S O N G.

FANNY OF THE HILL.* 1770.

IF gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon ſhould the rapture-ſpeaking Lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.
Betſy

My panting heart inceſſant moves,
No interval 'tis ſtill;
And all my raviſh'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.
Betſy

Her dying ſoft expreſſive eye,
Her elegance muſt kill,
Ye Gods! how many thouſands die
For Fanny of the Hill.
Betſy

A love.

* Miſs F. B——, on Radclif-Hill, Briſtol.

A love-taught tongue angelic air
A ſentiment, a ſkill
In all the graces of the Fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.
Betſy

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,
My happineſs to fill,
O! bleſs a wretched Lover's ſtate
With Fanny of the Hill.
Betſy

The name of *Fanny*, which was firſt written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betſy* ſubſtituted in its ſtead; but for what reaſon was beſt known to the Author.

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