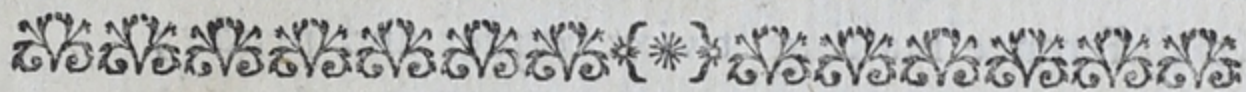


I never will share with the wanton coquet,
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise :
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies :
 And as OVID has sweetly in parables told,
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.



The LADY'S RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

By the Same.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
 In every age, is every woman's aim ;
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
 Found of a train, and happy in a crowd ;
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;
 While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd :
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;
 In part she is to blame that has been try'd—
 He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

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