



Just like Love.

Printed and sold by Jennings, 13, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London.

JUST like love is yonder Rose ;
 Heav'nly fragrance round it throws,
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briers it blows,
 Just like love, just like love, just like love.

Cull'd, to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest,
 They must be gather'd with the rest,
 And with it to the heart be prest.

Just like love, &c.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
 They die; and bloom—alas! O, never!
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever!
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever!

Just like love,

