

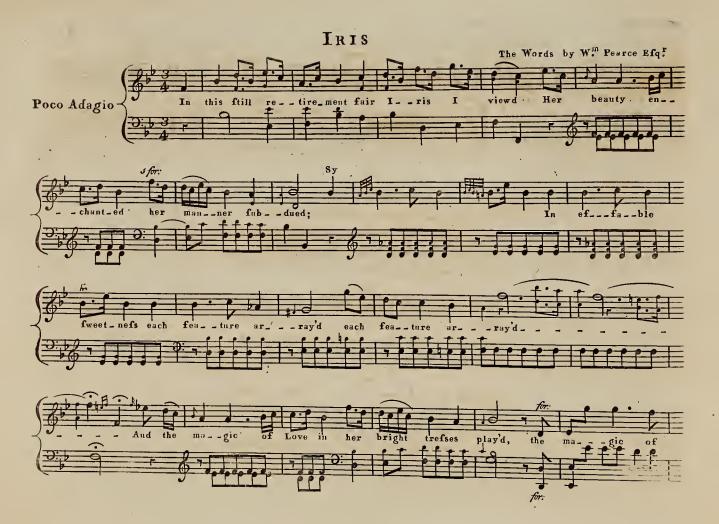
N3. The Major part of the Porty was written on purpose to suit the measure of these elegant Ballads. ~

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play'd. s for: trefses her bright hia: in Love pin:

The Fair thus refiftlefs pafs'd carelefs along, Praife follow'd her footfleps and blefs'd her in fong; For fure ev'ry virtue adorns that foft breaft, Whofe Snow gave to Innocence hint for a Veft.

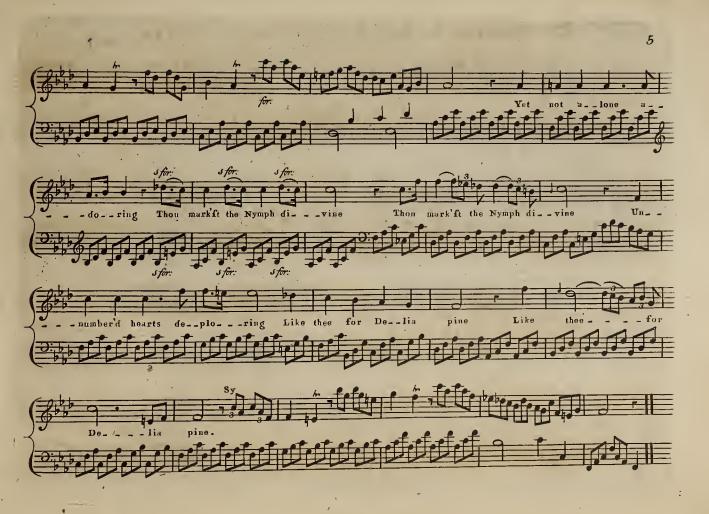
#### 8

In what dripping Grotto- what blofsom-fenced Bow'r, Sequefters the Beauty from noon's burning pow'r? Afsift in the fearch, O ye gay Village Swains, And the fmile on her lips will requite all your pains.

#### 4

But why fhou'd I tempt you her charms to hehold. Why lure you to boudage with fetters of gold! In love 'tis most pleafing to fuffer alone, And the lofs of your hearts wont recover my own. AN ADDRESS TO THE UNSUCCESSFULL LOVER















Meeting her once by chance in tears, He ventur'd to declare his fears; And ardently he fought to know The fource from whence those tears could flow; For, in a Form fo heavenly fair, He thought no grief could harbour there.

