

JOHN OF BADENYON.

By the Rev. Mr. SKINNER.

WHEN first I came to be a man of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd, in country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went, and when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and chear'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

Now, in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and e'en improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;
But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd with foolish hopes and vain,
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide, a happy man was I;
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile, still hoping to succeed:
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where, and studied night and day;
Nor mis'd what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

And now, ye youngsters, every where, who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here, is but an empty name,
For friendship, love, and learning deep, you'll find them all the same,
Then be advis'd, and warning take, from such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
You'll find displeasure every where, then do as I have done;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with *John of Badenyon*.

John of Badenyon

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Lively

Viol^{on}

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