On the pleasures of beauty

Joy, like the morning breeze, from one divine
enraptured stream, which cannot fail to shine
long hours, so to magnify her name
imperial floating on the wave of fame.

Attracting beauty must delight afford
in sight of the world and of the boards; a land
of end grace of form and heart, adorning modest
Correspondence more than fair, the queen of flowers.

Dear are fond natures stream from beauty sprung
and was the softest strain, the effervescent
Streaming roses into sweet chief joys,
Visibility all with human grace destroyst.

But God, that the demand of the fair
will in its knees repel all affections proper
and smile to bear the unceasing sigh
with tears dissolving from its splendid eye.

But light upon the head to thee assigned
And thou all, with dainty and beaming
Then softly kind affections round them chain.
Never three life to be broken off again.