

TO CRINTHIA.

I.

IF Beauty by Enjoyment can
 Reward a Love that's true,
 To bless our Patience or our Pain,
 All I deserve from you.

II.

But oh, to Love too well's a Curse
 Of such a strange degree,
 Were my Fidelity far worse
 Much happier should I be.

III.

Sad Recompence, relentless Fate,
 To faithful Love does give;
 You'r pleas'd in being obstinate,
 Whilst I in Tortures live.

IV. Like

III.

Like wretches gull'd to Foreign Shores,
 I cruelly am serv'd,
 Instead of Loves dear promis'd Stores
 Am made a Slave and starv'd.

A

PROLOGUE

By way of SATYR, Spoke before
 King CHARLES II.
 New-Market.

EXpect no more th' old fawning Prologue
 way,
 For the rash spleenful Poet writes to day
 Something of you, Gallants, and not the Play.
 Since freedom's given to each man here resorts,
 He takes the priviledge t' abuse your sports;

Then

Then thus be
 And every J
 From the dull
 New-Market
 Made of Cri
 Much Noife,
 Where Men a
 To lose their
 Pray where's
 In Yap, hoh,
 Chattering o
 Snow.
 This and Fo
 Where you R
 Following th
 O'r Hedgean
 To kill, whe
 A stinking C
 This may be
 As th' *Monsie*