

S O N G.

By the Same.

STELLA and Flavia every hour
 Do various hearts surprize ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
 Thy beauty's only store ;
 Thy charms will every day decrease,
 Each day gives Stella more.

VERSES