

Mary of Ashby the prettiest Girl but
Whom I love, from the realms of night,
First decked with gems the vaulted sky--
The azure mingled with the light,
And lit the beams of Woman's eyes.

Then from the golden front of day,
Where morning's blush in ether glows,
It dropped its purest crimson ray,
And on her cheek impressed the rose.

And now, perfection to impart
Her beauty so divinely fair,
An angel breathd upon her heart,
And left a kindred spirit there.

Man saw, enrapt with great surprise,
Those charms and grace from above--
His bosom heaved with anxious sighs,
Till ecstasied in bliss with Woman's love.