



SONG.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little Birds that fly
 With careless ease from Tree to Tree,
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
 Of mine increas'd their Stream!
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
 I lent one Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught,
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire
 Are fix't upon my Thought.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines!

Ye Swains that haunt the Grove!

Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds!

Ye close Retreats of Love!

With all of Nature, all of Art,

Assist the dear Design;

O teach a young, unpractic'd Heart,

To make my *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,

As much as of Despair;

Nor ever covet to be great,

Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind

Is mix'd with soft Distress;

Yet while the Fair I love is kind,

I cannot wish it Less.