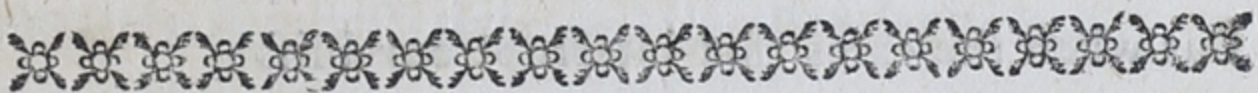




To the Same.

**Y**OUR 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.

**W**HEN 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

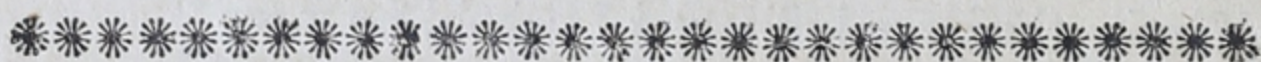


## II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace  
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,  
My heart beats again ; I again apprehend  
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

## III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,  
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love ;  
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;  
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.



## To the same with a NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes  
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :  
Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,  
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss  
To me not always will thy sight allow,  
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,  
Then every minute count——as I do now.