

THE IMMORTALITY OF VIRTUE.

TO MRS. FRINSHAM*.

FROM these numbers as they flow,
 Shepherd-maids this moral know;
 Soon shall Beauty's brightest bloom
 Moulder in the cheerless tomb;
 Charms that light the blaze of love,
 Soon the force of time shall prove;
 Vainly beams the glist'ning eye,
 Quench'd in dust each star shall lie;
 Yet when Death's destructive dart
 Chills to rest the beating heart,
 Virtue's flame unquench'd shall burn,
 Cheer the grave, and gild the urn.

* A lady for whom Mr. B. had the very highest respect; as have all who have the happiness of being *intimately* acquainted with her.