

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And *boast* the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display,
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G V.

*Ab! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
 Optarim, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigor flies.

Nor

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me ;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What blifs to me can seasons bring ?
Or what, the needless pride of spring ?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield ;
So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh ;
Might well demand one tender tear ;
For when was Damon unsincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains ; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer ?

SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES ; Fulvia is like Venus fair ;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air :
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants — the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore ;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her