## The Power of BEAUTY.



Phæbus delay'd his Course a while, Charm'd with the spell of such a Smile, Whilst weary Plough-men curs'd the stay, Of the too Uxorious Day: The little Cupids hover'd in the Air, They peep'd and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

But thus the *Nymph* began to chide,
"That Eye, you owe the World beside,
You fix on me", then with a Frown
She sent her drooping Lover down;
With modest Blushes from the *Grove* she fled,
Painting the Evening with unusual Red.