

But shall I make the angry vow,  
 Which tempts my wavering mind ?  
 Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,  
 And bid me shun mankind ?

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend ! no more  
 Pretend my steps to guide ;  
 Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,  
 But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim  
 To wisdom I resign ;  
 But let no fage presume to name  
 His *happinefs* with mine.



LYSANDER to CLOE.

'T IS true, my wish will never find  
 Another nymph so fair, so true ;  
 Since all that's bright, and all that's kind,  
 In those expressive eyes I view.

And I with grateful zeal could haste  
 To China for the merest toy ;  
 Could scorch on Lybia's barren waste,  
 To give my dear a moment's joy.



But fickle as the wave or wind,  
 I once may flight those lovely arms ;  
 Pardon a free ingenuous mind,  
 I do not half deserve thy charms.

If I in any praise excel,  
 'Tis in soft themes to paint my flame ;  
 But Cloe's sweetness bids me tell,  
 I shall not long remain the same.

I know its season will expire,  
 Replac'd by cool esteem alone ;  
 Nor more thy matchless breast admire  
 Than I detest and scorn my own.

This interval my fate allows,  
 And friendship dictates all I say ;  
 O shun to hear my future vows,  
 When giddy love resumes the lay.

So some poor maniac can foresee  
 The random hours of madness nigh ;  
 He mourns the fates' severe decree,  
 And cautions whom he loves to fly.

