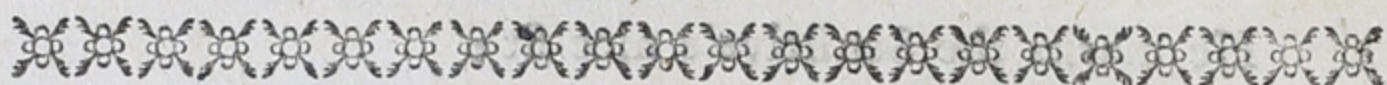


To every bloom that crowns the year,  
 Nature some charm decrees ;  
 Learn hence, ye nymphs, her face to wear,  
 Ye cannot fail to please.



S O N G. By the Same.

**W**HILE, Strephon, thus you teize one,  
 To say, what won my heart ;  
 It cannot fure be treason,  
 If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming ;  
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright ;  
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming ;  
 Nor beauty's daz'ling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining ;  
 Nor shape, that made me sigh :  
 'Twas not your tongue, combining,  
 For that I knew——might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature ;  
 Bold, soft ; sincere, and gay :  
 It shone in every feature,  
 And stole my heart away.