

The  Star.

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THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE

WINTER DEFEATED.

IMITATED FROM BURGER.

See, where stern WINTER's icy hand
Disrobes the Poplar Tree:—

The Fields, their May-clothes lost, all naked stand;
Their hues of red, white, blue no more I see;
Buried in Snows they sleep—and live no more to me!

Yet, Flow'rets sweet, shall I for you

The sorrowing strain indite,

When I my lovely, loving Charmer view

In more than all your vernal beauties bright,

With forehead white, red lips, and eyes of azure light!

We Blackbirds whistling thro' the Vale,

Ye Nightingales that charm the Grove;

In vain your melting Notes my ear assail!

For silver-voic'd is she—the Girl I love,

And sweet her Breath as gales o'er Hyacinth-beds that rove!

When of her Lips I taste the bliss,

Full happiness I seem to meet:

More rich to me the honey-breathing Kiss

Than Mulberry fragrant, or than Cherry sweet:

What more, then, can I wish?—In her fair Spring I greet.