

S O N G S.

S O N G I.

COME here fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
 That boasts to love as well as me ;
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve ;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears ;
 To live upon a smile for years ;
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet :

To kneel, to languish and implore;

And still tho' she disdain, adore:

It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes

With eager joy and fond surprise;

Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear

As wretches feel who wait their doom;

Nor must one ruder thought presume

Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost;

Tho' heaven and earth thy passion cost;

Tho' she were bright as fainted queens above,

And thou the least and meanest swain

That folds his flock upon the plain,

Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It

All that I can, to thee I give,

And could I still to reason live

I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea

Hurries me far from peace and thee ;

'Twere vain to struggle more :

Thus the poor sailor flumbering lies,

While swelling tides around him rise,

And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,

His pitying friends with fond alarms

In vain deplore his state ;

Still far and farther from the coast,

On the high surge his bark is tost,

And foundering yields to fate.