

III.

And if in them you chance to find
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

IV.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
Which from dependence take their rise ;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony my joy.

The FORCE of INNOCENCE.

To Miss C***.

BALLAD VI.

I.

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for modesty's her friend:
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield ;
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

D d 2

With

II.

With this artillery she goes,
 Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux:
 But even unhurt and undismay'd,
 Views the long sword and fierce cockade.
 Tho' all a fyren as she talks,
 And all a goddes as she walks,
 Yet decency each action guides,
 And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

III.

Place her in Ruffia's showery plains,
 Where a perpetual winter reigns,
 The elements may rave and range,
 Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
 Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
 'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
 E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
 And fold her arms against the bribe.

IV.

Leave her defenceless and alone,
 A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
 The sunshine there might vainly vie
 With the bright lustre of her eye;
 But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
 Cou'd ne'er one unchaste thought inspire.
 But virtue's path she'd still pursue,
 And still, my fair, wou'd copy you.