

Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,  
 All we abhor, and all we fear,  
 Blest with thy Presence, I can bear;  
 Can suffer Racks, and run thro' Flame,  
 Still contented, still the same;  
 Then trace me some unheard of way,  
 Thy constant Ardour to repay,  
 For I my Sense of it wou'd show,  
 In more than Woman e're cou'd do:  
 Had I a Wish that did not bear  
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear,  
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,  
 And Die to let it out again.  
 No: *Venus* shall my Witness be,  
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)  
 That for one Hour I wou'd not quit  
 My Shepherds Arms, and this retreat,  
 To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,  
 Part'ner of all his Power and Pride;  
 Or rule in Regal State above,  
 Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.

*Happy these of Humane Race,*  
 But Oh! how soon our Pleasures pass!  
 He thank'd her on his bended knee,  
 Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;  
 And leaving her ador'd Embrace,  
 Hasten'd to Court to beg a Place.  
 While She, his Absence to bemoan,  
 As soon as ever he was gone,  
 Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the Bed,  
 Where all this time he had been hid.

## M O R A L.

**W**HILST Men have these Ambitious Fancies,  
 And wanton Wench'es read Romances;  
 Our Sex will be innur'd to lye,  
 And theirs instructed to reply.  
 The Moral of the Tale I sing,  
 (A Posy for a Wedding Ring);  
 In this short Verse will be confin'd,  
 Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.

F I N I S.