



To the Reverend Doctor S——.

An Invitation to a Morning-Walk in the *Spring*.

THE piercing Cold, the stormy Winds,
 And drooping Rains of Winter gone;
 The genial Sun new warms the Earth,
 And brings the fertile Season on.

The Morning Breezes softly blow,
 AURORA gilds the Meadows fair;
 Gentle and smooth the Rivers flow,
 And balmy Sweets perfume the Air.

The tow'ring Lark expands her Wing,
 The Birds in Concert all combine;
 And, as they glide through Air, and sing,
 They call your sweeter Voice to join.

Come,

Come, bring the *Muses* in your Train,
Let grave *Philosophy* attend ;
And true *Religion*, kind and plain :
They'll all accompany my Friend.

All Nature smiling, seems to say :

“ Come, taste the Pleasures of the Spring ;

“ Come, come, AMYNTOR, come away ;

“ Remember Time is on the Wing.”

