

EXTEMPORE LINES,

*To a Young Lady with an Anemone.*

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IN loves soft empire, beauty boasts to reign;  
Yet beauty's queen once mourn'd her empire vain,  
Unmoved by scorn, her undiminish'd truth,  
Changed into this gay flower the breathless youth,  
The worth of constant woman still to raise,  
So tell the fabled tales of ancient days.

The fair Narcissus oft your favour tried,  
And oft you threw the scented fop aside;  
Here native beauty, vivid colours glow,  
Your present vot'ry is no perfum'd beau;  
His honour'd station be a lady's breast,  
His charter held, from what he once possess'd.