

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Ephelia

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Ephelia

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To the most

EXCELLENT PRINCESS

MARY,

Duchess of *Richmond* and *Lenox*.

As he that Plants a tender Vine, takes care

*To shelter it from the cold Northern Air,
And place it where the Vigor of the Sun
May Cherish it, till it be stronger grown:
So I, that must a blooming Bud expose,
To greater Dangers than the North wind blows;
Under some happy Shade would have it grow,
Where it secure from Blasts may kindly Blow:
Than Your great Self, none fitter can I find;
For You, to all that need your Help, are kind:
So great your Power is, none will pretend
T'oppress the Smallest thing that You defend:
Your Noble Clemency bids me be Bold,
And lay it at Your Feet, Fear bids me hold;
Asks how I can but hope, that you, who enjoy*

Female Poems On Several Occasions

*Such Mighty Wit, should mind so poor a Toy?
But Fear I'll Banish, Hope shall be my Guide,
And I will Act a Miracle of Pride:
Omit th'Address that all to Greatness use,
And beg you'd Patronize an Infant Muse:
Give leave the front may with your Name be dressed,
And then the World will value all the rest.
All know, great Madam, that you do Inherit
Your Noble Father's far more noble Spirit:
In generosity you've Wonders done,
And Bounty's Prize from all Mankind have won:
Your Face was always Beauty's Standard thought,
Where all Pretenders to be tried were brought:
Such noble Constancy dwells in your Breast,
Such gen'rous Scorn of Fortune you've expressed,
Ev'n when the greatest of her Ill you've had,
A Father's fall, as undeserved as sad:
Lost crowds of Noble Friends, a large Estate;
You bravely bore these sad Effects of Fate:
The Noble Richmond, and Great Howard, are
Losses that nothing ever can Repair:
Such Valiant, Comely, Loyal, Gallant Men,
The Court must never hope to show again:
Yet you with Patience these Strokes sustain.
More Fortitude's in your Heroic Mind,
Than can be shown again by Woman-kind:
Had I a less Souled Patron, I should fear
This idle Trifle would offend your Ear:
But Madam, your Indulgence doth extend,
Not only to Encourage, but Defend*

Ephelia

1. Lady Mary Villiers Stuart, Ephelia's dedicatee, was daughter of the assassinated duke of Buckingham and widow of James Stuart, duke of Lennox and Richmond.
2. Bloom
3. Lady Mary's third husband, also deceased

A POEM Presented to his SACRED MAJESTY,

on the Discovery of the PLOT.

Hail Mighty Prince! whom Heaven has designed
To be the chief Delight of human kind:
So many Virtues crowd your Breast, that we
Do almost question your Mortality:
Sure all the Planets that o'er Virtue Reigns,
Shed their best Influence in your Royal Veins:
You are the Glory of Monarchial Pow'rs,
In Bounties free as are descending Show'rs,
Fierce as a Tempest when engaged in War,

A POEM Presented to his SACRED MAJESTY,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;
In pitying Mercy, you not imitate
The Heavenly Pow'rs, but rather Emulate.
None but your Self, your Suffrings could have borne
With so much Greatness, such Heroic Scorn:
When hated Traitors do your Life pursue,
And all the World is filled with cares for you;
When every Loyal Heart is sunk with Fear,
Your Self alone doth unconcerned appear;
Your Soul within, still keeps its lawful State,
Contemns and dares the worst effects of Fate;
As the bright Majesty shot from your Eye,
Awed your tame Fate, and ruled your Destiny.
Though your undaunted Soul bear you thus high,
Your solid Judgment sees there's danger nigh;
Which with such Care and Prudence you prevent,
As if you feared not, but would cross th'Event.
Your Care so nobly looks, it doth appear
'Tis for your Subjects, not your Self you fear:
Heaven! make this Prince's Life your nearest care,
That does so many of your Virtues share:
If Monarchs in their Actions copy you,
This is the nearest piece you ever drew:
Blast every Hand that dares to be so bold,
An impious Weapon 'gainst his Life to hold:
Burst every Heart that dares but think him ill;
Their guilty Souls with so much Terror fill,
That of themselves they may their Plot unfold,
And live no longer than the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care, all else will needless prove,
Yet keep him safe too in his Subjects' love.
Your Subjects view you with such Loyal eyes,
They know not how they may their Treasure prize:
Were you defenseless, they would round you fall,
And Pile their Bodies to build up a Wall.
Were you distressed, 'twould move a gen'rous strife,
Who first should lose his own, to save your Life.
But since kind Heaven these dangers doth remove,
We'll find out other ways t'express our Love.
We'll force the Traitors all, their Souls resign,
To Herd with him that taught them their Design.

AN ELEGY On the Right Reverend

GILBERT SHELDON,

Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

When I heard *Sheldon* had to Fate resigned,
A sudden Consternation seized my Mind,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Senseless I stood, the dangerous Surprise
Kept back the Pious Tribute of my Eyes:
And though no words can e'er my Grief express,
Yet by their own, all may judge its Excess:
For when so good, so great a Prelate falls,
The World must Celebrate his Funerals:
And not a man in the vast Universe,
But sends a Bleeding Heart t'attend his Hearse:
To tell his Virtues would whole Volumes ask,
And were a *Seraph's*, not a Woman's task.
Over his Flock, so tenderly Austere,
He taught them both at once, to Love and Fear;
So strictly Pious, that to all that knew
His holy life, his Precepts needless grew.
Despised Religion did so Beauteous seem
In this blessed Saint, it raised its first Esteem:
His head, a Receptacle did contain
More Learning than the world can boast again.
He made his Wealth and large Possessions be,
But humble Handmaids to his Charity;
Which was so great, it might be truly said,
That by his Death the Poor were Orphans made:
When ugly Treason flourished highest, he
'Spite of the danger, owned his Loyalty.
With joy he suffered for the Church and State,
And bore with ease the weightiest strokes of Fate.
Stop! stop a while! fierce Rapture chokes my words,
And no expression to my Thoughts affords:
I am all admiration! and as well
Some heavenly Vision, as his Worth might tell.

ACROSTIC.

A

Il sev'ral Beauties, Colors, Airs, and Grace,
None ever saw together in one Face:
No? hold a while; I do a Lady know,
Each several Beauty splendidly can show.

B

ut alas! Beauty's but the smallest Grace,
Unless it be i'th' Mind as well as Face:
Rare she is too i'th' Beauties of the Mind;

ACROSTIC.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Young, and yet wise, the wonder of her Kind.

ACROSTIC.

A

pollo hence! thy aid I do refuse;
No Nymph will I implore, nor yet no Muse;
No Nectar do I want, to write her praise[.]

G

reat Subjects, without help our Fancies raise:
In thy sweet Face such charming Beauties be,
Less we at Angels wonder than at thee:
Brighter than Suns thy lovely Eyes appear,
Each look doth a Majestic sweetness wear:
Reign Sovereign Queen of Beauty, Love, and wit,
Till Death's cold hand shall teach thee to submit.

Love's first Approach.

Strephon

I saw, and started at the sight,
And interchangeably looked red and white;
I felt my Blood run swiftly to my heart,
And a chill Trembling seize each outward part:
My Breath grew short, my Pulse did quicker beat,
My Heart did heave, as it would change its Seat:
A faint cold sweat o'er all my Body spread,
A giddy Megrim wheeled about my head:
When for the reason of this change I sought,
I found my Eyes had all the mischief wrought;
For they my Soul to *Strephon* had betrayed,
And my weak heart his willing Victim made:
The Traitors, conscious of the Treason
They had committed 'gainst my Reason,
Looked down with such a bashful guilty Fear,
As made their fault to every Eye appear.
Though the first fatal look too much had done,
The lawless wanderers would still gaze on,
Kind Looks repeat, and Glances steal, till they
Had looked my Liberty and Heart away:

ACROSTIC.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Great Love, I yield; send no more Darts in vain,
I am already fond of my soft Chain;
Proud of my Fetters, so pleased with my state,
That I the very Thoughts of Freedom hate.
O Mighty Love! thy Art and Power join,
To make his Frozen breast as warm as mine;
But if thou try'st, and can'st not make him kind,
In Love such pleasant, real Sweets I find;
That though attended with Despair it be,
'Tis better still than a wild Liberty.

The Change or Miracle.

What Miracles this childish God has wrought!
Things strange above belief! who would have thought
My Temper could be to this Tameness brought?

I, who the wanton Boy so long defied,
And his Fantastic Godhead did deride,
And laughed at Lovers with insulting Pride:

Now pale and faint, beneath his Altar lie,
Own him a great and glorious Deity,
And want the pity that I did deny.

For my proud Victor does my Tears neglect,
Smiles at my Sighs, treats me with disrespect,
And if I do complain, with frowns I'm checked.

Though all I sue for, be the empty bliss
Of a kind Look, or at the most a Kiss,
Yet he's so cruel to deny me this.

Before my Passion struck my Reason blind,
Such Generosity dwelt in my mind,
I cared for none, and yet to all was kind.

But now I tamely bend, and sue in vain,
To one that takes delight t'increase my pain,
And proudly does Me, and my Love disdain.

To a Gentleman that durst not pass

the door while I stood there.

SIR,
Passion's force compels me now to write,
And aggravates the wrongs I fain would slight:
They to my Soul in such loud clamors speak,
That Reason to resist them is too weak:

Female Poems On Several Occasions

First, Rage or Anger, (call it which you please)
Whispers my Soul, bear such affronts as these?
Can your great Mind be unconcerned, when you
With your own Eyes did such a passage view?
Can you with Patience hear him say, he dare
Not stir from thence while that fond Fool is there?
Oh! where is all your former Greatness gone?
You in this Act the *Stoics* have outdone:
He calls you fond, and kind, but let him see
You can disdain such petty things as he:
Thus Anger counselled me to do, but when
I strove to obey her Dictates, ah! then
Something like pity in your Cause did plead,
And my faint Anger did in Triumph lead:
Shame pleaded next, and mildly did request,
She might not quite be exiled from my breast,
Which she must be, if I should entertain
But the least Thought of loving you again;
For when first notice of the words I took,
Such heat and blood into my Face it struck,
My self could hardly tell for what it came,
Whether I blushed for anger or for shame:
But when your face I saw, I straight grew cold,
I started, trembled, and my Eyeballs rolled:
The breath I had scarce served me to retire,
Ere in a Swoon I gently did expire.
But my high Thoughts, and too too gen'rous Flame,
Scorned to be curbed by a needless Shame:
Hate pleaded next, fiercer than all the rest,
And yet a greater stranger to my breast;
For my calm breast, till now was ne'er the Seat
Of Surly Passion, or unruly Heat,
Hate urged, each Action looked as done in scorn,
Then asked if I to bear affronts was born:
This and much more She said, but all in vain,
Ill thoughts of you I ne'er could entertain;
Your great Affronts, I witty Jests did think,
And at coy Looks would turn my head, or wink:
Nay, when you gave such proofs of your Disdain,
That I must see't, I gave't another Name;
I only thought you saw me go astray,
And generously put me in my way.
How strangely is my Life perplexed by fate!
I would not Love, and yet I cannot hate.

