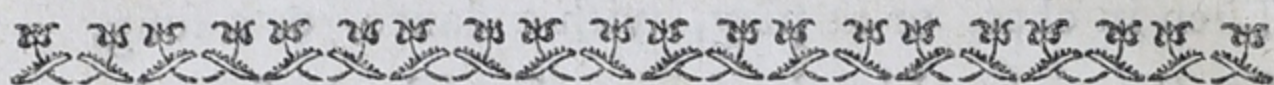


Too happy rival dwell not there
 To rack my heart with jealous care,
 But quit the blest abode, tho' loth,
 And quickly passing, ease us both.



V E R S E S written in a L A D Y'S
 S H E R L O C K upon Death.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master;
 Then let us only study now
 How may we live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G.