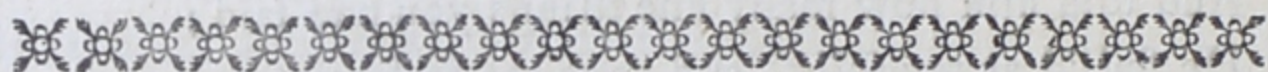


Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love  
 Against the sex his indignation move?  
 It rather made you his peculiar care,  
 Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.  
 As mortals who from dust receiv'd their birth,  
 Must when they die return to native earth;  
 So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,  
 Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.



To a LADY, who sent Compliments to a  
 CLERGYMAN upon the Ten of Hearts.

**Y**OUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,  
 Old English services are more sincere;  
 You send Ten Hearts, the tythe is only mine,  
 Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

