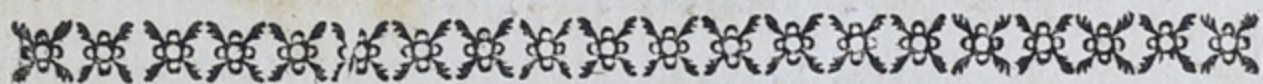




EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

NONE 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.

FAIR 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