

He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,  
 She look'd so very like himself.  
 True sung the bard well known to fame,  
 Self-love and social are the same.

## EPIGRAM X.

**W**HILE Lucy, chaste as mountain snows,  
 Gives every idle fop a hearing;  
 In Mary's breast a passion glows,  
 Which stronger is from not appearing.  
 Say, who has chose the better part!  
 Mary to whom no joy is missing;  
 Or she, who dupe to her own heart,  
 Pays the full price of Mary's kissing.

## EPIGRAM XI.

**S**HE who in secret yields her heart,  
 Again may claim it from her lover;  
 But she who plays the trifler's part,  
 Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.  
 Then grant the boon for which I pray!  
 'Tis better lend than throw away.

## EPIGRAM XII.

**W**E thought you without titles great,  
 And wealthy with a small estate;  
 While by your humble self alone,  
 You seem unrated and unknown.

But