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| Poetical recreations *462Kb*  [Figure: ]  Licensed and Entred according to Order.  POETICAL RECREATIONS: Consisting of ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS, ODES, *&c.* With several New *TRANSLATIONS*.  In Two PARTS. PART I. Occasionally Written by Mrs.*IANE BARKER*. PART II. By several Gentlemen of the UNIVERSITIES, and Others.  ---pulcherrimá Virgo  Incedit, magnâ Iuvenum stipante catervâ.  Virg.  *LONDON*, Printed for *Benjamin Crayle*, at the *Peacock* and *Bible*, at the West-end of St. *Pauls*. 1688.  [Figure:  **Sr. Clement Cottrell Kt. Master of the Ceremonyes**  ]    **THE PUBLISHER TO The Reader.**  LEST the Book might appear Naked, and unfashionable, I thought it could not be altoge|ther unnecessary to say something by way of *Preface;* Therefore, not to be tedious, and pedantickly stuff it up with Quotations of several Langua|ges, (as some affect, to shew Learn|ing) I shall only say this of the en|suing *Poetical Recreations*, That the kind reception some other things of this nature have found, encouraged me in the attempt of Publishing these; and I hope they may give as equivalent sa|tisfaction as any that have preceded them: for the ensuing *Verses* have pass'd the test of several that know how to judge of Poetry, and that was sufficient to prompt me to the adven|ture.  The *First Part* of these *Miscella|nies* are the effects of a Ladies Wit, and I hope all the Courtly will (though out of a Complement) allow them for valuable: But however, not to say much more of her Verses, I doubt not but they will commend themselves far better than I can pretend to; for all good things carry with them a certain irresistable Authority, not to be op|pos'd.  The *Second Part* flows from the *Pens* of those whose Educations gave them the opportunity of improving their natural Endowments at the *Universities*, and some others who wanted those advantages; and by reading you may find the difference of Parts improv'd, and Parts as barely natural: And as *Learning* is but a way to set off *Nature*, so very often we see *Nature* naked to appear more beautifull, than when confin'd or daub'd by auker'd and unnecessary *Art*, which makes it often prove like a good Face spoil'd by ill Paint, and injurious Washes. But not to pretend to give you a particular Harangue of each *Au|thour*, and an account of their *Wri|tings*, who have been so kind to the World as to contribute to this *Piece;* I shall only say that that which *Horace* said of himself, is applicable to *them:*   Libera per vacuum posui Vestigia princeps,  Non aliena meo pressi pede.---  They've trod new Paths, to others Feet unknown,  And bravely ventur'd to lead others on.  If you that read, like, and recom|mend, so that the Book sells, I am oblig'd, and you pleas'd: And there|fore I shall leave you to the tryal. *Vale.*  *B. CRAYLE.*  **To Madam *IANE BARKER*, On Her Incomparable POEMS.**  SOon as some envious *Angel*'s willing hand  Snatch'd Great *Orinda* srom our happy Land;  The Great *Orinda*, whose *Seraphick* Pen  Triumph'd o'er *Women*, and out-brav'd ev'n *Men:*  Then our Male-*Poets* modestly thought fit,  To claim the honour'd *Primacy* in *Wit*;  But, lo, the *Heiress* of that Ladies *Muse*,  Rivals their Merits, and their Sence out-do's;  With swifter flights of fancy wings her *Verse*,  And nobler Greatness valiant Acts reherse.  Her Modish *Muse* abhors a constant dress,  Appears each day in fineries afresh:  Sometimes in pompous *Grandeur* she do's nobly stalk,  Then clad in tragick Buskins do's Majestick walk;  She swells in blushing Purple, or looks big in Arms,  Proclaims destructive Wars, & triumphs in Alar'ms;  Denounces fall of States, and fate of greatest Kings,  Ruin of mighty Monarchs, and of mighty Things.  Sometimes her angry *Muse*, fill'd with *Satyrick* rage,  Lashes the *frantick* follies of a froward Age;  Then whips, and fiery Serpents ev'ry Verse entwine,  And sharpest-pointed Vengeance fills each threatning line.  Sometimes her kinder *Muse* do's softly sing  Of *native* joys, which in the Country spring:     Then,  Noiseless as *Planets*, all her Numbers move,  Or silent breathings of a sleeping *Dove*;  Soft as the *Murmur* of a gentle *Air*,  Or Mid-nights whispers 'twixt an Amorous pair.  A genuine sweetness through her Verses flow,  And harmless Raptures, such as Shepherds know;  She fills each Plain, each Wood, each shady Grove,  With wearied *Echoes* of repeated Love.  Bald and Bombastick equally you shun,  In ev'n paces all your Numbers run.  *Spencer*'s aspiring fancy fills your Soul,  Whilst lawfull Raptures through your *Poems* rowl,  Which always by your guidance do submit,  To th' curb of Iudgment, and the bounds of Wit.  When in a Comick sweetness you appear,  *Ben Iohnson*'s humour seems revived there.  When lofty Passions thunder from your Pen,  Methinks I hear Great *Shakespear* once again.  But what do's most your Poetry commend?  You ev'n begin where those great *Wits* did end.  Your infant fancy with that height is crown'd,  Which they with pains and cost (when old) scarce found.  Go on, Dear Madam, and command our praise,  Our freshest *Laurels*, and our greenest *Bays*.    *St.* Iohn's *Colledge*. *PHILASTER.*  **To the Ingenious Mrs. *BARKER*, On Her Excellent POEMS.**  LOng since my Thoughts did thus for boding tell,  The *Muses* wou'd their *Governours* expell,  And raise a *Female Heir* unto the Crown,  One of their Sex to sit upon the Throne:  And now the time is come, we joy to see  We're *Subjects* to so great a *Queen* as thee;  Before in all things else we did submit,  (Madam) in all things else but only *Wit:*  Such was our vain Self-love, and stubborn Pride,  But Heav'n was pleas'd to take the weakest side.  And now as *Captives* to our *Conquerour*,  We must *surrender* all into your Pow'r,  Not daring to keep back the smallest part,  But own with shame, and praise your great *Desert*.     Nor are you so desirous of the *Bays*,  As to deny *Others* deserved *Praise;*  But giving them an Everlasting *Name*,  You merit to your self a nobler *Fame*;  While your own *Glory* you so much neglect,  And *Others* with such skill and care protect,  More lasting *Trophies* to your self erect.  But ah, how high your *Fancy* takes its flight,  Whilst they admire at you, gone out of sight:  So all in Fire *Elijah* fled unkind,  And left *Elisha* wond'ring here behind:  They, like *Elisha*, for a Blessing call,  You hear their *Pray'rs*, and let the *Mantle fall*.  With this they strange unheard-of things can doe,  Had they a *fiery Coach*, they'd be *Elijah's* too.     Farther oblige the World (good Madam) still  By divine *Raptures* of your warbling *Quill*.  Restore the *Muses*, and true *Poetry*,  And teach what *Charms* do in true *Measures* lye:  And when you find a time best to retreat,  Spin out into a Web of *Fancy*, and of *Wit*.  Let me your *Muse* a *Legacy* inherit,  A double *Portion* of your sacred *Spirit*.   *C. G.*  **To the Ingenious AUTHOUR, Mrs. *IANE BARKER*, ON HER POEMS.**  **I.**  AS in the ancient *Chaos*, from whose Womb  The *Universe* did come;  All things confus'd, disorder'd were,  No signs o'th' luster, which did after grace  The whole *Creation's* face;  Nothing of Beauty did appear,  But all was a continu'd boundless space,  Till the Almighty's powerfull Command,  Whose Action ev'r more quick than thought,  The Infant World out of confusion brought;  Whose all-commanding hand,  With Beasts & Trees did bounteously adorn the fruit|full Land.  **II.**  So where my Thoughts, if Thoughts can be  Design'd from Wit, and Poetrie,  Nothing but Ignorance appear'd,  Dull ignorance, and folly too,  With all that Crew,  And home-bred Darkness held the regencie,  Till your Almighty Pen  This Chaos clear'd,  And of old arm'd Men,  Strange Miracles rose out o'th' Earth:  So to your charming Wit I owe  These Verses, 'tis your Word that makes them so;  Which rais'd from such a barren ground,  Strive to resound  Your praise, who by such harmless Magick gave them Birth.  **III.**  And as the Heav'ns, to which we all things owe,  Scarce own those Bounties which they do bestow:  So you're as kind as they,  Submit your kinder influence,  To be by us determin'd, us obey;  And still from them  Give us ev'n for our weakness a reward,  Without regard  To Merit: Or if any thing we doe,  Worth praise, though solely it proceed from you,  Yet for our smallest diligence you doubly do repay.  *St.* Iohn's *Colledge*.   *EXILIUS.*  **In Elegantem *IANAE BARKER* Poeticen Epigramma.**  FOnte Caballino *Ianam* cùm cerno lavatam,  An *Sappho* est, inquam, quae rediviva canit?  Non, ait, at parere ut possim praeclara Virorum  Facta datum; haud aliis, sed peperisse viros. *M. Heliogenes* de L' Epi. *Philos.* ac Med. P.  **To Mrs. *IANE BARKER*, On Her Ingenious POEMS.**  WE Men wou'd fain *monopolize* all *Wit*,  And e'er since *Adam* nam'd the *Beasts*, claim'd it,  Thinking in that, by him, our *Patent* writ.  How grosly we mistook, *Orinda* knew,  We are convinc'd too by your *Verse* and *Yo[...]*.  'Tis true, at *Ten*, we're sent to th' whipping fry,  To tug at *Classick Oars*, and trembling lye  Under *Gill*'s heavy lash, or *Buzby*'s Eye.  At *Eighteen*, we to *King's* or *Trinity* are sent,  And nothing less than *Laureate* will content;  We search all Sects, (like *Systematick* Fools)  And sweat o'er *Horace* for Poetick Rules.  Yet after all these Mountain-throes and din,  At length drops out some poor crude *Sooterkin,*  And makes---*cob Tonson* vex't he e'er put in.     But here a *Lady,* with less noise and pain,  Lays by her *Bobbins, Tape*, and *Point-Lorrain*;  Attends her serene Soul, till forth she brought  *Fancy* well-shap't, and true digested *Thought*.  *Shadwell* and *Settle* yield she hath the knack,  And swear she will out-doe Revolting *Iack*;  She cloaths her *Sence* in such a modest *Style*,  That her *chast Lines* no Reader can defile.     Madam, your happy Vein we all admire,  Pure unmix't rays (just so *Ethereal* fire  Will shine above the *Atmosphere* of gross desire,)  Brisk Ayrs, chast Sence, and most delighting Lays;  Take off your *Top-knots*, and put on the *Bays*.   *S. C.* Esq.  **To the Incomparable *GALAECIA*, On the Publication of Her POEMS.**  WHen a *new Star* do's in the Skies appear,  And to some *Constellation*, shining there,  New lustre adds, and gilds the rowling *Sphere*.  Then all the Sons of *Art*, wond'ring to see  The bright, and the amazing Noveltie;  By most accurate Observations, try  To search, and find its perfect *Theory*;  To know its colour, form, place, magnitude,  And from strange Causes strange Effects conclude:  So all Men, pleas'd with thy ingenuous fire,  Who beauteous *Verse*, and happy *slights* admire;  With joy behold a *Wit* so pure as thine,  In this dark Age of *Ignorance* to shine,  And scatter *Rays* so dazling and Divine.  All think it glorious, and with vast delight,  Gaze on a *Star* so charming, and so bright;  Nor are amaz'd that *Wits* less gay and clear,  At the approach of *thine*, shou'd disappear.  That *Poetaster*'s of a low degree,  Shou'd now neglected, and unvalu'd be,  And spreading *Fame* confin'd alone to thee;  Since none so nicely are observ'd, and view'd,  As the large *Stars* of the *first Magnitude*.     And may your piercing *Wit* shine always bright  As th' *Ev'ning Star* in a clear frosty Night,  Unrival'd by the *Moon's* faint borrow'd light.  May never interposing *sorrows* meet,  To cloud, or to obscure your *growing Wit*.  But may your *Rhimes* be still imploy'd to tell,  What satissaction do's in *Knowledge* dwell;  And as you have begun, so yet go on,  To make coy *Nature's secrets* better known;  And may we learn in purest *Verse*, from thee,  The Art of *Physick*, and *Anatomie*;  While the much-pleas'd *Apollo* smiles to see  *Medicine* at once improv'd, and Poetrie.   *FIDELIUS.*  **A TABLE OF THE POEMS Contained in the FIRST PART OF POETICAL RECREATIONS.**  *AN Invitation to my Friends at Cambridge.* *Page 1* *To Mr. Hill, on his Verses to the Dutchess of York, when she was at Cambridge.* *p. 4* *To my Cousin Mr. E. F. on his Excellent Painting.* *p. 6* *To my Reverend Friend Mr. H---on his Present|ing me The Reasonableness of Christianity, and The History of King Charles the First, &c.* *p. 8* *To Mr. G. P. my Adopted Brother, on the nigh ap|proach of his Nuptials. p. 11* *A Virgin Life.* *p. 12* *To my Friend Exillus, on his persuading me to Marry Old Damon.* *p. 14* *To Dr. R. S. my Indifferent Lover, who complain'd of my Indifferency.* *p. 16* *On the Death of my Dear Friend and Play-fellow, Mrs. E. D.* *p. 18* *The Prospect of a Landskip, beginning with a Grove, proceeding to a Rivulet, and ending with a Hill.* *p. 20* *To Sir F. W. presenting him Cowley's first Works.* *p. 28* *To Ovid's Heroines in his Epistles.* *ibid.* *To my Honourablle Unkle Colonel C---after his Re|turn into the Low-Countries.* *p. 29* *On the Apothecary's Filing my Bills amongst the Doctor's.* *p. 31* *To my unkind Strephon.* *p. 34* *To my Friend S. L. on his receiving the Name of Little Tom King.* *p. 37* *Necessity of Fate.* *p. 38* *A Letter to my Honoured Friend Mr. E. S.* *p. 40* *On my Mother and my Lady W. who both lay sick at the same time under the Hands of Dr. Paman.* *p. 42* *In Commendation of the Female Sex.* *p. 44* *To my Brother whilst he was in France.* *p. 46* *On the Death of my Brother.* *p. 47* *On the same: A Pindarique Ode.* *p. 51* *Part of the 19th Psalm.* *p. 56* *Coming from---in a Dark Night.* *p. 58* *To my Dear Cousin Mrs. M. T. after the Death of her Husband and Son. p. 59* *To my Young Lover.* *p. 61* *To my Young Lover on his Vow.* *p. 62* *To my Young Lover: A Song.* *p. 64* *To my unkind Friend Little Tom King.* *p. 65* *A 2d Epistle to my Honoured Friend Mr. E. S.* *p. 70* *A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Two Shepherd-Boys.* *p. 7[...]* *To Mr. C. B. on his Incomparable Singing.* *p. 76* *The Complaint.* *p. 78* *A Song.* *p. 79* *The Unruly Heart: Song.* *p. 81* *Song.* *p. 82* *Song.* *p. 83* *A Bacchanalian Song.* *p. 84* *An Ode.* *p. 86* *Absence for a Time.* *p. 87* *Parting with---* *p. 89* *The Anchorite.* *p. 91* *Iane, Nan, and Frank, their Farewell to Captain C. going to Sea.* *p. 92* *To her Lover's Complaint: A Song.* *p. 94* *To my Adopted Brother Mr. G. P. on my frequent Writing to him.* *p. 95* *To my Friends against Poetry.* *p. 96* *To the Importunate Address of Poetry.* *p. 97* *A Farewell to Poetry, with a long Digression on Ana|tomy.* *p. 99* *On the Death of my Brother, a Sonnet.* *p. 107* *Resolved never to Versifie more.* *p. 108*    **ERRATA.**  PArt. I. Page 19. Line 1. for *the*, read *ye*.  Part II. Page 47. line 4. for *Celestial*, read *the Celestial*.  Page 48. line 4. for *crack*, read *choak*.  Page 61. line 6. for *your*, read *you*.  Page 89. line 7. for *Things*, read *Thinns*.  