

EPIGRAM II.

Since first you knew my am'rous smart,
 Each day augments your proud disdain;
 'Twas then enough to break my heart,
 And now, thank heav'n! to break my chain.
 Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
 Now let love and hatred cease!
 Half that rigour had undone me,
 All that rigour gives me peace.

EPIGRAM III.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
 I thought I could not live without you;
 Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
 How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

EPIGRAM IV.

Upon the Bust of English worthies, at Stow.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
 Who live in breathing stone,
 Why has not COBHAM's bust a place?
 The structure was his own.

EPIGRAM V.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well bred,
 She never repented an idle word said:
 Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
 They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

EPIGRAM