

To Marcella.

I Gaze and Sigh, and wish I'm just the same,
 As the first Transports of my blooming Flame,
 Almighty Love thy Power to me is known,
 Without new Tortures I'll thy Godhead own;
 But if I'm doom'd to Love may my Fate be,
 (Rather than him) to love each Face I see.
 Tis Sin against the custom of the Nation,
 To love but one and all this while with Passion,
 I'd rather be the shifting Fool in Fashion.
 Then if I'm tortur'd with Variety,
 I shan't be blam'd for Nonconformity.

To Marcella.

IN this so wanton and debauch't an Age,
 We come to find out Virtue on the Stage;
 By a promiscuous Choice it can't be done,
 Our nicer Fate compels to You alone.
 You, who's triumphant Virtue doth declare,
 That Women can withstand the fatal Snare
 Of vast Temptation, when she's Young and Fair.
 In you the ancient Miracle we see,
 (Tho' here we can boast but of One to Three)

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Th I'm just the same,
If my blooming Flame,
Ever to me is known,
I'll thy Godhead own;
We may my Fate be,
Love each Face I see.
I'm of the Nation,
His while with Passion,
Fool in Fashion.
With Variety,
Nonconformity.

Marcella.

I'd debauch't an Age,
At Virtue on the Stage;
If it can't be done,
So You alone.
Virtue doth declare,
Stand the fatal Snare
When she's Young and Fair.
Miracle we see,
Not but of One to Three)

Unhurt

To Marcella.

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Unhurt amidst the mighty Flames you move,
The wond'ring Gazers only Martyrs prove;
Of all your Sex Great *Albion* must prefer
You the chaste *Lucrece* of her Theater.
Ye yielding Nymphs now you have no excuse,
Nor blame the Beaus you did your Honour lose;
For your Defence your softness is exprest
With (ch such Charms! no Woman can resist).
Yes Woman can in this fair Maid we see,
Contempt of all their Love and Gallantry;
Wit, Youth and Beauty, does this Lady bless,
She's made for Love and fitted for Address:
While Crowds of Slaves ly fighting at her Feet,
She bravely scorns what you would run to meet.
Among them all doubtless there's more than One,
Charming as those by whom you were undone:
The Soft, the Gay, the Great, the knowing Man,
Have try'd all ways Wit, Wealth, or Passion can,
To gain this Fair who still her Heart secures,
Unmov'd she stands, flights all their soft Amours,
What would you give the Scene of Love were
(yours?)

I know your Spite imputes it to her Pride,
Be't what it will her Honours justify'd:
Her Virtue is the greater Miracle,

To stand with that by which the Angels fell.

Hail,

Hail, lovely Maid, who contradicts the times,
 Your Virtue wears a Vail like others Crimes:
 How do your Eyes and Tongue bely your Heart,
 When languishing you play the amorous part,
 And softly fold your seeming loving Arms,
 And speak and look a thousand killing Charms?
 Fair, soft Deceiver, oh! were I the Men,
 I'd give the World you was in earnest then;
 Your pleas'd Spectators with such Joys you bless,
 They wish your Virtues or your Charms were less.

The Invocation.

With some auspicious Aid ye Pow'rs above,
 Help to support the weight of slighted Love.
 I ask not Rage to curse the daring Man;
 That by Instinctive Power all Women can,
 But keep me mild as when Love first began.
 'Tis the malignancy of low desire,
 That with neglect turns to revengeful Fire:
 But my great Passion, like Æthereal Flame,
 Without Supply can ever burn the same;
 Love glows in every Atom of my Frame.

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