

TO MARIA.

I dont know what to make of you,
You're sometimes false and sometimes true,
Sometimes vexed and sometimes pleasing,
Acting thoughtless or deceiving.

Wilt thou forgot this constant heart ?
Friendship love should I impart,
O, no, my love, I need not tell
How long we loved you know full well

Will thou remember days are gone—
The blissful hours we spent alone ?
Panting sighs and parting blisses,
Tears that made me drink your kisses.

O, can it be that you deceive me—
Can my very hearts blood leave me ?
If an angel heart beguiles,
Take back your kisses and your smiles.

They'll badly wear when you dissemble,
Chaste oaths and vows they wont resemble,
False smiles, false kisses, and false sighs,
A perjured maiden well supplies.

Yet if my love you mean to vex me,
By jealous fears or thus perple me,
Take pity, or for heaven's sake,
My very heart-strings you may break.