

Daphne, his once-lov'd charming Care,
Appear'd to him not half so fair :

For the lost Nymph he mourns no more ;

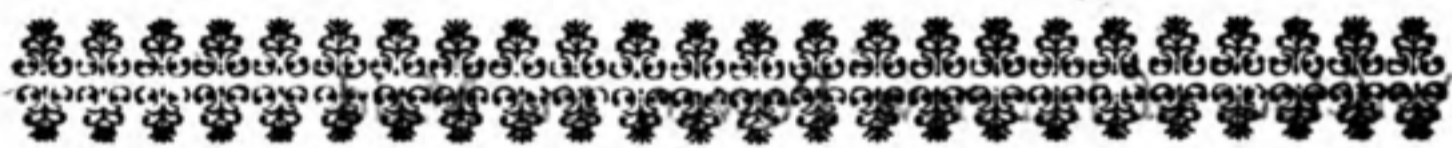
Nor in his Songs her Loss deplore ;

But from the flighted Tree he tears

It's Leaves, to deck *Aurelia's* Hairs.

A Poet now by all she's own'd,

And with immortal Honour crown'd.



O N

A L A D Y's Singing.

HOW was I charm'd, when fair *Harmonia*
fung !

What heavenly Sweetness dwelt upon her Tongue !

What melting Joys did her soft Song impart !

Oh Pow'r of Musick, on a tender Heart !

While

While she repeats the Lover's ardent Pains,
 My sympathizing Soul with her complains :
 Soft flow the Tears ; the gentle Sorrows rise,
 And my full Bosom heaves with strug'ling Sighs :
 But when a faithful, generous Pair's her Theme ;
 When in soft Sounds she sings their mutual Flame,
 'Tis then I feel the Lover's soft Excess ;
 Share in their Joy, and triumph in their Bliss ;
 Wish I may thus to Tenderness be moved,
 And love like them, like them to be belov'd :
 Oh say, bright Virgin, by what powerful Art
 Thy Song gives real Raptures to the Heart,
 And makes the struggling Soul alternate prove
 The Joys of true, and Pangs of perjur'd Love :
 A Voice less fine than yours the Bard possesseth,
 Whose magick Sweetness moving Trees confesseth.
 On Mortals ! thy superior Skill is shown,
 And Hearts subdu'd thy greater Power own.