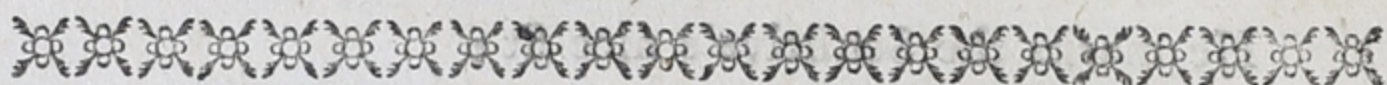


To every bloom that crowns the year,
 Nature some charm decrees ;
 Learn hence, ye nymphs, her face to wear,
 Ye cannot fail to please.



S O N G. By the Same.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you teize one,
 To say, what won my heart ;
 It cannot fure be treason,
 If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming ;
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright ;
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming ;
 Nor beauty's daz'ling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining ;
 Nor shape, that made me sigh :
 'Twas not your tongue, combining,
 For that I knew——might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature ;
 Bold, soft ; sincere, and gay :
 It shone in every feature,
 And stole my heart away.