



UPON A  
VISIT to the same in Winter, 1748.

By the Same.

I.

ON fair Aferia's blifsful plains,  
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,  
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day ;  
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away !

II.

No linnet, from the leafless bough,  
Pours forth her note melodious now ;  
But all admire Aferia's tongue,  
Nor *wish* the linnet's vernal song.

III.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays :  
Yet sure Aferia's wit displays  
More various tints, more glowing lines,  
And with *perennial* beauty shines.

IV.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams  
But ill befriend a poet's dreams :  
Aferia's presence wakes the lyre ;  
And well supplies poetick fire.

V. The



V.

The fields have lost their lovely dye ;  
No chearful azure decks the sky ;  
Yet still we bless the loursing day :  
Afteria smiles—and all is gay.

VI.

Hence let the Muse no more presume  
To blame the Winter's dreary gloom ;  
Accuse his loitering hours no more ;  
But ah ! their envious *haste* deplore !

VII.

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,  
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,  
I go—to meet the coming year,  
On savage plains, and deserts drear !

VIII.

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,  
Nor find the spring my loss atone !  
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May  
With pride recal this winter's day.

