

SONG.

TO ALMERIA.

THOUGH since I lov'd an age is flown,
 The blissful hour you still postpone;
 Ah! lovely Maid, no longer frown,
 But each fond hope with rapture crown.

Nor think, though lur'd by Angel charms,
 That Time will linger in thy arms;
 Oh! no; his scythe shall crop the rose
 That on thy cheek divinely blows.

But ere the ruffian riot there,
 To Nature yield, enchanting fair;
 Nor more my ardent wish reprove,
 For know, Life's richest boon is Love.