

Verses to Miss Woffington:

If, when the Breast is rent with Pain,
It be no Crime the Nymph should know it,
O *Woffington* accept the Strain!
Pity, tho' you'll not cure the Poet!

Shou'd you reject my ardent Prayer,
Yet send not back the am'rous Paper,
My Pangs may help to curl thy Hair,
My Passion fringe the glowing Taper.

Too deeply struck to think of Fame,
In Verse my Weakness I discover;
Above the surly Critick's Blame,
Wou'd you reward a constant Lover;

But that's alas! A Bliss too great,
In vain is every fond Endeavour
Like mine was *Icarus*'s Fate
He soar'd too high, so fell forever.

No more the Theatre I seek,
But when I'm promis'd there to find you,
All H[orton]'s Merits now grown weak,
And Cl[ive] remains far far behind you.

'Tis thus the polish'd Pebble plays,
And gains awhile some vulgar Praises,
But soon withdraws its feeble Rays
When the superior Di'mond blazes.

Who sees you shine in *Wildair*'s Part,
But sudden feels his Bosom panting?
Thy very Sex receives the Dart,
And almost thinks there's nothing wanting:

When gay *Laetitia* treads the Stage,
I burn to see so fair a Creature,
Caress a hoary Son of Age
The *Fondlewife* of Art and Nature.

No more his Needle duly points,
For Rust has brav'd the Magnet's Virtue,
Since Time has now unnerv'd thy Joints,
To think of Love, my Friend, will hurt you;

Still scribble Odes, or good or bad,
For scribbling is the Laureat's Duty:
Drink Cordials, and go warmly clad,

But meddle not with Youth and Beauty.

O Fairer than the Beam of Day,
For whom I venture Falls in climbing,
If slight's the Tribute that I pay,
Think, think, how hard's the Task of rhiming.

In vain I bade each Muse attend,
They frown'd, nor my Petition granted,
And *Phoebus*, like a modern Friend,
Is then most shy when most he's wanted.