

But e'er my self to such a Pitch I rate,
 Let my good Acting first deserve that Fate:
 A PHOENIX once you had, That each allows, [*Sighing.*
 Think from Her Ashes I, I Only rose ;
 Like Her no Pains I'll spare, like Her to last,
 And please in various Ways your various Taste ;
 Believe me, Promising, tho' Young and Wild,
 And for the Mother's Worth support the Child.

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