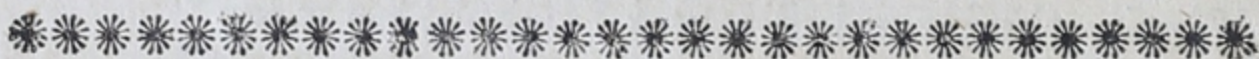


II.

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.