

LLANIES,

nt Honourable

rtie's Birth-Day.

* * * * *

f NORRIS BERTIE, Esq;

ve *Eliza* breath,

ufand fwains their death,

fo wond'rous gay,

day ?

s subjects load

rdian God:

ely Joy,

of the Boy

ire their *Troy*;

RHYMES,

RHYMES

TO THE

Hon. Miss LOVE LACE;

NOW

Lady HENRY BEAUCLERK.

Q

On her attending

Miss CHARLOT CLAYTON

In the S M A L L - P O X.

O Thou! to whom the Muse is justly dear,
 In Fancy elegant, in Judgment clear,
 In whom the Virtues with the Graces blend
 The faultless Female, and the faithful Friend;
 Awhile suspend the Taste improv'd by Art,
 And take the Lay spontaneous from the Heart.

Fantastic Females! ye who paint, and prate
 Of self, or somewhat, or of God knows what!
 Who mimic every thing but what ye should,
 And even Virtue, to be reckon'd good;
 Alas! no varnish can that want supply,
 No specious talk conceal the acted lye.
 While you on trifles waste the tedious day,
 And dress, or dream your useles hours away;

Or

Or worse, indulge
 Plot the dark scandal
 She on her Friend
 Soothes all her grief
 That higher sense in
 The virtuous feelir
 And finds self-love
 When it transfers fr

How few for Fri
 Th' unmelting temp
 The crafty, selfish,
 O sacred Friendship

Where then shall
 Beyond the narrow
 Whose soul is open,
 Foe to evasion, as
 Not too familiar, no
 With humour witty,
 Where find a Friend
 Say, *Charlot*, where

Attending

F CLAYTON

L L - P O X.

The Muse is justly dear,
in Judgment clear,

in the Graces blend
and the faithful Friend;
improv'd by Art,
seous from the Heart.

who paint, and prate
of God knows what!
out what ye should,
reckon'd good;
t want supply,
the acted lye.
e the tedious day,
our useles hours away,
Or

Or worse, indulge the very crime you blame,
Plot the dark scandal, or disperse the shame:

She on her Friend attends with pious care,
Sooths all her griefs, and softens ev'ry fear;

That higher sense indulging, void of art,
The virtuous feeling of a gen'rous heart;

And finds self-love attain its noblest end,
When it transfers from Self to serve a Friend.

How few for Friendship Nature has design'd!
Th' unmelting temper, and th' unmeaning mind,
The crafty, selfish, dark, perfidious, see!
O sacred Friendship! all unworthy Thee.

Where then shall she, whose native manners start
Beyond the narrow bounds of low-bred art,
Whose soul is open, as her purpose clear,
Foe to evasion, as of heart sincere;
Not too familiar, nor yet too precise,
With humour witty, with politeness wife;
Where find a Friend to bear the equal part?
Say, *Charlot*, where? if not within thy heart.

Q 2

Yet

Yet Thou, whose worth might sweeter sounds
inspire,

Indulge these efforts of a youthful lyre:

No flatt'ring purpose has the Muse in view,

Tho' prompt to praise, wherever Praise is due;

Averse to flatter, cautious to commend,

Hardly she soothes the frailties of a Friend,

But sick of the insipid senseless train,

For Thee she feels the animated strain:

O be she sacred to the wife and good!

Nor prostitute her praises to the croud;

With whom less pleas'd than pain'd, her lyre
unstrung,

Upon a neighb'ring willow useles hung;

Till gentle deeds, and corresponding Love

Impell'd the sympathetic strings to move

To Nature's harmony; while artless lays,

To HER and LOVELACE tun'd, grow music in their
praise.

BIRTH-

Maid of Honor

BRING, H
Delia, t

And tho' she t

Tho' now amon

Is still the gent

Sure guardian S

Without a foe,

In one bright

Roll guiltless on

Till future Mai

The grove she H

And each brigh

That *Innocence*