

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.

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A Song.

He swore ten thousand times,
By all the Powers above,
Wish'd they would revenge his Crimes,
If he was false to Love.

Yet, spite of all he's gone,
Fled my once dear Imbrace;
And now I must be undone,
For some new Shape or Face.
Ye heedless Nymphs beware,
How you receive my Swain,
Ah! believe not tho' he Swear,
For he will change again.

The fullen part of Love,
Doth only Torture us,
When the Men please to remove,
They make some new Address.
With Passion like soft Truths,
They court fresh gentle scorn;
We must wait till other Youths,
Do want to be forsworn.

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