Page 192. line 6. for *but obtain*, read *obtain*.  Page 211. line 8. for *streams*, read *stream*.  Page 268. line ult. for *reserv'd*, read *refin'd*.  Page 278. line 19. for *Fight*, read *Sight*.  1  **Miscellany POEMS. PART I.**  By Mrs. IANE BARKER.  **An Invitation to my Friends at *Cambridge*.**  IF, Friends, you would but now this place accost,  E're the young Spring that Epithet has lost,  And of my rural joy participate;  You'd learn to talk at this distracted rate.     Hail, *Solitude*, where *Innocence* do's shroud  Her unvail'd Beauties from the cens'ring Croud;  Let me but have her Company, and I  Shall never envy this World[...]s Gallantry:  2 We'll find out such inventions to delude  And mock all those that mock our solitude,  That they for shame shall fly for their defence  To gentle Solitude and Innocence:  Then they will find how much they've been deceiv'd,  When they the flatt'ries of this World believ'd.  Though to few Objects here we are confin'd,  Yet we have full inlargement of the Mind.  From varying Modes, which do our Lives inslave,  Lo here a full Immunity we have.  For here's no *pride* but in the *Sun's* bright *Beams*,  Nor *murmuring*, but in the Crystal *streams*.  No *avarice* is here, but in the *Bees*,  Nor is *Ambition* found but in the *Trees*.  No *Wantonness* but in the frisking *Lamb[...]*,  Nor *Luxury* but when they suck their *Dams*.  Nor are there here Contrivances of States,  Only the Birds contrive to please their Mates;  Each minute they alternately improve  A thousand harmless ways their artless love.  No Cruel *Nymphs* are here to tyrannize,  Nor faithless Youths their scorn to exercise;  Unless *Narcissus* be that sullen he  That can despise his am'rous talking she.  3 No *Emulation* here do's interpose,  Unless betwixt the *Tulip* and the *Rose*;  But all things do conspire to make us bless'd,  (Yet chiefly 'tis Contentment makes the Feast)  'Tis such a pleasing solitude as yet  Romance ne're found, where happy Lovers met:  Yea such a kind of solitude it is,  Not much unlike to that of Paradise,  Where all things do their choicest good dispence,  And I too here am plac'd in innocence.  I shou'd conclude that such it really were,  But that the *Tree* of *Knowledge* won't grow here[...]  Though in its *culture* I have spent some time,  Yet it disdains to grow in our cold *Clime*,  Where it can neither Fruit nor Leaves produce  Good for its owner, or the publick use.  How can we hope our Minds then to adorn  With any thing with which they were not born;  Since we're deny'd to make this small advance,  To know their nakedness and ignorance?  For in our Maker's Laws we've made a breach,  And gather'd all that was within our reach,  Which since we ne're could touch; Altho' our Eyes  Do serve our longing-Souls to tantalize,  4 Whilst kinder fate for you do's constitute  Luxurious Banquets of this dainty Fruit.  Whose *Tree* most fresh and flourishing do's grow,  E'er since it was transplanted amongst you;  And you in *Wit* grow as its branches high,  Deep as its *Root* too in *Philosophy*;  Large as its spreading *Arms* your Reasons grow,  Close as its *Umbrage* do's your *Iudgments* show;  Fresh as its *Leaves* your sprouting *fancies* are,  Your *Vertues* as its *Fruits* are bright and fair.  **To Mr. *HILL*, on his Verses to the Dutchess of *YORK*, when she was at *Cambridge*.**  WHat fitter Subject could be for thy Wit?  What Wit for Subject could there be more fit  Than thine for this, by which thou'st nobly shew'd  Thy Soul with Loyal Sentiments endew'd?  Not only so, but prov'd thy self to be  Mirrour of what her *Highness* came to see:  VVho having seen the Schools of Art, the best  She found concenter'd in thy matchless Breast;  5 And doubtless when she saw the eager joys  Of Ears no less ambitious than their Eyes,  She did conclude their coming was not there  To see her only, but thy Wit to hear:  Thine whose ascent shall learned *Cambridge* grace,  And shew it's no such foggy level place  As most a[...]firm; for now the VVorld shall know  That [**Note:** *Wood[...]* Auth[...] anoth[...] Spee[...] ] *Woods* and *Hills* of wit in *Cambridge* grow,  VVhose lofty tops such pleasing Umbrage make,  As may induce the Gallants to forsake  Their dear-lov'd Town, to gather in this place  Some witticisms of a better race,  Than what proceed from swearing *Criticks*, who  Kick Tavern Boys, and Orange-Wenches wooe,  Are *Machavillians* in a Co[...]fee-house,  And think it wit a poor *Street-Whore* to chouse;  And for their Father *Hobbs* will talk so high,  Rather than him they will their God deny:  And lest their wit should want a surer proof,  They boast of crimes they ne're were guilty of.  Thus hellish cunning drest in Masquerade  Of Wit's disguise, so many have betray'd,  And made them Bondslaves, who at first did fly  Thither Wit's famine only to supply.  6 But now I hope they'll find the task too great,  And think at last of making a retreat:  Since here's a *Pisgah-Hill* whereon to stand  To take a prospect of Wit's holy Land,  Flowing with Milk of Christian innocence,  And Honey of *Cic'ronian* Eloquence.  **To my Cousin Mr. *E. F.* on his Excellent PAINTING.**  SHould I in tuneless lines strive to express  That harmony which all your lines confess,  Ambition would my judgment so out-run,  Ev'n as an Archer that would hit the Sun.  My *Muse*, alas! is of that humble size,  She scarce can to a Counter-tenour rise;  Much less must she to treble notes aspire,  To match the Beauties of your pencil[...]s Quire:  Yet quite forbear to sing, she can[...]t, since you  Such ample objects for her praises shew.  No Poet here can have his tongue confin'd,  Unless he's, like his Master *Homer*, blind,  7 But must in spight of all his conscious fears,  Say something where such Excellence appears.  VVhere each line is in such due order plac'd,  Nature stands by afraid to be disgrac'd.  Lo in the Eye such graces do appear,  As if all Beauties were united there.  Yet diff[...]rent Passions seem therein to move,  Grave ev'n as VVisdom, brisk and sweet as Love:  The *lips,* which always are committing rapes,  (To which the Youths fly more than Birds to th' Grapes)  With colour that transcends the Indian-lake,  And harmless smiles they do their Conquests make.  I should be tedious should I mention all  VVhich Iustice would the chiefest Beauties call,  VVhose line'ments all harmony do shew,  And yet no less express all Beauty too,  A strange reverse of nature seems to be,  That now we Beauty hear, and Musick see;  Yet just proportion in true numbers meer,  VVhich make a Chorus even heav'nly sweet.     Could I think Antient Painters equall[...]d thee,  I should conclude Romance true History;  8 Not think it strange that Pictures could excite  Those Gallant *Hero's* then to love and fight;  Nor say that Painters did on them impose,  Since they made Gods and Mortals like to those;  As Poets did create the *Deities*,  So Painters gave them their ubiquities:  For had not Painters them to th' Vulgar shown,  They only to the Learned had been known:  Nor are we less than they oblig'd to you,  VVho give us Beauty, and immortalize it too.  **To my Reverend Friend Mr. *H---*. on his Presenting me *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, and *The History of King* CHARLES *the First*, &c.