

IX

Her form, her face, Ah what were they ?

Tho' loveliest beauties there were dwelling ;

The ringlets unrestrain'd, that stray'd ;

The ruby lip with nectar swelling ?

X

Tho' these were fair, her lovelier mind

Each outward beauty far exceeded,

By nature's quick'ning power refined,

Soft Pity's gentle voice it heeded.

XI

And love, had been the tender name

That swell'd our hearts in holiest union,

But ah ! too young to own the flame,

We felt the bosom's soft communion.