



AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

I.

PERMIT me dearest girl to send,
 The warmest wishes of a friend,
 Who scorns deceit, or art,
 Who dedicates her verse to you,
 And every praise so much your due,
 Flows genuine from her heart.

II. Yet

II.

Yet all that I can write, or say,

My meaning never can convey,

My fond intention prove,

It flows spontaneous from the soul,

Without restraint, without controul,

'Tis gratitude, and love.

III.

The friendship glowing in my breast,

Can never, never, be suppress'd,

While life or sense remain,

The only recompense I ask,

To me, would prove an easy task,

That prize bestow again.

E

IV. How.

IV.

How blest'st are you in every joy,
 No care your happiness to cloy,
 No rude unwelcome pain,
 No grief to interrupt your ease,
 But every comfort form'd to please,
 In solitude remain.

V.

There busy clamours ne'er refund,
 Nor high ambition's to be found,
 Or envy's hateful train,
 But ever happy, ever gay,
 Soft pleasure with despotic sway,
 Holds empire o'er the plain.

VI. Along

Along the daisy
 New scenes of
 To charm the
 Or shelter'd from
 Where cooling
 Meand'ring

May heaven-blessed
 Dwell undisturbed
 From every
 May health, and
 Be the companion
 With meek

VI.

Along the daisy painted meads,
 New scenes of beauty each succeeds,
 To charm th' enraptured eye,
 Or shelter'd from the noon-tide beams,
 Where cooling grotts, and crystal streams,
 Meand'ring murmur by.

VII.

May heaven-born peace, content, and rest,
 Dwell undisturb'd within that breast,
 From every folly free,
 May health, sincerity, and truth,
 Be the companions of thy youth,
 With meek-ey'd charity.

B 2

VIII. Adieu

VI. Along

VIII.

Adieu, dear girl, accept my love,

And may Maria never prove,

Unworthy thy esteem,

One vow I make to heaven and you,

This pleasing task I'll still pursue,

And make thy praise, my theme.

