plain;
The wood, that's a friend to her Muse,
Invok's her ~~her~~ return here again.

To