

With honest Friends your chearful Days beguile,
While Peace and Plenty on your Table smile :
Or cold and hungry writhe your tired Jaws,
And dine with *Florio* upon Hips and Haws,
In troth I think there's little room to pause.

In spite of all romantick Poets sing ;
This Gold, my Dearest, is an useful thing :
Not that I'd have you hoard the precious Store,
For not a Wretch is like the Miser poor :
Enjoy your Fortune with a chearful Mind,
And let the Blessing spread amongst the Kind :
But if there's none but *Florio* that will do,
Write Ballads both, and you may thrive — Adieu.



The S E T T I N G S U N.

To S I L V I A.

SEE, *Silvia*, see the sparkling Lamp of Day;
From our fond Eyes he draws the trembling Ray :
The curling Clouds pursue his short'ning Beams,
And catch new Colours from the parting Gleams :

From marshy Vales unhealthy Fogs arise,
 And gloomy Vapours fill the mourning Skies.
 A creeping Mist o'erspreads the silent Field,
 And drooping Flow'rs their Ev'ning Incense yield.
 On ev'ry Leaf the pearly Drops appear,
 And Nature weeps an universal Tear.

So will it be when those fair Suns of thine,
 By Fate eclips'd, their chearful Beams resign:
 When the just Heav'ns remand their beauteous Store,
 And *Silvia's* Eyes must chear the World no more:
 Death may forbid those dazzling Orbs to roll,
 But cannot strip the Radiance from thy Soul.
 Amid the Stars, in spite of Fate or Time,
 The Charms of *Silvia* shall eternal shine.

