

To Philaster.

Your *Venus* ask, not *Mercury's* Aid intreat,
 For he knows nothing of an amorous Cheat:
 'Tis she alone that can the Mystery tell,
 Read but her Looks they are infallible;
 Consult the upper World for Death and Wars,
 She is Love's Heaven, her Eyes the only Stars:
 Since her kind Influence hath attracted you,
 She may admit of a Conjunction too.

To Philaster.

GO perjur'd Youth and court what Nymph you
 Your Passion now is but a dull Disease, (please,
 With worn-out Sighs deceive some list'ning Ear,
 Who longs to know how 'tis and what Men swear,
 She'll think they'r new from you; 'cause so to her.
 Poor cousin'd Fool, she ne'er can know the Charms
 Of being first encircled in thy Arms.
 When all Love's Joys were innocent and gay,
 As fresh and blooming as the new-born day.
 Your Charms did then with native Sweetness flow,
 The forc'd-kind Complaisance you now bestow,
 Is but a false agreeable Design,
 But you had Innocence when you were mine,
 And all your Words, and Smiles, and Looks divine.
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At my leaving Cambridge, &c. 35

How Proud, methinks, thy Miſtris does appear
In ſully'd Cloths, which I'd no longer wear;
Her Boſom too with wither'd Flowers dreſt,
Which loſt their Sweets in my firſt choſen Breſt;
Perjur'd impoſing Youth, cheat who you will,
Supply defect of Truth with amorous Skill;
Yet thy Addreſs muſt needs inſipid be,
For the firſt Ardour of thy Soul was all poſſeſs'd
(by me

*At my leaving Cambridge Auguſt the
14th, Extempore.*

CAmbridge adieu! I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more,
Nor feaſt my Soul at Learning's mighty Store;
Not one fresh Drop of thy ambroſial Senſe,
To quench my Thirſt at learned *Cham's* Expence;
Apollo's Fountain I muſt ever quit,
Who's only *Nectar* is the ſtreams of Wit;
I thy fair Colleges no more ſhall ſee,
Each *Greece, Rome, Athens*, in Epitomy;
The antient infant Learning which they taught,
Could only here be to Perfection brought;

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