First farewell to *J.G.*

Farewell my dearer half, joy of my heart,
Heaven only knows how loath I am to part:
Whole Months but hours seem, when you are here,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

When absent, every Minute is a Year:
Might I but always see thy charming Face,
I'd live on Racks, and wish no easier place.
But we must part, your Interest says we must;
Fate, me no longer with such Treasure trust.
I would not tax you with Inconstancy,
Yet *Strephon*, you are not so kind as I:
No Interest, no nor Fate itself has pow'r
To tempt me from the Idol I adore:
But since you needs will go, may *Africk* be
Kinder to you, than *Europe* is to me:
May all you meet and every thing you view
Give you such Transport as I met in you.
May no sad thoughts disturb your quiet mind,
Except you'll think of her you left behind.

To Mr.

J.G. *on his being chosen*

Steward of his Club, presented

with the Laurel.

Sir, by your Merit led, to you I bring
A Laurel-wreath, but 'tis too mean a thing
For your high Worth and Parts, which we
In vain would Blazon by such Heraldry:
For Laurel, Palm, and Olive, may set forth
Our Love to you, but not express your worth;
Which doth exceed these humble types, as far
As *Titan's* Rays outshine a twinkling Star:
I'll say no more, lest while I make You best,
I seem Injurious to all the rest
Of this fair Company, who do all by me
Choose you their Steward, and unanimously
Entreat your care, to make their Club to be
For Honor and Grandeur, *The Society*.

To J.G. in absence.

Dear Object of my Love! didst thou but know
The Tortures, that I daily undergo
For thy dear sake, thou sure wouldst be so kind,
To weep the Troubles that invade my mind;
I need not tell thee that I dearly love,
No, all my Actions will my Passion prove:
For thee I've left the wise, the great, the good,
And on my Vows, not my Preferment stood.
Think then, dear *Strephon*, how unkind thou art,

To Mr.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

To prove the Torturer of that tender heart,
That chose thee out to be its chief Delight,
And knows no real Joy but in thy sight.
Since first thy Courtship me to Love inclined,
Thou ne'er hast been one hour out of my mind.
How tedious then must thy long absence be
To her, that wishes nothing else to see,
And lives not, but when in thy Company?
Haste then dear Love! for if thou longer stay,
My Griefs will make me sigh my Soul away.

Prologue to the Pair–Royal of Coxcombs,

Acted at a Dancing–School.

Gallants

,
If, as you say, you Love Variety,
We have some hopes, that you so kind will be
To the poor Play, to give it your Applause,
Though not for Wit, nor Worth, but yet because
A Woman wrote it; though it be not rare,
It is not common. Women seldom dare
To reach so high, to entertain your Ears,
Which strikes our Poets with a thousand fears
Of your displeasure; yet some little Ray
Of hope is left; for women's Pardons may
Be gained with ease surely from Gentlemen;
Be kind for once then to a Female Pen.
When you with women in discourse do sit,
Before their Faces you'll commend their wit,
Pray flatter now, the Poet heareth it:
She hopes too, the great Wits, who crowd the Age,
Censure the Poets, and undo the Stage,
Won't undervalue so their mighty Wit,
To Criticize on what a Woman writ:
Yet if you'll have it so, it shall be Naught,
They that dislike, are welcome to find Fault;
For She protests, She had no other ends
In writing this, than to divert her Friends:
Like, or dislike, She's careless, bid me say,
That you should Censure only when you Pay:
True, they must fawn, that write for a Third day.
She scorns such Baseness, therefore will not sue:
But yet, bright Ladies, does submit to you;
Your Smiles may cherish, what their Frowns would blast,
Then when they Hiss, be pleased to Clap more fast:
She knows your Judgments are too clear, and high

Female Poems On Several Occasions

To be Deceived, but knows no Reason why
You may not Pardon all the Faults you spy.
Be kind then Ladies to this trifling Play,
Her Wit is now i'th' Bud, when blown, She may
Present you with a better; till It come,
This, Ladies, humbly begs a gentle Doom.

The first Song in the Play.

Begone fond Love, make haste away,
Duty, not thee, our Souls must sway:
Can thy Almighty Pow'rs
Find out no other Hearts,
To Shoot thy Fatal Darts,
But hapless Ours,
Who cannot, though we would, Obey?

What secret Pow'r is it, Controls
The Empire thou pretend'st o'er Souls?
That still thy shafts are lost,
And still thou Shoot'st in vain,
For they that feel most Pain,
By Duty're Crossed,
Or else unjustly meet Disdain.

Fondly Men say, the World doth move
By Love's Command; for simple Love,
Alas! is Subject unto Fate:
Oh Love! Assert thy Pow'r,
And make the Dotards, in an hour
Our Faces hate,
And the young Knights like Swans or Turtles prove.

The Second Song.

Come quickly Death,
And with thy fatal Dart,
Release that Heart
That hath too long been thy great Rival's Slave:
Oh! stop that Breath
I languish out in pain;
Let me not Sigh in vain,
But quick and gently send me to my Grave.

For since that Swain
That I so dearly prize,
Doth scorn my Sighs,
And break those Sacred Vows to me he gave;
I'll not complain
[O]f Man's Inconstancy,

The first Song in the Play.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

But humbly Beg of thee,
[W]ith speed and ease, To send me to my Grave.

And Love I'll still
Adore thy Deity,
And Worship thee:
If to my altered Shepherd thou'lt Relate,
Since 'twas his will,
I should not call him mine,
I freely can Resign,
[A]nd Die for him, And glory in my Fate.

Epilogue.

The Play is damned; well, That we looked to hear,
Yet Gentlemen, pray be not too severe.
Though now the Poet at your Mercy lies,
Fate's wheel may turn, and she may chance to rise.
Though she's an humble Suppliant now to you,
Yet time may come, that you to her may Sue.
Pardon small Errors, be not too unkind,
For if you be, she'll keep it in her mind;
The self same usage that you give her Play,
She'll copy back to you another day.
If you her Wit, or Plot, or Fancy blame,
When you Addresses make, She'll do the same;
But if you'll Clap the Play, and Praise the Rhyme,
She'll do as much for you another time.

Welcome to J.G.

Those that can tell Heaven's Joy, when News is brought
That some Poor Sinner's dear Conversion's wrought,
Might tell our Raptured Ecstasies, when we
Received the News, that you were come from Sea:
Each wore such Looks, as visibly expressed
Some more than common Joy, sat smiling in his Breast:
Great as your Friend's Joys, you will nothing find,
Unless the Grief of those you left behind:
I can describe my Joy for your Return
No more, than tell how I your Absence Mourn:
Both are beyond the reach of words t'express,
And to describe them, would but make them less:
The Blessing of young Heirs is mixed with Pain,
And by their Fathers' Deaths, Princes their Empires gain[:]
If then all pleasure, meets with some allay,
Forgive me, Dearest *Strephon*, if I say,
I almost Grieve to think that thou canst be

Six days in *London*, ere thou Visit me.

Wealth's Power.

How Happy was the World before men found
Those metals, Nature hid beneath the Ground!
All Necessary things She placed in View,
But this She wisely hid, because She knew
That it destructive to her work would be,
And jar the consort of her Harmony:
No sooner *Steel* was Found, but men began
To find new ways to Death, and cruel man
Made Swords, and Spears, and Bows, and Darts, which he
First used on Beast –
Who fell the Victims of his Cruelty:
Pride, and Revenge, then Raged in every Soul,
And Fiery Passion, Reason did control.
But when those Mines were found which we call rich,
Because their Glitt'ring Beauty did bewitch
And please our cozened Senses, then with more
Than mean devotion, man did Gold adore:
Deluded man did then this Trifle call
The chiefest Good, that could to him befall:
How strangely, Frantic man, didst thou mistake,
When of this trash thou didst an Idol make?
For though to it thou didst no Altars rear,
Its Zealous Votary thou didst appear:
This fatal Poison was by Heaven hid
I'th' bowels of the earth, and when it did
By chance, i'th' Hesperian Garden shoot above,
Heaven, (knowing how mischievous it would prove)
The passage did with watchful Dragons guard,
And made the way to misery, more hard
To pass, than that which led to Bliss:
But all in vain, for had Heaven hidden this
I'th' Verge of Hell, man would have fetched it thence,
And thought it a sufficient Recompense
For all his pains; but when he had attained,
This much desired Curse, he thought he'd gained
A Blessing Heav'n would Envy, but alas!
The worth, not in the Metal, but his Fancy was.
No Man did needless Merit now regard,
None Virtue sought, none Valor would reward,
None Learning valued, none poor Wit did mind,
None honoured Age, few were to Beauty kind;
All Gold adored, all Riches did Admire,
Beyond being Rich, no Man did now aspire.
Gold thus Advanced, and all things else neglected,
Justice deposed, and Wisdom disrespected;

Female Poems On Several Occasions

They left the Earth to Wealth's more pow'rful sway,
And fled to Heaven, while Man did Gold obey:
Now Money reigned in chief, and sottish Man,
A slavish servitude to Wealth began;
Kingdoms to Rule, and Princes to Advise,
Men fondly chose the Rich, and not the Wise;
All loved the Man that had a good Estate,
And Poverty was cause enough to Hate;
The Rich might all things do, and Plaudits have
For his worst Acts, but scarce the Poor could save
His best from Censure; now it might be said,
Wealth hid more Faults, than ever Folly made.
A Friend, though heretofore a Sacred Name,
Now, nothing but an empty Sound became;
For as Men's Riches did or Ebb, or Flow,
So less or more, their Friends did kindness show:
Honor, that flew such noble Flights before,
With gen'rous Pinions, now no more could soar
Such Heights, but checked, to stoop did not disdain
T'a gilded Lure, and wear a Golden Chain:
Beauty, that all Men did for Heavenly hold,
Forgot its worth, and sold its self for Gold:
Nay Love, though more Divine than all the rest,
Became a Mercenary, or at best,
A mingled Compound of desire and wealth,
If any's better, 't must be had by Stealth:
Marriage is Love and Jointure mixed together,
And yet sometimes it happens that there's neither:
But Wit this glorious trifle did disdain,
Wealth strove to make it yield, but all in vain,
More noble Objects gen'rous Wit did choose
To employ its Thoughts, and did this Trash refuse.
Wealth threatened Wit it ever should be Poor,
Yet Wit the Golden Calf would not adore;
So when both saw their Labor was in vain,
They vowed to part, and never meet again.

