

Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and EVE's Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly EDEN lost.

With Virtue strong as Yours had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote.

T O

My LORD BUCKHURST,

Very Young,

Playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Desire,
How'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a blushing Maid;
And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.

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Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Left Thou prefer so rash a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve!
O quickly from her Shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.

The Queen of Love, who soon will feel
Her own A D O N I S live in Thee,
Will lightly her first Los deplore;
Will easily forgive the Boar:

Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow;
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow:
And on her tabby Rival's Face
She deep will mark her new Disgrace.

An O D E.

W H I L E from our Looks, fair Nymph, You guess
The secret Passions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, You say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the same Ease You threw the Dart,
'Tis certain You may show the Wound.

III. How