A False Designe to be Cruel



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Mary Harvey, The Lady Dering
Daniel McGann, Editor
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And if among a thousand swains, one of love or fate complains, And all the stars in heaven defie with Chloris lip and Celia's eye Tis not their love the youth would choose but the glory to refuse.

Then wisely make a prize of those want wit or courage to oppose, Tempt me not that can discover When will re-deems the fondest lover, and fly the lift, let it appear Your powris measured by our fear.

So the rude wave securely shocks, the yielding bark, but stiff the rocks, If in attempt, how soon again, Broke and dissolved it fills the main, It foams and roars, but we decide, Alike its weakness and its pride.