

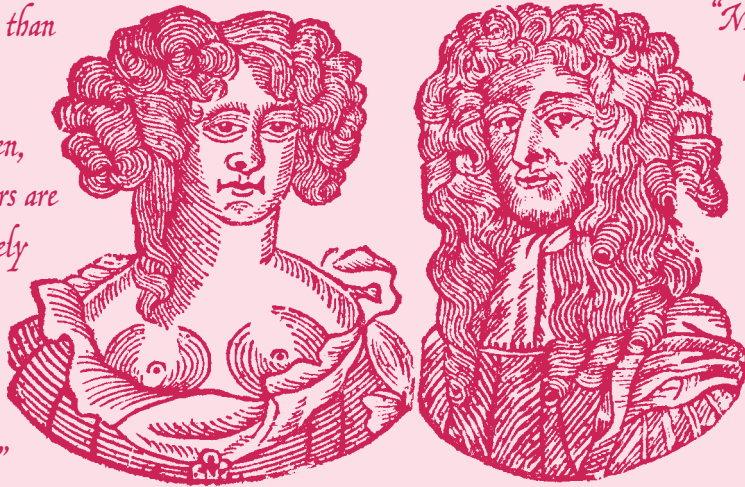
# Grenville

## The Art of Love, or, The new School of Compliments Adorned with Love Posies.

“Sir, the joy to see you is more than words can utter.”

“Sir, 'tis you alone, next Heaven, on whom I must rely; your favours are so many, that my heart has scarcely room to contain them.”

“Sir, your Wisdom and Eloquence is so Charming, that I must needs admire you.”



“Madam, your Beauties are so rare, and your actions so tempting, that I must wear your Chains, and count it a blessing to be your slave.”

“Madam, wounded by your fair Eyes, I languish.”

“Madam, you are the fair Physitian that can only cure the Distemper of my mind.”

### Instructions for Lovers.

You must not accost them with a shrug, as if you were lowsie: but with “your Lady,” “Sweet Lady,” or “most Super-excellent Lady”: neither must you let your words come rambling forth, ushered in with a good full-mouthed Oath, as “I love you”: but you must speak the overcoming Language of Love. I do not mean those strange Pedantick Phrases, used by some gallants who (aim at wit, but make themselves stark asses

by it) praise their Mistriss by the Sun, Moon or Stars, while the poor girls imagine, they mean the signs their Mercers or Perfumers live at. But you must in fine gentle words, deliver your true Affection; praise your Mistrisses Eyes, her Lip, her Chin, her Nose, her Neck, her Face, her Hand, her Feet, her Leg, everything.

*From Samuel Pepys' Penny Merriments (Constable, 1976)*

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