

TO
O R E S T E S.

TO vex thy Soul with these unjust alarms,
Eye dear mistrustful, can'st thou doubt thy
charms;

Or think a breast so young and soft as mine,
Could e're resist such charming eyes as thine?
Not love thee! witness all ye powers above,
(That know my heart) to what excess I love,
How many tender sighs for thee I've spent,
I who ne're knew what serious passion meant.
Till to revenge his slighted Votaries,
The God of love, coucht in thy beauteous eyes,

38 *Poems on several Occasions.*

At once inspir'd and fixt my roving heart,
Which till that moment scorn'd his proudest dart,
And now I languish out my life for thee,
As others unregarded do for me ;
Silent as night, and pensive as a dove,
Through shades more gloomy than my thoughts I
rove,
With downcast eyes as languishing an Air,
The Emblem I of Love, and of Dispair.

THE