

To One who said I must not Love.

Bid the fond Mother spill her Infants Blood,
 The hungry Epicure not think of Food;
 Bid the *Antartick* touch the *Artick* Pole:
 When these obey I'll force Love from my Soul.
 As Light and Heat compose the Genial Sun,
 So Love and I essentially are one:
 E'er your Advice a thousand ways I try'd
 To ease the inherent Pain, but 'twas deny'd;
 Tho' I resolv'd, and griev'd, and almost dy'd.
 Then I would needs dilate the mighty Flame,
 Play the Coquet, hazard my dearest Fame:
 The modish Remedy I try'd in vain,
 One thought of him contracts it all again.
 Weary'd at last, curst *Hymen's* Aid I chose;
 But find the fetter'd Soul has no Repose.
 Now I'm a double Slave to Love and Vows:
 As if my former Sufferings were too small,
 I've made the guiltless Torture-Criminal.
 E'er this I gave a loose to fond Desire,
 Durst smile, be kind, look, languish and admire,
 With wishing Sighs fan the transporting Fire.

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But now these soft Allays are so like Sin,
I'm forc'd to keep the mighty Anguish in;
Check my too tender Thoughts and rising Sighs,
As well as eager Arms and longing Eyes.

My Kindness to his Picture I refrain,
Nor now imbrace the lifeless lovely Swain.

To press the charming Shade thro' a Glass,
Seems a Platonick breach of *Hymen's* Laws,
Thus nicely fond, I only stand and gaze.

View the dear conq'ring Form that forc'd my Fate,
Till I become as motionless as that.

My sinking Limbs deny their wonted Aid,
Fainting I lean against my frighted Maid;

Whose cruel Care restores my Sense and Pain,

For soon as I have Life I love again,

And with the fated softness strive in vain.

Distorted Nature shakes at the Controul,

With strong Convulsions rends my struggling Soul;

Each vital String cracks with th' unequal Strife,

Departing Love racks like departing Life;

Yet there the Sorrow ceases with the Breath,

But Love each day renews th' torturing scene of
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