

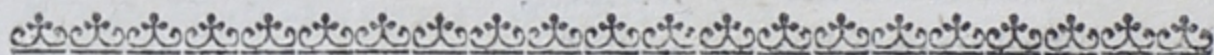
Lady MARY W***, to Sir W*** Y***

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes,
 Ah! can't you their meaning explain?
 My passion wou'd lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame:
 Then don't you expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

II.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why shou'd you expect it of me?
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they shou'd be.
 Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your breast feel tortures like mine,
 Eyes need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.



Sir W***** Y*****'s Answer.

I.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool;
 For me I wou'd not give a shilling
 For one that is kind out of rule.