

‘CUPID! instruct an am’rous Swain,
Some way to tell the Nymph his pain,
To common Youths unknown!
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, and Darts,
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown!’

‘What need’st thou tell?’ the God replied,
‘That love the Shepherd cannot hide,
The Nymph will quickly find!
When PHŒBUS does his beams display
To tell men gravely “That ’tis day!”
Is to suppose them blind!’

PHILLIS'S RESOLUTION.

‘WHEN Slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain!
But you, not only *that* require;
But ask the power to reign!

‘Think how unjust a suit you make;
Then you will soon decline!
Your freedom, when you please, pray, take;
But trespass not on mine!

‘No more, in vain, ALCANDER! crave!
I ne’er will grant the thing!
That he, who once has been my Slave,
Should ever be my King!’
