ACROSTIC ON MISS. 1768.

SERAPHIC Virgins of the tuneful Choir,
Aſſiſt me to prepare the ſounding lyre!
Like her I ſing, ſoft, ſenſible, and fair,
Let the ſmooth numbers warble in the air;
Ye Prudes, Coquets, and all the miſled throng,
Can Beauty, Virtue, Senſe, demand the Song;
Look then on Clarke, and ſee them all unite;
A beauteous pattern, to the always-right.
Reſt here, my Muſe, not ſoar above thy ſphere,
Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
Enchanting, full of joy, peerleſs in face and air.