[39]

HANNE BUREN HANNE DIE BUREN HANNE BUREN BUREN HANNE BUREN BU

The QUESTION.

INCE freed from Love's enchanting Pains, Your Heart no longer wears my Chains; Since the gay Folly charms no more, And all the dear Delufion's o'er: Yet tell me, Damon, do you prove In Freedom, Joys fo pure as Love? Alike unfelt its Pains or Sweets, Your Heart an equal Measure beats: No longer Hope and Fear maintain Within your Breast a doubtful Reign: Unpleas'd, nor caring if you please, Lost in a dull inactive Ease. Since then for this you could forego The Lover's fweetly-pleasing Woe;

[40]

Forfake those bright enliv'ning Fires,

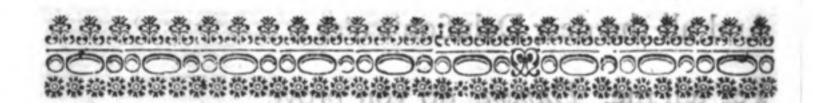
Gay Hopes, and elegant Desires;

The mutual Wish, the equal Flame,

The Sorrows, Fears, and Hopes, the same.

Oh say, what Joys can Freedom boast,

Like those sweet Torments you have lost.



process according the second core

The A.D VICE,

An OND E.

r Ti d Ferral

The fadly weeping Delia lay;

Soft Zephyrs fann'd the pensive Maid,

And wasted every Sigh away.