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;

And first confess'd your sway;

And e'er your thoughts, devoid of art,

Could learn the value of a heart,

I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,

And gaz'd upon that angel face,

While yet 'twas fafe to gaze;

And fondly blefs'd each rifing charm,

Nor thought fuch innocence could harm

The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains

The awful noon of beauty reigns,

And kneeling crowds adore;

These charms arise too siercely bright,

Danger and death attend the sight,

And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rifing God of day

Their early vows the Persians pay,

And bless the spreading fire;

Whose glowing chariot mounting soon

Pours on their heads the burning noon;

They sicken and expire.

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