Song.

Perpetual love play round my heart,
For some fair form, I don't know who;
I would not with the feeling part,
Altho' the object mocks my view.

When eer I meet a sparkling eye,
That is the phantom of my breast;
But if a brighter pass me by,
I'm sure to love the brighter best.

I thought, dear Ann, long time ago,
My soul for none but thee, could sigh;
But Laura spread superior glow;
Love waved his wings, and bade "good-bye".

O, do not say that I'm to blame;
'Tis Nature's fault, that made me so;
Hea'n knows my love's a constant flame;
But who I love, I do not know.