1. Decieved

2. Paltry

3. Lunatic

4. Devotee

5. Eden, c.f. Milton's Comus (1634, l. 393). Also: Three nymphs appointed to guard the golden apples which Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their marriage. The place where Hesperides lived was a celebrated garden, abounding in delicious fruit and was guarded by a dragon which never slept. It was the labor of Hercules to procure some of the golden apples, which he succeeded in doing after slaying the dragon.

6. Approval

7. Flight feathers

Song.

1.

Ranging the Plain, one Summer's Night,
To pass a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanced to light
On lovely *Phyllis'* bow'r:
The Nymph adorned with Thousand Charms
In expectation sate,
To meet such joys in *Strephon's* Arms,
As Tongue can ne'er Relate

2.

Upon her hand She leaned her Head,
Her Breasts did gently rise,
And every Lover might have read
Her wishes in her Eyes;
With every breath that moved the Trees,
She suddenly would Start,
A Cold on all her Body seized,
A Trembling on her Heart.

3.

But He that knew how well she Loved,
Beyond his Hour had stayed,
Which both with Fear and Anger moved,
The Melancholic Maid.
You Gods she said! how oft he Swore,
He would be here by One;
And now, alas! 'Tis Six and more,
And yet He is not come.

Love's Cruelty, or the Prayer.

Speak cruel Love! what is't thou dost intend?
Oh! tell me, have thy Tyrannies no end?
Though to thy Pow'r I have a Rebel been,
May not Repentance expiate my Sin?
Oh! long ere this, if I had injured Heaven,
So true a Convert it would have forgiven:
Four times the Sun his Yearly Race hath run,
Since first my Heart was by my Eyes undone;
In all which time, thou scarce hast been so kind,
To give one Minute's Quiet to my mind;
Thou tak'st from me the Relish of Delights,
My Days no Pleasure know, no Sleep my Nights:
With wand'ring thoughts each Prayer thou dost profane,
(I offer to my God) and mak'st them vain.
Sometimes with Books I would divert my mind,
But nothing there but *J's* and *G's* I find:

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Sometimes to ease my Grief, my Pen I take,
But it no Letters but *J G* will make.
I seek Diversion in Company,
But my discourse great Love, is all of Thee;
In Sighs and Sobs, I Languish out the Night
And all the day, in Tears I drown my Sight:
Yet I no pity can from thee obtain,
Thou'lt neither Cure, nor mitigate my Pain:
Merciless Tyrant! Since thou wilt not Save,
Quickly Destroy, and send me to my Grave.

The Reply, by a Friend.

What Prayer incessant, to my Ears does fly?
What proud Presumption me of Tyranny
Accuseth? can Love whose pow'r is so Great,
Be taxèd with Ingratitude, or Hate?
Fond Girl forbear, and know that your Despair
Is want of Courage, could you once but dare
Your Victor, and my Vassal, you should see,
How Heav'n would punish his inconstancy:
But while your Hope on his fond Vows relies,
And thinks Heaven minds those little Perjuries,
You quit the greater Pow'r that you may claim
By Beauty's Conquest, the loss of it's your Shame:
When first to you he his Addresses made,
Smiles gave him Life, your frowns, strike him Dead;
But Viper-like, being in your Bosom warmed,
And his chilled Soul being into Action charmed
By th'Influence of your Beams, he straight denies
What gave his Love a Life, and from it flies;
From such a Rebel, as from Plagues I'd run;
'Twixt Love and Hate, is no comparison:
Nor is he worth your Anger, or your Scorn,
Do but forget that ever he was Born:
You can't believe the Gods would e'er create
Ingratitude, that Quintessence of Hate.
Think him a *Spectrum*, that had only Shape
Without Substance, and Love did only Ape,
Then reassume that Pow'r, that Nature's Law
Gives to your Sex; be Wise, keep Slaves in Awe:
Be generous in Love, Love not in vain,
'Tis base to Love, where we're not Loved again.

Celadon.

1. Spectre

To J. G.

Tell me you Hate; and Flatter me no more:
By Heaven I do not wish you should adore;
With humbler Blessings, I content can be,
I only beg, that you would pity me;
In as much Silence as I first designed,
To bear the Raging Torture of my Mind;
For when your Eyes first made my Heart your Slave,
I thought t'have hid my Fetters in my Grave:
Heaven witness for me, that I strove to hide
My violent Love, and my fond Eyes did chide
For glancing at thee; and my Blushes hid,
With as much care as ever Virgin did.
And though I languished in the greatest pain
That e'er despairing Lover did sustain;
I ne'er in public did let fall a Tear,
Nor breathed a Sigh i'th' reach of any Ear:
Yet I in private, drew no Breath but Sighs,
And Show'rs of Tears fell from my wretched Eyes:
The Lillies left my Front, the Rose my Cheeks,
My Nights were spent in Sobs and sudden Shrieks,
I felt my strength Insensibly decayed,
And Death approach; but ah! then you conveyed
Soft Am'rous tales into my list'ning Ears,
And gentle Vows, and well-becoming Tears,
Then deeper Oaths, nor e'er your Siege removed
Till I confessed my Flame, and owned I loved:
Your kinder Smiles had raised my Flames so high,
That all at Distance might the Fire Descry,
I took no care my Passion to suppress,
Nor hide the Love I thought I did possess:
But ah! too late I find, your Love was such
As Gallants pay in course, or scarce so much:
You Shun my sight, you feed me with delays,
You slight, affront, a Thousand several ways
You do Torment with Studied Cruelty,
And yet alternately you Flatter me.
Oh! if you Love not, plainly say you hate,
And give my Miseries a shorter date,
'Tis Kinder than to Linger out my Fate;
And yet I could with less regret have Died,
A Victim to your Coldness, than your Pride.

Song.

1.
Beneath a spreading Willow's shade,

To J. G.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Ephelia, a harmless Maid,
Sat rifling Nature's store
Of every Sweet, with which she made
A Garland for her *Strephon's* Head
As Gay as ever Shepherd wore.

2.

She seemed to know no other Care,
But whether Pinks, or Roses there,
Or Lillies looked most sweet,
Scarce thinking on her Faithless Swain,
Who Ranging on the neighb'ring Plain,
A wanton Shepherdess did meet.

3.

But by Mischance, he led her near
Th'Unlucky, Fatal Willow, where
His kind *Ephelia* sate;
He told the Kindness that she showed,
Boasted the Favors she bestowed,
And gloried that he was ingrate.

4.

The Angry Nymph, did rudely tear
Her Garland first, and then her Hair,
To hear her Self abused:
Oh Love! (she said) is it the Fate
Of all that Love, to meet with Hate,
And be like me, unkindly used?

To my Rival.

Since you dare Brave me, with a Rival's Name,
You shall prevail, and I will quit my Claim:
For know, proud Maid, I Scorn to call him mine,
Whom thou durst ever hope to have made thine:
Yet I confess, I loved him once so well,
His presence was my Heav'n, his absence Hell:
With gen'rous excellence I filled his Breast,
And in sweet Beauteous Forms his Person dressed;
For him I did Heaven, and its Pow'r despise,
And only lived by th'Influence of his Eyes:
I feared not Rivals, for I thought that he
That was possessed of such a Prize as me,
All meaner Objects would Contemn, and Slight,
Nor let an abject thing Usurp my Right:
But when I heard he was so wretched Base
To pay devotion to thy wrinkled Face
I Banished him my sight, and told the Slave,
He had no Worth, but what my Fancy gave:

To my Rival.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

'Twas I that raised him to this Glorious State,
And can as easily Annihilate:
But let him live, Branded with Guilt, and Shame,
And Shrink into the Shade from whence he came;
His Punishment shall be, the Loss of Me,
And be Augmented, by his gaining Thee.

Neglect Returned.

[1.]

Proud *Strephon!* do not think my Heart
So absolute a Slave:
Nor in so mean a servile state,
But if I say that you're Ingrate,
I've Pride, and Pow'r, enough, my Chains to Brave.

2.

I Scorn to Grieve, or Sigh for one,
That does my Tears Neglect;
If in your Looks you Coldness wear,
Or a desire of Change Appear,
I can your Vows, your Love, and you Reject.

3.

What refined madness would it be,
With Tears to dim those Eyes,
Whose Rays, if Grief do not Rebate,
Each hour new Lovers might Create,
And with each Look, gain a more glorious Prize!

4.

Then do not think with Frowns to Fright,
Or Threaten me with Hate,
For I can be as cold as you,
Disdain as much, as proudly too,
And break my Chain in spite of Love or Fate.

On a Bashful Shepherd.

1.

Young *Clovis*, by a lucky Chance,
His Loved *Ephelia* spied,
In such a place, as might advance
His Courage, and abate her Pride:
With Eyes that might have told his Suit,
Although his bashful Tongue was mute,
Upon her gazèd he,
But the Coy Nymph, though in Surprise,
Upon the Ground fixing her Eyes,
The Language would not see.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

2.

With gentle Grasps he wooed her Hand
And sighed in seeming Pain,
But this she would not understand,
His Signs were all in vain:
Then change of Blushes next he tried,
And gave his Hand freedom to slide
Upon her panting Breast;
Finding she did not this control,
Unto her Lips he gently stole,
And bid her guess the rest.

