

ON A LADY.

FOR thee, ELIZA, darling theme,
 Too weak are all the strokes of art,
 Whose lovely eyes reflected beam
 Go thrilling through the painter's heart.

As some young eagle, when it fails
 Before the sun's too scorching rays,
 Begins to pant for fanning gales,
 And sickens at the brilliant gaze;

So while the artist draws that form,
 Where every beauty is express'd,
 His raptur'd fancy grows too warm,
 And love lights torches in his breast.

And oh! as ill the poet tries
 To paint the charms that deck thy mind;
 No, that his utmost skill defies,
 Angelic sweetness there we find.

Then

Then, peerless maid, 'tis all in vain
 To say how bright thy beauties shine,
 For every look expresses plain
 The hand that form'd thee was divine.