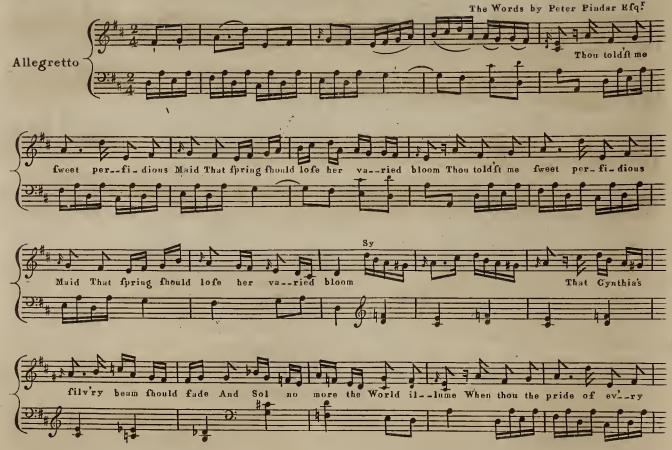
#### 8

Nor could fhe then the caufe confefs, But foftly faid look nigh and guefs! With faultering accent as fhe fpeaks, The Dew-drops gliften down her cheeks Whilft he no further could advance, Than juft to caft a timid glance. In dread fufpence, the Youth efpies A Tear, just flarting from her Eyes; He' gaz'd, and (what he leaft expected) The chrystal Orb himfelf reflected: With modeft vows he own'd his flame, And what he faw he dar'd to name.'

5

With transport next he fnatch'd a Kifs, And drank the Tear, on hearing "Yes! Referve at length, was laid afide, Buphrafia made his happy Bride: And may no Ills their blifs deftroy; But, all their tears be tears of joy!

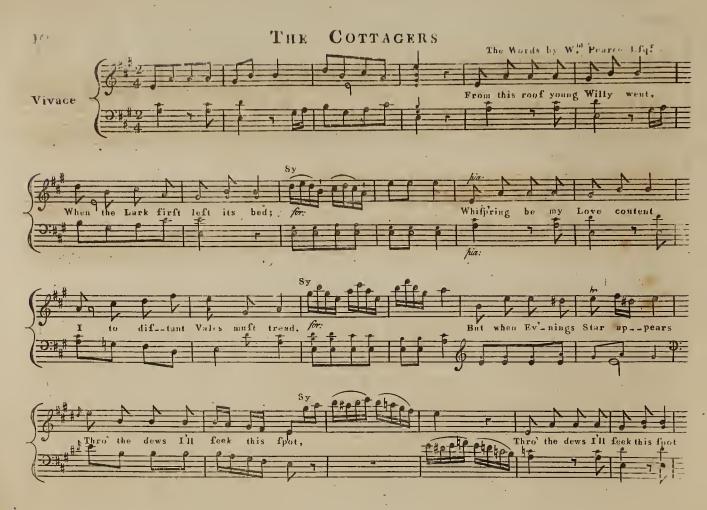
### INCONSTANCY



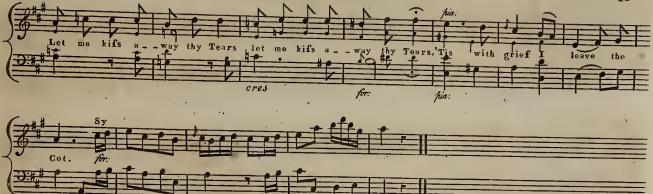


Spring boafts her bloom and Cynthia's rays Still chace the folemn Shades of Night; Whilft Sol with undiminifh'd blaze, Pours on the Globe his golden light: Aud ah! my trembling lips declare That thou art falfe as thou art fair.

## But then wilt fay "ah! filly Swain How dares thy love to her afpire For whom a thoufand figh in vain And kindle with a hopelefs fire" I own the folly - but what breaft Swells not with wiftes to be bleft?

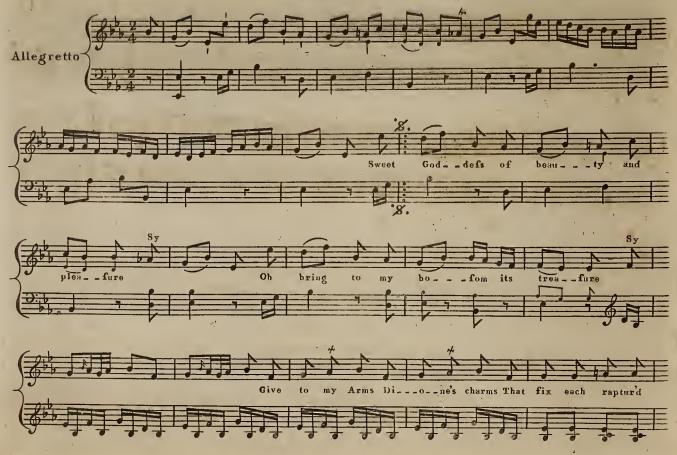


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This be faid then ftrode away O'er the heathy mountain far: O to guide him left he ftray Rife thou blefsed Ev'ning Star! See it beams! \_ and hark his fong! Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne, Blithe my Shepherd trips along Faithful to his vows at morn!

