

Where, like a Virgin to some lecher fold,  
Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and cold;  
When the weak Flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath  
Of the rude North, and, timorous of Death,  
To its kind Mother Earth for shelter fled,  
And on her bosom hid its tender head,  
Peeps forth afresh, and, chear'd by milder skies,  
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise;  
The Hive his up in arms—expert to teach,  
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each  
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;  
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,  
The BEE goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,  
From Flow'r to Flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs  
With treasur'd sweets, robbing those Flow'rs, which left,  
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,  
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,  
As if the pillager had not been there.  
Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken Wing,  
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring  
Unruffled pass, and on the downy breast  
Of some fair Flow'r indulge untimely rest.  
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews  
Which Chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse