

Lines addressed to a Wreath of Flowers,
Designed as a Present for Mary Ann.

Go, pretty little motely group of sweetness,
Present yourselves to Mary, and with neatness
Commend my friendship—show your colours forth—
Breathe all your fragrance, and disclose your worth,
And tell her, beauty's fate, like flowers gay,
Is but to bloom a moment—then decay.
Go smile in the light of that hazel eye;
Rejoice in the shade of those raven tresses—
And tell her, ere your beauties die,
They're only blest whom virtue blesses.
Go train that little hand to acts of kindness,
And teach that heart to cherish virtuous love.
Tell her 'tis these alone can bind us
To aught we hope for in the realms above:
Exhibit the love of the patriot and sage,
And show her how science our comforts increase
And tell her though beauty be blighted by age,
There's a fund of delight in attainments like these.
Thus when the laughing disciple shall give place
To envious wrinkles in that lovely face;