

Read the mien that grace my visage,
 For 'twill give the special reason,
 Why the use of present knowledge
 Is your shield in youth's gay season.

Mark the firmness of my gesture;
 See in everything I've prudence,
 Dressed in Meekness for a vesture,
 Come and stably be my students.

I can crown each life with blessing,
 Give the cup of sparkling pleasure,
 While my form you are caressing,
 Bliss will flow apart from measure

But once violate my teaching,
 And you leave the path of gladness;
 Led by vice that is forth reaching,
 To the day of bitter sadness.

Then though weak you'll hear the scandal,
 Bear the shame and feel the sorrow,
 Yield at fraud to-day you'll dwindle,
 With its blight at jeer to-morrow.

Seal the gift of pure affection,
 While you join in harmless pleasure,
 For your grief at stern rejection
 Will disperse the cloudless azure.

Take my counsel as your warning,
 For such caution ne'er will hurt you;
 Thousands are their lives adorning,
 With my graces, I'm Virtue.