

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,

Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Transgression,

You we were the only *He*, e'er got Possession?

He. Thou couldst talk prettily ere thou couldst go,
Child;

But I'm too old and wise, to be sham'd so, Child.

She. Tho y'are so Cruel you'll never believe me,

Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your *Kid* home to me, I will take care on't,

If't has the Mothers gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

To Cynthia. A SONG.

I.

BORN with the Vices of my kind

I were Inconstant too;

Dear *Cynthia*, could I rambling find

More Beauty than in you:

I I.

The rowling Surges of my Blood,

By virtue now ebb'd low;

Should

Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would over-flow.

III.

But frailty when thy Face I see,
Does modestly retire;
Uncommon must her Graces be,
Whose look can bound desire.

IV.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power
This Constancy is due,
When change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

*A Mock SONG to, When first A M I N T O
su'd for a Kiss, &c.*

I.

A *Minta* one Night had occasion to p—
Joan reach'd her the Pot that stood by her
I in the next Chamber could hear it to hiss;
The Sluce was small, but Stream was strong,
My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
And raving I lay with desire;

But no

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Joan n

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Says *Joan*

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Says *Joan*

You have