

## EPIGRAM XV.

TO CLARISSA.

**W**H Y like a tyrant wilt thou reign,  
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind?  
 Can the poor pride of giving pain  
 Repay the joys that wait the kind?  
 I curse my fond enduring heart,  
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,  
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,  
 To hate myself, and burn for thee.

## EPIGRAM XVI.

**E**VER busy'd, ne'er employ'd,  
 Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,  
 Ever doom'd to seek and miss,  
 And pay unblest'd the price of blifs.

## EPIGRAM XVI.

**V**AINLY hath heaven denounc'd the woman'swoes,  
 Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter woes,  
 Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.