

Thou never yet his power hast known ;
 Love fits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure :
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most ;
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh ! never hope a cure.

S O N G II.

IF ever thou didst joy to bind
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,

O son

O son of VENUS! hear me now,
And bid FLORELLA bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me

Thou in the leaves of fate should'st see;

If any white propitious hour,

Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

Now, now the mighty treasure give,

In her for whom alone I live;

In sterling love pay all the sum,

And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms

Yield her, relenting, to my arms:

Her bosom touch with soft desires,

And let her feel what she inspires.

But,

But, CUPID, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain ;
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs ;

O ! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she ;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish ;
Think not time can heal my anguish ;
Pity the woes which I endure ;
But never, never grant a cure.

SYLVIA.