

And Venus and her Nymphs the while,
Laugh when your treasons they discover :
And Cupid whets with knowing smile,
His burning shafts for some new lover.

The youth all round your footsteps throng ;
New slaves each day your train are swelling :
And older suitors threatening long
To leave, still linger round your dwelling.

You fill fond mothers with alarms,
New fears in thrifty fathers waken ;
And brides with trembling see your charms,
And dread to find themselves forsaken.