LANIES.
or woe,
e vale below;
flight prepares,
olive bears,
if ſhe brings
her wings;
es round,
o are drown'd;
d all her drakes,
dreadful lakes;
ill or Thee,
rks to ſea.

drives apace,
all the race,
an kind,
ſtill behind —
remain!
rth again.

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To the Right Hon. Lady HENRY BEAUCLERK.

I.

THE ſummit reach'd of earthly joys,
Your nurs'ry full of Girls and Boys,
Your Lord in peace return'd;
Your rents improv'd, your lands increas'd,
The good old * Baroneſs deceas'd,
And with due honours mourn'd;

II.

What more remains, but ſafe aſhore,
Grateful indulge the preſent hour,
And, while you feel, impart;
Nor let a feebler pulſe control
One gen'rous purpoſe of your ſoul,
One virtue of your heart.

* Right Hon. Lady *Wentworth*.

III.

The ruling paſſion, bold and ſtrong,
May ſtruggle in the boſom long,
Yet want its *time* to ſhoot;
But when kind Heav'n the ſoil ſupplies
With bolder Suns, and brighter ſkies,
It yields its gen'rous fruit.

IV.

Whether we view your morning ſcene,
A favour'd Maid near *Britain*'s Queen,
(The reſt let Envy tell)
Or now arriv'd at noon of life,
A frugal Mother, and a Wife,
Thus far, at leaſt, was well.

V.

And thus far too your praiſe I've ſung,
And ſtill the burden of my ſong
Was — "Ne'er be Fortune's Creature!"
For, tho' ſhe open all her ſtore,
And tho' ſhe give you ten times more,
"To be YOURSELF is greater."

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ANIES.

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e Fortune's Creature!"
er ſtore,
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VI.

The ſongs I ſung you kindly took,
And bid me put 'em in a book,
Becauſe I ſcorn'd to flatter;
But now more *great*, that is, more *rich*,
God knows what Demons may bewitch,
And ſpoil your honeſt Nature.

VII.

Should you grow artful, fooliſh, nice,
Or ſink to ſneaking avarice,
Much good may Riches do ye!
But then, how ſimple I ſhall look? —
Do, tear your Songs, and burn your Book,
And ſay — I never knew ye.

Dec. 2, 1745.