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 boaft, Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden loft.

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.

There's no Way to be fafe, but not to See.

My LORD BUCKHURST,

Very Young,

Playing with a C A T.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess,
Obtain'd of Venus his Desire,
Howe'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, I am wolf

Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love now as blos slid W

Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improved I and wolf

O quickly from her Shrine retreat;

Left Thou prefer fo rash a Pray'r:n'q as not alid W

Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate, oldnob ni dotor W off

SEE W arm'd,

n'd: hon

ote, etto

The Queen of Love, who foon will feel and a good And on her tabby Rival's Face a moy llot not misy M Your Potent Mercylmayarelesse: Her own A DONIS live in Thee, m shooth ord ring Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow; With jealous Rage her Breast will glow: Will lightly her first Lofs deplore; Will eafily forgive the Boar:

She too k An One mishin Then Ford I laups as O

Alas! what Winds can happy prove,

She deep will mark her new Difgrace. Wind fliw nox

From flighted Vowe, and chld Difdain? WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, You guefs My heavy Eyes, You fay, confefs T flabling and alling of The fecret Passions of our Mindsus somes sa A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd sgs nwords ssa

There needs, alas! but little Art, Rogan arom and varia V here first my Shipwinger Hart was To have this fatal Secret found: gnivb ni oronn Tis certain You may show the Wound. With the fame Eafe You threw the Dart,