3.

She blushed, and turned her Head aside,
And so much Anger feigned,
That the poor Shepherd almost Died,
And she no Breath retained:
Her killing Frown so chilled his Blood,
He like a senseless Statue stood,
Nor further durst he Woe,
And though his Blessing was so near,
Checked by his Modesty and Fear,
He faintly let it go.

Maidenhead:

Written at the Request of a Friend.

At your Entreaty, I at last have writ
This whimsy, that has nigh nonplused my wit:
The Toy I've long enjoyed, if it may
Be called t'Enjoy, a thing we wish away;
But yet no more its Character can give,
Than tell the Minutes that I have to Live:
'Tis a fantastic Ill, a loathed Disease,
That can no Sex, no Age, no Person please:
Men strive to gain it, but the way they choose
T'obtain their Wish, that and the Wish doth lose;
Our Thoughts are still uneasy, till we know
What 'tis, and why it is desired so:
But th' first unhappy Knowledge that we boast,
Is that we know, the valued Trifle's lost:
Thou dull Companion of our active Years,
That chill'st our warm Blood with thy frozen Fears:
How is it likely thou shouldst long endure,
When Thought itself thy Ruin may procure?
Thou short-lived Tyrant, that Usurp'st a Sway
O'er Woman-kind, though none thy Pow'r obey,

Maidenhead:

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Except th'ill-natured, Ugly, Peevish, Proud,
And these indeed, thy Praises Sing aloud:
But what's the Reason they Obey so well?
Because they want the Power to Rebel:
But I forget, or have my Subject lost:
Alas! thy Being's Fancy at the most:
Though much desired, 'tis but seldom Men
Court the vain Blessing from a Woman's Pen.

The Reconciliation.

If you Repent, can I forgive your Crime,
Except you Love again, and call you Mine:
What Question's this? Ask some poor Slave if he
Will take again his former Liberty:
Some greedy Miser ask, that Gold had lost
If he'll Receive't again: one that is tossed
In a fierce Tempest, on the raging Main,
Ask if he would be safe on Land again:
Ask the Diseasèd, if they would be Well
Or ask the Damned, if they would leave their Hell:
But ask not me a Question So Vain,
As, can you take my wand'ring Heart again.
No Conqu'ring *Hero* e'er did Foes pursue
With half the Pleasure, that I took in you;
No Youthful Monarch, of a Glitt'ring Crown,
Or prating Coxcomb, of a Scarlet Gown
Was half so proud, as I was of your Love;
Nor could great *Juno's* State my Envy move,
While in your Heart I thought I Reigned in chief.
Then *Strephon*, think, how killing was the Grief
That I sustained, to find my Empire lost,
And servile *Mopsa* of your Conquest boast:
None but a deposed Monarch, made a Scorn
By the rude Slaves that were his Vassals born,
Who while th'Imperial Circle graced his Brow,
At awful distance, to his Feet did bow,
His Scepter snatched by an unworthy hand,
That late was proud to wait his least command,
But now th'Insulting wretch dares threat the Head
Of him, whose Frown but late could look him dead,
Could guess the horrid Tortures seized my mind,
When I perceived you were to *Mopsa* kind:
That ill-looked Hag! who ne'er had guilty been,
(No not in thought) of such a daring Sin,
Had you not broke the Solemn Faith you vowed,
Made me a Scorn to the Ignoble Crowd
Of vulgar Nymphs, who now dare loudly prate
Reviling tales, they durst not think of late.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

I did almost to Death this usage Mourn,
Yet 'tis forgot i'th' Joy of your Return;
Your proofs of Penitence shall be but small,
Look kind on me, and not on her at all.

Song.

1.

Obscure the Glories of your Eyes,
Or give us leave to Love:
To see, and not desire that Prize,
Impossible must prove:
Look not so nicely on your Slave,
That at your Feet doth bow,
When such enticing Looks you gave,
To tempt the Fool so low.

2.

Coy wanton Nymph, though you forbid
Your Slaves to seek Redress,
And force us keep our Torture hid,
Your Guilt is ne'er the less.
It can not sure be Pity found,
But barb'rous Cruelty,
When you with Pleasure give a Wound
So deep, you start to see.

To a Lady who (though Married) could

not endure Love should be made

to any but her Self.

Say, jealous *Phillida*, what Humor's this?
No Shepherd can bestow a Smile or Kiss
On any Nymph, but you must pout and vex:
Would you Monopolize the Masc'line Sex?
Is not the sprightly *Damon's* heart Your Prize,
Securely bound by *Hymen's* Sacred ties?
Strephon and *Colon*, your Adorers are,
And bashful *Cleon* does your Fetters wear:
Young *Coridon* did by your Beauty fall;
Insatiate Nymph! would you engross them All?
Who doth not smile, to see what Pains you take
To watch our private Meetings, and to make
Our Amours public? and if your list'ning Ear
By chance soft Amorous Discourses hear,
Then raging Mad: with Jealousy and Pride,
You curse the Shepherds, and the Nymphs you chide.
But why thus Angry? if we entertain

Song.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

The Heart and Love of some poor humble Swain,
Who never his cheap Thoughts so high durst lift,
As to present you with so mean a Gift;
What wrong have you? why should you break your Rest,
If they to us present a *Linnet's* Nest,
A Wreath of Flowers, or a Bunch of Grapes,
Filberts, or Strawberries, or the Roots of Rapes?
When Lambs and Kids, are daily offer'd you
By the great Swains, that for your favor sue;
If any Shepherdess so bold dare be,
T'invade thy Right, or proudly Rival thee,
Th'had'st Reason for thy Anger; but while we
Content with what you slight and scorn can be,
Why should you Envy, or disturb our Joys?
Let us possess in Peace these little Toys.

1. Hymen: Greek god of marriage.
2. Songbird's
3. Turnips

ACROSTIC.

V

ain Girl, thy Muse to be more Modest teach;
Endeavor not at things above thy Reach:
No common Pen for this great Task is fit,
It asks great *Dryden's*, or sweet *Cowley's* Wit:
T'express the Beauteous wonders of your Face,
Inimitable Colors, Features, Grace,
Angelic Sweetness, and a charming State,

C

ompounded sweetly, on each Look doth wait:
Oh, if my Fancy could but reach your Worth,
Or find fit Epithets to set it forth,
Kings then to thy fair Eyes should Homage pay,
Expressing Thee more like the Gods than They.

1. Ephelia refers to herself in the first four lines.
2. Dryden, Cowley: Restoration poets

ACROSTIC.

SONG.

1.

You wrong me *Strephon*, when you say,
I'm Jealous or Severe,
Did I not see you Kiss and Play
With all you came anear?
Say, did I ever Chide for this,
Or cast one Jealous Eye
On the bold Nymphs, that snatched my Bliss
While I stood wishing by?

2.

Yet though I never disapproved
This modish Liberty;
I thought in them you only loved,
Change and Variety:
I vainly thought my Charms so strong,
And you so much my Slave,
No Nymph had Pow'r to do me Wrong,
Or break the Chains I gave.

3.

But when you seriously Address,
With all your winning Charms,
Unto a Servile Shepherdess,
I'll throw you from my Arms:
I'd rather choose you should make Love
To every Face you see,
Than *Mopsa's* dull Admirer prove,
And let Her Rival me.

ACROSTIC.

R

arest of Virgins, in whose Breast and Eyes,
A11 that is Virtuous and Lovely lies:
Coud I describe but half thy Excellence,
How would the Gods with speed Bodies condense!
Eternity for Thee they would despise,
Leave their Divine Abodes, new Shapes devise,
Lovelier than that which *Danaë* did surprise.

SONG.

Proud if in any Form they thee could please,
Or give to their Immortal Cares some ease;
When us, poor Mortals, with your Sight you bless,
None can find words their wonder to express;
Enamoring and dazzling with your Sight,
You prove at once our Torture and Delight.

The Twin Flame.

Fantastic, wanton God, what dost thou mean
To break my Rest? make me grow pale and lean,
And offer Sighs, and yet not know to who,
Or what's more strange, to sigh at once for two.
Tyrant! Thou know'st I was thy Slave before,
And humbly did thy Deity Adore:
I liked, nay, doted on my *Strephon's* Face,
And Sung his Praise, and thine in every place.
My Soul he singly swayed, alone possessed
My Love, and reigned sole Monarch of my Breast:
Was not all this enough? but thou fond Boy,
Wanton with too much Pow'r, (thy Self t'employ)
Must in my Breast (oh! let it ne'er be told)
Kindle new Flame, yet not put out the Old?
Young *Clovis* now, (though I oppose in vain)
Succeeds not *Strephon*, but doth with him Reign:
And I, though both I love, dare neither choose,
Lest gaining one, I should the other lose;
Both Fires are equal great, Flame equal high,
Yet 'spite of this, a difference I descry;
One wild and raging, furiously Devours
My Peace, my Rest, and all my pleasant Hours;
The other mild and gentle, like those Fires
That melt Perfumes, creates as sweet desires:
That doth with Violence to Passion tend,
This climbs no higher than the name of Friend.
Yes, greedy *Strephon*, you shall ever be
My only Love, and singly Reign o'er me:
My Passion you shall Monopolize,
You've such resistless Magic in your Eyes.
Though *Clovis'* Merits yours do far transcend,
Yet I'm your Lover, and but *Clovis'* Friend;
Blindly I love you, yet too plain discover,
He'll prove a better Friend than you a Lover.
Accept sweet *Clovis* of that little part
I can present of my unruly Heart.
Could I command my Love, or know a way
My Stubborn, lawless Passion to sway,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

My Love I would not Parcel, nor bestow
A little Share, where more than all I owe:
This undeserving *Strephon* I would tear
From my fond Breast, and place your Merit there:
But 'tis not in my Pow'r, some hidden Fate
Compels me love Him that I strive to Hate.
That Love we to our Prince or Parents pay,
I'll bear to you, and love an humble way:
I'll pay you Veneration for your Love,
And your Admirer, not your Mistress prove.
Oh! be contented with the Sacred Name
Of Friend, and an inviolable Flame
For you I will preserve, and the first place
Of all the few I with that Title grace:
And yet this Friendship doth so fast improve,
I dread, lest it in time should grow to Love.

