

When snows descend, and robe the fields
In winters bright array,
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades
And weeps itself away.

When Spring appears; when violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume,
How soon the fragrance breathes its last;
How short liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh is the morn, the Summer rose
Hangs withering ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

To this the Seasons, as they roll,
Their attestation bring:
They warn the fair; their ev'ry round
Confirms the truth I sing.

Mary Ann Fleet her Work Aged 9 Years the 16th August

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We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.
With gilding fire the evening star
Streaks the autumnal skies;
Shook from its seat, it darts away,
And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
And sparkle in the eye;
So from the lively finish'd form
The transient graces fly.
To this the Seasons as they roll,
Their attestation bring;
They warn the fair; their ev'ry round,
Confirms the truth I sing.