



S O N G.

WHEN thy Beauty appears
In its Graces and Airs,

All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
So strangely you dazzle my Eye !

But when without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' ev'ry Vein ;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants
in your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex, (she reply'd,)

And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do :
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

A S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous Swain,
 Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain ;

Who both his Heart subdue :

Gay *Celia's* Eyes were dazzling fair,

Sabina's easy Shape and Air

With softer Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,

Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And seems for each to dye ;

'Till each a little spiteful grown,

Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,

And she *Sabina's* Eye.