

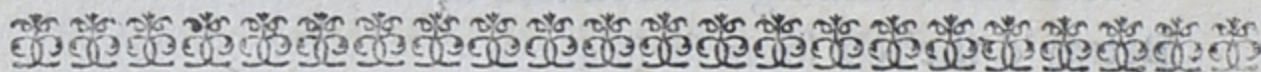
Yet faithful then the fir shall last —
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,
 To think when my fair season's past,
 Which Damon then will most resemble.

A N S W E R.

TOO timorous maid! can time or chance
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?
 O lay aside that tender glance,
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female sway!
 My flame like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay:

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen;
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
 Yet find thy swain — an ever-green.



C A N D O U R.

THE warmest friend, I ever prov'd,
 My bitterest foe I see:
 The kindest maid I ever lov'd,
 Is false to love and me.

But

But shall I make the angry vow,
 Which tempts my wavering mind ?
 Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
 And bid me shun mankind ?

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend ! no more
 Pretend my steps to guide ;
 Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
 But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
 To wisdom I resign ;
 But let no fage presume to name
 His *happinefs* with mine.



LYSANDER to CLOE.

'T IS true, my wish will never find
 Another nymph so fair, so true ;
 Since all that's bright, and all that's kind,
 In those expressive eyes I view.

And I with grateful zeal could haste
 To China for the merest toy ;
 Could scorch on Lybia's barren waste,
 To give my dear a moment's joy.