

S O N G V.

AS near a weeping spring reclin'd
The beauteous ARAMINTA pin'd,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth ;
While dying echoes caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth ;
An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost despairing maid :
Cease, cease unhappy fair to grieve,
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

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.