

By age your beauty will decay,  
 Your mind improves with years ;  
 As when the blossoms fade away,  
 The rip'ning fruit appears :

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,  
 And bless the future hour,  
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,  
 May gather ev'ry flow'r !



To the Author of the *Farmer's Letters*, which  
 were written in IRELAND in the Year of the  
 Rebellion, by HENRY BROOKE, Esq; 1745.

By the Same.

O H thou, whose artless, free-born genius charms,  
 Whose rustick zeal each patriot bosom warms ;  
 Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,  
 Forsake the fields and *till* a nobler soil ;  
 Extend the *Farmer's* care to human kind,  
*Manure* the heart, and *cultivate* the mind ;  
 There *plant* religion, reason, freedom, truth<sup>s</sup>  
 And *sow the seeds* of virtue in our youth :

Let



Let no *rank weeds* corrupt, or *brambles* choak,  
 And shake the *vermin* from the British oak;  
 From *northern blasts* protect the vernal bloom,  
 And guard our pastures from the *wolves of Rome*,  
 On Britain's liberty *ingraft* thy name,  
 And *reap the harvest* of immortal fame!



V E R S E S written in a Book called,  
*Fables for the Female Sex.*

By the Same.

**W**HILE here the poet points the charms  
 Which bless the perfect dame,  
 How unaffected beauty warms,  
 And wit preserves the flame;

How prudence, virtue, sense agree,  
 To form the happy wife:  
 In Lucy, and her book, I see,  
 The Picture, and the Life.

V E R S E S