N I E S.
en ſeems to ſay,
g muſt have his day."

, and late his friend,
ſuſpend:
ark ſhall be no more,
ark was wept before.
's ſhort date,
ſt ſubmit to fate.
ſure gives life to all,
ch-lov'd form recal;
e welcome office pay,
eviving clay:
om a world of ill,
e pois'ner's heel—
your ſaving pow'r!
as once before.

Rhymes,

Rhymes, to Miſs *Charlot Clayton.*

AS *Damon* was penſively walking one day,
Three pretty tight laſſes he met in his way:
And who ſhould they be, that were taking the air,
But *Nelly*, and *Molly*, and *Charlot* ſo fair.
The ſwain, who to beauty had never been blind,
Thought this was the ſeaſon to tell 'em his mind:
But firſt he debated, to which lovely laſs
He ſhould offer his tenders, and open his caſe.
That *Nelly* was pretty he could not deny,
But *Molly*, he thought, had the ſprightlieſt eye;
So on her his affections they reſted awhile,
'Till *Charlot* appear'd, with a look and a ſmile:
With a look and a ſmile which ſure miſchief had done,
Had the ſwain been encounter'd by *Charlot* alone.

Perplext in his thought, and diſturb'd in his breaſt,
And unable to tell which bright laſs he lov'd beſt;
He folded his arms, to the grove he retir'd,
And decently on the green willow expir'd.

To

To *Damon*'s ſad fate lend a pitying ear,
For three at a time what poor mortal could bear?
One alone, truſt me *Charlot*, had made him rejoice,
And the ſwain been quite happy—"With what?"
—* *Hopſon*'s choice.

On one of her Eyes.

THE orders giv'n, *John* ſaddles *Grey*;
The nymph aſcends: the pad ſo gay,
Firſt neighs his joy, then trots away.

To that fam'd town † the fair one rides,
Where *Nancy*, harmleſs nymph! reſides.
That town ſo fam'd in Lent for figs,
For cuſtards, conventicles, eggs;
Renown'd of old for ſcandal picking,
For bottled cyder, and cold chicken.
How often there have OXFORD *ſmarts*,
Regal'd their nymphs on gooſb'ry tarts!
While Mrs. *Mary* at the Bear,
Call'd all the chamber-maids to ſtare.

* An admirer of that Lady's. † *Abingdon.*

Thither