



A S O N G.

I.

SHALL Pope sing his flames
 With quality dames,
 And dutchesses toast when he dines ;
 Shall Swift ballads compose
 On the girls at the Rose,
 Whilst unfung is my fair Charlotte Lynes?

II.

O ! were Phœbus my friend,
 Or would Bacchus but lend
 Me the spirits that flow from his wines,
 The lasfs of the mill,
 Molly Mogg, and Lepell,
 Shou'd be dowdies to fair Charlotte Lynes.

III.

The astronomer cries
 Look up to yon skies,
 And view the bright heavenly signs ;
 For a sight brighter far
 Than sun, moon, or star,
 Let him look at my fair Charlotte Lynes.

IV.

The miser for gain
 Thinks nothing of pain,
 And contentedly digs in the mines :
 Let him take all Peru,
 And rich Mexico too,
 What are these to my fair Charlotte Lynes ?

V.

Any porter may serve
 For a copy to carve
 An Alcides with muscular chines ;
 But a Venus to draw,
 Bright as eye ever saw,
 He must copy my fair Charlotte Lynes.

VI.

The favourite child,
 Whom her fondness has spoil'd,
 For mamma often whimpers and whines ;
 And this hour let me die
 But I languish and sigh,
 When I'm absent from fair Charlotte Lynes.

VII.

For quadrille when the fair
 Cards and counters prepare,
 They cast out the tens, eights, and nines ;
 And in love 'tis my fear
 The like fate I shall share,
 Discarded by fair Charlotte Lynes.

VIII.

VIII.

Astrologers prove
The conjunctions above,
With their houses, squares, circles, and signs :
But oh ! could they show
One conjunction below
Between me and my fair Charlotte Lynes.

IX.

With hearts full of rapture,
Our good dean and chapter
Count over, and finger their fines :
But I'd give their estate,
Was it ten times as great,
For one kiss from my fair Charlotte Lynes.

X.

In the midst of gay fights,
And foreign delights,
For his country the banish'd man pines :
Thus from her when away,
Tho' my eyes they may stray,
Yet my heart is with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XI.

Antiquity's page,
The rev'rend sage
Explains from old medals and coins ;
But no comment so fit
On youth, beauty, and wit,
Can they find as my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIII.

XII.

It is Atropos' sport
 With her sheers to cut short
 The thread which dame Lachesis twines :
 But forbear, you curst jade,
 Or cut mine, not the thread
 That was spun for my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIII.

The young pair for a crown,
 On his book paid him down,
 The sacrist * obsequiously joins ;
 Was I bishop, I swear
 I'd resign him my chair,
 To unite me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIV.

For my first night I'd go
 To those regions of snow,
 Where the sun for six months never shines ;
 And, oh ! there shou'd complain
 He too soon came again
 To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XV.

The pastures, the sheep,
 Shall exchange for the deep,
 And mackrel shall grow on the vines ;
 The sun shall burn blue,
 Ere my heart proves untrue,
 Or forgets to love fair Charlotte Lynes.

* Tom White.