

This only favour at your hands I crave,
 With mournful yews to shade my untimely grave;
 These mournful yews shall this memorial bear,
 Iris lov'd Philus, and she dy'd sincere.



L O V E E L E G Y,

BY THE SAME.

AH, cruel Delia! must I still remain
 In anxious doubt? will nought your pity move?
 Must I still languish? must I still complain?
 Still are you deaf to every plea of love?

A stranger to the odious wiles of art,
 The coxcomb's chatter, and the beau's grimace,
 I spoke the honest dictates of my heart,
 Nor mask'd deceit beneath the lover's face;

I never boasted heaps of treasur'd gold,
 No dirty acres ever were my theme,
 The fordid wretch beneath contempt I hold,
 Who dares with love such worthless trifles name;

And

And let the fair, whom glittering dust delights,
 In lieu of jointure, barter blifs and peace;
 Infpid pleasures wafte her tedious nights,
 And jealous wranglings wear away her days.

Not fuch the hours, I hop'd, with you to fhare;
 Not thus to tread the vulgar path of life;
 Such bafe, fuch brutal joys can ne'er endear,
 Can ne'er infure the fond, the tender wife.

'Tis then, O then, we feel th' inraptur'd blifs,
 When loft in foft confufion, sweetly coy,
 Each virgin charm glows with the melting kifs,
 And Nature faints beneath th' excefs of joy.

Tho' this would cloy, if pleasures more refin'd
 Forebore their influence o'er the breaft to fhed;
 Virtue alone fecures the generous mind;
 She with fresh transport crowns the bridal bed.

If words can tell, let thofe whose hearts unite
 In virtuous love, abfolv'd from all controul,
 Confefs the pleasure, the fublime delight,
 Th' extatic fenfe of mingling foul with foul.