**  GOod Sir, if I could my Resentments shew  In words, how much I am oblig'd to you,  I wou'd invoke some *Muse* to teach me how  T' express my gratitude in number now;  But, Sir, the kindness which to me you shew'd,  Transcends the bounds of finite gratitude:  9 What number then, alas, can there be fit  To cypher kindness which is infinite?  And such is that which teaches us to know  God and our selves, and what we ought to do:  For whilst I in your Parish spent my Youth,  I gain'd the knowledge of all saving Truth;  And when my Exit was by fate design'd,  To shew, you'd not impos'd upon my Mind  (In its Minority, what Reason might  In its mature and full-grown vigour slight)  You kindly gave me in Epitome,  The Reasonableness of Christianitie.  Which shews there's no necessity to make  Us discard Reason when our Faith we take.  For *God*, who knew how apt we were to slide  From Faith, if we'd no reason sor our Guide,  Made all his Precepts, which on Faith were fix'd,  To be with reason, and our int'rest mix'd;  For howsoe'er by some they're understood,  I'm sure it is our int'rest to be good:  And lest Example should be wanting to  Excite us to what Precepts bid us do,  He always gave us some, whose Virtues did  Exalt good deeds, and wicked ones forbid;  10 Whose Christian strength was able to subdue  The busie World, Flesh, and the Devil too.  'Mongst whom there's none more Eminently good  Than he who seal'd the Truth with's Royal Blood;  Who prov'd himself by's Royal Sufferings  The best of Men, as well as best of Kings:  As *David* was *Christ's Sire*, and Servant, so  *Charles* was his Brother, Son and Servant too.  Much might be said to call our Wonder forth,  And fall much short of his transcendent VVorth;  For he so far all praises do's surpass,  That who speaks most, speaks short of what he was.  For nothing can his matchless worth express,  Nor characterize his mighty Soul, unless  VVisdom her self assume religious dress.  Thanks then, Good Sir, to you, for giving me  This compleat Mirrour of Christianitie.   11  **To Mr. *G. P.* my Adopted Brother; on the nigh approach of his Nuptials.**  Dear Brother,  THy Marry'ng humour I dare scarce upbraid;  Lest thou retort upon me Musty Maid;  Yet prithee don't its joys too much esteem,  It will not prove what distance makes it seem:  Bells are good musick, if they're not too nigh,  But sure 'ts base living in a Belfery.  To see Lambs skip o're Hills is pretty sport,  But who wou'd justle with them in their Court?  Then let not Marriage thee in danger draw,  Unless thou'rt bit with Love's *Tarantula*;  A Frenzy which no Physick can reclaim,  But Crosses, crying Children, scolding Dame:  Yet who would such a dang'rous Med'cine try,  Where a disease attends the remedy;  Whilst Love's *Diaryan* it assays to cure,  It introduces Anger's *Calenture*.  Ah, pity thy good humour should be spoil'd,  The glory of thy wit and friendship soil'd:  12 From Married Man wit's Current never flows,  But grave and dull, as standing Pond, he grows;  Whilst th' other like a gentle stream do's play,  With this World's pebbles, which obstruct his way.  What should I talk, this and much more you know  Of all the troubles you must undergo.  Yet if we'll eat Tythe-pig, we must endure  The punishment to serve the Parson's cure.  **A VIRGIN LIFE.**  SInce, O ye Pow'rs, ye have bestow'd on me  So great a kindness for Virginity,  Suffer me not to fall into the Pow'rs  Of Mens almost Omnipotent Amours;  But in this happy Life let me remain,  Fearless of Twenty five and all its train,  Of slights or scorns, or being call'd Old Maid,  Those Goblings which so many have betray'd:  Like harmless Kids, that are pursu'd by men,  For safety run into a Lyon's Den.  Ah lovely State how strange it is to see,  What mad conceptions some have made of thee,  13 As though thy Being was all wretchedness,  Or foul deformity i'th' ugliest dress;  Whereas thy Beauty's pure, Celestial,  Thy thoughts Divine, thy words Angelical:  And such ought all thy Votaries to be,  Or else they're so, but for necessity.  A Virgin bears the impress of all good,  In that dread Name all Vertue's understood:  So equal all her looks, her mien, her dress,  That nought but modesty seems in excess.  And when she any treats or visits make,  'Tis not for tattle, but for Friendship's sake;  Her Neighb'ring Poor she do's adopt her Heirs,  And less she cares for her own good than theirs;  And by Obedience testifies she can  Be's good a Subject as the stoutest Man.  She to her Church such filial duty pays,  That one would think she'd liv'd i'th' pristine days.  Her Closet, where she do's much time bestow,  Is both her Library and Chappel too,  Where she enjoys society alone,  I'th' Great Three-One---  She drives her whole Lives business to these Ends,  To serve her God, enjoy her Books and Friends.   14  **To my Friend *EXILLUS*, on his persuading me to Marry Old *Damon*.**  WHen Friends advice with Lovers forces joyn,  They'll conquer Hearts more fortify'd than mine[...]  For mine lyes as it wont, without defence,  No Guard nor Art but its own innocence;  Under which Fort, it could fierce storms endure,  But from thy Wit I find no Fort secure.  Ah, why would'st thou assist my Enemy,  Who was himself almost too strong for me?  Thou with Idolatry mak'st me adore,  And homage do to the proud Conquerour.  Now round his Neck my willing Arms I'd twine,  And swear upon his Lips, My Dear, I'm thine,  But that his kindness then would grow, I fear,  Too weighty for my weak desert to bear.  I fear 't wou'd even to extreams improve,  And Iealousie, they say, 's th' extream of Love;  That after all my kindness to him shown,  My little *Neddy*, he'll not think't his own:  Ev'n thou my Dear *Exillus* he'll suspect,  If I but look on thee, I him neglect:  15 Not only He-friends innocent as thou,  But he'll mistrust She-friends and Heav'n too.  Thus best things may be turn'd to greatest harm,  As saying th' Lord's Prayer backward proves a charm.  Or if not thus, I'm sure he will despite,  Or under-rate the easie-gotten prize.  These and a thousand fears my Soul possess,  But most of all my own unworthiness;  Like dying Saints, I wish for coming joys,  But humble fears that forward wish destroys.  What shall I do then? hazard the event?  You say, Old *Damon*'s, all that's excellent.  If I miss him, the next some *Squire* may prove,  Whose Dogs and Horses shall have all his love;  Or some debauch'd pretender to lewd wit,  Or covetous, conceited, unbred Citt.  Thus the brave Horse, who late i'th' Coach did neigh,  Is forc'd at last to tug a nasty Dray.   16  **To Dr. *R. S.* my indifferent Lover, who complain'd of my Indifferency.**  YOu'd little reason to complain of me,  Or my unkindness or indiff'rency,  Since I by many a circumstance can prove,  That int'rest was the motive of your love;  But Heav'n it self doth ever hate th' address,  VVhose crafty Motive's only interess;  No more can honest Maids endure to be,  The objects of your wife indiff'rency.  Such wary Courtship only should be shown  To cunning jilting Baggages o'th' Town:  For faithfull Love[...]s the rhetorick that persuades,  And charms the hearts of silly Countrey Maids.  But when we find your Courtship's but pretence,  Love were not Love in us, but impudence.  At best I'm sure it needs must prove to us  (VVhat e're you think on't) most injurious.  For had I of that gentle nature been,  As to have lov'd your Person, Wit, or Mien,  17 How many sighs and tears it would have cost,  And fruitless expectations by the *Post*,  Saying he is unkind; oh, no, his Letter's lost;  Hoping him sick, or lame, or gone to Sea,  Hope any thing but his inconstancy.  