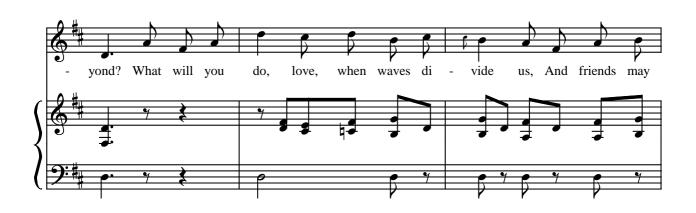
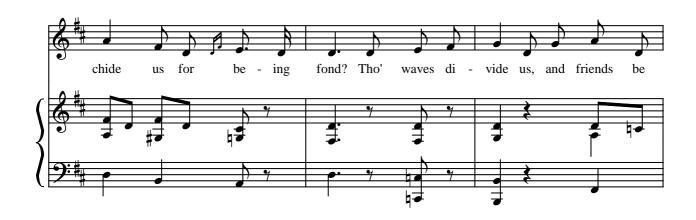
What will you do, Love?

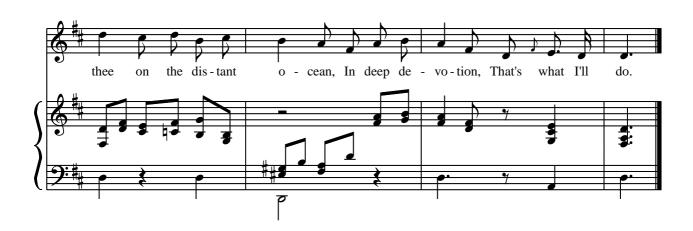
Samuel Lover











What would you do, Love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning,
With wealth for you;
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near homeAh! what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow-

Ah! that's what I'd do!