Wher familials should walker from proceeds shower

Vi bes fath little dear on withar'd Howers.

In beauty a confirm is no under,

And woman differ flave or queen,

When feve was young, and Dancon true;

SONG V.

A S near a weeping fpring 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;

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.

Why

And resease a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

We'll thire whole foncy, thait he loft

O fon of Venus! hear me now, sid my now most now and sold and bid Florella bless my vow glob a no still sold.

If any bliss reserved 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.

not O

,b'uioi noillag laupo ni arisod o But,

Court, The more gentle rympic furround

Syrvia. Conin. confermit idle retains;

If the lover be difficulting,

To perfit differing the mere.

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;

BAVE me, Laple thepherd, leave

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.

Love that's forc'd is he for and fort;