



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.