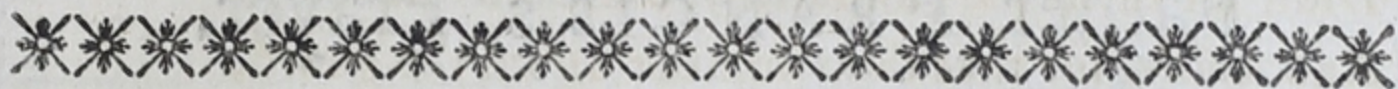


But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know ;
 For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
 That paradise is Stow.



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.