

The harp that sounds and gives delight,
 Is pressed upon by fingers light,
 With magic note it then resounds,
 And all with harmony abounds.

But if you rudely touch the string,
 No greater melody 'twill bring ;
 You burst the chords are played upon,
 And the weak minstrel is undone.

Gaiety may mix around you,
 Youthful lovers may surround you,
 Yet be constant and be true,
 Love me still as I love you.

I love thee still and I adore thee,
 I ask for pity, and implore thee
 Grant me love, one sacred kiss
 And all you've done is naught amiss.

TO MARIA.

She is not beauteous, all that's fair,
 Yet she is witty and sincere ;
 Her smile can speak her eye can tell
 Far more than beauty's brightest bell.

She's not what painted art requires,
 Like gaudy butterflies that rove ;
 But she's what fancy most requires,
 A strict resemblance unto love.