

Look.

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 DONIS live in Thee,  
Will lightly her first Loss 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.

WHILE 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

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Take

## III.

How can I see You, and not love; and O, how take I

While You as op'ning East are fair? yet how I feel

While cold as Northern Blasts You prove; and how I

How can I love, and not despair? I have I wish I will

And Hell does over me; IV. and I wish I will

The Wretch in double Fetters bound yet not I

Your Potent Mercy may release:

Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd, and O, yet

In Fair Prophetes, my Grief would cease. And how I

Not had I wish I will; and O, yet I wish I will

Will easily forgive the Poet: and O, yet I wish I will

## A SONNET.

IN vain You tell your parting Lover, yet I wish I will

You wish fair Winds may waft Him over, I wish I will

Alas! what Winds can happy prove,

That bear Me far from what I love?

Alas! what Dangers on the Main

Can equal Those that I sustain,

From slighted Vows, and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity choose to love I wish I will

To wish the wildest Tempests loose: O, yet I wish I will

That thrown again upon the Coast, O, yet I wish I will

Where first my Shipwrack't Heart was lost,

I may once more repeat my Pain; and I wish I will

Once more in dying Notes complain O, yet I wish I will

Of slighted Vows, and cold Disdain. O, yet I wish I will

And I wish I will O, yet I wish I will

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