

VERSES ON MRS. ROWE.

How from the summit of the grove she fell,

And left it unharmonious -----

YOUNG.

SUCH were the notes our chaster SAPPHO sung,
And every Muse drop'd honey on her tongue.
Blest shade ! how pure a breath of praise was thine,
Whose spotless life was faultless as thy line :
In whom each worth and every grace conspire,
The christian's meekness and the poet's fire.
Learn'd without pride, a woman without art ;
The sweetest manners and the gentlest heart.

Smooth

Smooth like her verse her passions learn'd to move,
And her whole soul was harmony and love.
Virtue that breast without a conflict gain'd,
And easy like a native monarch reign'd.
On earth still favour'd as by heaven approv'd,
The world applauded, and ALEXIS lov'd.
With love, with health, with fame, and friendship blest,
And of a cheerful heart the constant feast,
What more of bliss sincere could earth bestow ?
What purer heaven could angels taste below ?
But bliss from earth's vain scenes too quickly flies ;
The golden cord is broke—ALEXIS dies.
Now in the leafy shade, and widow'd grove,
Sad PHILOMELA mourns her absent love.
Now deep retir'd in FROME's enchanting vale,
She pours her tuneful sorrows on the gale ;
Without one fond reserve the world disclaims,
And gives up all her soul to heavenly flames.

Yet

Yet in no useleſs gloom ſhe wore her days ;
She lov'd the work, and only ſhun'd the praiſe.
Her pious hand the poor, the mourner bleſt ;
Her image liv'd in every kindred breaſt.
THYNN, CARTERET, BLACKMORE, ORRERY approv'd,
And PRIOR prais'd and noble HERTFORD lov'd ;
Seraphic KENN, and tuneful WATTS were thine,
And virtue's nobleſt champions fill'd the line.
Bleſt in thy friendships ! in thy death too bleſt !
Receiv'd without a pang to endless reſt.
Heaven call'd the faint matur'd by length of days,
And her pure ſpirit was exhal'd in praiſe.
Bright pattern of thy ſex, be thou my Muſe ;
Thy gentle ſweetneſs thro' my ſoul diſfuſe :
Let me thy palm, tho' not thy laurel ſhare,
And copy thee in charity and prayer.
Tho' for the bard my lines are far too faint,
Yet in my life let me tranſcribe the ſaint.

To