

The Power of Love.

IN this soft Amrous Age now Love is grown,
 The modish Entertainment of the Town,
 And the fond Beau loves his half score aday,
 The Ladies too almost as Vain as they;
 Spare me, ye cruel Powers, let me not prove,
 The only Victim of a lasting Love.
 I had my share three tedious Years a Slave,
 And knew no Joys but what *Phylaster* gave;
 When spite of Vows he prov'd unjust at last,
 In distant Shades contending Months I past,
 Thought I could see the Youth at my return,
 With gay Indifference and Unconcern.
 I long'd to know the Temper of my Heart,
 And see if Passion could outlive desert;
 But this my Curiosity has won,
 To know alas! I am again undone:
 I thought my self with Resolution blest'd,
 But the soft Gods came crowding to my Breast.
 The sporting Boys delight in Amorous Pain,
 And flock'd in hast to Revel here again;
 With downy Wings they Fan the couchant Fire,
 And every Spark revives with fresh desire:

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 It gives me to think by these means
 blushing a Dove*

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at rivals *Joves*,
 wn of *Venus* Doves.

lfs his Charms,
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 r things he said,
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 re and loud despair.)

ue,
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The

To Marcella.

I Gaze and Sigh, and wish I'm just the same,
 As the first Transports of my blooming Flame,
 Almighty Love thy Power to me is known,
 Without new Tortures I'll thy Godhead own;
 But if I'm doom'd to Love may my Fate be,
 (Rather than him) to love each Face I see.
 Tis Sin against the custom of the Nation,
 To love but one and all this while with Passion,
 I'd rather be the shifting Fool in Fashion.
 Then if I'm tortur'd with Variety,
 I shan't be blam'd for Nonconformity.

To Marcella.

IN this so wanton and debauch't an Age,
 We come to find out Virtue on the Stage;
 By a promiscuous Choice it can't be done,
 Our nicer Fate compels to You alone.
 You, who's triumphant Virtue doth declare,
 That Women can withstand the fatal Snare
 Of vast Temptation, when she's Young and Fair.
 In you the ancient Miracle we see,
 (Tho' here we can boast but of One to Three)

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