

Alas! that bosom gently swelling,
 Must meet another's envy'd breast---
 Those lips, of love and joy the dwelling,
 Must by another's lips be prest!---

Then kill me, fatal passion, kill me!
 Nor farther act a doubtful part;
 No more with tender torments fill me,
 That wound, yet charm the powerless heart.---

To thy cold breast, O Earth, receive me,
 There let me hide the pains I feel—
 With thy swift arm, O Death, relieve me,
 Thou can'st alone my suff'rings heal.---

Ah! when the friendly stroke shall sever
 The spirit from it's bleeding seat,
 When these fond eyes are clos'd for ever,
 And this poor heart forgets to beat,

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