

EPIGRAM VI.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

EPIGRAM VII.

I Swore I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Tho' all I swore, was true.

I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

EPIGRAM VIII.

On Mrs. PENELOPE.

THE gentle Pen with look demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure:
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

EPIGRAM IX.

On one who first abused, and then made love to a LADY.

FOUL——with graceless verse,
The noble——dar'd asperse.

But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;

He

He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
 She look'd so very like himself.
 True sung the bard well known to fame,
 Self-love and social are the same.

E P I G R A M X.

WHILE Lucy, chaste as mountain snows,
 Gives every idle fop a hearing;
 In Mary's breast a passion glows,
 Which stronger is from not appearing.
 Say, who has chose the better part!
 Mary to whom no joy is missing;
 Or she, who dupe to her own heart,
 Pays the full price of Mary's kissing.

E P I G R A M XI.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
 Again may claim it from her lover;
 But she who plays the trifler's part,
 Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
 Then grant the boon for which I pray!
 'Tis better lend than throw away.

E P I G R A M XII.

WE thought you without titles great,
 And, wealthy with a small estate;
 While by your humble self alone,
 You seem unrated and unknown.

But