

Else every Brute is

More blest with Beauties.

The Horse or Stag each can seize his Prey,  
 Who e'er i' th' Grove saw the Lordly Bull,  
 Sigh to the fair, She like a loving Fool.

## A S O N G.

I.

**I** Follow'd Fame and got Renown,  
 I rang'd all o'er the Park and Town,  
 I haunted Plays, and there grew wise,  
 Observing my own modish Vice;  
 Friends and Wine I next did try,  
 Yet I found no solid Joy,  
 Greatest Pleasures seem too small,  
 Till *Sylvia* made amends for all.

II.

But see the state of humane Bliss,  
 How vain our best Contentment is,

As

As of my Joy she was the Chief,  
 So was she too my greatest Grief,  
 Fate, that I might be undone,  
 Dooms this Angel but for one,  
 And, alas, too plain I see,  
 That I am not the happy he.

*A Dialogue between a Town Spark and  
 his Miss.*

*She.* **I**D you not promise me when you  
 by me,

That you would Marry me, can you deny me

*He.* If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,

Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

*She.* Ah, who would trust you Men, that Swear and  
 Vow so,

Born only to deceive, how can you do so?

*He.* If we can Swear and Lye, you can Dissemble

And then to hear the Lye, would make one  
 Tremble.

*She.* Had I not lov'd, you had found a denial

My tender Heart, alas, was but too real; *He.*

*He.* Real

Real to

*She.* If thou  
 gress

You we

*He.* Thou  
 Child

But I'm

*She.* Tho

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By virtue