To a Proud Beauty.

Imperious Fool! think not because you're Fair,
That you so much above my Converse are:
What though the Gallants sing your Praises loud,
And with false Plaudits make you vainly Proud?
Though they may tell you all Adore your Eyes,
And every Heart's your willing Sacrifice;
Or spin the Flatt'ry finer, and persuade
Your easy Vanity, that we were made
For Foils to make your Luster Shine more Bright,
And must pay Homage to your dazzling Light;
Yet know whatever Stories they may tell,
All you can boast, is, to be pretty well:
Know too, you stately piece of Vanity,
That you are not Alone adored, for I
Fantastically might mince, and smile as well
As you, if Airy Praise my mind could swell:
Nor are the loud Applauses that I have,
For a fine Face, or things that Nature gave;
But for acquired Parts, a gen'rous Mind,
A pleasing Converse, neither Nice nor Kind:
When they that strive to Praise you most, can say
No more, but that you're Handsome, brisk and gay:
Since then my Fame's as great as yours is, why
Should you behold me with a loathing Eye?
If you at me cast a disdainful Eye,
In biting Satire I will Rage so high,
Thunder shall pleasant be to what I'll write,
And you shall Tremble at my very Sight;

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Warned by your Danger, none shall dare again,
Provoke my Pen to write in such a strain.

SONG.

1.

Be Judge, dear *Strephon*, was it kind,
Through ev'ry sense t'invade my Heart;
And when I had my Soul resigned,
To play a Cruel Tyrant's part?

2.

Being your Slave, I'm not so vain
To hope to have one minute's Ease,
But should take Pleasure in my Pain,
If my Dear Conqu'rer it would please.

3.

In Sighs, and Sobs, and Groans, and Tears,
And Languishment I pass the Day,
My Rest at Night is broke with Fears,
Yet you my Grief with Scorns repay.

4.

But Since you can so Cruel prove,
To mock the Suffrings you Create,
Triumph and Boast how much I Love,
I'll give your Mirth a speedy Date.

5.

For know, Insulter, I disdain
To live to feed your Vanity;
My Blood shall wash out that fond Stain,
My Honor got by loving Thee.

To one that asked me

why I loved *J. G.*

Why do I Love? go, ask the Glorious Sun
Why every day it round the world doth Run:
Ask *Thames* and *Tiber*, why they Ebb and Flow:
Ask Damask Roses, why in *June* they blow:
Ask Ice and Hail, the reason, why they're Cold:
Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old:
They'll tell thee, Fate, that every thing doth move,
Enforces them to this, and me to Love.
There is no Reason for our Love or Hate,
'Tis irresistible, as Death or Fate;

SONG.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

'Tis not his Face; I've sense enough to see,
That is not good, though doted on by me:
Nor is't his Tongue, that has this Conquest won;
For that at least is equalled by my own:
His Carriage can to none obliging be,
'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:
Strangely Ill-natured, Peevish, and Unkind,
Inconstant, False, to Jealousy inclined;
His Temper could not have so great a Pow'r,
'Tis mutable, and changes every hour:
Those vigorous years that Women so adore,
Are past in him: he's twice my Age and more;
And yet I love this false, this worthless Man,
With all the Passion that a Woman can;
Dote on his Imperfections, though I spy
Nothing to Love; I Love, and know not why.
Sure 'tis Decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
That I should Love, and he should be ingrate.

Intended Farewell to J.G.

Farewell, Dear Love! may'st thou have in Excess,
Pleasure, Delight, Content, and Happiness:
Oh may thy Joys but equalize my Grief,
Thine great, above compare, as mine beyond Relief:
'Twere vain to wish Fate would to thee be kind,
'Twere vain for thee to bribe the Sea or Wind,
'Twere vainer yet to fear a Storm or Fight,
Who know thy Worth, such thoughts as these will slight.
The fates their Duty so well understand,
Without my Wish, they'll bring thee safe to Land;
Thy Merits and its charge, Heaven so well knows,
'Twill guard thee, though unprayed to, from thy foes,
If thou hast any; But sure no one can
Bear hatred to so Great, so Brave a Man.
But if by chance, thy Prince's Enemy
Should hope to make your Ship their Prize to be,
Tell the Brave Captain, that he need not fear
Their Force, though Strong, for if thou but appear,
With Awful Reverence they'll straight Retire,
And hold it Impious one Gun to Fire:
Saved by thy Pow'r, they'll all acknowledge thee
The Guardian Angel of the Ship to be.

Mocked in Anger.

Farewell ungrateful Man, Sail to some Land,
Where Treach'ry and Ingratitude command;
There meet with all the Plagues that Man can bear,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

And be as Wretched, as I'm Happy here.
'Twere vain to wish that Heav'n would Punish thee,
'Twere vain to Invoke the Wind and Sea,
To fright thee with rude Storms, for surely Fate
Without a wish, will Punish the Ingrate[.]
Its Justice and thy Crimes, Heaven so well knows,
That all its Creatures it will make thy Foes:
(If they're not so already) but none can
Love such a worthless, such a sordid Man;
And though we've now no public Enemies,
And you're too strong for private Piracies,
Yet is the Vessel in more danger far,
Than when with all our Neighbors we had War:
For all that know what Guest it doth contain,
Will strive to Fire or Sink it in the Main.
Plagued for thy sake, they all will reckon thee
The *Achan*, or Accursèd thing to be.

A Lover's State.

Unthinking Fool! wrong not thy Reason so,
To fancy Pleasures in Love's Empire grow.
Alas! a Lover's state is full of Fears,
Their daily Entertainment, Sighs and Tears:
The Cruel god, in Tortures did delight,
And either Shoots at Rovers, or in Spite.
Amongst his numerous Slaves, you'll hardly find,
One pair of Lovers mutually kind;
Or if they be, those mighty Bars of Fate,
Int'rest and Friends, their Persons separate:
An am'rous Youth, here for a Lady Dies,
Off'ring his Heart a Tribute to her Eyes:
With thousand Vows, which proudly she Rejects,
Sighs for another that her Sighs neglects.
A beauteous Nymph, whom Heaven and Nature made
To be by all Adored, by all Obeyed:
Though thousand Victims sigh beneath her Feet,
In all her Conquests can no Pleasure meet:
But for some Sullen Youth, who proudly Flies,
Dresses her Cheeks in Tears, in languid looks her Eyes.
Here we shall Lovers find, possessing all
That by mistake, we Joys and Pleasures call;
And yet with Jealousies and Idle fears,
Eclipse 'em so, that scarce a Glimpse appears.
Men are unconstant, and delight to Range,
Not to gain Freedom, but their Fetters change:
And, what a Year they did with Passion seek,
Grows troublesome, and nauseous in a Week:
And the poor Lady, newly taught to Love,
With Grief and Horror, sees her Man remove.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Wonder not then thou canst no Pleasure see,
But know thou seek'st it, where it cannot be.
Who vainly seeks for Joys in Love, as well
Might Quiet seek in Courts, and Ease in Hell.

A Vindication to angry Clovis .

Dear *Clovis!* can'st thou entertain one Thought
That I, who've with so many Hazards sought
T'oblige and please Thee, now would blot thy Name,
Or seek t'Eclipse thy well deserved Fame?
Should but one word slip from my heedless Tongue,
Against that Virtue I've admired so long,
To expiate its guilt, I'd in thy sight,
The Impious Criminal in pieces bite.
Knew'st thou my thoughts, I then would scorn to fear
The Envious Tales of any Whisperer:
But since that Object is not in thy ken,
My Heart's true Effigies take from my Pen;
In my Esteem, thou hast so high a Seat,
All I think of Thee's, Eminently great:
From thy sweet Tongue, one word ne'er slipped away,
That holy Priests, or Angels, might not say:
Thy Actions so just, and free from Blame,
Heaven by thy Life its Sacred Laws might frame:
The scattered Virtues that all mankind Share,
In thy great self alone united are:
These are my thoughts of Thee, and while they flow
Thus pure, my Tongue can no foul language know:
Those profane Words could never come from me,
For had'st thou Faults, I have no Eyes to see:
So fast the Ties of sacred Friendship bind,
That when I should not see, I can be blind:
Thou know'st I can not wrong thee, if I would;
And *Clovis* know, I would not if I could.

Last Farewell to J.G.

Farewell thou soft Seducer of my Eyes,
That, in Love's shape, didst Cruelty disguise,
No longer shall thy lovely Melting Charms
Bewitch my Soul, to please its self in Harms;
No more I'll show'r down unregarded Tears;
No more I'll break my Rest, with Am'rous Fears;
With Scorching Sighs, I'll blast my Lips no more,
No more thy Pity I'll in vain implore;
In Languishment, no more my Eyes I'll dress,
But reassume that Heart thou didst possess;
For since the Guest thou would'st not entertain,
It was but just, it should return again:

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Now 'tis my own again, with care, and Art
I'll guard each passage that leads to my Heart;
Love shall Resign, and Reason shall command,
And Care and Wisdom Sentinels shall stand:
My treach'rous eyes, nor thy more treach'rous tongue,
Shall not betray me as they've done too long:
Nor will I cast one single Thought on Thee,
Unless my Heart again Assaulted be;
Then I'll remind it of thy Cruelty:
And though the Headstrong Passion should prevail
Against my Reason, yet this barb'rous Tale
Would make the Rebel willingly Submit,
And change the Fever, to an Ague fit:
For who again would venture on that Shore,
Where he'd been split and Shipwrecked once before.

The Unkind Parting.

