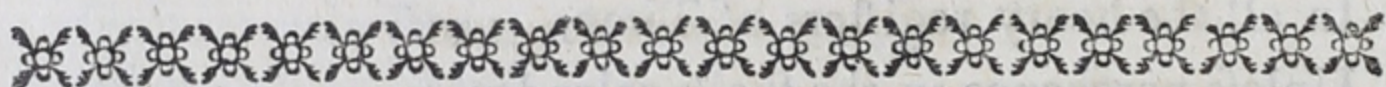


Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
 They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
 Because, tho' station'd on th' important watch,
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For ev'ry fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit!

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fortune.
 Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.



On Lord COBHAM'S Gardens.

By the Same.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,
 Some say, it is no more.

But

But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know ;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
That paradise is Stow.



To a Child of Five Years old.

By the Same.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew ;
Flow'rs of Eve's imbower'd dwelling ^a,
Are, my Fair-one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek ;
How the bud its sweets discloses,
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind ;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away ;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens, that ne'er decay.

^a Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.