

Or wert ; they grow in ev'ry rank  
That has deep of thy waters drank. 250  
The specks that Dublin has displayed,  
Like sun-freckles on a fair maid,  
Are in the blaze of beauties great,  
Of enchantments she can create.  
The strong endearments she has yet,  
Almost make me the spots forget.  
In vain I would enumerate  
Her charities and virtues great.  
The attachment that for her I feel,  
I am unable to reveal. 260  
The flutter'd eye and pallid cheek,  
May love more eloquently speak  
Than the sweet tongue of woman can,  
In honnied words declare to man.  
What I wrote down, it was with fear :  
While I found fault I did revere ;  
Her imperfections that I saw,  
With love I did and sorrow draw.  
The trembling hand and prostrate knee,  
Emblems base, tho' of fear they be--- 270  
Oft are the effects, I know well,  
Of worship that no tongue can tell  
Before the idol woman, when  
She's faulted and adored by men.  
Now fare thee well ! and from my soul,  
The heart I gave, thou hast it whole,  
And wilt have it until the day,  
Death over it asserts his sway :  
For it was out from thee alone,  
Pleasure unto that heart had flow n. 280