

S O N G.

**T**O those shades with delight I could fly,  
How tasteless the town is to me;  
In every gay scene that I try,  
My thoughts they but wander to thee.

II.  
Why remind me of those happy days?  
Here is nothing but drefs and vain shew;  
Of those banks where I sung my first lays,  
And remark'd every flower as it grew?

III.  
Tho' we crowd the dull walks every night,  
Where's the careless sweet ease I enjoy'd;  
Not the beaux nor the belles e'er so bright;  
On these shades are my thoughts still employ'd.

IV.  
Sweet shades! where with silence or thee,  
My mind every thought could approve;  
Sweet shades! I admire every tree,  
And I fly to the friend whom I love.