Thus what in other Friends cause greatest fear,  To desp'rate Maids, their only comforts are.  This I through all your Blandishments did see,  Thanks to ill nature that instructed me:  Thoughts of your *sighs*, would plead sometimes for you,  But second thoughts again would let me know,  In gayest *Serpents* strongest Poysons are,  And sweetest *Rose-trees* sharpest prickles bear:  And so it proves, for now it do's appear,  Your Flames and Sighs only for Money were.  As Beggers for their gain turn Blind and Lame;  On the same score a *Lover* you became:  Yet there's a kindness in this false *Amour*,  It teaches me ne'er to be *Mistress* more.  Thus Blazing *Comets* are of good portent,  If they excite the People to repent.   18  **On the DEATH of my Dear Friend and Play-fellow, *Mrs E. D.* having Dream'd the night before I heard thereof, that I had lost a Pearl.**  I Dream'd I lost a Pearl, and so it prov'd;  I lost a Friend much above Pearls belov'd:  A Pearl perhaps adorns some outward part,  But Friendship decks each corner of the heart:  Friendship's a *Gem*, whose Lustre do's out-shine  All that's below the heav'nly *Crystaline:*  Friendship is that mysterious thing alone,  Which can unite, and make two Hearts but one;  It purifies our Love, and makes it flow  I'th' clearest stream that's found in Love below;  It *sublimates* the Soul, and makes it move  Towards Perfection and *Celestial* Love.  We had no by-designs, nor hop'd to get  Each by the other place amongst the great;  Nor *Riches* hop'd, nor *Poverty* we fear'd,  'Twas *Innocence* in both, which both rever'd:  19 Witness this truth the *Wilsthorp-Fields*, where we  So oft enjoyd a harmless *Luxurie*;  Where we indulg'd our easie Appetites,  With Pocket-Apples, Plumbs, and such delights.  Then we contriv'd to spend the rest o'th' day,  In making Chaplets, or at Check-stone play;  When weary, we our selves supinely laid  On Beds of *Vi'lets* under some cool shade,  VVhere th' *Sun* in vain strove to dart through his Ray~s[...]  Whilst *Birds* around us chanted forth their *Lays;*  Ev'n those we had bereaved of their young,  VVould greet us with a *Querimonious* Song.  Stay here, my *Muse*, and of these let us learn,  The loss of our deceased Friend to Mourn:  Learn did I say? alas, that cannot be,  We can teach Clouds to weep, and Winds to sigh at Sea,  Teach *Brooks* to murmur, *Rivers* too re-flow,  VVe can add Solitude to Shades of *Yeaugh*.  VVere *Turtles* to be witness of our moan,  They'd in compassion quite forget their own:  Nor shall hereafter *Heraclitus* be,  Fam'd for his Tears, but to my *Muse* and Me;  *Fate* shall give all that *Fame* can comprehend,  Ah poor repair for th' loss of such a *Friend*.   20  **The Prospect of a *LANDSKIP*, Beginning with a *GROVE*.**  WEll might the Antients deem a *Grove* to be  The Sacred *Mansion* of some *Deity*;  For it our *Souls* insensibly do's move,  At once to humble *Piety* and *Love*,  The choicest Blessings *Heav'n* to us has giv'n,  And the best Off'ring we can make to *Heav'n*;  These only poor *Mortality* make bless'd,  And to *Inquietude* exhibit rest;  By these our *rationality* is shown,  The *cognisance* by which from *Brutes* we'r known.  For who themselves of Piety devest,  Are surely but a Moral kind of Beasts;  But those whom gentle Laws of Love can't bind,  Are *Salvages* of the most sordid kind.  But none like these do in our Shades *obtrude*,  Though scornfully some needs will call th[...]m rude  Yet Nature's *culture* is so well exprest,  That *Art* her self would wish to be so drest:  21 For here the *Sun* conspires with ev'ry *Tree*,  To deck the *Earth* with Landskip-Tapistry.  Then through some space his brightest, Beams ap|pear[...]  VVhich do's erect a Golden Pillar there.  Here a close Canopy of Bows is made,  There a soft grassie Cloth of State is spread,  VVith Gems and gayest Flow'rs embroider'd o[...]re,  Fresh as those Beauties honest *Swains* adore.  Here Plants for health, and for delight are met,  The *Cephalick* Cowslip, *Cordial* Violet.  Under the *Diu[...]e[...]ick* Woodbine grows  The *Splenetick* Columbine, *Scorbutick* Rose;  The best of which, some gentle *Nymph* doth tak[...],  For saithfull *Corydon* a Crown to make;  VVhilst on her Lap the happy Youth's head lyes,  Gazing upon the *Aspects* of her Eyes,  The most unerring, best *Astronomy*,  VVhereby to *Calculate* his *destiny*;  VVhilst o're their heads a pair of *Turtles* Coo,  VVhich with less zeal and constancy do woo[...];  And Birds around, through their extended throats,  In careless Consort chant their pleasing Notes;  Than which, no sweeter Musick strikes the Ear,  Unless when Lover's sighs each other hear;  22 Which are more soft than *Austral Breeses* bring,  Although they say they're *harbingers* of th'*Spring*.     Ah silly Town! wil't thou near learn to know,  What happiness in *Solitude* do's grow?  But as a hardn'd Sinner for's defence,  Pleads the insipidness of innocence;  Or some whom *Vertue* due respect would grant,  But that they feign they're of her ignorant:  Yet Blindness is not laudable to plead,  When we're by wilfull Ignorance mis-led.  Should some, who think't a happiness to get  Crouds of acquaintance, to admire their Wit;  Resolve their Sins and Follies to discard,  Their Cronies quickly would them disregard.     'Tis hard we must (the World's so wicked grown)  Be complaisant in Sin, or live alone:  For those who now with Vertue are endu'd,  Do live alone, though in a multitude.  Retire then all, whom Fortune don't oblige,  To suffer the distresses of a *Siege*.  Where strong temptation Vertue do's attacque,  'Tis not ignoble an escape to make:  But where no Conquest can be hop'd by [...]ight,  'Tis honourable, sure, to 'scape by flight.  23 Fly to some calm retreat, where you may spend  Your life in quietude with some kind Friend;  In some small *Village*, and adjacent *Grove*,  At once your Friendship and your Wit improve;  Free from those vile, opprobrious, foolish Names,  Of *Whig* or *Tory*, and from sordid aims  Of Wealth, and all its train of Luxuries;  From Wit *sophisticate*, with fooleries.  From Beds of Lust, and Meals o're-charg'd with Wine,  Here temp'rately thou may'st on one Dish dine:  In wholsome Exercise thou may'st delight  Thy self, and make thy rest more sweet at night.  And i[...] thy mind to Contemplation leads,  Who God and Nature's Books has, surely needs  No other Object to imploy his thought,  Since in each leaf such Mysteries are wrought;  That who so studies most, shall never know  Why the straight *Elm*'s so tall, the *Moss* so low.  Oh now, I could inlarge upon this Theam,  But that I'm unawares come to the stream,  Which at the bottom of this *Grove* do's glide;  And here I'll rest me by its flow'ry side.     24  **Sitting by a Rivulet.**  **I.**  AH lovely stream, how fitly may'st thou be,  By thy *immutability*,  Thy gentle motion and *perennity*,  To us the Emblem of *Eternity:*  And to us thou do'st no less  A kind of *Omnipresence* too express.  For always at the *Ocean* thou  Art always here, and at thy *Fountain* too;  Always thou go'st thy proper Course,  *Spontaneously*, and yet by force,  Each Wave forcing his *Precursor* on;  Yet each one runs with equal haste,  As though each fear'd to be the last.  With mutual strife, void of contention,  In Troops they march, till thousands, thousands past.  