

Hail, lovely Maid, who contradicts the times,
 Your Virtue wears a Vail like others Crimes:
 How do your Eyes and Tongue bely your Heart,
 When languishing you play the amorous part,
 And softly fold your seeming loving Arms,
 And speak and look a thousand killing Charms?
 Fair, soft Deceiver, oh! were I the Men,
 I'd give the World you was in earnest then;
 Your pleas'd Spectators with such Joys you bless,
 They wish your Virtues or your Charms were less.

The Invocation.

With some auspicious Aid ye Pow'rs above,
 Help to support the weight of slighted Love.
 I ask not Rage to curse the daring Man;
 That by Instinctive Power all Women can,
 But keep me mild as when Love first began.
 'Tis the malignancy of low desire,
 That with neglect turns to revengeful Fire:
 But my great Passion, like Æthereal Flame,
 Without Supply can ever burn the same;
 Love glows in every Atom of my Frame.

Sparkles

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Contradicts the times,
Like others Crimes:
Whom bely your Heart,
The amorous part,
By loving Arms,
And killing Charms?
Were I the Men,
In earnest then;
Whom such Joys you blest,
Your Charms were less

cation.

Aid ye Pow'rs above,
The weight of slighted Love,
To a daring Man;
Whom all Women can,
Love first began.
My desire,
A revengeful Fire:
An Æthereal Flame,
Whom burn the same;
Whom of my Frame.

Sparkles

The Invocation.

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Sparkles in every Thought, flames at my Heart,
Like the extensive Soul it does exert;
'Tis all in all, and all in every part.
From his cold Breast no languid warmth I want,
His Fires when at their height to mine are faint,
Yet my hard Fate forces this soft Complaint.
That so much Truth is unregarded lost,
And we have least when we deserve it most.
Oh! was I fickle as the restless Wind,
Or as the wiser part of Woman-kind:
Then for the Charmer I'd no longer mourn,
But treat his Negligence with equal Scorn.
He should no more my slighted Favours wear,
But from the sighing Crowd that deaf my Ear,
I'd choose some kinder Youth and fix 'em there.
But oh! my tender Soul too weak does prove,
Either to change or bear the force of Love;
Too sure 'tis doom'd by my relentless Fate
That I must love and sink beneath the weight.

Or