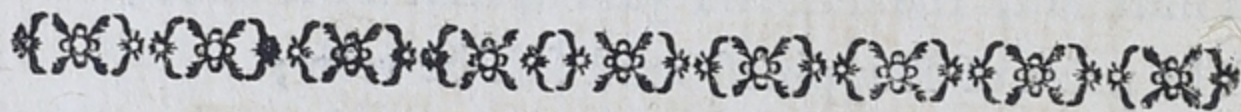


Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of Love;
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of Pleasing, which to you I give.



S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732. By the Same.

I.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move; —
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve; —
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

III. If

III.

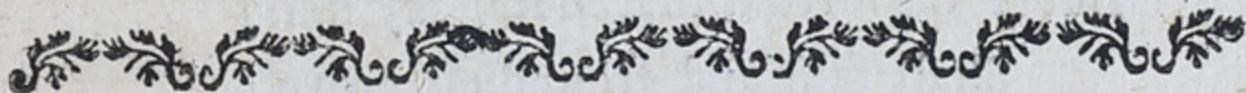
If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove ; —
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ; —
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ; —
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.



S O N G.

Written in the Year 1733. By the Same.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my Love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last,
 Their only wish to see.

II. *But*