TO A LOVER.

BY ——.

WHY didſt thou raſe ſuch woeful wayle,
And waſte in briny tears thyne days;
Cauſe ſhee, that wont to flout and rayl,
At laſt gave proof of woman's waies?
Shee did, in ſoothe, diſplay the hearte
That mought have wroughte thee greater ſmarte.

Why thank her then, not weepe nor mone,
Let others guard their careleſs hearte;
And praiſe the day that thus made knowne
The faithleſs hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain ſuche roote,
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite.

But, ere the bloſſom faire dothe riſe,
To ſhoot its ſweetneſs o'er the taſte,
Creepeth diſdain in canker-wiſe,
And chilling ſcorne the fruite dothe blaſte.
There is no hope of all our toyl,
There is no fruit from ſuch a ſoil.

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,
  Shee might have poyſon'd all thyne lyfe;
Such wayward mynde had bred thee more
  Of ſorrowe, had ſhe prov'd a wyfe.
Leave her to meet all hopeleſs meed,
And bleſs thyſelf that ſo art freed.

No youthe ſhall ſue ſuche one to winne,
  Unmark'd by all the ſhyning fair,
Save for her pride and ſcorn, ſuch ſinne
  As hearts of love can never bear;
Like leafleſs plant in blaſted ſhade,
So liveth ſhee a barren mayde.

THE HERMITE's ADDRESSE TO YOUTHE.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING-GARDEN AT BATH.

BY ——.

SAY, gentle youthe, that tread'ſt untouch'd with care,
  Where Nature hath ſo guerdon'd Bathe's gay ſcene;
Fedde with the ſonge that daunceth in the aire;
  'Midſt faireſt wealthe of Flora's magazine;
Hath eye or eare yet founde, thine ſteppes to bleſſe,
That gem of life y-clep'd true happineſſe.

With