In *Women*'s Hearts, the ſofteſt Things
Which Nature cou'd deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh, and jarring Strings,
That, when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
Will anſwer to the Noiſe.

Poor *Alcidor!* go Fight or Dye;
Let thy fond Notions ceaſe:
Man was not made in Shades to lie,
Or his full Bliſs, at eaſe, enjoy,
To Live, or Love in peace.

Some Pieces out of the firſt ACT *of the* AMINTA *of* TASSO.

Daphne's *Anſwer to* Sylvia, *declaring ſhe ſhould eſteem all as Enemies, who ſhould talk to her of* LOVE.

THEN, to the ſnowy *Ewe*, in thy eſteem,
The Father of the Flock a Foe muſt ſeem;
The faithful *Turtles* to their yielding Mates.
The chearful *Spring*, which Love and Joy creates,
That

That reconciles the World by ſoft Deſires,
And tender Thoughts in ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
To you a hateful Seaſon muſt appear,
Whilſt *Love* prevails, and all are *Lovers* here.
Obſerve the gentle Murmurs of that *Dove*,
And ſee, how billing ſhe confirms her Love!
For this, the *Nightingale* diſplays her Throat,
And *Love*, *Love*, *Love*, is all her Ev'ning Note.
The very *Tygers* have their tender Hours,
And prouder *Lyons* bow beneath *Love*'s Pow'rs.
Thou, prouder yet than that imperious Beaſt,
Alone deny'ſt him Shelter in thy Breaſt.
But why ſhould I the Creatures only name
That Senſe partake, as Owners of this Flame?
Love farther goes, nor ſtops his Courſe at theſe:
The *Plants* he moves, and gently bends the *Trees*.
See how thoſe *Willows* mix their am'rous Boughs;
And, how that *Vine* claſps her ſupporting Spouſe!
The ſilver *Firr* dotes on the ſtately Pine;
By Love thoſe *Elms*, by Love thoſe *Beeches* join.

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But

But view that *Oak*; behold his rugged Side:
Yet that rough Bark the melting Flame do's hide.
All, by their trembling Leaves, in Sighs declare
And tell their Paſſions to the gath'ring Air.
Which, had but Love o'er Thee the leaſt Com-
[mand,
Thou, by their Motions, too might'ſt underſtand.

AMINTOR, *being ask'd by* THIRSIS *Who is the Object of his Love? ſpeaks as follows.*

Amint. THIRSIS! to Thee I mean that
[Name to ſhow,
Which, only yet our Groves, and Fountains know:
That, when my Death ſhall through the Plains
[be told,
Thou with the wretched Cauſe may'ſt that unfold
To every-one, who ſhall my Story find
Carv'd by thy Hand, in ſome fair Beeches rind;
Beneath whoſe Shade the bleeding Body lay:
That, when by chance ſhe ſhall be led that way,
O'er