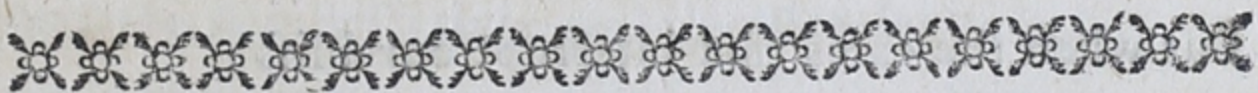




To the Same.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes are still the same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame;
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole
 With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires,
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought but dare not try to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me cou'd love.



To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
 I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
 That whom once she has chosen she never will leave.

II. But