

The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

V. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd;
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid;
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run;
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains;
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
 Be still tho', my heart; thine emotion give o'er;
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
 Then breathless with ardor my fair-one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
 But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.