

ODE, to a LADY in LONDON.

By Miss C * * *

WHILE soft through water, earth, and air
The vernal spirits rove,

From noise, my dear, and giddy crowds

To rural scenes remove.

The mountain fnows are all dissolv'd,

And hush'd the blust'ring gale,

While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe

Along the flowery vale.

The circling planets' constant rounds

The wintry wastes repair,

And still from temporary death

Renew the verdant year.

But ah! when once our transient bloom,

The spring of life, is o'er,

That rosy season takes its flight,

And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,

From false Opinion free,

And mark how little pilfering years

Can steal from you or me.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,

Each smiling charm of truth,

Depends not on the giddy bud

Of wild fantastic youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride

A fading face supplies,

May justly dread the wintry gloom

Where all its glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore

To fleeting forms confin'd;

Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose

One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change,

Unconscious of decay,

It views unmov'd the scythe of Time

Sweep all besides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame

Eternal are its joys,

While borne on transitory wings

Each mortal pleasure flies.

While every short-liv'd flower of sense

Destructive years consume,

Through friendship's fair enchanting walks

Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time

Its beauteous prospect ends,

But lengthen'd through the vale of death

To paradise extends.