

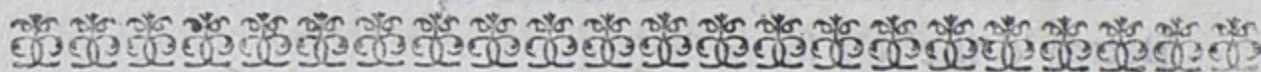
Yet faithful then the fir shall last —
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,
 To think when my fair season's past,
 Which Damon then will most resemble.

A N S W E R.

TO O timorous maid! can time or chance
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?
 O lay aside that tender glance,
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female sway!
 My flame like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay:

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen;
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
 Yet find thy swain — an ever-green.



C A N D O U R.

TH E warmest friend, I ever prov'd,
 My bitterest foe I see:
 The kindest maid I ever lov'd,
 Is false to love and me.

But