AN INVOCATION TO VENUS









Ah! grant to my wifnes her graces With her fhould'ft thou blefs my embraces

In ev'ry kifs

An age of blifs

This happy heart would know

To live with her

Is Joy fincere

But ah! without her woe.







Enthron'd he's feated in thine Eye; Where he tho' blind, can fee Himfelf reflected in each figh

He bids me breathe for thee.

Phillis heard &c:

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Lo tow'rds the How'r he beckons now; Oh! rife and come away! From ill to ward thee is his vow; To guard, and not betray. Phillis heard, but Phillis fat No longer knitting at her Cottage gate.

## THE FORSAKEN LADY

The Words by M. Holcroft Sy a -- lafs my heart why doft thou A - - 1a languifh s for: Sy anguifh wherefore love thefe fighs this bitter Ah fighsand tears re the falfe Man Can e -- ver? No, never, - gain ne\_\_ver. pia: sfor:



" Moft haplefs Woman! Man moft bafe and cruel; Why are neglect and fcorn Love's fierceft fuel? Why, Nature, mad'ft thon Women fo helieving

2

Men fo decieving.

3

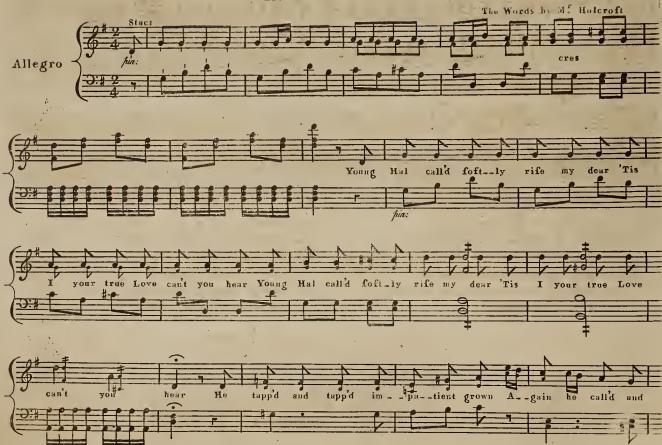
Ten thousand fhrieks and cries, thy ears afsailing, Shall rend thy perjured heart, its guilt bewailing: Yet no! they look! and none, tho' wretched living, Die unforgiving.

4

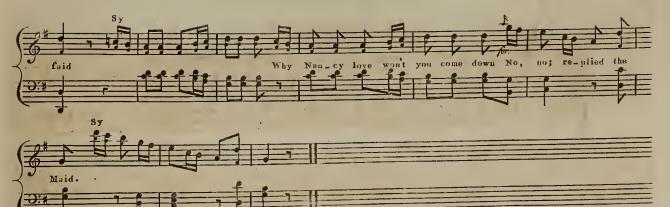
To life and light adien, farewell falfe Rover; Henceforth thy Joys and pangs, oh love, are over; Thy taunts, oh World, which never me befriended,

Are now all ended.

AN OLD STORY



19



The wind is bleak, the night is dark, Difturbed the Village watch-dogs bark; Full five long miles for thee I've come,

