



The QUESTION.

SINCE freed from Love's enchanting Pains,
Your Heart no longer wears my Chains ;!

Since the gay Folly charms no more,

And all the dear Delusion's o'er :

Yet tell me, *Damon*, do you prove

In Freedom, Joys so pure as Love ?

Alike unfelt its Pains or Sweets,

Your Heart an equal Measure beats :

No longer Hope and Fear maintain

Within your Breast a doubtful Reign :

Unpleas'd, nor caring if you please,

Loft in a dull inactive Ease.

Since then for this you could forego

The Lover's sweetly-pleasing Woe ;

Forfake those bright enliv'ning Fires,
 Gay Hopes, and elegant Desires ;
 The mutual Wish, the equal Flame,
 The Sorrows, Fears, and Hopes, the same.
 Oh say, what Joys can Freedom boast,
 Like those sweet Torments you have lost.



The A D V I C E,

An O D E.

I.

BENEATH a Myrtle's spreading Shade,
 The sadly weeping *Delia* lay ;
 Soft Zephyrs fann'd the pensive Maid,
 And wafted every Sigh away.