

SONNET.

THE wise, thro' time, have join'd to say
 That bliss on earthy ground,
 To mix, and deep, with some allay,
 Will soon or late be found.

Yet, once I strove by fancy's aid
 To dress, and call it mine;
 A joy that nothing here could shade,
 It seem'd so near divine.

I every generous virtue sought;
 And plac'd them in a heart
 With noble feelings finely fraught,
 Devoid of pride or art.

I form'd a head, few such have been,
 No gaudy sepulchre;
 Which, if the poor contents were shewn,
 But few would wish it near.

Rich treasures there, in memory's store,
 Bid Taste and Learning place;
 With Judgment to collect still more,
 And brilliant Wit to grace.

These with a pleasing form I crown'd,
 Sure tis offence to no man;
 My sex I own I wish'd renown'd,
 And call'd my charm a woman.

But blessings dress'd by fancy's light,
 I fear'd must fleet away;
 Till Clara shone upon my sight,
 And bid my vision stay.

Oh Clara! such a charm as thee,
 But one way finds to grieve me;
 And that, my Clara, cannot be,
 That thou shouldst wish to leave me.

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