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<b>Published/Created Date</b>	[between 1685 and 1688]
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# Charming AMINTAS:

OR,  
The Yielding VIRGIN.  
To a Pleasant New Tune. *This may be Printed.*



When first Amintas laid for a Kiss, my Innocent Heart was tender; That though I push'd him away  
from the bliss, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won: I gain an awful shame's wound ere, before I the Fort  
did surrender: But Love would suffer no more such abuse, and soon (alas) my Cheats was known: He'd sit  
all day, and laugh and play, a thousand pretty things he'd say: My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,  
till further on he got by degrees.



My heart full like a Vessel at Sea,  
Whou'd rots when Amintas was near me;  
But ah! to running a Ship was he,  
Though doubts and fears he'd still cast on,  
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,  
So wret he knew how to steer me,  
And soon alas! was brought to ager,  
To one of those before mentioned:  
Which might be death, his pains not lost,  
For soon he found the Golden Coast;  
Enjoy'd the Day, and touch'd the Shore,  
Whence never Merchant went before.

Soft sighs always came in my face,  
When her Amintas drew near me;  
He told me Roses look'd with such grace,  
And for my late daises when Summer comes on  
he press'd me, kiss me with so much love,  
I could give him the Blessing:  
And with such sweet kisses my heart he did  
That soon I yielded to him alone.  
so Whores by the Sun are won,  
To spread their Trades and be undone;  
The heart does warm and sweetly charm,  
And makes young Spies forget all the harm.

A thousand times that he would be true,  
Amintas perverted into me;  
He then his late Kisses again wou'd renew,  
So balmy and sweet, that I soon was won,  
With sighs and vows he rais'd such a fire,  
That made my young heart to surrender:  
And then by his art he still kept it up higher,  
Till Whore-houses and tears were gone.  
None could resist when ever he did,  
So gently soft and sweet he did,  
His Head he'd rest upon my Breast,  
And those soft tender Pillows he press'd,

The hard stone will melt by degrees,  
If often soft Dew doth drop on it,  
Amintas he my Whore might please,  
To yield to his Arms, and like me to be won  
Could any resist such gentle soft charms,  
Such vows, such sighs, and such kisses?  
Could any repine at to sweet a Whore's arms?  
She sure must yield, or else be a Whore,  
Who will not let no time in Rhyme,  
But for that Whore's in their prime:  
Should for their Head take Tom of New,  
And make young Spies forget all the harm.