

TO LYDIA.

---

LYDIA, fair girl, whose milk-white skin  
Might o'er the lily triumph win :  
Whose cheeks the rival roses wear,  
And more than polished ivory fair :  
Unveil, my girl, those ringlets rolled  
Down thy soft neck in threads of gold.  
Unveil that snowy neck, and all  
Thy snow-white shoulders graceful fall :  
Those eyes like stars that beam with love  
The dark-arch'd brows that bend above.  
Unveil those rosy cheeks o'erspread  
With blushes of the Tyrian red :  
And paint those coral lips of thine ;  
And breathe the Turtle's kiss on mine.  
Deep on my heart you print that kiss,  
You melt my wildered soul in bliss :  
Ah ! softly, girl, thy amorous play  
Has sucked my very blood away.  
Hide thy twin bosom fruit just shown  
Milk-ripe above thy bursting zone :  
Such sweets, as India's summer gale  
Wafts from her spice-beds, they exhale.