## TO MIRANDA,

ON HER DETERMINING TO ASSUME THE VEIL.

WHY quits Miranda thus life's bufy scene? Why feeks she now the Convent's gloom ferene? Can, then, this giddy world no pleafure give, That here the fair Miranda fcorns to live? Why, pensive maid, to routs, to lively balls, Prefer the gloomy Convent's hallow'd walls? Ah, stay! and let mankind adore these charms, That ought to bless some favour'd lover's arms: Yet, stop! methinks I hear Miranda say (Whilst now she smiling reads my uncouth lay), "Though vulgar fouls may wonder at my choice, May dare to cenfure with a common voice; Yet I'm resolv'd, fince in those shades no fools Are led by Fashion's or by Folly's rules.

'Tis only in the dear fequester'd cell Where peace is found, and where the virtues dwell; Contented there my future days I'll spend, There taught, in hope and triumph meet my end: Then in some time-worn Cloister's hallow'd gloom The fifter Nuns will rear Miranda's tomb; Whilst some pale trembling lamp shall ever burn, To mark the spot where rests my mould'ring urn." Thus speaks in accents soft the pensive maid, Who to the blaze of day prefers the shade, Who wifely shuns what Folly pleasure calls, And flies for refuge to a Convent's walls. Reluctant, I must own 'tis Nature's voice, That calls Miranda to fo fad a choice: For, oft at eve I've feen the pensive maid Reclin'd beneath the yew-tree's mournful shade, Hanging enraptur'd o'er some moving tale, Whilst pleas'd she heard the plaintive warbler's wail.

While former parte trombling lamp theil ever burn.

To smark the (pot where refly my mould ring um."

And these for refigge to a Convent's walls.

Religional I multiple ville Nature's voice.

That calls Miranda to lo lad a choice;

For oft at eve I we feen the pentive maid

Hanging correptint d o'er forme moving tale,

While plens'd the heard the plaintive worbler's wail.

After these the constitute within a marriage within

Reclin'd beneath the yew-tree's mountai faade,

the speaker to ecocote the pentive much

Who to the blaze of day prefers the theides;

Who willy then what Folly plaining calls,

If then, Miranda, you the Veil assume;
If you will seek the Convent's mournful gloom;
And the sad tale no abler Bard inspire,
Be mine the task to tune the plaintive lyre,
If verse like mine eternal same could give,
Thy name, Miranda, should for ever live.