



To the Same.

**T**O him who in an hour must die,  
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
Than slow the minutes seem to me,  
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give  
Another day or year to live;  
Than I to shorten what remains  
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,  
Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,  
At once to justify and pay  
The pain I feel from this delay.



To the Same.

I.

**T**O ease my troubled mind of anxious care,  
Last night the secret casket I explor'd;  
Where all the letters of my absent fair,  
(His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

II. In



## 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.

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A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

## I.

**F**AIR VENUS, whose delightful shrine surveys  
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,  
 These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,  
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

## II. If