

his Friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.

*Friendship's* the Wine of Life; but *Friendship new*  
(not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.

O! for the bright Complexion, cordial Warmth,  
and elevating Spirit, of a Friend,

for twenty Summers ripening by my Side;

all Feculence of Falshood long thrown down;

all social Virtues rising in his Soul;

as Crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!

*Here* Nectar flows; it sparkles in our Sight;

rich to the Taste, and genuine from the Heart.

High-flavour'd Bliss for Gods! on Earth how rare!

On Earth how *lost*! — PHILANDER is no more.

Think'st thou the Theme intoxicates my Song?

Am I too warm? — Too warm I cannot be.

I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.

Like Birds, whose Beauties languish, half conceal'd,

till, mounted on the Wing, their glossy Plumes

expanded shine with Azure, Green, and Gold;

how Blessings brighten as they take their Flight!

His Flight PHILANDER took; his Upward Flight,

if ever