



*To Mrs. SHALES:*

I'LL not fatigue BELINDA's Ear  
With telling her, "She's fair;"  
Those Sounds so often she must hear  
Of Shape, and Face, and Air.

Of Neck as white as falling Snow,  
And Eyes that Love inspire;  
What her Glass tells her, she must know,  
And Repetitions tire.

Besides, the Nymph has too much Sense,  
To pride in Good so frail;  
Sees Beauty round beset with Harms,  
And fears lest some prevail.



Lest flatt'ring Tongues in fair Disguise

Should Vanity instil ;

Observes herself with watchful Eyes,

And shuns the baleful Ill :

Bids Caution wait on Innocence,

Lest Malice dare to blame ;

Or Envy, with envenom'd Breath,

Should taint her lovely Name.

She knows, that ev'ry Hour that flies,

Brings Age upon its Wing :

And that ungrateful Word, *She was!*

Has Venom in its Sting.

She thanks kind Heav'n, that made her fair ;

And knows that Heav'n design'd,

That lovely Form she wears, to grace

The Beauties of her Mind.



So when the sparkling Brilliant's set

In Silver, shining Oar ;

It adds small Value to the Stone,

But makes it please the more.



To