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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To the Same with a New Watch.

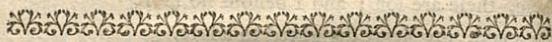
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II.

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.



To the Same with a NEW WATCH.

WITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies.
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then ev'ry minute count — as I do now.