



SINCERITY. A Poem.

*Occasion'd by a Friend's resenting some
Advice I gave.*

I.

SINCERITY, what are thy Views?

No more my Breast attend;

By thee, alas! we often lose,

But feldom gain a Friend.

II.

No more with dangerous Zeal presume,

To warn whom you esteem;

Be wife, or I foresee your Doom;

Impertinence you'll seem.

III.

A Thousand Ills from thee I've found,

A Thousand more I fear;

In Worlds like this should you abound?

What Bu'ness have you here?

IV.

But if you still must haunt my Breaſt,

To Defarts we'll repair;

Or ſeek the Manſions of the Bleſt,

They know your Value there.

