

You may see,
at Kew.

still to give
ever new;

s may they live
it Kew.

CONTENTMENT.

WHILST I beneath this silent shade,
Contented sit and sing,
I envy not the great their joys,
That from their riches spring.

Let those who have in courts been bred,
There still in splendor shine;
Their lot of blifs may not surpass,
Perhaps not equal mine,

While no unwelcome visitants,
My solitude invade;
The monarch is not more secure,
Than I beneath this shade.

These friendly trees on either side,
From heat a shelter stand;
The white rose on the brier hangs,
And seems t' invite my hand.

Ah! rose, no longer to my eyes
Thy pow'rful charms display,
For I've a sweeter flow'r than you,
And one that looks more gay.

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The

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