

TO LAURA.

CEASE, Laura, cease, suspect no more
This careless heart has learnt to love,
Because on yonder lonely shore
I still at pensive evening rove ;

Because of Henry's worth I speak
With eager warmth and sparkling eye ;
Because his favourite haunts I seek,
And still o'erjoyed to meet him fly :....

But, Laura, should my faltering tongue
Refuse to speak in Henry's praise,
My trembling voice deny the song
When Henry claims his favourite lays ;

When Henry comes, should I neglect
With smiles the welcome youth to seek,
But meet him full of cold respect,
While conscious blushes paint my cheek ;

Should I, when Ella shares his praise,
Heave deeply-drawn but smothered sighs,
And, when on me he deigns to gaze,
Fix on the earth my conscious eyes ;....

Then, I'll no more thy charge deny,

No more thy tender fears reprove :

Then, Laura, heave compassion's sigh,

For mine will be the sigh of love.