

But when he ceases from his ire,
I cry, such spirit, and such fire,
Is surely wond'rous clever.

IV.

I ne'er want reason to complain ;
But sweet is pleasure after pain,
And every joy grows greater.
Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
I should not like him half so well,
If I cou'd make him better.

The TALKATIVE FAIR.

BALLAD IV.

I.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times and at every place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes, you'll ever cease.

II.

Fobear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
If your own health, or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

D d

Your

III.

Your tongue's a traytor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
 All are distracted while they gaze ;
 But if they listen, they are cur'd.

IV.

Your silence wou'd acquire more praise,
 Than all you say, or all I write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;
 Then hush--- and be an angel quite.

The - S I L E N T F A I R.

B A L L A D V.

I.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind,
 So different is my Rosalind,
 That not one accent can I gain
 To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

II.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
 And are the interpreters of eyes,
 To language all her looks translate,
 And in her gestures read my fate.

And