



T O T H E S A M E,

AFTER HAVING RECEIVED FROM HER, FOR A WATCH,
A HEART WROUGHT WITH HER OWN HAIR, AND
INCLUDING HER NAME, AFFECTEDLY INCLOSED IN
A NUMBER OF COVERS.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT tho' your art my hopes evade,

While many a tedious moment flies ;

My patient search is well repaid,

Not India's wealth so with'd a prize.

Tho' wanton Love the breast embroil

In many a wile, and care, and pain,

Who would not pleas'd pursue the toil,

A faithful heart at last to gain.

The trembling hopes, the anxious fears,

The pleasing pains which love inspires,

Each trouble past the bliss indears,

And helps to fan the guiltless fires.

Long

Long as the hand of this machine
Marks, as they pass, the fleeting hours;
As long as life itself is mine,
Engaging wit and beauty yours:

This well-wrought heart shall e'er retain
The name to love and friendship dear;
While in my own your charms remain
In glowing colours painted there.



T O T H E S A M E,

WITH SHENSTONE'S WORKS, AFTER HAVING VISITED
THE LEASOWES TOGETHER.

BY THE SAME.

TO speed the sad moments away,
Which by absence seem tedious and slow,
Attend, my dear girl, to the lay
That Love taught so sweetly to flow.

Thro' the regions of quiet and joy,
As led by the Muses you stray,
Oh, think that your Damon is by,
And that such are the words he would say.

Such