

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
IN THE
EAST INDIES.

METHINKS the lark with sweeter lay
Salutes the smiling morn,
All nature seems to hail the day
When such a son was born.

He sprung like yonder poplar fair
In all the charms of youth,
A something shone in all his air
Of dignity and truth.

His face and figure must engage,
And such a soul has he;
The like is given once in an age,
To shew what man should be.

Then

Then why from Britain's happy isle

To other regions go;

Shall strangers share that angel smile

While friends are sunk in woe?

No, charming PHOENIX, shew your sense;

Relieve a load of pain,

And let the winds that bore you hence

Convey you back again.

THE