

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.

And first confests'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 safe to gaze ;  
And fondly blefs'd each rising charm,  
Nor thought such 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 fiercely bright,  
Danger and death attend the fight,  
And I must hope no more.

Thus

Thus to the rising God of day  
Their early vows the Persians pay,  
    And blest the spreading fire ;  
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon  
Pours on their heads the burning noon ;  
    They sicken and expire.