

Tho' trees and flow'rs with richest odours grow,  
 And all luxuriant nature could bestow,  
 He was alone, which did all bliss destroy,  
 Nor could, till woman came, once taste a joy;  
 Then raptures fill'd his mind, nought was the same,  
 And Eden now a Paradise became.  
 Women still smooths the anxious brow of care,  
 And calms our passions with a pleasing air;  
 What's life without enjoyment of the fair?

EWOL. I.

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 ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF GEORGE III.

We lament not a tyrant, whose monarchy stood  
 On the base of injustice, cemented by blood,  
 Who supported his splendour, and strengthen'd his store,  
 By the spoils of the rich, and the blood of the poor;  
 But the blessings of HEAV'N have been shed on our Isle,  
 And Truth, Love, and Mercy bade Poverty smile!  
 We lament not a Monarch, whose high-soaring pride,  
 The dictates of feeling and nature denied;  
 Where the grief of the mourners that follow his bier  
 Is only express'd by the eloquent tear!  
 Ah, no! by the sighs that our sorrow bespeak  
 By the tear of Affliction that moistens the cheek,  
 We lament not a tyrant, whose monarchy stood  
 On the base of injustice cemented by blood;  
 We lament not a Monarch whose high-soaring pride  
 The dictates of feeling and nature denied;  
 But we mourn a fond parent whose cherishing hand,  
 Bid the blossoms of Liberty freely expand;  
 The hearts of his subjects supported his throne;  
 Their joys and their sorrows he shar'd as his own;  
 While around him, like children, we crowded the Isle,  
 He rewarded our duty and love with a smile!

Such a Monarch, ye Britons, ye well may deplore,  
 His virtues can now be your pattern no more;  
 But, oh! let the maxims those virtues impart,  
 Be the theme of eulogium engrav'd on the heart!  
 And while, in mute sorrow, surrounding his bier,  
 The breast heaves the sigh, and the eye drops the tear,  
 Round each heart may the blossoms of Loyalty twine,  
 To bedew his pale ashes and honour his shrine!  
 While the tears of Britannia shall hallow the tomb  
 Where her Monarch's pale ashes in silence consume.

E. G. B.