

To Miss LUCY F ___

By the Same.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom sir'd;
Yet ev'ry tender maid deceiv'd
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my sancy'd pains.

But Venus now to punish me,
For having seign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real slame to tell.

To the Same, with Hammond's Elegies.

A LL that of Love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.