

## III.

Your tongue's a traytor to your face,  
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,  
 All are distracted while they gaze ;  
 But if they listen, they are cur'd.

## IV.

Your silence wou'd acquire more praise,  
 Than all you say, or all I write ;  
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;  
 Then hush--- and be an angel quite.

## The - S I L E N T F A I R.

## B A L L A D V.

## I.

**F**ROM all her fair loquacious kind,  
 So different is my Rosalind,  
 That not one accent can I gain  
 To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

## II.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,  
 And are the interpreters of eyes,  
 To language all her looks translate,  
 And in her gestures read my fate.

And

## III.

And if in them you chance to find  
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind,  
Adieu mean hopes of being great,  
And all the littleness of state.

## IV.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,  
Which from dependence take their rise ;  
To serve her shall be my employ,  
And love's sweet agony my joy.

## The FORCE of INNOCENCE.

To Miss C\*\*\*.

## BALLAD VI.

## I.

**T**HE blooming damsel, whose defence  
Is adamantine innocence,  
Requires no guardian to attend  
Her steps, for modesty's her friend:  
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield  
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield ;  
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,  
She is an Amazon in mind.

D d 2

With