

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And *boast* the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display,
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG V.

*Ab! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
 Optarim, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigor flies.