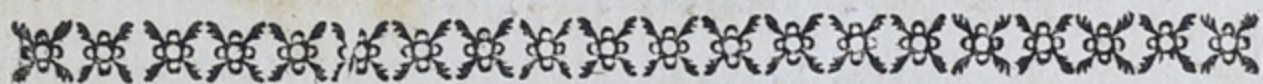




EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

**N**ONE without Hope e'er lov'd the brightest Fair,  
But Love can hope where Reason would despair.



To Mr. WEST at Wickham.

Written in the Year 1740.

By the Same.

**F**AIR Nature's sweet simplicity  
With elegance refin'd,  
Well in thy Seat, my friend, I see,  
But better in my Mind.  
To both from courts and all their state  
Eager I fly, to prove  
Joys far above a courtier's fate,  
Tranquility and love.

To