

SONNET.



How sweet is Love's first gentle sway,
When crown'd with flow'rs he softly smiles !
His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,
Where beams of tender transport play :
Hope leads him on his airy way,
And Faith and Fancy still beguiles—
Faith quickly tangled in her toils—
Fancy, whose magic forms so gay
The fair Deceiver's self deceive—
“ How sweet is Love's first gentle sway ; ”
Ne'er would that heart he bids to grieve
From Sorrow's soft enchantments stray—
Ne'er—till the God exulting in his art,
Relentless frowns and wings th' envenom'd dart,