

Let thy long lashes bind thy regards to the earth,
And evade the rude glance of each youth—
Thus emotions of rapture thou'lt quickly give birth,
And the flame thou awaken'st be truth.

Look downward, Mama!—said the maid in surprise—
Hide the beauties that nature has given?—
As well might we think of averting our eyes
From the blue smiling lustre of heaven.

In periods gone by, might the maidens consent
To retract their young charms from the view,
When religion's or coquetry's arrows were spent—
But at this day, such tales!—and from you!—

The men may look down, as subdued by our charms,
Till we bid the mild suiters look up—
And fear or exult, in the power of our arms,
Impell'd by despair or by hope.