Yet gentle stream, thou'rt still the same,  Always going, never gone;  Yet do'st all Constancy disclaim,  Wildly dancing to thine own murmuring tunefull Song;  Old as Time, as Love and Beauty young.    25  **II.**  But chiefly thou to *Unity* lay'st claim,  For though in thee,  Innumerable drops there be,  Yet still thou art but one,  Th'Original of which from Heav'n came:  The purest Transcript thereof we  I'th' *Church* may wish, but never hope to see,  Whilst each Pretender thinks himself alone  The Holy *Catholick Church* Militant;  Nay, well it is if such will grant,  That there is one else where Triumphant.  **III.**  But gent[...]e stream, if they,  As thou do'st Nature, would their *God* obey;  And as they run their course of life, would try  Their Consciences to purify:  From *self-love, pride,* and *avaricy*,  Stubbornness equal to *Idolatry*;  They'd find opinion of themselves,  To be but dang'rous sandy Shelves,  26 To found or build their *Faith* upon,  Unable to resist the force  Of Prosperity's swelling violent *sorce*,  Or storms of Persecution:  Whose own *voracity* (were't in their power)  Wou'd not only Ornaments devour,  But the whole *Fabrick* of Religion.  **IV.**  But gentle stream, thou'rt nothing so,  A Child in thee may safely go  To rifle thy rich Cabinet;  And his Knees be scarcely wet,  Whilst thou wantonly do'st glide,  By thy Enamell'd Banks most beauteous side;  Nor is sweet stream thy peacefull tyde,  Disturbed by pale *Cynthia*'s influence;  Like us thou do'st not swell with pride  Of Chastity or Innocence.     But thou remain'st still unconcern'd,  Whether her Brows be smooth or horn'd;  VVhether her Lights extinguish'd or renew'd,  In her thou mindest no *Vicissitude*.  27 Happy if we, in our more noble State,  Could so slight all *Vicissitudes* of Fate.  **A HILL.**  OH that I cou'd Verses write,  That might express thy praise,  Or with my Pen ascend thy height;  I thence might hope to raise  My Verse upon *Fame*'s soaring wing,  That it might so advance,  As with *Apollo*'s Lyre to Sing,  And with the *Spheres* to Dance.  *This was never Finished.*  28  **To Sir *F. W.* presenting him *Cowley*'s first Works.**  WHen vacant hours admit you to peruse,  The mighty *Cowley*'s early *Muse*;  Behold it as a *bud* of wit, whose growth  O're-tops all that our *Isle* brought forth:  And may it still above all others grow,  Till equall'd, or out-done by you[...]  **To *Ovid*'s *HEROINES* in his Epistles.**  BRight *Shees*, what Glories had your Names acquir'd,  Had you consum'd those whom your Beauties fir'd,  Had laugh'd to see them burn, and so retir'd:     Then they cou'd ne'er have glory'd in their shames,  Either to *Roman*, or to *English* Dames,  Had you but warm'd, not melted in their flames.    29  You'd not been wrack'd then on despair's rough coast,  Nor yet by storms of Perjuries been toss'd,  Had you but fix'd your flowing Love with Frost.     Had you put on the Armour of your scorn,  (That *Gem* which do's our Beauties most adorn)  What hardy *Hero* durst have been forsworn.     But since they found such *lenity* in you,  Their crime so Epidemical do's grow,  That all have, or do, or would be doing so.  **To my Honourable Unkle Colonel *C---* after his Return into the *Low-Countries*.**  DEar Sir, the joys which range through all your *Troops*,  Express'd by Caps thrown up, and *English* Whoops,  Were the old marks of Conquest, which they knew  They should obtain, when they obtained you;  30 As being the Soul, which *animation* gave  To all their Valours, and to all their brave  *Atchievements*, by which your honour'd Name  Shall be *Eternaliz'd* in th' Book of *Fame:*  Though we partakers of your Glories are,  And of your Ioys by *sympathy* do share;  Yet Absence makes the pleasure but in part,  And for your safety, Fear our joys do's thwart:  *Fear*, which by you's the worst of Sins esteem'd,  At best is a Mechanick Passion deem'd;  Yet when your danger she presents to us,  She's then both good and meritorious.  Think then how we're excited by this Fear,  To mourn your Absence, though your Worth *revere:*  Besides, methinks 'tis pity that you shou'd,  For sordid *Boors*, exhaust your Noble Blood.  Think then, dear Sir, of making your return,  And let your Presence *Britain*'s Isle adorn.   31  **On the *Apothecary*'s Filing my Bills amongst the *Doctors*.**  I Hope I shan't be blam'd if I am proud,  That I'm admitted 'mongst this Learned Croud;  To be proud of a Fortune so sublime,  Methinks is rather Duty, than a Crime:  Were not my thoughts exalted in this state,  I should not make thereof due estimate:  And sure one cause of *Adam*'s fall was this,  He knew not the just worth of *Paradise;*  But with this honour I'm so satisfy'd,  The *Antients* were not more when *Deify'd:*  For this transcends all common happiness,  And is a Glory that exc[...]eds excess.  This 'tis, makes me a fam'd *Physician* grow,  As *Saul* 'mongst *Prophets* turn'd a *Prophet* too.  The sturdy *Gout*, which all *Male* power withstands,  Is overcome by my soft *Female* hands:  Not *Deb'ra, Iudith*, or *Semiramis*  Could boast of Conquests half so great as this;  More than they slew, I save in this Disease.  32 Mankind our Sex for Cures do *celebrate*,  Of Pains, which fancy only doth create:  Now more we shall be magnified sure,  Who for this real torment find a Cure.  Some Women-haters may be so uncivil,  To say the Devil's cast out by the Devil;  But so the good are pleas'd, no matter for the evil[...]  Such ease to *States-men* this our Skill imparts,  I hope they'll force all Women to learn Arts.  Then Blessings on ye all ye learned Crew,  Who teach me that which you your selves ne'er knew[...]  Thus Gold, which by th' *Sun*'s influence do's grow,  Do's that i'th' Market *Phoebus* cannot doe.  Bless'd be the time, and bless'd my pains and fate,  Which introduc'd me to a place so great.  False *Strephon* too I now could almost bless,  Whose crimes conduc'd to this my happiness.  Had he been true, I'd liv'd in sottish ease;  Ne'er study'd ought, but how to love and please:  No other flame my *Virgin* Breast had fir'd,  But Love and Life together had expir'd.  But when, false wretch, he his forc'd kindness paid,  With less Devotion than e'er *Sexton* pray'd.  33 Fool that I was to sigh, weep, almost dye,  Little fore-thinking of this present joy[...]  Thus happy *Brides* shed tears they know not why.  Vainly we blame this Cause, or laugh at that,  Whilst the *Effect* with its how, where and what,  Is an *Embryo* i'th' Womb of Time or Fate.  Of future things we very little know,  And 'tis Heav'ns kindness too that it is so.  Were not our Souls with Ignorance so *buoy'd*,  They'd sink with fear, or over-set with pride.  So much for Ignorance there may be said,  That large *Encomiums* might thereof be made.  But I've digress'd too far, so must return,  And make the *Medick* Art my whole concern;  Since by its Aid I've gain'd this mighty place  Amongst th' immortal *AEsculapian* Race;  That if my *Muse* will needs officious be,  She too to this must be a *Votary*.  In all our Songs its *Attributes* reherse,  Write *Recipes* (as *Ovid* Law) in Verse;  To measure we'll reduce *Febrifick* heat,  And make the *Pulses* in true measure beat:  *Asthma* and *Phthisick* shall chant *lays* most sweet,  The *Gout* and *Rickets* too shall run on feet:  34 In fine, my *Muse*, such Wonders we will doe,  That to our Art Mankind their ease shall owe;  Then praise and please our selves in doing so:  For since the Learn'd exalt and own our Fame,  It is no Arrogance to do the same,  But due respects and complaisance to them.  **To my Unkind STREPHON.**  WHen last I saw thee, thou did'st seem so kind,  Thy Friendship & thy Mirth so unconsin'd;  Thy Mind *serene*, Angelical thy Face,  Wit and good humour ev'ry part did grace;  That nought unkind appear'd to my dull sence,  To cloud the Glories of Love's Excellence.  Thus e're the *Sun* his leave of us he takes,  Behind the *Trees* a glorious Landskip makes;  So in thy *Mien* those Glories did appear,  To shew it seems Friendship was setting there:  But now't's obscured, whether it descends  Into the *Ocean* of more worthy Friends;  35 Or that it do's to State or bus'ness move,  Those Regions of th' *Antipodes* of Love,  I know not, only it withdraws its light,  Exposing of our *Microcosm* to night:  A night all clad in Sorrows, thickest Air,  Yet no less cold than those that are most clear:  But as when heat by cold contracted is,  Grows stronger by its *Antiperistasis*;  So shall my Passion in this *frigid* state  Grow strong in *fervent* love, or *torrid* hate;  But should I frown, or scorn, or hate, 'twould be  But laughter and divertisement to thee:  Then be thou still unkind, I am resolv'd  I'th' like unkindness ne'er to be *involv'd*;  But those whom Frowns and Anger cannot move,  It is but just to persecute with Love,  Like good Old *Romans*, although banish'd I  Shall still retain my first integrity.  But what should make thee thus to banish me,  Who always did do, and will honour thee;  Unless thou'rt like those jealous *Romans* grown,  And falsly fear I should erect a Throne  Within thy Breast, and absolutely prove  My self the mighty Monarch of thy Love:  36 No sure, thy Iudgment never could be wrought,  To think that I should harbour such a thought;  Thou could'st not think I aim'd at such a state,  Who in thy Breast had no confederate;  Nor *Worth* wherewith the [**Note:** *The noble and sordid Passions.* ] *Nobles* to engage,  Nor *Wealth* to stifle the *Plebeian* Rage:  Nor had I Troops of *Beauties* at Command,  For *Grief* long since those *Forces* did disband:  Besides, thou know'st I always did despise,  In Love, those Arbitrary tyrannies:  Nor do I less abhor the Vulgar croud  Of *sordid Passions*, which can bawl so loud  For Liberty, that they thereby may grace  *Pride, Lust*, or *Av'rice*, with a *Tribune's* place;  But might I chuse, *Love*'s Regiment should be,  By Friendship's noble *Aristocracy*.  But now, alas, Love's Powers are all *deprest*,  By th' pow'rfull *Anarchy* of Interest:  But although *Hell* and *Earth* therein combin'd,  I little thought what now too well I find,  That ever *Strephon* could have been unkind.   37  **To my Friend Mr. *S. L.* ON HIS Receiving the Name of *Little Tom King*.**  FEar not, dear Friend, the less'ning of thy *Fame*,  Because here's *Little* fix'd upon thy Name;  Thy matchless Worth, alas, is too well known,  To suffer damage by detraction.  Nor can the Splendour of thy glorious Rays  Gain Augmentation by our worthless praise;  But as the faithfull *Diamonds* luster's shown,  Whether set on Foils, or in the Fire thrown;  So art thou *Little King*, whose Worth cross *Fate*,  By no *Vicissitude* can vitiate:  So sweet thy Humour, so genteel thy *Mien*;  So wise thy Actions, all thy Thoughts serene;  That Envies self, who do's all praise regret,  Must own in thee *Virtue* and *Wisdom's* met;  For were't thou really such as is thy Name,  I'm sure thy *Wisdom* wou'd adorn the same;  And to the silly World it shou'd be shown,  That Virtue cou'd add Splendour to a Throne.   38  **Necessity of Fate.**  **I.**  IN vain, in vain it is, I find,  To strive against our *Fate*,  We may as well command the *Wind*,  Or th' *Seas* rude Waves to gentle manners bind,  Or to *Eternity* prescribe a date,  As frustrate ought that *Fortune* has design'd.  For when we think we're *Politicians* grown,  And live by methods of our own;  We then *obsequiously* obey  Her Dictates, and a blindfull *Homage* pay.  **II.**  For were't not so, surely I cou'd not be  Still slave to Rhime, and lazy Poetry;  I who so oft have strove,  My freedom to regain;  And sometimes too, for my assistance took  Business, and sometimes too a Book;  Company, and sometimes Love:  39 All which proves vain,  For I can only [...]hake, but not cast off my Chain.  **III.**  Ah cruel *Fate!* all this thou did'st sore-show,  Ev'n when I was a Child;  When in my *Picture*'s hand  My Mother did command,  There shou'd be drawn a *Lawrel-bough*:  Lo then my *Muse* sat by and smil'd,  To hear how some the Sentence did oppose,  Saying an *Apple, Bird*, or *Rose*  Were objects which did more be[...]it  My childish years, and no less childish wit.  **IV.**  But my smiling *Muse* well knew that cons[...]ant *Fate*,  Her promise wou'd compleat;  For *Fate* at my *initiation*,  In the *Muses* Congregation,  As my *Responsor* promis'd then for me,  I shou'd forsake those *three*,  40 Soaring honours, and vain sweets of pleasure,  And vainer fruits of *worldly treasure*;  All for the *Muses* Melancholy *Tree*,  E're I knew ought of its great Mystery.  Ah gentle *Fate*, since thou wilt have it so,  Let thy kind hand exalt it to my brow.  **To my Honoured Friend, Mr. *E. S---.***  OH had I any *Charms* of equal Powers,  To lay those *spirits* which are rais'd by yours;  I would employ them all, rather than now  Suffer my babbling Rhimes to trouble you:  But ah! alas my *Spells* are all too weak,  To keep a silence which you urge to break;  Though I remember justly where and when  I promis'd ne'er to trouble you agen;  And when I spoke, I meant my words for true,  But those Resolves were cancell'd at review  Of your obliging Lines, which made me know  Silence to be the greater fault o'th' too:  41 For where Perfection do's in triumph sit,  'Tis rude to praise, but sinfull to omit.  I often read your Lines, and oft admire,  How *Eloquence* and *Fancy* do conspire,  With *Wit* and *Iudgment* to make up a Quire,  And grace the Musick of *Apollo*'s Lire.  But that which makes the *Musick* truly sweet,  *Virtue* and *Innocence* in *Chorus* meet:  So smooth, so gentle all your Writings are,  If I with other Authors them compare,  Methinks their Modish Wit to me do's shew,  But as an *Engyscope* to view yours through:  Nor do your Writ[...]ngs only smoothly glide,  Whilst your whole life's like some *impetuous* tide;  But both together keep a gentle pace,  And each other do each other grace.  There's very few like you that do possess  The *Stoicks* strictness, *Poets* gentleness.  I much admire your Worth, but more my Fate,  That worthless I thereof participate;  Ev'n so the *Sun* disdains not to dispence  On meanest *Insects* his bright influence;  But gives them *animation* by his *Rays*,  Which they requite, like me, with worthless praise;  42 Which now I'm sure's grown troublesome to you,  But you must bear that fate which others do:  For those that needs will taste of *Parents* joys,  Must too indure the plague of Cradle-noise.  **On my Mother and my Lady *W---*. who both lay sick at the same time under the Hands of Dr. *Paman*.**  LIke two sweet *Youths* strip[...]d naked on the *Strand*,  Ready to plunge, in consternation stand,  Viewing the dimples of that smiling Face,  Whose *frigid* Body they design t' imbrace,  Till by their *Guardian Angel*'s care, some friend  Snatches them from the danger they intend:  So did these *Pious Souls* themselves prepare,  By putting off the Robes of worldly care.  