



IF E'ER I DO WELL IT'S A WONDER.

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*The words by P. P.*

<p>HOW blest was the hour,          When I stole to thy bow'r,          And the smile seem'd to grow from thy              beauty !          Now my days are forlorn,          And in silence I mourn—          Thou command'ft, and to part is my duty.</p>	<p>I own that I love !          But wherefore reprove,          And repel me with frowns so alarming ?          Thou ought'ft not to blame          The poor swain for his flame,          But Dame Nature, who form'd thee so              charming.</p>
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