

I turned as a female ought



Grace in all her steps hath move

Benign as the dews of love.

ODE TO VIRTUE.

Where all elegance unite

Virtue and wit with grace
I.

The Israel's spirit be thine

HAIL daughter of th' etherial sky,

Hail everlasting purity,

To thee the seraphs and archangels sing,

Peace to thy altar shall her off'rings bring,

Free from every earthly woe,

From every ill that reigns below,

Welcome thou sweet celestial guest,

Receive me to thy gentle breast.

II. Instruct

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To thee the

Peace to thy

Free from

From every

Welcome thou

Receive me

ODE

II.

Instruct my unexperienc'd heart,
 And all thy precious gifts impart,
 That my fond soul may learn of thee to prize,
 Joys, which alone from thy fair laws arise,
 To thee, my willing heart aspires,
 Thy name, my tender bosom fires,
 Teach me, then teach me, by thy sacred rules,
 To shun with scorn, the empty joys of fools.

III.

Learn me to tread the paths of truth,
 And rectify my erring youth,
 That under thy supreme, discerning eye,
 Thy precepts may each action dignify,

And

And in life's perplexing maze,

May'st thou guide my blinded ways,

That free from art, from falsehood or disguise,

Thy solid joys my soul shall learn to prize.

That my fond soul may learn of thee to prize.

Joys which alone from thy fair jaws arise.

To thee my willing heart aspires.

Thy name, my tender poison fires.

Teach me, then teach me by thy sacred fires.

To live with scorn, the vulgar joys of men.



Teach me to tread the paths of truth.

And regild my shining youth.

That under thy sobriety discerning eye

Thy breeches may each action dignify.

And