

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

But now on fortune's swelling tide
 High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
 Of grandeur vain and fond of pelf,
 'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

EPIGRAM XIII.

LOvely shines thy wedded fair,
 Gentle as the yielding air;
 Cheering as the solar beam,
 Soothing as the fountain-stream.

Why then, jealous husband, rail?
 All may breathe the ambient gale,
 Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
 Drink the streams that pass away.
 All may share unles'ning joy,
 Why then jealous, peevish boy?
 Water, air, and light confine,
 Ere thou think'st her only thine.

EPIGRAM XIV.

TOM thought a wild profusion great:
 And therefore spent his whole estate:
 Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
 And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
 Their passion, merit, fate the same,
 They thirst and starve alike for fame.