

Or wert ; they grow in ev'ry rank
That has deep of thy waters drank. 250

220 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

230 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

240 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