

VI

The wild bee, sips its honied store,
Disporting on, from flower, to flower ;
The humming birds its sweets explore,
Shut from the precincts of the bower.

VII

And such, fair maid, thy modest mein,
It shuns the gazer's vulgar eye,
Nor seek'st thou, eager to be seen,
The croud, where pleasure's vot'ries lie.

VIII

But social virtues deck thy name,
A sympathetic heart is thine,
A soul that knows, nor guilt, nor shame,
Fraught with fair virtue's power divine.