

(205)

When that fair form shall sink in years,
And all those graces fly;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
Shall length of days defy.

TO FLORELLA, PUTTING ON A
FLOWERED HAT,

BY THE SAME.

FLORELLA, veil those radiant eyes,
Those lovely features hide;
For which a thousand nymphs have wish'd,
A thousand swains have sigh'd.

Then might each youth more safely view
The gay, the blooming maid;
While half those graces lie conceal'd
Beneath that flowery shade.

Thus when the bright, meridian sun
His vivid warmth displays,
We thank the kind officious cloud
That shades the dazzling rays.

BAR-