Lovely Unkind! could you so Cruel be
To leave the Land ere you took Leave of me?
Explain this mystic Act, and let me know
Whether it doth your Hate, or Kindness show:
Loved you too well my Parting sighs to hear?
Or wanted Strength my kinder Tears to bear?
Or were you Tend'rer yet, and did decline
A solemn Leave, not for your Sake, but mine?
Lest my kind Heart o'ercharged with too much Grief,
Should with my Farewell-sighs breathe out my Life.
Or was it (how the very Thought does fright!)
To show with how much Contempt you could slight?
Or did you love so little, that no Thought
Of poor *Ephelia* to your mind was brought?
No, no, 'twas none of these; I guess thy mind:
Strephon! thou knew'st I was so fondly kind,
That at the News of Parting, into Tears
I straight had melted, Thousand Am'rous Fears
I had Suggested to my self, and you
In Complaisance must needs have done so too:
You must have told how loath you were to part,
And vowed that tho you went, I kept your Heart;
Omitted nothing tender Love could shew,
From my pale Cheeks have kissed the Pearly Dew;
Spoke all the tender'st things you could devise,
And to the old added new Perjuries;
Vowed Constancy in Absence, and then Swear,
A quick Return should dissipate my Fear:
All of these pleasing Vanities, you knew,
A declared Lover was obliged to do:

Female Poems On Several Occasions

But to this trouble you would not be brought,
But stole in silence hence; yet tho you thought
This Tale too long, and troublesome to tell,
You might have grasped my hand, and said Farewell;
At which dire Words, such Consternation would
Have seized my Soul, I senseless should have stood
Till you beyond a Sigh's faint Call had fled;
Nay, till *Tangiere*, you'd near recoverèd:
This way, my Kindness could not tiresome be,
Nor your Neglect would not have troubled me.

Seeing *Strephon* Ride by after

him I supposed gone.

Stay lovely Youth! do not so swiftly fly
From her your Speed must cause as quick to die:
Each step you take, hails me a step more near
To the cold Grave: (nor is't an idle Fear)
For know, my Soul to you is chainèd fast,
And if you make such cruel, fatal hast,
Must quit its Seat, and be so far unkind,
To leave my fainting, breathless Trunk behind:
Your Sight unthought of, did so much s[urpr]ise,
You might have seen my Soul danced in my Eyes;
But the cold Look you gave in passing by,
Froze my warm Blood, and taught my Hopes to die:
When you were past, my Spirits soon did fail,
My Limbs grew stiff and cold, my Face grew pale:
My Heart did Pant, scarce could I fetch my Breath,
In every part nothing appeared but Death:
Yet did my Eyes pursue your cruel Flight,
Nor ever moved, till you were out of Sight:
But then, alas, it cannot be expressed,
I faint, I faint, my Death shall tell the rest.

SONG.

1.

Know, *Celadon!* in vain you use
These little Arts to me:
Though *Strephon* did my Heart refuse,
I cannot give it thee:
His harsh Refusal hath not brought
Its Value yet so low,
That what was worth that Shepherd's Thoughts,

I should on You bestow.

2.

Nor can I love my *Strephon* less,
For his ungrateful Pride,
Though Honor does, I must confess,
My guilty Passion chide.
That lovely Youth I still adore,
Though now it be in vain;
But yet of him, I ask no more
Than Pity for my Pain.

To Madam *Bhen*.

Madam! permit a Muse, that has been long
Silent with wonder, now to find a Tongue:
Forgive that Zeal I can no longer hide,
And pardon a necessitated Pride.
When first your strenuous polite Lines I read,
At once it Wonder and Amazement bred,
To see such things flow from a Woman's Pen,
As might be Envied by the wittiest Men:
You write so sweetly, that at once you move,
The Ladies' Jealousies, and Gallant's Love;
Passions so gentle, and so well expressed,
As needs must be the same fill your own Breast;
Then Rough again, as your Enchanting Quill
Commanded Love, or Anger at your Will:
As in your Self, so in your Verses meet,
A rare connection of Strong and Sweet:
This I admired at, and my Pride to show,
Have took the Vanity to tell you so
In humble Verse, that has the Luck to please
Some Rustic Swains, or silly Shepherdess:
But far unfit to reach your Sacred Ears,
Or stand your Judgment: Oh! my conscious Fears
Check my Presumption, yet I must go on,
And finish the rash Task I have begun.
Condemn it Madam, if you please, to th' Fire,
It gladly will your Sacrifice expire,
As sent by one, that rather chose to shew
Her want of Skill, than want of Zeal to you.

2. A possible printing error for Gallants'

3. Unsophisticated

SONG.

1.

When Busy Fame, o'er all the Plain

To Madam *Bhen*.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Phylena's Praises rung,
And on their Oaten Pipes, each Swain
Her Matchless Beauty sung:
The Envious Nymphs were forced to yield,
She had the sweetest Face;
No Emulous Disputes they held,
But for the second Place.

2.

Young *Celadon* (whose stubborn Heart
No Beauty e'er could move,
But smiled to hear of Bow and Dart,
And braved the God of Love:)
Would view this Nymph, and pleased at first
Such Silent Charms to see,
With wonder Gazed, then Sighed, and Cursed
His Curiosity.

To a Gentleman that had left

a Virtuous Lady for

a Miss.

Dull Animal miscalled a Man, for Shame
Give o'er your foolish tales of Fire and Flame:
The Nymphs abhor you, and your Stories hate,
Count you a Monster, barb'rously Ingrate:
Your fine sweet Face, in which such Pride you take,
Th'exactness of your clever, easy Make;
Your Charming Mien, bewitching Tongue, nor yet
The fancied Greatness of your boasted Wit,
Can now the meanest Nymph to Pity move,
Though once they taught the great *Phylena* Love:
Phylena, Glory of the *Surrey* Plain,
The envied Wish of every hopeless Swain,
Whose Artless Charms, the Proud and Great had brought
Upon their Knees, th'Old and Morose had taught
How to Languish, and they that durst not show
They were her Lovers, silently were so:
But you alone, did of her Conquest boast,
In that one Prize all Nature's Wealth engrossed:
But your insipid Dullness found more Charms,
More Pleasure in the wanton *Flora's* Arms;
With Her you passed your hours in idle Prate,
While poor *Phylena* unregarded sate:
Kind heart! She wept; and gently She Reproved
Your strange Ingratitude, told you, you loved
A Shepherdess that had a sickly Fame,
And would bring Infamy upon your Name.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Who can believe? With unheard Impudence
You owned your Crime, and urged in your defense,
The Nymph sung charmingly, was very Witty,
Gay, Brisk, had Teeth; oh! infinitely Pretty:
Ingenious Lime–twigs, to catch Woodcocks on,
Pretty Ingredients to Dote upon!
Can you prefer these trivial Toys, that are
As common as their Owner, to the rare
Perfections dwell in your *Phylena's* Breast,
Things too Divinely Great to be expressed?
Her Virtues, though her Beauty should decay,
Might Charm the World, and make Mankind obey.
Degen'rous Man! break this ignoble Chain,
That dims your Luster, does your Honor stain;
Or you'll be judged for all your vain Pretenses,
Not only to have lost your Wits, but Senses.

SONG.

1.

Ephelia, while her Flocks were fair,
Was sought by ev'ry Swain,
The Shepherds knew no other care,
Than how her Love to gain:
In Rural Gifts, they vainly strove
Each other to Out–vie,
Fondly imagining her Love
They might with Presents buy.

2[.]

But she did every Gift despise,
And ev'ry Shepherd hate,
Till *Strephon* came, whose Killing Eyes
Was ev'ry Woman's Fate:
A while, alas! She vainly strove
The Bleeding Wound to hide,
But soon with Pain cried out, I Love,
In spite of all my Pride.

3.

The Wolves might now at pleasure Prey,
On her defenseless Sheep;
Her Lambs o'er all the Plain did stray,
None in the Fold would keep;
But she regardless of these Harms,
In Pastimes spent the Day,
Or in her faithless *Strephon's* Arms,
Dissolved in Pleasures lay.

SONG.

4.

But as Her num'rous Flocks decayed
His Passion did so too,
Till for a Smile the easy Maid
Was forced with Tears to woo:
But being Shrunk from few to none,
He left the Nymph forlorn,
Derided now by every one,
That she did lately scorn.

Fortune Mistaken.

Though Fortune have so far from me removed,
All that I wish, or all I ever loved,
And Robbed our *Europe* of its chief Delight,
To bless the *Africk* world with *Strephon's* Sight:
There with a Lady Beauteous, Rich, and Young,
Kind, Witty, Virtuous, the best Born among
The *Africk* Maids, presents this happy Swain,
Not to oblige Him, but to give Me Pain:
Then to my Ears, by tattling Fame, conveys
The Tale with large Additions; and to raise
My Anger higher, tells me 'tis designed,
That *Hymen's* Rites, their hands and hearts must bind:
Now She believes my Business done, and I
At the dire News would fetch a Sigh, and Die:
But She's deceived, I in my *Strephon* grow,
And if he's happy, I must needs be so:
Or if Fate could our Interests disjoin,
At his good Fortune I should ne'er Repine,
Though 'twere my Ruin; but I exult to hear,
Insulting *Mopsa* I no more shall fear;
No more he'll smile upon that ugly Witch:
In that one Thought, I'm Happy, Great, and Rich;
And blind Dame Fortune, meaning to Destroy,
Has filled my Soul with Ecstasies of Joy:
To Him I love, She's given a happy Fate,
And quite destroyed and ruined Her I hate.

To *J.G.* on the News of his

Marriage.

My Love? alas! I must not call you Mine,
But to your envied Bride that Name resign:
I must forget your lovely melting Charms,
And be forever Banished from your Arms:
Forever? oh! the Horror of that Sound!

Female Poems On Several Occasions

It gives my bleeding Heart a deadly wound:
While I might hope, although my Hope was vain,
It gave some Ease to my unpitied Pain,
But now your *Hymen* doth all Hope exclude,
And but to think is Sin; yet you intrude
On every Thought; if I but close my Eyes,
Methinks your pleasing Form beside me lies;
With every Sigh I gently breathe your Name,
Yet no ill Thoughts pollute my hallowed Flame;
'Tis pure and harmless, as a Lambent Fire,
And never mingled with a warm Desire:
All I have now to ask of Bounteous Heaven,
Is, that your Perjuries may be forgiven:
That She who you have with your Nuptials blessed,
As She's the Happiest Wife, may prove the Best:
That all our Joys may light on you alone,
Then I can be contented to have none:
And never wish that you should Kinder be,
Than now and then, to cast a Thought on Me:
And, Madam, though the Conquest you have won,
Over my *Strephon*, has my hopes undone;
I'll daily beg of Heaven, he may be
Kinder to You, than he has been to Me.

To Damon.

