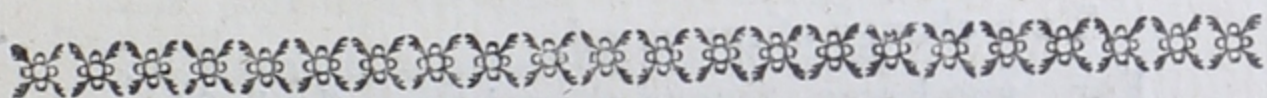


At least you might stay for my offer,
 Not snatch like old maids in despair,
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffer,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

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.

IN 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.

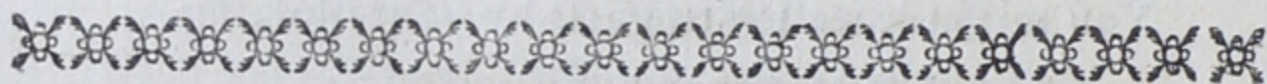
To noise and cares let's bid adieu,
 And solitude commend.
 But how the world will envy you,
 And pity me your friend !

P 4

III. You,

III.

You, like rich metal hid in earth,
 Each swain will dig to find ;
 But I expect no second birth,
 For dross is left behind.



REPENTANCE. By the Same.

I.

ALL attendants apart
 I examin'd my heart,
 Last night when I lay'd me to rest ;
 And methinks I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind,
 For, you know, second thoughts are the best.

II.

To retire from the crowd
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of every temptation,
 Is in truth to reveal
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.

III.

It will much more redound
 To our praise to be found,
 In a world so abounding with evil,
 Unspotted and pure ;
 Tho' not so demure,
 As to wage open war with the devil.