

Oft have I seen two harmless Doves,
Venting their Passions, Kifs and Cooe,

In imitation of their Loves;

Impatient *Damon* so must you.

But joy to know her Heart is yours,

And hopes to meet her in her prime,

Will post away the lazy hours,

And make more swift the wings of Time.

A S O N G.

I.

Forc'd by a Cruel lawless Fate,

I lov'd a Nymph with Passion,

But found alas, I came too late

To sway her Inclination;

Her Heart was given a Coxcomb's Fee,

Whose face had introduc'd him,

Though not one grain of Sense had he,

To know how well she us'd him.

II.

I try'd if worth could make her kind,

And hourly made advances;

But who can e'er the Charm unbind,

In Womens stubborn Fancies:

I calmly did her foible shew,

Where e'er he came, abus'd him:

I call'd him Fool, I prov'd him so,

Yet she the better us'd him.

III.

I hate, she cry'd, your God of Wit,

Our Sex should all oppose him;

'Tis he that Charms my Appetite,

Shall sleep upon my Bosom:

This senseless stuff my love withdrew,

And cur'd my Melancholly;

I kick'd her brute, then bid adieu

To every Female folly.

A S O N G Set to a pleasant Scotch Tune.

I.

Lad o' th' Town thus made his moan

One Winter Morning early,

Alas,