

secret balm,  
and calm;  
in gentlest currents flow!

bliss of friendship rise,  
splendid joys,  
round the world;  
profusely spread,  
ng glares mislead  
at heedless tread,  
ys are in confusion hur'd.

s friendship's rite,  
d take delight,  
g care:  
nce, despair,  
ore annoy;  
riendship's joy  
mish'd in distress,  
and the blest to blest;  
vereign power let every  <sup>tongue</sup>

PHILLIS

PHILLIS TO DAMON.

A S O N G.

REmember, false Damon, how often you've said,  
You lov'd me as well as a man could a maid;  
Though you slight me at last, and I cannot tell why,  
Yet, trust me, I never with sorrow shall die.

In my bosom so tender, your power to prove,  
You planted the fair blooming flow'ret of love;  
But for its destruction a frown you prepar'd,  
To blast at your pleasure the flowret you rear'd.

Yet boast not your conquest, tho' from me you part,  
Nor think yourself wholly possess'd of my heart;  
Your smiles are not summer to melt the cold snow,  
And your frowns are not winter, I'd have you to  
know.

Go seek for a maid that has money in store,  
And amuse yourself often in counting it o'er;  
Yet, Damon, believe me, your bliss will be small,  
If counting your gold and your silver be all.

He

He that sets his heart riches and honour to find,  
 Will learn that a kingdom's too small for his mind;  
 He hoards up his treasures, and thinks himself scant,  
 While the poor that's contented ne'er feels any want.

The joys of the wealthy are joys of a day,  
 For riches have wings and do oft fly away;  
 And when they are flying we generally find,  
 A long train of sorrow's impending behind.

May all pleasures attend you, that treasures can bring,  
 May you find of your joys a perpetual spring;  
 Yet I'll envy her not, that has money in store,  
 Nor think myself wretched, although I am poor.

Perhaps I the truth of some shepherd may prove,  
 Whose treasure's contentment, whose pleasure is  
 love;

Then I without wealth shall be happy as you,  
 So Damon, false Damon, for ever adieu.

On an U

O What a  
 Scarce ever

We all are a

Except to th

Then one fa

And with ur

With shrugs

And shuffle

Then quickl

A yawn epic

Like social c

Nor ever ca

To comfort

For to pleas

REFLE

TO earth it

So high abo

That this lov

Already pas