

## IV.

Make *Philander* feel my Pow'r,  
 Fear my Scorn, my Smiles adore,  
 Let the dear Deceiver know,  
 All the Pains he can bestow :  
 To me that valued Heart resign,  
 And fix the lovely Wand'rer mine.



A M I N T A and D E L I A.

A P A S T O R A L.

*A M I N T A.*

**T**HEE, gentle Maid, may ev'ry Muse inspire,  
 And *Phæbus* blefs Thee with poetic Fire ;  
 May thy soft Numbers ev'ry Bosom warm,  
 Melt into Love, and into Softness charm,

Around

Around our peaceful Plains thy Praise is spread,  
And Wreaths of Laurel crown thy youthful Head.

*D E L I A.*

May ev'ry Grace and blooming Charm be thine,  
And the dear Joys of Peace and Friendship mine :  
*Aminta* still my grateful Heart shall share,  
Tho' lov'd *Philander's* Image triumphs there.

*A M I N T A.*

Me gentle *Damon* loves, nor loves in vain,  
With Joy I hear the charming Youth complain ;  
He ! only he, to Tendernefs can move,  
Melt my soft Soul, and charm me into Love :  
In vain I wou'd my secret Pain disguise,  
He reads my Passion in my artless Eyes.

*D E L I A.*

## D E L I A.

From Fair to Fair the gay *Philander* rov'd,  
 Sigh'd without Cause, and for a Moment lov'd ;  
 The charming Wanderer no more I fear,  
 For me he feels the tender Flame sincere.

## A M I N T A.

Soft as the Breeze which fans the silent Grove  
 Are *Damon's* Accents when the looks of Love  
 Too well my fond consenting Looks reveal  
 The tender Passion I wou'd fain conceal :  
 Whene'er I hear the lovely Youth complain,  
 My Sighs and Blushes speak an equal Flame.

## D E L I A.

With skilful Hand, when my *Philander* plays,  
 And sings alternately in melting Lays ;

The Woods to the soft Harmony resound,  
And my Soul dwells on the enchanting Sound.

*A M I N T A.*

When my lov'd *Damon* sings, how sweet the  
    Strains;  
Ecchoes, repeat them to the distant Plains;  
Not *Philomela*, thro' the whisp'ring Trees,  
Like that dear Shepherd's tuneful Voice can please.

*D E L I A.*

No Arts I use to vex my faithful Swain,  
Nor feign a Passion, nor affect Disdain:  
When the dear Youth in plaintive Sounds wou'd  
    move  
My yielding Soul to Tenderness and Love;  
He sees too well the struggling Passions rise,  
Glow in my Cheeks, and Languish in my Eyes,  
Knows the soft Meaning of each Look, and steals  
The tender Thoughts, which Art in vain conceals.

*A M I N T A.*

## A M I N T A.

When *Damon's* absent from my longing Eyes,  
 A thousand anxious Fears and Sorrows rise ;  
 While to the Murmurs of yon falling Stream  
 I sing, and *Damon* is the charming Theme.

## D E L I A.

The lovely Object of my soft Desire,  
*Philander* only can my Songs inspire ;  
 For him my Numbers flow, my Shepherd's Praise  
 Adorns each Line, and smooths my artless Lays.