

II.

In ev'ry word a magic spell I found
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,
 Though ev'ry word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses ev'ry sorrow at the sight;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Cou'dst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters shou'd the change upbraid:
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
 A painful witness of reproach to thee;
 And lest my heart shou'd still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR VENUS, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If

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If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.



To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And wou'd with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not Time.

II. OF