

The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares:
 They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
 But That dear Breast on which they fall.

TO
Mr. HOWARD:
An ODE.

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft Assaults of Love,
 Poets and Painters never are Secure:
 Can I untouched the Fair ones Passions move?
 Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel its Pow'r?

II.

To Great APELLES when Young AMMON brought
 The darling Idol of his Captive Heart,
 And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,
 To have Her Charms recorded by His Art:

III.

III

The am'rous Master own'd Her potent Eyes;
Sigh'd when He look'd, and trembl'd as He drew:
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprise;
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

While PHILIP's Son, while VENUS'Son was near,
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe:
Nor could He hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

Romanticism, **D**reams of **L**ove
A **W**ife's **P**recious **B**ride
Her **S**weet **G**race **I**ll
May **Y**ield **E**ver **O**ur
Dear **Y**outh **W**ishes
Your **T**ender **R**emembrance
Donau **o** **Y**our **l**ove

move? Pow'r?

Had Thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain;
Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r,
Thou must have sigh'd; unlucky Youth, in vain;
Nor from My Bounty hadst Thou found a Cure.

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