

A Song.

Charm'd by your Art, I generously consent,
To own 'tis my Delight as well as Ornament.

A S O N G.

A Thousand Gay obliging Youths,
I unconcern'd can see,
But when *Exalis* doth appear;
He shakes my Constancy.

In spite of all my Proud Resolves,
I soften at his Charms,
And almost wish my self to be;
In his regardless Arms.

Some milder Power, reverse my Fate,
He's doom'd to Love elsewhere,
I beg my Passion you'd Translate;
I would not rob his Fair.

Let him pursue his fond Amour,
Grant I may pity those,
Who sigh for me and make him kind;
Unto the Nymph he's chose.

Erato

Erato the
Death

I N the wish
My longi
Whose untrod
And in small I
The lofty Ced
Twine to keep
And numerou
The solemn G
On verdant M
By a clear thri
Upon my Ha
Sad soft Ideas
And I to *sing* f
But strait *Era*
Forbid my Ch
At last in Sigh
Ye shall no mo
To please the N
But to the Wo
How I have gr
My darling D