

A S O N G.

IT was at night his form divine,
 Did with tranſplendent beauty ſhine,
 And won my right good will;
 The moon did caſt a pleaſing ray,
 We thought it ſweeter than the day,
 And wander'd to the hill.

We ſeem'd to tread enchanted ground,
 Where fairies keep their midnight round,
 As I have oft been told;
 We ſet us down upon a rock,
 Where ſhepherds us'd to feed their flock,
 In golden days of old.

My boſom thrill'd with pleaſing pain,
 He look'd ſo like that handsome ſwain,
 Who charm'd the Grecian fair;
 I ſwore by all yon lights above,
 My heart, till then a foe to love,
 Did yield like eaſy air.

With

With envy all condemn my flame,
 And Prudence says I am to blame,
 For loving one so rare,
 Yes, I confess I have been wrong,
 For not APOLLO, God of Song,
 With JAMIE can compare.

ON