

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.

WHILE 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