

THE
POOR INDO.



(Printed by, C. Croshaw, Coppergate, York.)

It is thy will and I must leave thee,
Ah! then best belov'd farewell,
I forbare, lest I should grieve thee,
Of my heart-felt pangs to tell.
Soon this british fair will charm thee,
But thou a lass her smiles must woo,
While she to rapture warms thee,
Thou'lt forget thy poor Indo.

Well I know this happy beauty,
Soon thy env'd bride will shine,
But will she with anxious duty,
Prove a passion warm as mine:
If to rule be her ambition,
And her own desires pursue,
Thou'lt recal my fond submission,
And regret thy poor Indo :

Born perhaps to wealth and splendor,
Will she deign to wait on thee,
And those soft attention's render,
Thou so oft'times prais'd in me.
Still why doubt her care to please thee,
Thou must every heart subdue,
And I'm sure each nymph that sees thee
Loves the like thy poor Indo.

Now altho' from thee parted,
Another nymph that place obtain'd,
Whilst thy lulla broken hearted,
Ne'er Ah! ne'er will smile again,
Far, far from thee they bear me,
Faster still shall death pursue,
But 'tis well death shall endear me,
And thou'lt mourn thy poor Indo.