Gay Fop! that know'st no higher Flights than Sense,
What was it gave thee so much Impudence,
T'attempt the violation of a Shrine,
That lodged a Soul so Sacred, so Divine?
Her lovely Face might teach thee to Adore,
But could not tempt thee to a loose Amour:
Such charming goodness in her Eyes appear,
Might strike a Satyr with a awful fear;
But thou less humane, and more wild than they,
Thy impious Passion durst before her lay:
Sweet Innocence, how she amazèd stood,
To hear such Tales, how her affrighted blood
Flushed in her Face, and then recoiled again,
To hear discourse so horridly Profane!
She looked such things might teach thee to despair,
Dissolve thy Being, fright thee into Air:
But thy unpar'leled boldness durst despise
The Sacred Lightning that flashed from her Eyes;
And by a second Guilt, durst tempt her Tongue
To thunder Vengeance on thee, for her Wrong.
Impious Criminal! for this Offense,
Heaven hardly will accept of Penitence:
In tempting of her Virtue, know that you
Have done more than the Devil dared to do:

To Damon.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Audacious Villain! sure, thou next wilt try
Deposing of thy God, to rule the Sky:
That Action hardly can more wicked be,
Than what already hath been done by Thee.
If e'er again thy Crime thou dost repeat,
Expect thy Ruin to be quick, and great.
With Thunderbolts thou shalt be crushed to Hell,
There with the Devils, and the Damned to dwell:
While that bright Maid, that thou wouldst have betrayed,
Shall be by Angels loved, by Men obeyed.

To *Phylocles*, inviting him to

Friendship.

1.

Best of thy Sex! if Sacred Friendship can
Dwell in the Bosom of inconstant Man;
As cold, and clear as Ice, as Snow unstained,
With Love's loose Crimes unsullied, unprofaned.

2[.]

Or you a Woman, with that Name dare trust,
And think to Friendship's Ties, we can be just;
In a strict League, together we'll combine,
And Friendship's bright Example shine.

3.

We will forget the Difference of Sex,
Nor shall the World's rude Censure us Perplex:
Think Me all Man: my Soul is Masculine,
And Capable of as great Things as Thine.

4.

I can be Gen'rous, Just, and Brave,
Secret, and Silent, as the Grave;
And if I cannot yield Relief,
I'll Sympathize in all thy Grief.

5.

I will not have a Thought from thee I'll hide,
In all my Actions, Thou shalt be my Guide;
In every Joy of mine, Thou shalt have share,
And I will bear a part in all thy Care.

6.

Why do I vainly Talk of what we'll do?
We'll mix our Souls, you shall be Me, I You;
And both so one, it shall be hard to say,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Which is *Phylocles*, which *Ephelia*.

7.

Our Ties shall be strong as the Chains of Fate,
Conqu'rors, and Kings our Joys shall Emulate;
Forgotten Friendship, held at first Divine,
T'its native Purity we will refine.

To the Honored *Eugenia*,

commanding me to

Write to Her.

Fair Excellence! such strange Commands you lay,
I neither dare Dispute, nor can Obey:
Had I the sweet *Orinda's* happy Strain,
Yet every Line would Sacrilege contain:
Like to some awful Deity you sit,
At once the Terror and Delight of Wit:
Your Soul appears in such a charming Dress
As I admire, but never can express:
Heaven that to others had giv'n several Graces,
Some noble Souls, some Wit, some lovely Faces:
Finding the World did every one Admire,
Resolved to raise their Admiration higher:
And in one Piece, every perfection crowd,
So framed your Self, and of its work grew Proud:
Each Rising Sun saw you more Good, more Fair;
As you alone took up all Heaven's Care:
Such awful Charms do in your Face appear,
As fill Mankind at once with Love and Fear.
Who hear you Speak, must take your Tongue to be
The first Original of Harmony:
Your Mien hath such a Stately Charming Air,
As without Heralds doth your Birth declare:
Your Soul so Noble, yet from Pride so free,
That 'tis the Pattern of Humility.
Else I had never dared to give one Line
To your fair Hand, so Impolite as Mine.
Pardon, dear Madam, these untuned Lays,
That have Profaned what I designed to Praise.
Nor is't possible, but I so must do,
All I can think falls so much short of you:
And Heaven as well with Man might angry be
For not describing of the Deity,
In its full height of Excellence, as you
Quarrel with them that give you not your Due.

To the Beauteous *Marina*.

1.

Nature that had been long by Art outdone,
Resolved a Piece to frame;
So Beauteous, that saucy Art should own,
She was quite vanquishèd, and o'erthrown:
And all her mended Faces, after came.
In this Resolve, your lovely Self she made,
And lavish of her Graces,
Outdid her self, exhausted all her Store
Of ev'ry Sweet, till she could give no more;
Bankrupt forever, to all other Faces.
In Infancy all did the Bud admire,
But when full Blown, it raised our Wonder higher,
And Admiration grew into Desire.

2.

When with your Sight the Change you bless,
Or walk the open Street,
A thousand Tongues your Praise express,
While dying Eyes aloud confess,
You have a Captive in each Man you meet.
When bashful *Clovis* chanced to spy
Your killing Face, with mine,
So much you charmed that Shepherd's Eye,
That my faint Lights he did despise;
And looked as I my Empire must resign:
Though his each Look, I challenge as my Due,
He scarce gave one; his Eyes no motion knew;
But fixed as the dull Earth, with Wonder gazed on you.

Passion discovered.

I Thought, I'll Swear, that I could freely part,
With the small Theft I'd made of *Clovis'* Heart.
'Tis true, of Him I still had in my Breast,
Some busy Thoughts that did disturb my Rest:
Yet like wild Passion it did not seem,
But looked like Friendship, or at most, Esteem.
I thought his Heart was a too glorious Prize,
To be a Trophy to my twilight Eyes;
And when with Sighs he has his Passion showed,
A thousand times I've wished, it were bestowed
On sweet *Marrina* ; thinking none beside,
Had Worth enough, to be young *Clovis'* Bride:
And begged of Love, that he would give her leave;
He smiled to see me thus my Self deceive:
Fancying that lazy Friendship, that (alas!)

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Too late I found an active Passion was:
To undeceive me, brought that Shepherd, where
I, and *Marrina* both together were:
The Swain surprised, to me did hardly lend
A squinting Glance; but to my Beauteous Friend,
Fierce Wishing—looks from dying Eyes did send.
I turned my Head, and sighed at the Disgrace,
While Love and Jealousy raged in my Face:
Love laughed outright to see my Discontent;
Now Fool (said she) thy fatal Prayers repent.
Malicious God (quoth I) so much above
My Self or Intèrest, I *Clovis* love,
That still I wish, that lovely Nymph and he united were
But wish not now the Killing—news to hear.

To *Coridon*, on shutting

his Door against some

Ladies.

Conceited Coxcomb! tho I was so kind
To wish to see you, think not I designed
To force my self to your unwilling Arms,
Your Conversation has no such Charms:
Think less, those lovely Virgins were with me,
Would thrust themselves into your Company;
They've Crowds of Gallants, for their Favors sue,
And to be Caressed, need not come to you:
'Gainst handsome Women rudely shut your Door!
Had it been Sergeants, you could do no more:
Faith, we expected with a horrid yelp,
Out of the Window you'd have cried, help! help!
What Outrage have you offered to our Sex?
That you should dread we came but to perplex:
Or since I saw you last, what have I done,
Might cause so strange an Alteration?
Till now, your wishing Eyes have at my Sight,
Spoke you all Rapture, Ecstasy, Delight:
But at the Change, I have a Critic guess,
So much of Friendship to me you profess,
More than your lazy Tongue can e'er express;
And your performance hath been so much less:
That Debtor—like, you dare not meet my Eyes,
Which was the reason of your late Surprise.
I'll tell you, Sir; your kindness to requite
A loving Secret, merely out of spite:
A Secret four and twenty Moons I've kept,
I've sighed in private, and in private wept;
And all for you: but yet so much my Pride

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Surmounts my Passion, that now were I tried,
And the Heart so long I've wished for, prostrate lay
Before my Feet, I'd spurn the Toy away:
And tho, perhaps, I wish as much as you,
I'll starve my Self, so I may starve You too:
And for a Curse, wish you may never find
An open Door, nor Woman when she's kind.

My Fate.

Oh cruel Fate, when wilt thou weary be?
When satisfied with tormenting me?
What have I e'er designed, but thou hast crossed?
All that I wished to gain by Thee, I've lost:
From my first Infancy, thy Spite thou'st shown,
And from my Cradle, I've thy Malice known;
Thou snatch'st my Parents in their tender Age,
Made me a Victim to the furious Rage
Of cruel Fortune, as severe as thee;
Yet I resolved to brave my Destiny,
And did, with more than Female Constancy.
Not all thy Malice could extort a Tear,
Nor all thy Rage could ever teach me Fear:
Still as thy Power diminished my Estate,
My Fortitude did my Desires abate;
In every state I thought my Mind content,
And wisely did thy cross Designs prevent:
Seeing thy Plots did unsuccessful prove,
As a sure Torment next, thou taught'st me Love:
But here thou wert deceived too, for my Swain
As soon as he perceived, pitied my Pain:
He met my Passion with an equal Fire,
Both sweetly languished in a soft Desire:
Clasped in each other's Arms we sat all Day,
Each Smile I gave, he'd with a Kiss repay:
In every Hour an Age's Bliss we reaped,
And lavish Favors on each other heaped.
Now sure (thought I) Destiny doth relent,
And her insatiate Tyranny repent:
But how mistaken! how deceived was I!
Alas! She only raised my Hopes thus high,
To cast me down with greater Violence;
For midst our Joys, she snatched my Shepherd hence
To *Africa*: yet tho I was neglected,
I bore it better than could be expected:
Without Regret, I let him cross the Sea,
When I was told it for his Good would be;
But when I heard the Nuptial Knot he'd tied,

Female Poems On Several Occasions

And made an *Afric* Nymph his happy Bride:
My Temper then I could no longer hold,
I cursed my Fate, I cursed the Pow'r of Gold;
I cursed the Easiness believed at first,
And (Heaven forgive me) Him I almost cursed.
Hearing my Loss, to him was mighty Gain;
I checked my Rage, and soon grew Calm again:
Malicious Fate, seeing this would not do,
Made *Strephon* wretched, to make me so too.
Of all her Plagues, this was the weightiest Stroke,
This Blow, my resolved Heart hath almost broke:
Yet, 'spite of Fate, this Comfort I've in store,
She's no room left for any ill thing more.

