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 beſt, 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.

WHETHER 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 expence,
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 ;
I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant Nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance nor dreſs
E'er can make or more or leſs.

THE