

Fate.

panting at my Feet,
as Joys compleat.

dying Sighs repay,
and another way.

l my Bliss,

t what's intirely his:

or *Cloe* pine,

Damon does resign.

la almost dies,

alis prize,

r *Damon* sighs.

ove yet all must part,

n every other Heart;

s us all,

lessing fall.

hange must be,

er, or else she love like me;

my grateful Breast,

think he's blest.

A S O N G.

HOW pleasant is Love,
When forbid or unknown;
Was my Passion approv'd,
It would quickly be gone.

It adds to the Charms,
When we steal the Delight;
Why should Love be expos'd?
Since himself has no Sight.

In some Silvan Shade,
Let me fight for my Swain;
Where none but an Eccho,
Will speak on't again.

Thus silent and soft,
I'll pass the Time on;
And when I grow weary,
I'll make my Love known.