



S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732. By the Same.

I.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest:
 The jealous Doubt, the tender Care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We ev'ry bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.