

EPIGRAM XV.

TO CLARISSA.

WH 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 V E R 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 A I N L Y hath heaven denounc'd the woman'swoes,
 Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter woes,
 Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.