

SONG.

WHILE many a fond and blooming maid
Attempts thy heart to gain ;
And, by thy fatal smile betrayed,
Thinks not she strives in vain :

While in those eyes of tender blue
They answering passion see,
And in thy sweet expression view
The charm that conquered me:.....

I still should scorn their winning art,
And be, my Henry, blest,
If thou wouldst give that precious heart
To her who loves thee best.