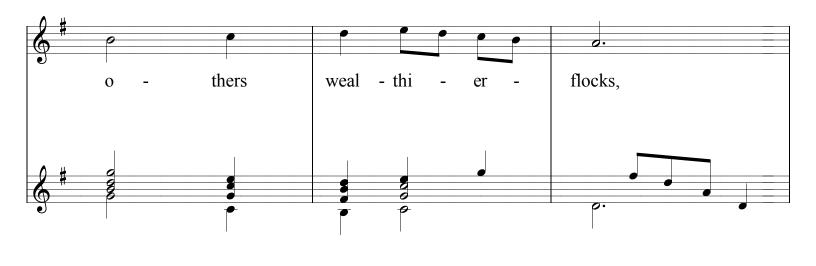
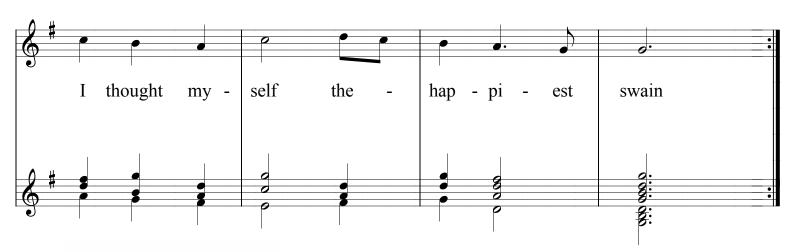
When First I Saw Fair Doris' Eyes

Mary Harvey, The Lady Dering Daniel McGann, Editor







More blessed yet when my rude ear, Heard her harmonious numbers flow No more a swain, I felt the joys Only victorious Princes know

Since which allowed on thy free lip To story out my hopes and love Immortal grown I held aloft The mansion of dethroned Love

But when ruled by my kinder stars Thy nameless treasures crown my pain Love and his empty joys despised I Shepherd turned on earth again