

To no strait Bounds Good-nature is confin'd;
 And who shall dictate to a gen'rous Mind?
 Which not content in narrow Space to roll,
 Like the broad Ocean spreads from Pole to Pole:
 While the glad Nations bless the ample Tide,
 And wafted Treasures o'er its Surface glide:
 That still waves on, regardless of their Praise,
 As you perhaps of *Mira's* idle Lays.



S I L V I A *and* the B E E.

AS *Silvia* in her Garden stray'd,
 Where each officious Rose,
 To welcome the approaching Maid,
 With fairer Beauty glows.

Transported from their dewy Beds,
 The new blown Lilies rise:
 Gay Tulips wave their shining Heads,
 To please her brighter Eyes.

A Bee that sought the sweetest Flow'r,
 To this fair Quarter came :
 Soft humming round the fatal Bow'r,
 That held the smiling Dame.

He search'd the op'ning Buds with Care,
 And flew from Tree to Tree :
 But *Silvia* (finding none so fair)
 Unwisely fix'd on thee.

Her Hand obedient to her Thought,
 The River did destroy ;
 And the slain Insect dearly bought
 Its momentary Joy.

But now too rash unthinking Maid,
 Consider what you've done ;
 Perhaps you in the Dust have laid
 A fair and hopeful Son.

Or

Or from his Friends and Senate wise
 Have swept a valu'd Peer;
 Whose life, that you so lightly prize,
 Was to his Country dear,

Then, *Silvia*, cease your Anger now,
 To this your guiltless Foe;
 And smooth again that gentle Brow,
 Where lasting Lilies blow.

Soft *Cynthia* vows when you depart,
 The Sun withdraws its Ray,
 That Nature trembles like his Heart,
 And Storms eclipse the Day.

Amintor swears a Morning Sun's
 Less brilliant than your Eyes;
 And tho' his Tongue at random runs,
 You seldom think he lyes.

They

They tell you, those soft Lips may vie
 With Pinks at op'ning Day ;
 And yet you flew a simple Fly,
 For proving what they say.

Believe me, not a Bud like thee
 In this fair Garden blows ;
 Then blame no more the erring Bee,
 Who took you for the Rose.



The CRUEL PARENT.

A D R E A M.

'T WAS when the Sun had his swift Progress
 made,
 And left his Empire to the Queen of Shade ;
 Bright *Cynthia* too, with her refulgent Train,
 Shot their pale Lustre o'er the dewy Plain :
 Sat lonely *Mira* with her Head reclin'd,
 And mourn'd the Sorrows of her helpless Kind :

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Then