



YOU MAY BLAME IF YOU WILL.

BY THE STRANGER.

You may blame, if you will, I'll but love him the more,
Too long has this heart been afflicted and sore,
To banish now from me, and leave to repine,
The heart which still gives me its feelings divine.

You ask me to join you in censure severe,
Must I frown then on virtue, and cease to revere
Those charms of the soul, which their Maker pourtray,
When they grace not the *great* in ostensive array.

Oh! be not thus cruel, to bid me prepare,
By unwilling rejection, my lone heart's despair,
For never, oh never! this bosom can rest,
Till hushed by the pulse of my own lover's breast.

YES, STILL I'LL BE CONSTANT.

BY THE STRANGER.

Yes, still I'll be constant, and ever will cherish
The love now awaken'd by thee in this heart,
For oh! to forget thee!—I sooner should perish,
My own, my adored one! all lone as thou art.

'Mid the gay scenes of life, still absent I wander,
Their beauties have nothing engaging to me,
As that bird which complains by the gentle Scamander,
Is my soul in its darkness and tears without thee.

Alas! to be constant, I need but to follow
The bent of that virtue which pours from thine eyes,
Which chastens the feeling, and always doth hallow,
As it throws its effulgence in bliss on my sighs.