



*Verses wrote extempore on a Gentle-
man's playing on the Flute.*

I.

O H! cease thy too harmonious Strain,
Nor thus my ravish'd Soul surprize:
What new Ideas, pleasing Pains,
Does by the sweet Inchantment rise?

II.

Lull'd by the dear bewitching Sound,
Each jarring Passion's charm'd to rest;
Yet my Soul feels a pleasing Wound,
And sweet Disorders fill my Breast.

III.

III.

Forbear to show thy heavenly Art,
 Nor aim a Conquest o'er my Mind ;
 By Musick soften'd to the Dart,
 Love may an easy Entrance find.



An E P I S T L E

T O

M O N E S E S,

I N

IMITATION of O V I D.

WHEN urg'd by Honour, from thy Sight
 I flew,

And scarce would breath one tender soft adieu,

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From