

To CYNTHIA.

BY all the Sacred Powers I love ye so
 There's nothing else so dear to me below;
 And when your Cruel Scorn I would forsake,
 Shunning the Rock that threatens me with wrack,
 Some Angel stops my speed, and brings the Ro-
 ver back.

Madam, my Heart no blemish yet has stain'd,
 And never has deserv'd to be disdain'd,
 Nor is it to be fool'd with ease,

But you may break it when you please,

Like melting Ore, your kindness makes it run.
 But rigour turns it to a Stone,
 And I had rather dye then see you frown:

So may your Influence you prove,

So much so tenderly I love,

And think not, dearest Saint, I can deceive,

But as you hope to be believ'd, believe;

K

By

By Heaven and you my Life blooms or decays,
 You point my wane or my encrease of days,
 Fain, I confess, I would despair forget,
 I would be blest'd if you thought fit,
 Yet I too may your self-will'd Rigour fear,
 For ah, what hopes is there of Love from her,
 Whose very Soul is Love, and yet the word
 dains to hear.

*A Letter Written for a L A D Y in Answer
 to a Friend.*

H Ad you not known your Merit was forgot
 That my *Laurinda* I could ne'er forget
 Dulness, you might have want of Friendship thought
 And my neglect in writing call a Fault:
 But though I want your Genius to express,
 Believe me, dearest Friend, my Love's not less
 I would accost your Muse with equal Skill,
 For though I want the Wit, I have the Will,
 Did not my Reason whisper like a friend,
 That I should wrong my self, should I pretend

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 Nor is my
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 And many
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 Courting th
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