Light, that serves but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence beft, and conscious shades
Please the hearts that Love invades.
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but Love disdain.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

TO STELLA.

BY THE SAME.

W H E T H E R Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade.
If her chintz, with less expense,
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she’s silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance;
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet’s aid,
Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
Those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant Nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E’er can make or more or less.