DDONS.

y a joy refin'd,
wiftly fled,
ves to shed,
s of praise would bind;
praise unfold?
g passion gives?
ction lives,—
eaks a pang untold?
thy daring breast,
r glance recedes?
vhen, oppress
softness pleads?
ut who can trace
the radiant grace?

SONNET

TO MRS. BATES.

O THOU, whose melody the heart obeys,
Thou, who can'st all its subject passions move,
Whose notes to heav'n the list'ning soul can raise,
Can thrill with pity, or can melt with love!
Happy! whom nature lent this native charm,
Angelic tones, that shed, with magic power,
A sweeter pleasure o'er the social hour:
The breast to softness soothe, to virtue warm;
But yet more happy, that thy life as clear
From discord as thy perfect cadence flows;
That, tun'd to sympathy, thy faithful tear
In mild accordance falls for others' woes;
That all the tender, pure affections bind,
In chains of harmony, thy willing mind!