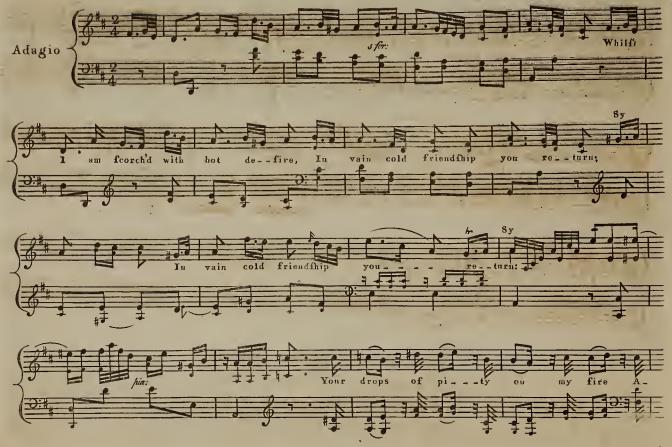
O'er dreary Moorlands ftray'd, Rife from thy bed and make me room: . . . No, no; replied the Maid. Then doleful turn'd he from the door, And curf'd his fate, and love forfwore! But as he turn'd he heard the key, As tho' to creak afraid! You'll not prove falfe, fure, whilper'd fhe; No, no; my charming Maid!

#### 4

Thrice kifs'd the Lovers; thrice the Clock Beat on the Bell; thrice crow'd tho Cock; Yet ftill right loath was Hal to go, Tho' Nancy begg'd and pray'd: Till the langhing Neighbours cried on ho! Is it fo my pretty Maid!

THE FLAME OF LOVE

The Words by Mathew Prior Efq.

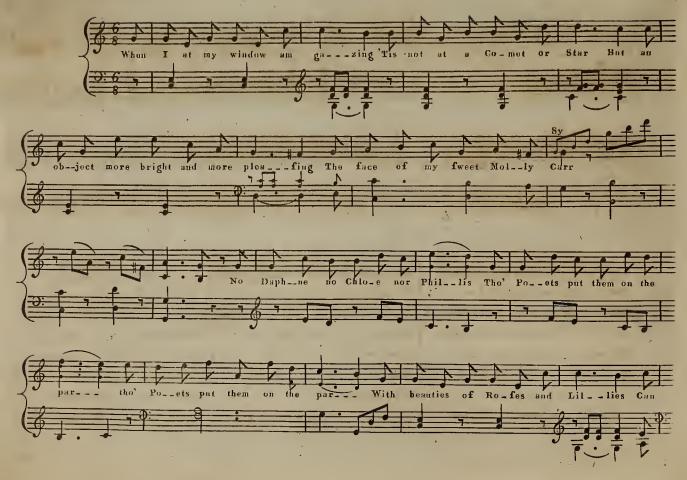


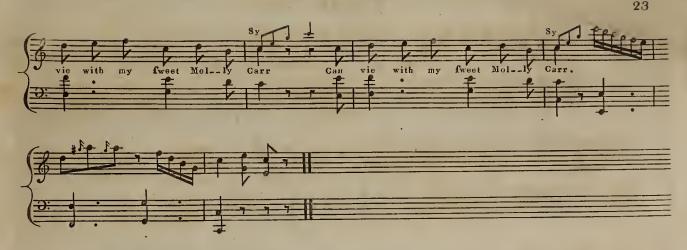


Ah! would you have the flame fuppreft That kills the heart it heats too faft, . Tuke half my Pafsion to your breaft, The reft in mine fhall ever laft.

21

MOLLY CARR





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2

Ye Soldiers who boaft in your Prattle, Yet always hope danger is far, You're more fafe from the Cannons in Battle Than the Eyes of my fweet Molly Carr: The Prelate fo famous for teaching, The excellent virtues of Tar, Had he feen her he'd left off his Preaching, To treat of my fweet Molly Carr.

Ye Lawyers who make yourfelves drudges,
With much dirty work at the Bar,
You would quit all your fees and the Judges.
To plead to my fweet Molly Carr:
Ye Doctors fo learned in Phyfic,
Who nature's decays can repair,
May fearch but you'll find no fpecific,
So certain as fweet Molly Carr.

Let those out of play with the Nation, With great ones eternally jar, I am humbly content with my flation, So finilesbut my fweet Molly Carr: The'rich as a Creefus in treafure, In kingdoms as great as a Czar, All, all I wou'd lay down with pleafure, At the Feet of my fweet Molly Carr.



The jealous doubt, the tender care,

That rack the am'rous breaft?

Alafs! by fome degree of woe We ev'ry blifs, muft gain: The heart can ne'er a transport know, That never feels a pain.