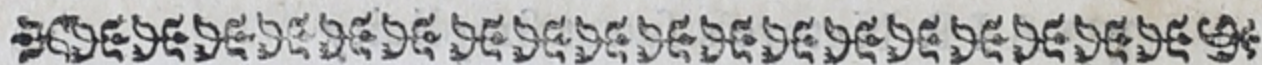


To Miss LUCY F —

By the Same.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd,
 I sung my am'rous strains :
 No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
 Yet ev'ry tender maid deceiv'd
 The idly mournful tale believ'd,
 And wept my fancy'd pains.

But Venus now to punish me,
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aonian quire
 Can accents soft enough inspire,
 Its real flame to tell.



To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see ;
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
 It must be read in me.