

NUMBER EIGHTH.

March 3. 1769.

To Miss M—— B.

NO more sorrows, no more cares,
Tune my lyre to chearful airs.

Now so happy, now so gay,

'Tis for —— this my lay.

While the nymphs with pleasure twine,

With each flower that decks the spring,

The gay garland for the brow,

Few amongst them sweet as you;

May the nymph for him design'd,

Ever faithful, ever kind;

Sweet and chearful, may she be;

Temper and good-sense like thee.

To