

William Walsh.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a Lover bears,
Sure, Rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow!
In Love alone, we hate to find
Companions of our woe!

SYLVIA! for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me;
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are;
With them alone, I'll cope!
I can endure my own despair;
But not another's hope!

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For PHILLIS the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor DAMON, her Lover,
Resolves, in despair,
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish!