

June the 29.

Now forfake the Place,
and all my Treasure was,
my wandering Footsteps

(Trace;

d all Divertisement,
I am content.

remov'd from hence,
I am, are both of equal Sense
strongly forc'd by you,
Sisters sad adieu.

all I knew in Town,
are Strangers grown;
at I e'er was there,
things that brought me here.
I am not in this Retreat,
this humble Seat:

know where to send to
I with their Civility.
concern'd, not pleas'd nor cross'd
my World as lost.

25

The Repulse to Alcander.

WHAT is't you mean, that I am thus ap-
(proach'd,
Dare you to hope, that I may be debauch'd?

For your seducing Words the same implies,
In begging Pity with a soft Surprise,

For one who loves, and sighs, and almost dies.

In ev'ry Word and Action doth appear,

Something I hate and blush to see or hear;

At first your Love for vast Respect was told,

Till your excess of Manners grew too bold,

And did your base, designing Thoughts unfold.

When a Salute did seem to Custom due,

With too much Ardour you'd my Lips pursue;

My Hand, with which you play'd, you'd Kiss

(and Press,

Nay ev'ry Look had something of Address.

Ye Gods! I cry'd, sure he designs to woo,

For thus did amorous *Phylaster* do.

The Youth whose Passion none could disapprove,

When *Hymen* waited to compleat his Love;

But now, when sacred Laws and Vows confine

Me to another what can you design?

At



26 *The Repulse to Alcander.*

At first, I could not see the lewd Abuse,
But fram'd a thousand Things for your Excuse,
I knew that *Bacchus* sometimes did inspire
A sudden Transport, tho' not lasting Fire;
For he no less than *Cupid* can make kind,
And force a Fondness which was ne'er design'd,
Or thought you'd travel'd far, and it might chance,
To be the foreign Mode of Complaisance.
Till you so oft your amorous Crimes repeat,
That to permit you would make mine as great,
Nor stopt you here but languishingly spake,
That Love which I endeavour'd to mistake:
What saw you in me, that could make you vain,
Or any thing expect, but just Disdain?
I must confess I am not quite so Nice,
To Damn all little Gallantries for Vice;
(But I see now my Charity's misplac'd,
If none but fullen Saints can be thought Chast:)
Yet know, Base Man, I scorn your lewd Amours,
Hate them from all, not only cause they're yours
Oh sacred Love! let not the World prophane,
Thy Transports, thus to Sport, and Entertain;
The Beau, with some small Artifice of's own,
Can make a Treat, for all the wanton Town:

To

I thought my self
But your rude Love
Affronts my Virtue
Why should I sue
For oft 'tis known
Men boast those
Or others Malice
Perhaps may see
So scatter false S
That I love too:
No, I'll be Wise
And shun at once

To Mr. No

I F Pythagoric
With sublim
What mighty So
Informs thy Bo
For when did
Sure the below'd I

Use to Alcander.

see the lewd Abuse,
and Things for your Excuse
sometimes did inspire
it, tho' not lasting Fire;
Cupid can make kind,
Gifts which was ne'er design'd
to livel'd far, and it might chance
Mode of Complaisance.
amorous Crimes repeat,
you would make mine as great
but languishingly spake,
endeavour'd to mistake:
me, that could make you vain
I, but just Disdain?
not quite so Nice,
Gallantries for Vice;
Charity's misplac'd,
Saints can be thought Chast:
man, I scorn your lewd Amour
I, not only cause they're your
yet not the World prophane,
thus to Sport, and Entertain
some small Artifice of's own,
for all the wanton Town:

To Mr. Norris, 27

I thought my self secure, within these Shades,
But your rude Love, my Privacy invades,
Affronts my Virtue, hazards my just Fame,
Why should I suffer, for your lawless Flame?
For oft 'tis known, through Vanity and Pride,
Men boast those Favours which they are deny'd:
Or others Malice, which can soon discern;
Perhaps may see in you some kind Concern.
So scatter false Suggestions of their own,
That I love too: Oh! Stain to my Renown;
No, I'll be Wise, avoid your Sight in time,
And shun at once the Censure and the Crime.

*To Mr. Norris, on his Idea of Hap-
piness.*

I.

IF Pythagorick notions would agree,
With sublimated Christianity;
What mighty Soul, shall I allow,
Informs thy Body now;
For when did such appear,
Sure the belov'd Disciple's Soul is here.

Not