

To the tall, handsome maid whom all admire ?
 Those mild blue eyes, where little Cupids play,
 The gayest of our shepherds own their sway ;
 And jealous Florio, with anxious air,
 Flutters with throbbing bosom round the fair.
 Ah! think, in time, to ward the dangerous blow
 Fraught with sweet pain and pleasurable woe!
 That softening anguish and that pleasing care
 Delude thee to the gloom of black despair;
 *Let Pollio's rhymes thy heedless bosom move
 To fann the piercing pangs of hopeless love.

STEPHON.

When spring's soft gales our waving forests cheer,
 And milder suns lead on the youthful year,
 The humble weed and brightest bloom of May,
 Both equal feel the animating ray. ♪
 When the wild-cherry, 'midst our copses green,
 With fragrant blossoms decks the rural scene,
 The lovely *bumming-bird* and vulgar bee
 Both fondly hover round the beauteous tree;
 Thus, Betsy's smiles my humble breast inspire,
 Her beauties thus awake my fond desire :
 And yet, tho' void of hope, I strive in vain
 To break the bondage of the pleasing chain ;
 Like a smooth stream, delightful in its course,
 Love hurries me along with gentle force,
 Tho' soon the rapid wave to death shall bear,
 And dash me on the rock of black despair.
 Here let me linger in the solemn grove,
 Muse on her charms, and nurse my hopeless love ;
 Here let me in desponding strains deplore,
 Till our young maids shall seek the sunny shore,
 When Eve's cool breezes curl the peaceful flood,
 And all our lowing herds desert the wood,
 Then Stephon may receive, with fond surprise,
 A soul-subduing glance from Betsy's eyes!

ALEXIS.

Observe these tender lambs that bound and play,
 Thy Betsy's bosom is as mild as they !
 Sportive, she trips our fragrant woods among,
 The gay enlivener of the village throng :
 Forbear, unthinking shepherd, ah forbear
 To wound her tender breast with thy despair ;
 Hope not to please her by thy mournful lays,
 Her pity's greater than her love of praise.

STEPHON.

Yet ah, how sweetly soothing to confess
 To those we love, our amorous distress !
 Will not our swains repeat the moving lay,
 And to her ear the tender notes convey ?
 Nor will she angry scorn my humble sigh,
 Her mild blue eyes are void of cruelty,
 She sure will pity me ; I'd rather prove
 Pity from her than all her sex's love !

B.

VERSES to a young Lady on her Birth-day

[By the late Dr. Johnson.]

THIS tributary verse, receive, my fair,
 Warm'd with an ardent lover's fondest pray'r.
 May this returning day for ever find
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind ;
 All pains, all cares, may sav'ring heav'n remove,
 All but the sweet solicitudes of love !
 May powerful nature join with grateful art
 To point each glance, and force it to the heart !
 O then, when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,
 When ev'n proud wealth, and prouder wit obey,
 My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
 Alas ! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
 Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ ;
 Nor give the gen'rous pain, the worthless joy ;
 With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
 Shewn in the faithful glass of ridicule ;
 Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,
 No more let coquets to themselves be blind,
 So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

CHRONICLE.