A single SONG, the Words by Mr. Mottex.

Tript of their green our Groves appear, our Vales lye buried deep in Snow; the

blowing North controls the Aire, a nipping cold chills all below.

The Frost has glaz'd our deep cast streams, Phoebus withdraw

's his kindly Beams, Phoebus withdraw

kind-ly Beams. Yet Winter blest be thy return, thou'ft brought the Swain for
whom I w'd to mourn; and in thy ice with pleasing flames we

burn, and in thy ice with pleasing flames we burn.

2d. Verso.

Too soon the sun re-viving heat will thaw thy ice and melt thy snow; Trump-

pers will sound, and drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear youth must go: Then

must my weak unwilling arms, resign him up

to stronger charms, resign him up to stronger

Charm: What flowers, what sweets, what beautiful thing, when Damon's gone, can ease or

pleasure bring? Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Spring.