



VERSES written in SYLVIA'S PRIOR.

By the Same.

UNtouch'd by love, unmov'd by wit,
 I found no charms in MATTHEW's lyre,
 But unconcern'd read all he writ,
 Tho' love and Phœbus did inspire :

Till SYLVIA took her favourite's part,
 Resolv'd to prove my judgment wrong ;
 Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
 And soon I felt the poet's song.



Upon a LADY'S EMBROIDERY.

By the Same.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
 A goddess at her art defy'd ;
 But soon the daring mortal fell
 The hapless victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,
 Be prudent, CHLOE, and submit ;
 For you'll more surely feel her hate,
 Who rival both her Art and Wit.

DEATH