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He more to make his Love appear

His darling Hawk snatch'd from the Perch

And dress'd it for his Dear

Which generous A did to purely give

He said to me

PARALLEL.

He said to me

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IN old *Italian* Prose, we read,

A youth by Riot and fond Love undone,

Had yet a Faulcon left of famous breed,

His chief diversion in his fatal Need,

And sole Companion when he left the Town.

The Saint that did his Soul possess,

Touch'd with a generous Sence of his distress

Made him a Visit at his poor retreat,

Whom his Heart nobly feasted, but, alas,

His empty Purse could get,

Nothing was good enough for her to eat :

Till rack'd with Shame, and a long fruitless search,

He more to make his Love appear,
His darling Hawk snatch'd from the Pearch,
And dress'd it for his Dear,
Which generous A&t did so intirely gain her,
She gave him all her Love and Wealth,
And nobly paid her Entertainer.
So when my Love with fatal strife
Had spent its whole Estate,
And Natures short-wing'd Hawk my Life
Was doom'd a Dish for Fate;
Divine *Olympia* chang'd the sad decree,
And with infallible Divinity,
Gave A new Being to my Soul and me.

T^o

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