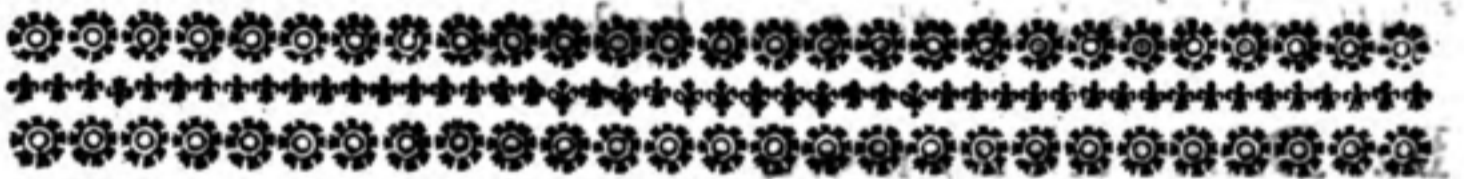


There each yielding Thought betray'd,  
 All my Hopes add Fears display'd:  
 The soft Flame which warms my Breast,  
 In each melting Look's confest:  
 While unstudied Glances prove,  
 All is Truth, and all is Love.



## A S O N G.

### I.

**D**AMON in vain you strive to move ;  
 'Tis true my Heart was form'd for Love,  
 And own its native Flame.

But

But such a Flame, so pure a Fire,

*Philander* only can inspire,

And all its Softness claim.

II.

No more of cruel Scorn complain,

Too late, alas! you own'd your Pain,

Too late to find a Cure.

If Friendship to your Views be due,

Taste all the Ease that can bestow,

But *Damon* ask no more.