And leſt ſhe ſhou'd anon revoke
What in her warmer rage ſhe ſpoke,
She bound the Sentence with an Oath,
Proteſted by her *Faith* and *Troth*,
Nought ſhou'd Compound for his Offence,
But the full Term of *Abſtinence*.

But when his Pennance-Glaſs were run,
His Hours of *Caſtigation* done,
Shou'd he deferr one Minutes ſpace
T' appear, and be reſtor'd to Grace,
With ſparkling threatning Eyes ſhe ſwore,
That Failure wou'd Incenſe her more
Than all his Treſpaſſes before.

Laura's Walk.

I.

THE Sun far ſunk in his Deſcent,
Laid now his Tyrant Rayes aſide,

When *Laura* to the Garden went,
To Tryumph over *Natures Pride.*

II.

The *Roſe-Buds* bluſht with deeper Dye,
The *envying Lillies* paler grew;
The *Violets* droopt with Fear to ſpy
On *Laura's* Veins a richer *Blew.*

III.

She ſtoopt and gather'd as ſhe went,
But whilſt ſhe *ſlaughter'd* ſweetly *Smil'd*;
As Angells tho for Ruin ſent,
Appear with Looks *Serene* and *Mild.*

IV.

But now grown weary with her Toyl,
She ſits and flow'ry Wreaths ſhe frames;
Thus with proud *Trophies* made o'th' *Spoyl*,
Her *Conqueſt* ore the *Flow'rs* proclaims.

THE