Who reads their Languiſhments their Paſſions feel,
Intranc't in Joys too exquiſite to tell.
When an inceſtuous Flame his Theme has been,
He almoſt *charms* us to forgive the Sin.
My favourite *Ovid's* ſtrains I did improve,
And taught my *Dryden* tenderer *Arts* of Love;
Such Arts had our addreſſiing *Phœbus* known,
Daphne, tho' coy, had not Unconquer'd flown,
But brought the Hero forth, and not their Crown.
He ſo advanc'd whatever I beſtow'd,
I was Love's Muſe, but he himſelf the God.

Delia *to* Phraartes *on his miſtake of three Ladies writing to him.*

SAY, noble Youth, thou Glory of the Stage,
Gay ſoft Delight of the admiring Age;
What would'ſt thou give thou didſt thy *Delia* (know,
Or that the Nymph who writ the Billet Deau,
Could have oblig'd you with Heroicks too?
To purchaſe your Eſteem they all agreed,
And tho' one Scroul, 'twas a Tripartite Deed.

Me-

nguiſhments their Paſſions feel,
exquiſite to tell.
Flame his Theme has been,
s to forgive the Sin.
ſtrains I did improve,
den tenderer *Arts* of Love;
dreſſing *Phœbus* known,
d not Unconquer'd flown,
o forth, and not their Crown.
ever I beſtow'd,
but he himſelf the God.

---

tes on his miſtake of three writing to him.

th, thou Glory of the Stage,
t of the admiring Age;
u give thou didſt thy *Delia* (know,
who writ the Billet Deau,
ou with Heroicks too?
ſteem they all agreed,
, 'twas a Tripartite Deed.

Me-

Methinks in you I royal *Paris* ſee,
Like him employ'd ill ſuiting your Degree;
In his Diſguiſe he rural Conqueſts won,
But you brave Youth have greater Wonders done;
Your Power by neither Sex can be withſtood,
Your own are all oblig'd and ours ſubdu'd
Wit Fortune, Beauty for your Voice conteſt,
Each with your Approbation would be bleſt;
For the charm'd Nymphs deſire as much to pleaſe,
As did the three contending Goddeſſes,
That bleſs'd young *Paris* in the mirtle Grove,
With the nice Choice of Grandure Wit and Love.
They would appear all eager of Succeſs,
But are more cautious, cauſe their Charms leſs,
Beſides they are reſolv'd they'll not undreſs:
They've only yet their myſtick Charms diſplay'd,
And entertain'd you in a Maſquerade;
But beg you would not take the Niceneſs ill,
For they reſolve to wear their Vizards ſtill;
May the ſoft Riddle never be explain'd,
Leſt the neglected bluſh to be diſdain'd;
Should they divide; their Charms would be too ſmall,
Were they Celeſtial; You would merit all.
Yes, lovely Youth, thoſe mightier Charms of thine,
Deſerve not only what, but all that is divine:
E're Nature form'd you, ſhe in you deſign'd

Per-

Perfection far beyond all human Kind:
But ſcorn'd Materials from her common Store,
Travers'd her pregnant Univerſe all 'ore;
Pick'd up each ſofter *Atome* as ſhe went;
Took too thoſe bright ones next the Firmament.
Thus richly furniſh'd ſhe the Work began,
And joy'd to find it would be more than Man;
With utmoſt Care did every Charm encreaſe,
And e're ſhe would compleat the Beauteous Piece,
Dip'd her nice Pencil in the liquid Light,
Varniſh'd the whole, till Gods themſelves leſs bright,
Each Deity deceiv'd with what was done,
Beſtow'd ſome Gift and thought you was his own:
So liberally they gave; in you we ſee,
All their Perfections in Epitome.
No Wonder our weak Sex is charm'd to love
That Form which might the pleaſing Object prove
Of all the wiſhing Female Court above:
Tis they alone muſt for your Heart contend,
Your triple Nymph no farther doth pretend,
Than to adore the Glories they commend;
They are reſolv'd they will remain intire,
Not run the Hazard of dilated Fire;
To other Swains their ſingle Power might move,
And they neglecting charm to more than Love.

They

Phraartes, &c.

l human Kind:
om her common Store,
Universe all 'ore;
tome as she went;
nes next the Firmament.
he the Work began,
uld be more than Man;
every Charm encrease,
pleat the Beauteous Piece,
the liquid Light,
Gods themselves less bright,
th what was done,
d thought you was his own.
in you we see,
in Epitome.
Sex is charm'd to love
ht the pleasing Object prove
ale Court above:
r your Heart contend,
farther doth pretend,
ories they commend;
will remain intire,
f dilated Fire;
r single Power might move
charm to more than Love.
They

They know your Worth; so the deserving three
Will joyn, and be one *Delia* to thee;
Let one *Idea* fill thy grateful Breast,
Think they are so, in that Mistake they're blest.

To Marina.

PLague to thy Husband, scandal to thy Sex,
Whose wearying Tongue does every Ear perplex;
False to thy own false Soul, thou dost declare,
How Lust and Pride do Reign and Revel there,
Tell the World too, how nicely Chast you are.
This dull compulsive Virtues own'd; for who,
With one so odious would have ought to do?
But this Misfortune you too oft condole,
Whilst looseſt Thoughts debauch your willing Soul
Thy best Discourse is but meer Ribaldry,
Telling how fond all that e're see you, be:
And loving all thy self, think'st all in Love with thee.
With pious Heart thou studiest Vanity,
And talk'st obscene by rules of Modesty.