

Song.

Why be enrich'd by me,
Of best Poetry.
Stock the Barns each Year,
But allow it here:
Seen so long retir'd,
Till by you Inspir'd.
Woman highest Wit,
So speak well of it;
Praise you give,
I should Immortal live;
When they speak to me,
What I ought to be.

Madam S—.

ous Beau,
fine,

steeen.

speak,
will surprize,
in her Slave,
i's bright Eyes.

Was

The Fate.

49

Was she old and deform'd,
Her Wit and her Air,
Would conquer more Hearts,
Than the Young and the Fair.

Those Charms are more noble,
The Lovely and Kind
May vanquish the Body,
She conquers the Mind.

The Fate.

Tell me ye partial Power that wound our
(Hearts
Why strike ye not with sympathizing Darts?
Let Nymph and Swain be warm'd with equal Fires,
Not thus half-link Aversion and Desires.
Sure you delight to see us fondly crave
Those Joys, some other thankless Wretch must have.
Thus Love the sacred source of Unions cross,
And we perplex'd with what should please us most.
I would not rashly your Decrees prophane,
But am too much concern'd not to complain.

E

The

The Fate.

The wealthy *Strepbon*'s panting at my Feet,
 Tis I alone, that can his Joys compleat.
 Yet with proud Scorn his dying Sighs repay,
 Find all my Softness forc'd another way.
 In gay *Exalis* centure all my Bliss,
 Nor have a Thought but what's intirely his:
 Careless of me, he does for *Cloe* pine,
 Who slights him; and to *Damon* does resign.
 Thus *Strepbon* for *Larinda* almost dies,
 But she can only soft *Exalis* prize,
 He dotes on *Cloe*, she for *Damon* sighs.
 Gods! tis too hard all Love yet all must part,
 By some nice Touch turn every other Heart;
 But if too cruel to redress us all,
 To my *Exalis* let your Blessing fall.
 On *Cloe* or *Larinda* the Change must be,
 Grant I may please like her, or else she love like me;
 For either way will ease my grateful Breast,
 So our *Exalis* will but think he's blest.

HOW pleasant
 When forbid
 Was my Pass
 It would quick
 It adds to the
 When we stea
 Why should I
 Since himself
 In some Silvan
 Let me sigh for
 Where none but
 Will speak on't
 Thus silent and
 I'll pass the Tin
 And when I gr
 I'll make my L