



A S O N G.

I.

IN Vain I strive with Female Art,
 To hide the Motions of my Heart ;
 My Eyes my secret Flame declare,
 And *Damon* reads his Triumph there.

II.

When from his fond, his ardent Gaze,
 With Frowns I turn aside my Face ;
 My Cheeks with conscious Blushes glow,
 And all my Soul's Disorder show.

III.

Or when with seeming Scorn I hear
 The Youth his tender Vows prefer ;

From my fond Breast reluctant steals
A Sigh, and all the Truth reveals,

IV.

Oh Love, all-powerful o'er the Mind,
Art thou to rigid rules confin'd ?
And must the Heart that owns thy Sway,
That Tyrant Customs Laws obey ?

V.

Oh ! let me break the cruel Chain,
And freely own my tender Pain :
By harsh Restraint no longer sway'd,
Confirm whate'er my Eyes have said.
