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Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

A Song.

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III.

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms:
Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize
Reserv'd for your victorious Eyes:
From Crouds, whom at your Feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me;
As I from thousand Beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd,
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;
Angels, when you your Silence break,
Forget their Hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No Graces can your Form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet Passion you disdain,
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain:
In Pity then prevent my Fate,
For after dying all Reprieve's too late.

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