

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

TO THEE a *Stranger* dares address his theme !
To Thee, proud Mistress of *Apollo's* lyre ;
One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
Prompted by LOVE, wou'd "*set the World on fire.*"

Adorn then LOVE, in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
Camelion like, anon of various hue ;
By "*Penserosa,*" and "*Allegro*" drest—
Such Genius claim'd, when she *Idalia* drew.

I see the Pencil on the canvas shine !
REYNOLDS admires!—in Science then proceed ;
The name of *Poet, Painter,* both are thine,
We view the *speaking painting*—as we read.

Paris.

REUBEN.
