

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.