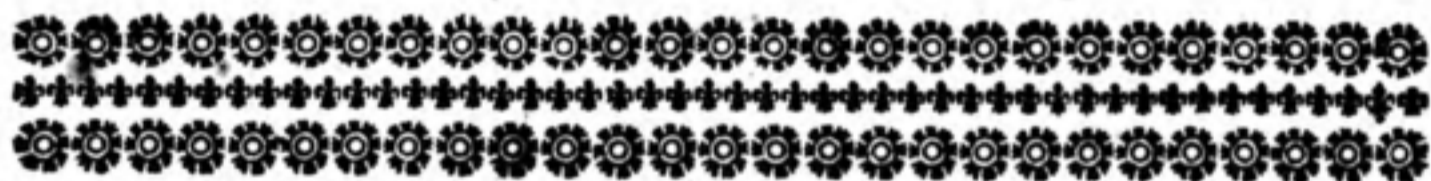


See Justice from the foul Infection flies,
 And frighted hence seeks her native Skies.
 Far from the guilty Scene averts her Sight,
 Her own *Philander* can't retard her Flight ;
 Tho' her bright Image, in his Breast he bears,
 And all her Beauties in his Form appears ;
 Tho' in his Soul she lights her heav'nly Flame,
 And finds even here a Votary in him.



T O

M O N E S E S Singing.

BE hush'd as Death, *Moneses* sings,
Moneses strikes the sounding Strings ;
 Let sacred Silence dwell around,
 And nought disturb the Magick Sound ;

Let

Let not the softly whisp'ring Breeze
 Sob amidst the rustling Trees ;
 Murmur, ye plaintive Streams, no more,
 But glide in Silence to the Shore :
 Even *Philomel* thy Note suspend,
 And to a sweeter Song attend ;
 Ah ! soft, ah ! dang'rous, pow'rful Charm,
 An Angel's Voice, an Angel's Form ;
 Attentive to the heav'nly Lay,
 I hear and gaze my Soul away ;
 Now tender Wishes, melting Fires,
 Infant Pains, and young Desires,
 Steal into my softned Soul,
 And bend it to the sweet Controul ;
 Yet, let me fly, e'er 'tis too late,
 The sweet Disease, and shun my Fate.
 But ah ! that softly, dying Strain
 Arrests my Steps, I strive in vain.
 Again I to the Syren turn,
 Again with gentle Fires I burn ;

Cease lovely Youth th' enchanting Sound,
 Too deep already is the Wound ;
 Thro' all my Veins the Poison steals,
 My Heart the dear Infection feels :
 I faint, I die, by love opprest,
 The Sigh scarce heaves my panting Breast ;
 Before my View dim Shadows rise,
 And hides Thee from my ravish'd Eyes :
 Thy Voice, like distant Sounds, I hear,
 It dies in murmurs on my Ear :
 In the too pow'rful Transport tost,
 Ev'n Thought, and ev'ry Sense is lost.