

On my unguarded Heart did fall
 So fierce, that in my tortur'd mind,
 Possess'd with Rage, I once design'd
 To knock my Head against the Wall.

XXI.

Then *Adam* the first Man I curst,
 That brought the Mischief in at first
 To traffick with forbidden Joys;
 Else Beauty's World had naked been,
 Nor had I for my peeping Sin,
 Like him been banish'd Paradise.

SONG.

I.

Pelles told the Painters fam'd in Greece,
A To draw true Beauty was the hardest piece
 And now, alas, the same defect we see
 Descend, from Painting into Poetry;

Divine

Divine *Olimpia's* Face no Skill can take
Each Feature does the feeble Artist blind,
And ah, what Muse a just Applause can make
Of all the Charms in that Angellick kind.

II.

Some are for pleasing Features far renown'd,
Others with Wit, or charming Voices wound,
Many for mein and shape fond Lovers prize,
And many make vast Conquests with their Eyes:
But ne'er were these Perfections found in one,
But in the fair *Olympia* alone;
The fair *Olympia* Phenix-like appears,
A Wonder seen once in a thousand years.

Second Movement.

THEN shew thy Power, great God of Love,
That laught at Womens Craft,
Make all her Charms less strongly move,
And make her Heart more soft;

Ah, why should Beauty first ordain'd to please,

Con-

Consume and Kill,

And do such fatal Ill,

Since only she can cure which causes the disease

Against Free-Will. A SONG.

I.

GO silly Mortal, and ask thy Creator,

Why thy short Life is tormented with care
Why thou art Slave to the follies of Nature,

Why for thy Plague he made Women so fair?

If Cloes Glances

Can charm thy Senses,

And Beauty force thee into her Snare;

What's this Free Will of which Gownmen so prate,

When none, none, have power to controul their Fate

II.

If Man be Monarch of all the Creation,

Women in Reason should stoop to his sway;

Fair, Rich, or Witty, by free Inclination

Owning his Priviledge, calmly obey:

Else

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M

The Horfe
Who e'er i'
Sigh to the

A

I Follow?
I rang?

I haunted

Observing

Friends and

Yet I found

Greatest p

Till Sylvia

But see

How vain