

A

Farewel to LOVE.

Well, since in spite of all that Love can
(do,

The dangerous steps of Honour
(thoul't pursue,

I'll just grow Wise and Philosophick too :

I'll bid these tender silly things Farewel ;

And Love, with thy great Antidote, expel :

I'll tread the same Ambitious Paths with thee,

And Glory too shall be my Deity.

And now I'll once release my Train of Fools,

In Sheer good Nature to the Loving Souls ;

For Pity's-sake at last I'll set at rights

The vain conceits of the presumptuous Wights :

E c

For

66 *Poems on several Occasions.*

For tho' I shake off *Therons* Chains, yet he
Is all that e'er deserv'd a Smile from me.

But he's unjust, and false; and I a part
Would not accept, tho' of a *MONARCH's*

VOL. 1 (heart.
And therefore flattering hopes, and wishes too,
With all Loves soft Concomitants, adieu:
No more to its Imperious Yoke I'll bow;
Pride and Resentment fortify me now.

My Inclinations are revers'd; nor can
I but abhor the Slavery of Man,
How e'er the *empty Lords of Nature* boast
O're me, their Fond Prerogative is lost:
For, Uncontroul'd, I thus resolve to rove,
And hear no more of *Hymen*, or of *Love*:
No more such Wild Fantastick things shall
(Charm:
My Breast; nor these Serener Thoughts Alarm.

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No more for Farce ; I'll make a Lover Creep,
And look as Scurvy as if he had bit a Sheep.
Nor with Dissembled Smiles indulge the Fops,
In pure Revenge to their Audacious hopes ;
Tho' at my Feet a thousand Victims lay,
I'd proudly spurn the Whining Slaves away.
Deaf, as the Winds, or *Theron*, would I prove,
And hear no more of Hymen, or of Love.
Like bright *Diana* now I'll range the Woods,
And haunt the silent Shades and silver Floods.
I'll find out the Remotest Paths I can,
To shun th' Offensive, Hated Face of Man.
Where I'll Indulge my Liberty and Bliss,
And no *Endimyon* shall obtain a Kiss.
Now, *Cupid*, Mourn ; the enlargement of my
(fate,
Thou'st lost a Politician in thy State :
I could have taught thee, hadst thou lost thy
(Arms,
To fool the World with more delusive Charms ;
E e 2 I

68 *Poems on several Occasions*

I could have made thy Taper burn more
(bright,

And wing thy Shafts with an unerring flight :

'Twas I directed that successful dart,

That found its way to the *Great*——'s heart :

'Twas I that made the lovely *Fl*——*n* bow,

A proud contemner of thy Laws, till now ;

I Sung thy Power, and Inspir'd the Swains,

Or thou hadst been no Deity on the Plains,

Yet think no more my freedom to surprize,

VWhich nothing can controul but *Theron's* eyes ;

And every flattering Smile, and every Grace,

VWith all the Air of that Bewitching Face,

My Pride and Resolutions may deface :

For from those eyes for ever I'll remove,

To shun the Sight of what I would not love :

And then, tho every *Cyclop* stretcht his Art,

To form the little angry God a dart,

I'll yet defy his rage to touch my Heart :

For

Poems on several Occasions. 69

For tho my years compel me to disdain,
Of the false Charmer meanly to complain ;
'Tis yet some satisfaction to my Mind,
I for his sake abandon all Mankind.
My Prouder Muse, to love no more a slave,
Shall Sing the Gust, the Fortunate and Brave,
And twine her *Promis'd Wreaths* for *Theron's*
The *Hero*, not the faithless *Lover* now. (*Brow,*
More Blooming Glories mayst thou still ac-
(*quire,*
And urge my Breast with a more active fire.
May New Successes wait upon thy Sword,
And deathless Honour all thy Acts record.
May all thou dost thy Character compleat ;
And, like thy self, be loyal still and great :
VVhilst in an equal Orb as free I move,
And think no more of *Hymen*, or of *Love*.

F I N I S.