Compliment.

Many a flower, of beauty rare,
May bloom upon the plain,
But none however sweet and fair,
Have reason to be vain,
For every flow'r that decks the field –
Must to the Rose of Sharon yield.

Many a Star that gems the night,
In seeming gladness glows,
As if it sought to match the light,
The dazzling diamond throws;
But every Star in light declines,
When eer the moon in glory shines.

As reigns the Rose the Queen of bowers,
The Moon the Queen of night;
As one transcends all other flowers,
The other, every light;
So doth my Fair, her sex excel;
A Queen without a parallel.