



To the Same.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live ;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh ! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh ! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.



To the Same.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd ;
 Where all the letters of my absent fair,
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd :

II. In