



VERSES written in SYLVIA'S PRIOR.

By the Same.

UNtouch'd by love, unmov'd by wit,  
 I found no charms in MATTHEW's lyre,  
 But unconcern'd read all he writ,  
 Tho' love and Phœbus did inspire :

Till SYLVIA took her favourite's part,  
 Resolv'd to prove my judgment wrong ;  
 Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,  
 And soon I felt the poet's song.



Upon a LADY'S EMBROIDERY.

By the Same.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,  
 A goddess at her art defy'd ;  
 But soon the daring mortal fell  
 The hapless victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,  
 Be prudent, CHLOE, and submit ;  
 For you'll more surely feel her hate,  
 Who rival both her Art and Wit.

DEATH