

*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 softens all my Charms,  
To anton in your Arms:  
To h are deny'd my

*A Song.*

39

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.

D 4

## Love.

I with more ease could bear my Fate,  
 Forgive his Cruelty,  
 If stupidly our Sex he hate :  
 But he doth Smile on every Fair,  
 The partial Curse I cannot bear,  
 For, oh he's kind ! he's kind ! to all but me.

---

## Love.

LOVE, like Original Sin, in all does dwell,  
 Fools sighs in private, and the Witty tell;  
 Boast they'r fond Passions in repeated Rhymes,  
 That other Reigning Mischief of the Times :  
 The Learn'd asham'd to own their Amorous Pain,  
 Vent the warm Raptures in a Pious strain,  
 Sigh, Languish, Die, (tho' for a Mortal fair,)  
 In Lays Divine, like *Quarles* and *Arnaker*.

---

## A S O N G.

**P***Hylaster's* grown unkind,  
 The lovely perjurd Youth,  
 Tho' by sacred Oaths confin'd;  
 Has now lost all his Truth.

He

He swore ten  
 By all the Po  
 Wish'd they  
 If he was fa

Yet, spite of  
 Fled my onc  
 And now I r  
 For some ne  
 Ye heedless I  
 How you re  
 Ah ! believe  
 For he will c

The fullen p  
 Doth only T  
 When the M  
 They make f  
 With Passio  
 They court f  
 We must wa  
 Do want to f