I with more eaſe could bear my Fate,
Forgive his Cruelty,
If ſtupidly our Sex he hate :
But he doth Smile on every Fair,
The partial Curſe I cannot bear,
For, oh he's kind! he's kind! to all but me.

Love.

LOVE, like Original Sin, in all does dwell,
Fools ſighs in private, and the Witty tell;
Boaſt they'r fond Paſſions in repeated Rhymes,
That other Reigning Miſchief of the Times:
The Learn'd aſham'd to own their Amorous Pain,
Vent the warm Raptures in a Pious ſtrain,
Sigh, Languiſh, Die, (tho' for a Mortal fair,)
In Lays Divine, like *Quarles* and *Arwaker*.

A SONG.

PHyla*ſter*'s grown unkind,
The lovely perjur'd Youth,
Tho' by ſacred Oaths confind;
Has now loſt all his Truth.

He