TO HENRY.

Thy fatal form, where'er I go,
Still swims before my sight;
It dooms the day to restless woe,
Of sleep it robs the night:

While thou art wandering far away,

From all such sorrow free;

Forgetting her, who, night and day,

Can think of NOUGHT BUT THEE.

Yet, be it so! I would not cloud

Thy days in gloom like mine;

No...though my life to grief be vowed,

May constant bliss be thine!

I'll ne'er by looks, or language, speak

The pang that preys on me;

Nor shalt thou, if my heart should break,

Suspect it BREAKS FOR THEE.

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