To One that Affronted the

Excellent *Eugenia*.

Thing, called a Man! Ambition cheats thy Sense,
Or, thou'rt deceived with too much Impudence;
To think that Divine Creature you pursue,
Can be deserved, or merited by you:
Dare not to be so Impiously Rude,
To tax such Goodness with Ingratitude;
One Smile from her will more Obligements pay,
Than should'st thou live ten Ages, thou could'st lay.
Thou talk of Obligations! that wert framed
To make proud man of his own Sex ashamed:
When in his greatest Pride, he cast an Eye,
On thy ill Manners and Deformity;
He'll hate himself; and rather wish to be
An Ass, or Owl, than such a thing as thee.
Dar'st thou affront Her thou pretend'st t'adore?
That Heavenly Mortal, if she be no more;
Because to them better deserved it, she
Showed more respect, and more Civility?
You rudely must Invite her to expose
Those God-like Men, unto your barb'rous Blows;
She will not do't; not that thy Arm she fears,
Or thinks thy Valor more refined than theirs:
Tho in their Glory she designs no share,
Yet of their Honor she takes too much care,
To let 'em Fight a despicable Thing,
That when they've Conquered, can no Trophy bring.
Know, Fool too; thee she does too much contemn,
To let thee boast thou ever Fought'st with them.
To vex thee, they her Favorites shall be,
And make their Court still in abusing thee:
Abusing thee! what have I vainly said?

Female Poems On Several Occasions

What Nonsense unawares I've utterèd!
The harshest *Satire* that we can invent,
Is *Panegyric*, when of Thee 'tis meant.
All my Invention cannot reach a Curse,
For whatsoe'er I think, still thou art worse;
Yet I'll endeavour at One: Be't thy Fate
To live the Object of *Eugenia's* Hate.

To *Clovis*, desiring me to bring

Him into *Marina's*

Company.

Charming Insulter! sure you might have cho[se]
Some easier way than this you now propose,
To try the boundless Friendship I profess;
For if Fate can, this Task will make it less.
Clovis, believe; if any Thing there is
I can deny your Merit, it is this:
If I had Rocks of Diamonds, Mines of Ore,
Engrossed the Pearls upon the Eastern-shore;
With as much Joy, I'd lay 'em at your Feet,
As Youthful Monarchs in new Empires meet.
Could you be Happy by my Misery,
In any shape but this, I'd wretched be:
With every other Wish I would comply,
But bright *Marina's* Sight I must deny:
That Gift's too prodigal; I'd rather part
With Life itself, and give my bleeding Heart:
For I with Blushes own, that Sacred Fire
Once ruled my Breast, degenerate to desire.
I thought it Friendship; Swore it should be so,
Yet 'spite of Me, it would to Passion grow.
When to this worthless Heart, you did address,
With all the Marks that Passion could express;
On my soft Neck your Pensive Head would lay,
And Sigh, and Vow, and Kiss the Hours away.
Your Tears, and languished Looks I did neglect,
And would not Love, yet highly did Respect;
Thought you the best of Men, and counseled you,
To turn your Passion into Friendship too:
Told you, my Heart was cruel *Strephon's* Prize,
His devout, tho neglected Sacrifice:
Would often talk of sweet *Marina's* Charms,
And oft'ner with her lodged in your dear Arms.
Ah, fatal Wish! ye Gods! why should you mind
The foolish Wishes made by Woman-kind?
I every hour saw *Strephon's* Love decay;
And *Clovis* more Endear'd me every day.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Why at so vast a Rate should he Oblige?
Or, why so soon should he remove his Siege?
That Hour that Mine began, Your Love did end,
You took my Counsel and became my Friend:
And by those Ties, did earnestly request,
That I would make *Marina's* Heart your Guest.
Oh, cruel Task! you Destinies, am I
In my own Ruin made a Property?
Yet want the Pow'r the Treason to deny?
Yes; tho this piece of knotty Friendship be
Hard in itself, and harder far to me;
I'll try, and in th'Attempt such Vigor show,
I'll make her Yours, tho Fate itself say no:
I'll tell your Merits in such soft, smooth Strains,
Shall leave a Thrilling Pleasure in her Veins;
And when my Tongue no sweeter Words can find,
I'll look, as there were ten times more behind.
Then speak again; nor leave her till I spy
She is Enthralled, and loves as much as I.
Then I'll present you with this Beauteous Slave,
The greatest Gift a Lover ever gave:
And when you cannot wish happier to grow,
Then think with how much Pain I made you so.

In the Person of a Lady to

Bajazet

, Her Unconstant

Gallant.

How far are they deceived, that hope in vain
A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t'obtain?
All the Dear Sweets we're promised, or expect,
After Enjoyment turn to cold Neglect:
Could Love a constant Happiness have known,
That Mighty Wonder had in Me been shown;
Our Passions were so favored by Fate,
As if she meant them an Eternal Date:
So kind he looked, such tender Words he spoke,
'Twas past Belief such Vows should e'er be broke:
Fixed on my Eyes, how often would he say,
He could with Pleasure gaze an Age away.
When Thought, too great for Words, had made him mute,
In Kisses he would tell my Hand his Suit:
So strong his Passion was, so far above
The common Gallantries that pass for Love:
At worst, I thought, if he unkind should prove,
His ebbing Passion would be kinder far,

In the Person of a Lady to

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Than the First Transports of all others are:
Nor was my Love weaker, or less than his;
In him I centered all my hopes of Bliss:
For him, my Duty to my Friends forgot;
For him I lost alas! what lost I not?
Fame, all the Valuable Things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than Wife.
How happy was I then! how dearly blessed!
When this Great Man lay panting on my Breast,
Looking such Things as ne'er can be expressed.
Thousand fresh Loves he gave me every hour,
While eagerly I did his Looks devour:
Quite overcome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At every Look he gave, melted away;
I was so highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pitied those that dwelt above.
Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
How you have vowed, how I have loved, and then
My faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have loved, I cannot, need not tell;
No, every Act has shown I loved too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought,
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Offering to your Noble Bed:
Since when, you've been the Star by which I've steered
And nothing else but you, I loved, or feared:
Your Smiles I only lived by, and I must
When e'er you Frown, be shattered into Dust.
I cannot live on Pity, or Respect,
A Thought so mean, would my whole Frame infect,
Less than your Love I scorn, Sir, to accept.
Let me not live in dull indiff'rency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die:
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I would choose your Hate.

To Madam F.

Divinest Thing! whom Heaven made to shew
The very utmost that its Skill could do:
If you had lived in ancient *Rome*, or *Greece*,
You had had Altars built you long ere this.
Not all the Pow'rs they worshipped, e'er possessed
Half of the Merit crowds your Noble Breast.
So Good, so Great, so Brave, so Heavenly Fair;
Princes are proud your Lovely Chains to wear:
So perfect are the Virtues of your Mind,
Not Envy's self, a single Stain can find:
The Vastness of your Gallant Soul doth move

To Madam F.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

The World to pay an Universal Love.
Yet at an awful Distance they admire;
Beyond a Veneration none aspire.
Oh, may these Blessings have a lasting Date,
And You be safe from all the Strokes of Fate:
My Wish is vain, (and Prayers are needless too)
Heav'n is too Just to be Unkind to You.

SONG.

[1.]

Know, *Strephon*, once I loved you more
Than Misers do their Wealth;
I took from Heaven you to adore,
And thought no Sin i'th' Stealth:
I knew no Joys, but what you gave,
Nor ever had a Thought
Of any state beyond your Slave,
Freedom I never sought.

2.

But since your strange Ingratitude,
Could the soft Favors slight,
For which your Rivals vainly sued,
Know you've no longer Right,
To the least Joy that I can give,
So unconcerned I'll prove,
The World shall easily believe
That I did never love.

To the Angry *Eugenia*.

Incensed Fair One! if Forgiveness be
Not in thy Power to extend to Me;
Which to believe, were such an impious Thought,
Heav'n scarce would pardon, tho with Tears 'twere sought.
Destroy at once the Creature that you hate,
And wrack me not with a sad ling'ring Fate:
Yet ere I Die, permit some small Defense,
Not that I will pretend to Innocence;
That were to think that You have been Unjust,
Which let me Perish when I once Mistrust.
With all that Rev'rence that a Pious *Jew*
Would name *Jehovah*, I should Speak of You:
But I, profanely named you in the Ear

SONG.

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Of Crowds unfit such Sacred Sounds to hear:
Yet what I said, if traced, you will find,
Tho short of you, outdid all Woman-kind.
My Fault was too much Zeal; this forced my Tongue
To tell the Worth it had Adorèd long.
My Life will witness this; for, Madam, know,
I love too well to Live and Injure You.

SONG

[1.]

Ah *Phyllis!* had you never loved,
Your Hate I could have borne
Contentedly, I would have proved
The Object of your Scorn.
But you were once as soft, as kind,
As yielding Virgins be;
Gods! that That Face should have a Mind
Stained with Inconstancy.

2[.]

No Tongue can tell the Mighty Joy
Your Kindness did Create;
But the Sweet Rapture you destroy,
With sudden causeless Hate.
So have I seen a Rising Sun
Promise a Glorious Day,
But soon o'ercast, its Brightness gone,
Did to rough Storms give way.

To Madam G.

'Spite of my Best Resolves, my Thoughts Aspire
To Speak, what I in Silence should Admire;
How vainly I endeavor to express,
What none can e'er describe, but make it less!
When your Composure was as first Designed,
Heaven to a vast Extravagance was kind;
Beauty and Wit did lavishly Contest,
Who should give most, which should adorn you best:
A Stately Mien, soft Charms, a Face so sweet;
In You alone do all Perfections meet.
So Bright your Beauty, so Sublime your Wit,
None but a Prince to wear your Chains is Fit.
I would wish Something but all Heaven's Store

SONG

Female Poems On Several Occasions

Cannot afford One Single Blessing more:
Honor nor Wealth you want; nor any Thing,
Unless I wish you a Perpetual Spring
Of Youth and Blooming Beauties; such as may
Make all Your Envious Rivals pine away.

Ephelia.

FINIS.