To Mrs. Putland.

UNCOMMON Charms, I plainly ſee,
Compleat the Fair for Tyranny.
Then, leſt your Form ſhould make you vain
Of Conqueſt, and of giving Pain,
Thoſe, whom your Beauties have enſlav'd,
By me ſhall now be undeceiv'd.

LONG was I Fool enough to view
Thy rapt'rous Shape, and thought it new;
Till lately reading WALLER o'er,
I found 'twas AMORET's before.