



D A M O N and D E L I A.

In Imitation of H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

Written in the Year 1732. By the same.

D A M O N.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly :
 What means this cloud upon your brow ?
 Have I offended ? tell me how ?
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
 Reason these fears may disapprove :
 But yet I fear, because I love.

D E L I A.

First, tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
 As if you meant to let me see
 Your flatt'ry is not All for me ?
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

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DAMON.

D A M O N.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd ;
You bid me try by this deceit
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

D E L I A.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less ;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made ;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Wou'd not have join'd in the disguise.

D A M O N.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

D E L I A.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just ;
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

O D E,