

TO MIRANDA*.

LOVE'S gay Queen, who reigns on earth,
Smil'd, Miranda, at thy birth;
Pleas'd, she bid thy angel face
Beam with each bewitching grace;
Round your waist her zone she threw,
Charms divine thus giving you;
Cupid knelt, and, lowting low,
To your sway resign'd his bow;
Jove, who saw the temple fair,
Thron'd each human virtue there;
Pallas then, the work to crown,
Made her Ægis all your own.

* This excellent Lady is lately become a widow, in the East Indies, by the death of Colonel ———.