

*On the death of dear Statyra.*

**B**Egone my Muse, Tears quench thy sacred  
 True Grief, like Lové, without thee can inspire.  
 Mod'rate Sorrows may be told with Art,  
 But the Distractions of my troubled Heart  
 With sad Confusion I must needs exprefs,  
 My Verse will, like my Sighs, be numberless.  
 Ah, cruel Death! why was't thou so severe,  
 To take the Young, the Witty, and the Fair,  
 The gay *Satyra* in her blooming days:  
 Could no less Feast serve thy luxurious Jaws?  
 Would not the old or discontented do?  
 Those whom Misfortune forc'd to wish for you.  
 No those I by experience find you fly; (must dy.  
 And 'tis not those we would, but those you please,  
 Guide me, some Friend, if I have any one,  
 Whom Grief has spar'd since dear *Statyra's* gone:  
 Lead me, I say, to some sad Cyprife shade,  
 Dark as the Grave of the once lovely Maid;  
 There let me ever mourn the Friend I've lost:  
 Ye Gods, why was *Statyra* made a Ghost?

I can

I can no more  
 Hear that sweet  
 View that I  
 As we was  
 Ye pleasant  
 Who's Char  
 Keep on you  
 Put on your  
 The less gay  
 Sound not on  
 Each lofty T  
 Bud forth no  
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 My louder Si  
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 And all too li  
 Now she is go

Of dear Statyra.

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I can no more gaze on that charming Face,  
Hear that ſweet Voice, nor have one dear Embrace;  
View that ſoft Air and Mien, and ſport and play,  
As we was wont on Summer-banks each day.  
Ye pleaſant Walks whom ſhe ſo oft did grace,  
Who's Charms did dart a Glory round the place.  
Keep on your diſmal Hue, let not the Spring  
Put on your fresh Attire, nor Summer bring.  
The leſs gay verdant Look ye Birds be ſtill,  
Sound not one Note unleſs ſad *Philomel*.  
Each lofty Tree hang down your ſtately Head,  
Bud forth no more now gay *Statyra's* dead;  
But let your naked Boughs be ever join'd  
In murmuring Sorrows with the ſighing Wind:  
No Blow, no Wind to move the yielding Bough,  
My louder Sighs will do that Office now.  
Keep back your force ye Springs that grace the  
(Woods,  
My Tears alone will ſwell you into Floods:  
And all too little for the Friend I grieve,  
Now ſhe is gone 'tis not worth while to live.

On