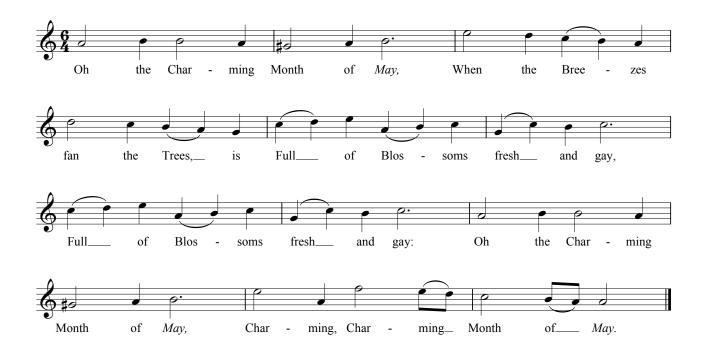
A SONG out of the GUARDIAN.



Oh what Joys our Prospect yields, In a new Livery when we see every, Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field, &c. Oh what Joys, &c. Charming Joys, &c.

Oh how fresh the Morning Air, When the Zephirs and the Hephirs, Their Odoriferous Breaths compare, Oh how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh how fine our Evenings walk, When the Nightingale delighting, With her Songs suspends our Talk, Oh how fine, &c. Charming fine, &c.

Oh how sweet at Night to Dream, On mossy Pillows by the trillows, Of a gentle Purling Stream, Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh how kind the Country Lass, Who her Cows bilking, leaves her Milking, For a green Gown upon the Grass, Oh how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh how sweet it is to spy, At the Conclusion, her deep confusion, Blushing Cheeks and down cast Eye, Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh the Charming Curds and Cream, When all is over she gives her Lover, Who on her Skimming-dish carves her Name, Oh the Charming Curds and Cream, Charming, Charming Curds and Cream.