

THE  
POETS  
OF  
*GREAT BRITAIN,*

IN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. LXXIII.

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GARTH.

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THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN



G A R T H.  
The sad Spectator fill'd with their Fears  
She soon and sudden ev'ry limb the flames  
*Exhausted with one page or*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;  
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy:  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I—  
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,  
Some secret magic works in ev'ry line;  
Judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine.  
What is just, is beauteous, and is fair,  
What is not, is vain, and is of peculiar air.

CODRINGTON.



IN ONE VOLUME.



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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента

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