

## A Lover

Non-Specific Humans Goth Vandal A Planter its bosom friend a Stranger the  
 Innocent his Mistress her Kin Men Some late Philosophers All Lovers poets their  
 Ladies

Mythological Figures Prometheus

Animals Larks Bees a Female [Bee] that leads all the rest

[double rule]

A  
LOVER

I<sup>2</sup>S a Kind of Goth and Vandal, that leaves  
 his native Self to fettle in another, or a  
 Planter that forfakes his Country, where he  
 was born, to labour and dig in Virginia.  
 His Heart is caught in a Net with a Pair of  
 bright fhining Eyes, as Larks are with Pieces  
 of a looking-Glafs. He makes heavy Com\_  
 plaints againft it for deferting of him, and  
 defires to have another in Exchange for it,  
 which is a very unreafonable Requeft ; for if  
 it betrayed its bofom Friend, what will it do  
 to a Stranger, that fhould give it Truft and  
 Entertainment ? He binds himfelf, and cries  
 out he is robbed of his Heart, and charges the  
 Innocent with it, only to get a good Com-  
 pofition, or another for it, againft Con-  
 fcience and Honefty. He talks much of his

Flame, and pretends to be burnt by his Mif-  
 trefs's Eyes, for which he requires Satisfaction  
 from her, like one that fets his Houfe on Fire  
 to get a Brief for charitable Contributions.  
 He makes his Miftrefs all of Stars, and when

she is unkind, rails at them, as if they did ill  
 Offices between them, and being of her Kin  
 set her against him. He falls in Love as Men  
 fall sick when their Bodies are inclined to it,  
 and imputes that to his Mistresses Charms,  
 which is really in his own Temper ; for when  
 that is altered, the other vanishes of it self, and  
 therefore one finds not amends,

-----The Lilly and the Rose  
 Not in her Cheeks, but in thy Temper grows.

When his Desires are grown up, they swarm,  
 and fly out to seek a new Habitation, and  
 wheresoever they light they fix like Bees, among  
 which some late Philosophers have observed  
 that it is a Female that leads all the rest. Love  
 is but a Clap of the Mind, a Kind of run-  
 ning of the Fancy, that breaks out, if it be  
 not stopped in Time, into Botches of heroic  
 Rime ; for all Lovers are poets for the Time

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being, and make their Ladies a Kind of mo-  
 saic Work of several coloured Stones joined  
 together by a strong Fancy, but very stiff and  
 unnatural ; and though they steal Stars from  
 Heaven, as Prometheus did Fire, to animate  
 them, all will not make them alive, nor  
 alive-liking.

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