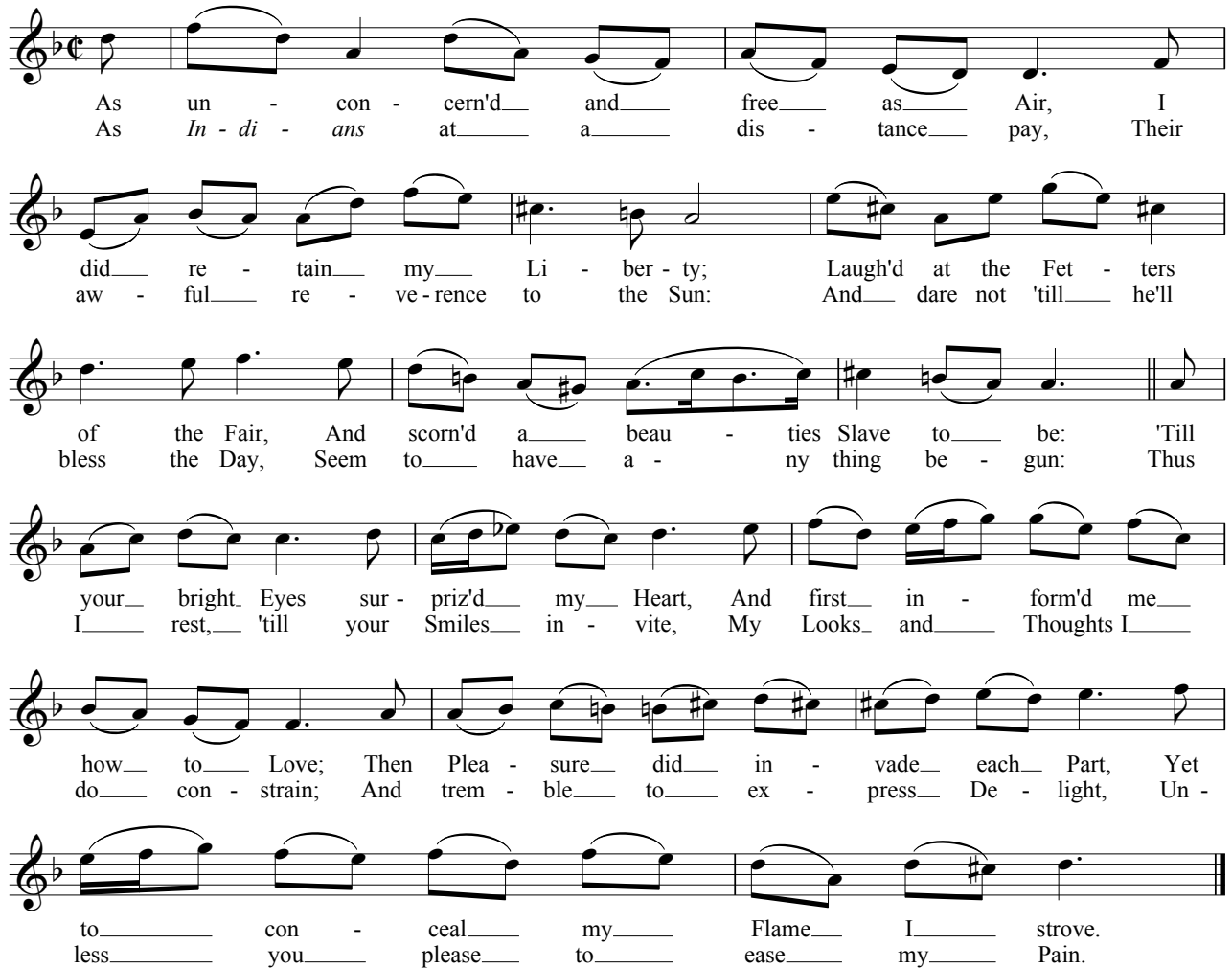


# Love's Conquest.



As un - con - cern'd and free as Air, I  
As In - di - ans at a dis - tance pay, Their

did re - tain my Li - ber - ty; Laugh'd at the Fet - ters  
aw - ful re - ve - rence to the Sun: And dare not 'till he'll

of the Fair, And scorn'd a beau - ties Slave to be: 'Till  
bless the Day, Seem to have a - ny thing be - gun: Thus

your bright Eyes sur - priz'd my Heart, And first in - form'd me  
I rest, 'till your Smiles in - vite, My Looks and Thoughts I

how to Love; Then Plea - sure did in - vade each Part, Yet  
do con - strain; And trem - ble to ex - press De - light, Un -

to con - ceal my Flame I strove.  
less you please to ease my Pain.