

TO

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

WITH A PRESENT.

ACCEPT, fair Nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate Swain;
By ev'ry sacred oath; I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy for to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
Chafe the faint shadows of the night away;
Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
And cheer the universe with coming day,
Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming Author of my smart;—
For ever will. I thy sweet charms refund,
And paint the fair Possessor of my heart.

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