

POEMS.

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The Surprizal.

In th' narrowest walk of a close Grove,
Whom shou'd I chance to meet but *Love*?
I seiz'd the *Elf*, and said---At last
I've caught thee, and I'll hold thee fast.
Now by thy Mothers Doves and Sparrows,
I'll rob thee of thy Bow and Arrows;
I'll chain Thee up and clip thy *Wings*,
Or *Strangle* Thee in thy *own* Strings,
If thou refuse me to relate
The Grounds of my *Olinda's* Hate.

Then thus the Boy reply'd---Fond Swain,
Vex not your self and me in Vain:
Your Love as noble is and brave
As ere this Bow and Quiver gave;
But that *Olinda* flights your Flame,
Nor *Thou*, nor I, nor *She's* too Blame.

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Weigh Circumstances, and you'll find
 She's of *Necessity* Unkind:
 She's *Mortal*, therefore never can
 Commiserate a suffering Swain;
 For such refin'd Perfections shine
 In Her, that cou'd She but Incline
 To Pitty Men, She were *Divine*!

The Unconfin'd.

Believe me Nymph you strive in Vain
 My Passion to Confine:

'Tis noble, and must need repine
 To wear the Slaves most Servile Badge, the *Chains*;
 'Tis more than all your *Charms* can do

To lay Restraint on *Love*;

But if you are dispos'd to prove
 Your Beauties utmost Pow'r, pursue