

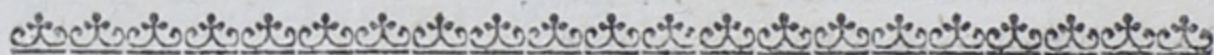
Lady MARY W\*\*\*, to Sir W\*\*\* Y\*\*\*

I.

**D**EAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,  
 Since how can I speak without pain?  
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes,  
 Ah! can't you their meaning explain?  
 My passion wou'd lose by expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame:  
 Then don't you expect a confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.

II.

Since yours is the province of speaking,  
 Why shou'd you expect it of me?  
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,  
 'Till you tell us what they shou'd be.  
 Then quickly why don't you discover?  
 Did your breast feel tortures like mine,  
 Eyes need not tell over and over  
 What I in my bosom confine.



Sir W\*\*\*\*\* Y\*\*\*\*\*'s Answer.

I.

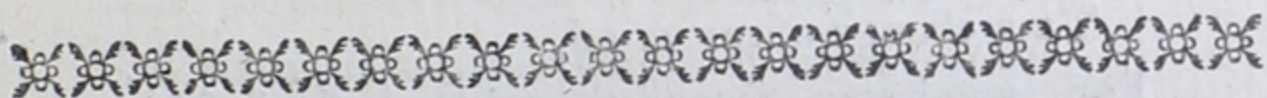
**G**OOD madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool;  
 For me I wou'd not give a shilling  
 For one that is kind out of rule.



At least you might stay for my offer,  
 Not snatch like old maids in despair,  
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffer,  
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

II.

You might leave me to guess by your blushing,  
 And not speak the matter so plain ;  
 'Tis ours to pursue and be pushing,  
 'Tis yours to affect a disdain.  
 That you're in a pitiful taking,  
 By all your sweet ogles I see ;  
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking  
 Indeed is too mellow for me.



MISS SOPER'S Answer to a Lady, who invited  
 her to retire into a monastic Life at St. Cross,  
 near WINCHESTER.

I.

**I**N vain, mistaken maid, you'd fly  
 To desert and to shade ;  
 But since you call, for once I'll try  
 How well your vows are made.

II.

To noise and cares let's bid adieu,  
 And solitude commend.  
 But how the world will envy you,  
 And pity me your friend !

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III. You,