

Hallow ev'n.

Violin

Slow

Why hangs that cloud up - on thy brow, That beauteous heaven ere -

- while serene? Whence do those storms and tempests flow? Or what this guilt of

passion mean? And must then mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to

shine, And lye obscur'd in endless night, For each poor filly speech of mine?

H A L L O W E V ' N.

<p> WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow ? That beauteous heav'n e'erwhile serene ? Whence do these storms and tempests flow ? Or what this gust of passion mean ? And must then mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to shine, And lie obscur'd in endless night, For each poor silly speech of mine ? </p> <p> Dear child ! how can I wrong thy name, Thy form so fair, and faultless, stands, That could ill tongues abuse thy fame, Thy beauty could make large amends : Or, if I durst profanely try, Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid, Thy virtue well might give the lie, Nor call thy beauty to its aid. </p>	<p> For Venus, ev'ry heart t'ensnare, With all her charms has deck'd thy face ; And Pallas, with unusual care, Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry grace ; Who can the double pain endure ? Or, who must not resign the field To thee, celestial maid ! secure With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ? </p> <p> If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n, Let not a wretch in torment live ; But smile, and learn to copy heaven, Since we must sin ere it forgive. Yet pitying heaven not only does Forgive th' offender and th' offence, But even itself, pleas'd, bestows, As the reward of penitence. </p>
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