

What if (since Daring on so nice a Theme)  
 I shew thee Friendship Delicate, as Dear,  
 of tender Violations apt to die?  
*Reserve* will wound it; and *Disfrust*, destroy.  
 Deliberate on all Things with thy Friend:  
 but since Friends grow not thick on ev'ry Bough,  
 nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the Core;  
 first, on thy Friend, delib'rate with Thyself;  
 pause, ponder, sift; not Eager in the Choice,  
 nor Jealous of the Chosen; Fixing, Fix;  
 Judge before Friendship, then confide till Death.  
 Well, for thy Friend; but Nobler far for Thee;  
 how gallant Danger for Earth's highest Prize!  
 A Friend is worth all Hazard we can run.  
 "Poor is the Friendless Master of a World:  
 "A World in Purchase for a Friend is Gain."

So sung He (Angels hear that Angel sing!  
 Angels from Friendship gather Half their Joy)  
 so sung PHILANDER, as his Friend went round  
 in the rich *Ichor*, in the gen'rous Blood  
 of BACCHUS, purple God of joyous Wit,  
 a Brow solute, and ever-laughing Eye.  
 He drank long Health, and Virtue, to his Friend;