

A home that only could impart

Such bliss as angels taste above.

Thy truth and candour—dare I say?—

'Mong females rarely to be found,

Were but the beings of a day,

As void as echo's mimic sound.

To blame, or even to accuse

The shifting movements of thy soul,

Is not adapted to the muse—

She feels an honest self-control—

For, oh! such notes suit not my lyre—

It loves to yield its gentle string

In unison with joy's desire,

Brought forth on Zephyr's airy wing.

The object of thy wav'ring care

Seems purely worthy to be thine,