

## 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,