

And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do :  
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,  
 But still be a Woman to you.

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A S O N G.

**T** *HYRSIS*, a young and am'rous Swain,  
 Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain ;

Who both his Heart subdue :

*Gay Celia's* Eyes were dazzling fair,

*Sabina's* easy Shape and Air

With softer Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,

Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And seems for each to dye ;

'Till each a little spiteful grown,

*Sabina Celia's* Shape ran down,

And she *Sabina's* Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find  
Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;

So set the Lover free:

No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,  
Or with a True-love Knot and Name  
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Cælia*! (fly *Sabina* cry'd)

Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;

Now, to support the Sex's Pride,

Let either fix the Dart.

Poor Girl! (says *Cælia*) say no more;

For shou'd the Swain but one adore,

That Spite which broke his Chains before,

Wou'd break the other's Heart.

SONG.