

To Alexis, on his absence.

SA Y, lovely Youth, why all this niceness shown,
 Is modest Passion, so offensive grown?
 I'll not oblige too far, nor force my Charms,
 To tempt your Coyness to my slighted Arms:
 Give me but leave, with secret sighs to Gaze,
 And silent Joys, view that dear fatal Face.
 I never dress'd, nor smil'd, us'd no soft Art,
 No little Amorous cheat to win your Heart,
 Nor knew in mine you had so great a Part;
 Till from my Sight you cautiously remov'd,
 Then, not till then, I knew how well I lov'd:
 'Twas my Advice, you should awhile absent,
 I ne'er design'd it for a Banishment.
 But wisely you, as if you fear'd your Fate,
 Shun what you would not Love, and cannot hate;
 Yet spite of all your Vanity and Care,
 Know my *Alexis*, that I have you here:
 Here in my Brest, your dearest Image glows,
 Warms every Wish, and softens all my Vows.
 Inspires my Muse, to wanton in your Charms,
 And feast on Joys, which are deny'd my Arms:

In

In melting strains
 Describe those
 Till every Nymph
 Sighs and Adorns
 That Shape, that
 With thousand

To glad the

With an Eternity
 Will found All
 Your matchless
 You shall this
 And tho' not in
 While warlike
 Shall have the

Curse on the
 Of which
 It like a Curse
 Since all men
 And ev'ry
 Is on a care

in his absence.

Why all this niceness shown
To offensive grown?
To force my Charms,
To my slighted Arms:
To secret sighs to Gaze,
To dear fatal Face.
Why, us'd no soft Art,
To win your Heart,
To had so great a Part;
To cautiously remov'd,
To know how well I lov'd:
To should a while absent,
To banishment.

To I fear'd your Fate,
To Love, and cannot hate,
To ty and Care,
To have you here:
To dearest Image glows,
To Vows.
To A softens all my Charms,
To anton in your Arms:
To h are deny'd my

A Song.

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In melting strains, she shall my Passion tell,
Describe those lovely Eyes, and Smiles so well;
Till every Nymph who my soft Lines shall see,
Sighs and Adores; and owns she loves like me.

That Shape, that Mein, that dear undoing Tongue,
With thousand unknown Charms shall fill my

To glad the listening World and make it last as
(Song, (long.)

With an Eternal blast the trump of Fame,
Will sound *Alexis* and *Clarinda's* Name,
Your matchless Graces, my unequal'd Flame.

You shall this fondness of my Muse forgive,
And tho' not in my Arms, in my soft numbers live:
While warlike Heroes who are half Divine, (thine.
Shall have their Glories sung, in meaner Lays than

A S O N G.

Curse on this Virtue Constancy,
Of which we're vainly Proud;
It like a Crime doth Torture me,
Since all my softer thoughts of Bliss,
And ev'ry kind and tender Wish,
Is on a careless thankless Swain bestow'd.

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