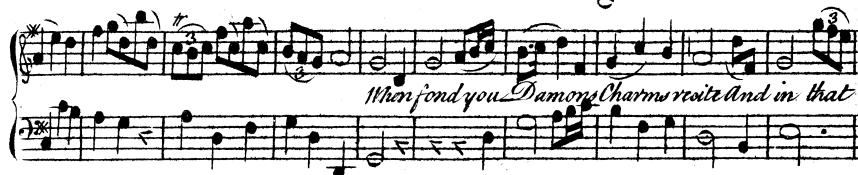




To Chloe

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Arnes



By turns my hidden Grief appears  
 In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,  
 That shew too well the warm Desires,  
 The Silent Slow-consuming Fires,  
 Which on my inmost Vitals prey,  
 And melt my very Soul away.