EPIGRAM XV.

To CLARISSA.

When thou may'ft 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 loving, ne'er employ'd,

Ever doom'd to feek and mifs,

And pay unblefs'd the price of blifs.

EPIGRAM XVI.

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

the sale between the best which bear also

the spice of the day the lendle for

My hand wall tramble while's gradue the gren.

for morganization of the ball and the property

religible executions in a forester