

SONGS FROM 'ROSAMOND.'

BENEATH some hoary mountain,
I'll lay me down and weep!
Or near some warbling fountain,
Bewail myself asleep!
Where feathered quires combining
With gentle murmuring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

O, THE pleasing, pleasing anguish!
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O, the pleasing, pleasing anguish!

IF 'tis joy to wound a Lover,
How much more to give him ease!
When his Passion we discover,
O, how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns; and we receive
Transports greater than we give!
