O D E.

THE charms which blooming Beauty ſhows
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the roſe
With ſemblance apt compare :

With ſemblance apt ; for ah ! how ſoon,
How ſoon they all decay !
The lily droops, the roſe is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue ſhines confeſs'd,
With ſweet Diſcretion join'd ;
When Mildneſs calms the peaceful breaſt,
And Wiſdom guides the mind ;

When charms like theſe, dear Maid, conſpire
Thy perſon to approve,
They kindle generous, chaſte deſire,
And everlaſting love.

Beyond the reach of Time or Fate,
Theſe graces ſhall endure,
Still like the paſſion they create,
Eternal, conſtant, pure.

SONNET