With ſuch ſtill Horrour let's our ſorrows bear,
Leſt Sighs in time, harmonious ſhould appear.
If e'er to write again is Man's intent,
(Uncall'd on let us ſilently lament,)
And take his Works, for an Eternal Preſident,

The Platonick.

PRepoſterous Fate, let me accuſe thee now,
(What means this Mirtle on the Cypreſs bough;)
Ah! why thus treacherouſly in Friendſhip dreſt,
Haſt thou to Love, betray'd my unweary Breaſt?
Amintor's lateſt Breath did recommend,
Me to the care of his once deareſt Friend;
We the kind fatal Orders did perſue,
And for his ſake I ſtrove to Love him too:
Methoughts *Amintor* did his Thanks Proclaim,
Look'd down and ſmil'd, and authoriz'd my Flame.
Bid me my greateſt Favours there beſtow,
Where he lov'd beſt (excepting me) below;
But my ill Fate, th' obedient purpoſe croſt,
Duty was ſoon in Inclination loſt;

For oh! I find the generous Probation,
Has now commenc'd an unſuſpected Paſſion.
I would my Friendſhip to the height improve,
VVhich unawars did ſublimate to Love;
So ſome well meaning Votaries in Religion,
Run their Devotion up to Superſtition:
But from the utmoſt Error I'll be free,
And not degenerate to Idollatry.
Confeſs the kind Platonick at the moſt,
And make my Paſſion not my Bluſh, but Boaſt:
I do not wiſh him in theſe careleſs Arms,
Let me but gaze at diſtance on his Charms;
To view that ſoftning Air, that Voice to hear,
Is all the Bliſs my temperate Soul wou'd ſhare.
But then be ever preſent ever kind,
Joy to my Eyes and Pleaſure to my Mind.
I ſhall be bleſt if you'll allow but this,
Shou'd you be kinder, t'would abate my Bliſs;
My elevated Flame needs no ſupply,
But the nice ſubtil Fewel of the Eye:
In Contemplation all my Pleaſure lies,
My Joys are pure Ideal Extacies:
The Lip or Hand are not enough refin'd,
VVith Looks and Smiles let me regale my Mind
'Tis all my ſofteſt VViſhes e'er deſign'd.

Love

Love like the ſacred Tree which *Eden* grac't,
To entertain the ſight is only plac't;
Safely we gaze, but if we venter on,
To touch and taſt, we bluſh and are undone.

The Emulation.

SAY Tyrant Cuſtom, why muſt we obey,
The impoſitions of thy haughty Sway;
From the firſt dawn of Life, unto the Grave,
Poor Womankind's in every State, a Slave.
The Nurſe, the Miſtreſs, Parent and the Swain,
For Love ſhe muſt, there's none eſcape that Pain;
Then comes the laſt, the fatal Slavery,
The Husband with inſulting Tyranny
Can have ill Manners juſtify'd by Law;
For Men all join to keep the Wife in awe.
Moſes who firſt our Freedom did rebuke,
Was Marry'd when he writ the Pentateuch;
They're Wife to keep us Slaves, for well they know,
If we were looſe, we ſoon ſhould make them, ſo.
We yeild like vanquiſh'd Kings whom Fetters bind,
When chance of War is to Uſurpers kind;

Sub-