

In youth, a father's tender love,  
And well experienc'd eye,  
Restrain her mind, too apt to rove,  
Enamour'd with a toy.

Suppose her with a brother blest—  
A brother, sure, is kind :  
But in the husband stands confest,  
The father, brother, friend.

'Tis man's to labour, toil, and sweat,  
And all his care employ,  
Honour, pow'r, or wealth, to get ;  
'Tis woman's to enjoy.

But look we on those halcyon days,  
When woman reigns supreme,  
While tupples man his homage pays,  
Full proud of her esteem—

How dutious is poor Strephon's love !  
How anxious is his care,  
Lest e'en the zephyr breathe too rough,  
And discompose the fair !

Then say not, any pow'r's ordain,  
That man should bear the sway :  
When reason bids, let woman reign,  
When reason bids, obey.

#### A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

**B**EHOLD that scene, yon trembling  
main,  
On whose smooth brow soft breezes  
sleep !

No breath disturbs the azure plain,  
Or moves the surface of the deep.  
Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,  
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind ;  
Unfold their canvases to the sun,  
Regardless of the storms behind.

But, hark ! from yonder hurrying clouds,  
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,  
Which split the masts, tear off the shrouds,  
And dash them headlong on the shore.

By flatt'ring gales, too soon betray'd  
To leave their port and tempt the wave,  
Those billows, where they lately play'd,  
Become, alas ! too soon their grave.

In this sad scene thyself behold,  
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong ;  
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,  
The storms that vex our life, as strong.  
Opening by fortune's smiles to-day,  
Our fame looks fair, our honours bloom :  
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,  
Shadow'd by envy or a tomb.

#### BELINDA'S CANARY-BIRD.

**D**ELIGHTFUL, airy, skipping thing,  
To charm by nature taught,  
How canst thou, thus imprison'd, sing,  
And swell thy downy throat ?

Divine would be the poet's lays,  
Breath'd with that melting air,  
With which thy warbling voice repays  
Thy beauteous feeder's care.

Perhaps the favours of her hand  
These happy strains inspire ;  
And I might notes as sweet command,  
Warm'd by so fair a muse.

The influence of her radiant eye,  
And her reviving smiles,  
The absence of that sun supply,  
Which cheers thy native isles.

Blest isles ! where with such kindly rays  
On birds and trees he shines,  
We thence enjoy seraphic lays,  
And thence celestial wines !

See the enliven'd liquor rise,  
As dancing to her song !  
Its virtue with the music vies,  
As sweet, as clear, as strong,

Had but those forests, Orpheus drew,  
Clos'd in their shades a bird  
Of equal harmony with you,  
No tree of taste had stirr'd.

The groves had listen'd to the tongue  
Of their own feather'd choir,  
Nor on the vocal strings had hung,  
But on their boughs the lyre.

#### ON A BEE STIFLED IN HONEY.

**F**ROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager  
pains,  
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly ;  
When all that from her toil she gains,  
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,  
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite  
joy :  
If we taste wisely, they relieve,  
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.