

ad lib :

cure : but in ab...sence a.....las, there's a much keener smart, Than the

pang I al...ready en.....dure the pang I en.....

.....dure.

Who would think my FLORETTA so lovely and bright,
 Had so little soft pity to spare;
 But she frowns when I tell her,
 Her smiles give delight,
 And she smiles when I talk of despair :
 'Tis thus woman, tho' weak, will be conqueror still,
 Her soft eyes, the arms, we should fear ;
 If she fall with a smile to bring smile to her will,
 She too surely o'ercomes with a tear—
 She too surely o'ercomes with a tear.