
FROM

ALONZO TO DELIA.

TO you my fair, the empress of my
heart,

I'm urg'd to vent my pure, untainted flame;
Tho' language faintly can my thoughts im-
part,

My swelling sighs, your kind attention claim.

See Venus self outrival'd by your charms:

Vain my attempt thy virtues to portray

O come my darling hasten to my arms

Within my bosom still you bear the sway.

Life without thee no pleasure can bestow;

O might my suit thy tender pity move!

No muse can paint the ills I undergo;

And nought can cure them but my Delia's
love.

No bold ambitious views inspire my breast:
And what is honour but an empty name?
While Delia scorns, I never can be blest,
Though founding heralds did my praise pro-
claim.

Know, lovely charmer, that our ancient fire
Did languish, tho' in Eden's fragrant bow'rs;
Till the first nymph bade love his breast in-
spire,
And by her presence cheer'd the ling'ring
hours.

But Adam's love could never equal mine,
Nor did bright Eve such radiant beauty share.
O come, my darling, heart and hand resign,
And ev'ry muse shall hail the happy pair.