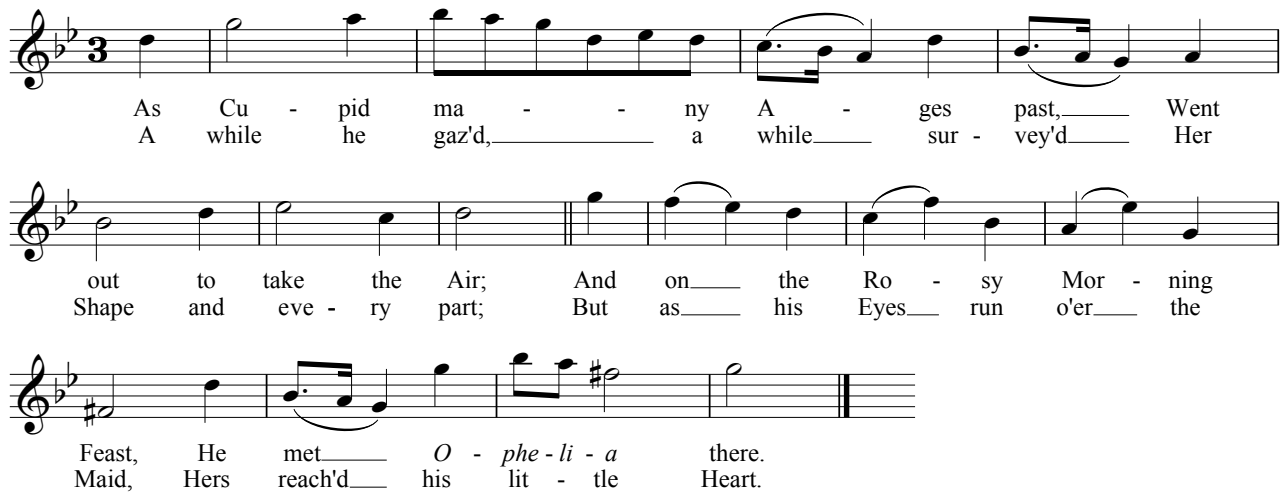


LOVE given over: *Being a young Lady's Reply to her Parents,
who would have forc'd her to Marry one she had an
Aversion against.*



As Cu - pid ma - - ny A - ges past, Went
A while he gaz'd, a while sur - vey'd Her
out to take the Air; And on the Ro - sy Mor - ning
Shape and eve - ry part; But as his Eyes run o'er the
Feast, He met O - phe - li - a there.
Maid, Hers reach'd his lit - tle Heart.

His Quiver straight and Bow he took,
And bent it for a flight;
And then by chance she cast a look,
Which spoil'd his purpose quite.

Disarm'd he knew not what to do,
Nor how to Crown his Love;
At last resolv'd, away he flew,
Another shape to prove.

A lustful Satyr straight return'd,
In hopes his Form wou'd take:
For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
Burn'd 'cause they could not speak.

Ophelia had no sooner spy'd,
His Godship, Goat and Man;
But loudly for assistance cry'd,
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd at her affright, but more
At's own defeat, he shook
The Monster off; then fled before,
And straight Man's Aspect took.

He smil'd, intreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
Nay, offer'd her a Sum;
And grew importunate and rude,
As she drew nearer home.

At last when Tears, nor ought cou'd move,
He thus bespoke the Fair;
Know Cruel Maid, I'm God of Love,
And can command Despair.

Yet Dame to sue, oh! bless me then,
As you regard your Ease;
For I am King of Gods and Men,
I give and banish Peace.

Or be thou Love, or be thou Hate,
Enrag'd *Ophelia* swore;
I'll never change my Virgin state,
Nor ever see thee more.

Exploded Love resisted so,
In pity to Mankind;
His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,
And left his Name behind.