

## ON A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET lovely maid, what shall I say,  
 Or how describe thy charms ;  
 Whose look, like PHOEBUS' cheering ray,  
 Each chilly bosom warms.

Can we behold that gentle face,  
 And no emotions feel ?  
 Who coldly views such ease and grace  
 Must have a heart of steel.

In sickness see her sweetly smile,  
 To cheer each anxious friend ;  
 O ! bounteous heaven, our fears beguile,  
 And quick assistance lend.

In blooming charms, and youthful prime,  
 How calmly does she bear  
 A pain, which might embitter time,  
 And drive her to despair.

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There's angel meekness in her breast,  
Or we could never find,  
In one fair female, so distressed,  
Such happy strength of mind:

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