

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

A REQUEST,

TO HER THAT NEVER THINKS OF ME!

A H! tell me, dear maid, for you know
I endure
The soft pains, and the heart-melting
anguish of love;
Ah! tell me from whence I can hope for
a cure,
And what art from my bosom my griefs
can remove.

You laugh at my griefs, and deride my
despair—

I languish in bondage, nor wish to be
free:

Tho', when present, thy coldness increases
my care.

I cannot be happy a moment from thee.

I rove in the crowd with the thought-
less and gay,

Thy praise, charming maiden, is ever
my theme;

In thine absence, unceasing, I sigh out the
day,

And at night thy dear image still blesses
my dream.

Young and sweet, as the beauties that
spring can disclose,

Thy charms to my love-raptur'd fancy
have shin'd,

And pure as the half-op'ning bud of the
rose,

The innocent graces that glow in thy
mind.

Ah me! what soft transports I found in
thy eyes!

Could I think their mild lustre but
charm'd to insnare?

When melting before thee in tenderest
sighs,

Ah why was I blind to the frowns of
despair?

Love's pleasing delusions I fondly believ'd;
False hopes on a lover for ever attend:

But tell me, dear girl, was my reason de-
ceiv'd,

When I sigh'd for the heart of so charm-
ing a friend?

Halifax, Feb. 28.

WERTER.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

A PRAYER TO THE MAID I LOVE.

UNSKILLED in a poet's alluring de-
ceit,

A stranger to fiction's gay flattering
ways;

Will the maiden I love deign to hear me
repeat,

What friendly sincerity speaks in her
praise?

Let Pollio, or others (I bear them no spite)
With fanciful passion their sorrows pro-
long:

Yet, I cannot but fancy his sorrows are
light,

Who prettily pencils his griefs in a
song!

I've wander'd about in this world of care;
Have prattled with girls and have sigh'd
at their feet;

But ne'er have I known a young maiden
so fair,

So sweet in her temper, so free from
coarct!

Dar'd I praise thee, dear girl, I would tell
thee in truth,

That all feminine charms in thy person
are join'd;

That the innocent graces are seen in thy
youth,

And the virtues enlighten thy delicate
mind!

But you never will deign to attend to my
pray'r;

And you scornfully frown when I speak
in your praise;

You think me in jest when I talk of my
care,

And you'll laugh without doubt at my
love-labour'd lays:

You may laugh, dearest maid, at my dull,
awkward strains;

I hope not by rhyming your bosom to
move—

But pity, ah! pity my tenderest pains,
And patiently hear when I talk of my
Love!

AMINTOR.

Halifax, Feb. 23.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.