

EPIGRAM XV.

To CLARISSA.

WH Y like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
 Can the poor pride of giving pain
 Repay the joys that wait the kind?
 I curse my fond enduring heart,
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself, and burn for thee.

EPIGRAM XVI.

EVER busy'd, ne'er employ'd,
 Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
 Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
 And pay unblest'd the price of bliss.

EPIGRAM XVI.

VAINLY hath heaven denounc'd the woman's woes,
 Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter woes,
 Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.