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Her graceful form, her heavenly smile,
Her cheeks of vermeil dye;
Kind nature blesst all her good
My Celia to supply.

The daisies rose and lily fair,
And coral, seas beneath;
The graces gave her winning air,
The spring her calm breath.

TO THE SAME.

NOT every gem a diamond proves,
Nor every bud a rose;
Nor know we as life onward moves,
What future days disclose.

Fair Celia when an infant mild,
Bright hopes her dawn bespoke;
But oft the promise of the child,
Maturer age has broke.

In Celia numerous virtues shone,
Each were at generous strife;
Which most adorning we should own,
In Celia's varied life.

And magnanimity was there,
And resignation mild;
That firmly could her evils bear,
Or thro' her tears they smil'd.

And see the generous virtues soar,
 In Celia's happier days ;
 Soft sympathy to help the poor,
 And the dejected raise.

Hopes which her infant spring had mov'd,
 Meridian days disclose ;
 And every gem a diamond prov'd,
 And every bud a rose.

EXPERIENCE all ally'd with age,

Ah! vainly thou visitest me ;

Oh! go and the youthful engage,

To take that thro' life's troubled sea,

Ah! lead them while blooming and gay

To treasure of wisdom a store,

Prosperity may pass away,

And leave us possess'd no more.

Arise then while habits are young,

To pleasure by virtue confin'd,

And bid their course to prolong,

In youth timely strengthen the mind.

For kindred, most loving and dear,

And friendship, that charm of the soul,

Rich cordials life's journey to cheer,

Flave oft bitterness mixt in their bowl.