Thus fitted (as they were) in each degree,  To lanch into a bless'd Eternity;  They both had shot the *Gulph---*  Had not thei[...] *Guardian-God*, good *Paman* sent,  Who by his Skill a longer time them lent.  43 Ah happy *Paman*, mightily approv'd,  Both by thy *Patients*, and the *Poor* belov'd.  Hence let no Slander light upon the Fame  Of thy great *Art*, much less upon thy *Name:*  Nor to bad *Druggs* let *Fate* thy Worth expose,  For best *Receipts* are baffl'd oft by those:  Nor let no *Quack* intrude where thou do'st come,  To crop thy *Fame*, or haste thy *Patients* doom;  Base *Quackery* to *Sickness* the kind Nurse,  The *Patients* ruine, and *Physicians* curse:  Let no infectious *Sickness* seize thy Blood,  But that thou may'st live long to do much good.  May all the Blessings light on thee that can  Attend a Doctor, or a Christian Man.  Since by thy care thou hast restor'd to us,  Two in whom Virtue's most conspicuous:  Better, I'm sure, no Age can ever shew,  Whose Lives are *Precepts*, and *Examples* too.   44  **In Commendation of the *Female Sex*. Out of *SCIPINA*.**  AH Beauteous Sex, to you we're bound to give  Our thanks for all the Blessings we receive;  Ev'n that we're Men, the chief of all our boast  Were without you, but a vast blessing lost.  In vain would Man his mighty Patent show,  That *Reason* makes him Lord of all below;  If Woman did not moderate his rule,  He'd be a Tyrant, or a softly fool.  For e'er Love's documents inform his Breast,  He's but a thoughtless kind of Houshold Beast.  Houses, alas, there no such thing wou'd be,  He'd live beneath the umbrage of a Tre[...]:  Or else usurp some free-born Native's Cave;  And so inhabit, whilst alive, a Grave:  Or o'er the World this Lordly Brute wou'd rove,  Were he not taught and civiliz'd by Love.  'Tis *Love* and *Beauty* regulate our Souls,  No rules so certain as in *Venus* Schools:  45 Your Beauty teacheth whatsoe'er is good,  Else good from bad had scarce been understood.  What's *eligible* by your *smiles* we know,  And by your *frowns* refuse what is not so.  Thus the rough draught of Man you have refin'd,  And polish'd all the Passions of his mind.  His *Cares* you lessen, and his *Ioys* augment;  To both extreams set the just bounds Content.  In fine, 'tis you to Life its relish give,  Or 'twere insipid, not worth while to live:  Nay more, we're taught *Religion* too by you:  For who can think that such Perfections grew  By chance? no, 'twas the divine Pow'rs which thus  Chose to exhibit their bright selves to us:  And for an Antepast of future bliss,  Sent you their Images from *Paradise*.   46  **To my BROTHER, whilst he was in *France*.**  DEar Brother, So far as you advance  Your *knowledge*, by your Iourney into *France*[...]  So far and more I'm sure I backward go,  For I can't say *As in praesenti* now;  Nor ever shall (I am so much concern'd  For your dear safety) whilst you are return'd.  Nothing at present wonted pleasure yields,  The *Birds* nor *Bushes*, or the gaudy *Fields*;  Nor *Osier* holts, nor Flow'ry banks of *Glen*;  Nor the soft *Meadow-grass* seem *Plush*, as when  We us'd to walk together kindly here,  And think each blade of *Corn* a *Gem* did bear.  Instead of this, and thy *Philosophy*,  Nought but my own false *Latin* now I see;  False *Verse*, or *Lovers* falsest of the three:  Ev'n thoughts of formor happiness augment  My Griefs, and are my present punishment;  47 As those who from a state of Grandeur fall,  Find adverse Fate hard to dispence withall.  Had Devils never Heaven seen,  Their Hell a smaller Curse had been.  **On the DEATH of my Brother.**  COme *Sorrow*, come, embrace my yielding heart,  For thou'rt alone, no *Passion* else a-part;  Since of my *Dear* by Death I am bereft,  Thou art the faithfull'st *Lover* I have left;  And so much int'rest thou hast got in me,  All thoughts of him prove only Pimps to thee:  If any *joy* s[...]em to accost my Soul,  One thought of him do's presently controle  Those fawning *Rivals*; all which steal away,  Like wand'ring *Ghosts* at the approach of day.  But hold, fond *Grief*, thou must forbear a while,  Thy too too kind *Caresses*, which beguile  Me of my Reason,---retire whilst I  Repeat the Life, the Death, the Elogy,  48 Of him my Soul ador'd with so much pride,  As makes me slight all worldly things beside;  Of him who did by his fraternal Love,  More noble *Passions* in my Bosome move,  Than e'er cou'd be infus'd by *Cupid*'s Darts,  Or any feign'd, adulterate, sordid Arts;  Of him whose blooming Youth pleas'd each Man's Eye,  And tempted Women to Idolatry;  Of him whose growing *Art* made Death afraid,  He shou'd be vanquish'd, and his Throne betray'd[...]  'Cause with success, and yet no less applause,  He rescu'd many from the Tyrant's jaws:  At last the Tyrant raging full with spight,  Assaults his Enemy with all his might;  And for his *Second* brings a *Feavour* too;  In this *Attacque* what could our *Champion* doe?  He bravely fights, but forc'd at last to yield,  *Nature*, his Second, having lost the Field:  [**Note:** *Doctors.* ] *Many* bring in their Aid, but 'tis too late,  Grim *Death* had gotten a Decree from *Fate*;  Which *retrograded* all that g[...]eat supply,  Whose pow'rfull Arms makes *Death* and *Feavers* fly[...]  49 But why, great *Fate!* would'st thou so cruel be,  Of Ioy at once to rob the World and Me!  What joys so e'er we to our selves propose,  *Fate* still will frustrate, or at least oppose;  'Tis her Ambition sure to let us know,  She has the Regiment of all below.  If it be so, command some mournfull *Muse*  T' inspire my *Soul*, and then my Heart infuse  With Essence of some *Dirges*, that I may  His Matchless worth to all the World display.  Nor *Fate*, nor *Muse* will help us now, I find,  All flee the Wretched, ev'n as *Ships* the Wind.  My *Dear*, had'st thou to me bequeath'd thy *Wit*,  Thy *Character* had long ago been writ  I'th' most sublime and lasting *Verse*,  That e'er Adorn'd the greatest *Hero*'s *Herse*.  But were thy great *Encomium* writ by me,  'Twou'd be the ready way to lessen thee:  Therefore I must desist from that design,  And the attempt to better hands resign;  Only repeat what mournfully was said,  As in thy cold and narrow Bed was't laid  50 By the *Apollo*'s [**Note:** *Old Doctors.* ] of thy noble Art,  (Who seem'd to grudge me in their grief a part)  Alas, he's gone who shou'd have liv'd to be  An honour to our Great Society.  "Alas, he's gone who shou'd supply the place  "Of some of us, when time has left no space  "Betwixt us and the Grave; but now we see  "How they're deceiv'd, who hold no vacancy:  "And all the Gallant *AEsculapian* [**Note:** *Young Physi[...]ians.* ] Crow,  "Whose great Example from Spectators drew  "Such floods of tears, that some mistook their aim,  "And thought a real show'r from Heav'n came.  But I, as if the Fountain of this Source,  With Handkerchiefs strove to retard the course;  But all in vain, my real loss was great,  As many thought, whose Words I here repeat:  "I cannot blame you for lamenting so,  "Since better friend no friend did e'er forego;  "A publick Sorrow for this loss is due,  "The Nation surely, Madam, mourns with you.   51  **On the same. A Pindarique ODE.**  **I.**  WHat have I now to hope or fear,  Since *Death* has taken all that's dear  In *him*, who was my joy, my love,  Who rais'd my Passion far above  What e're [...]he blind God's shafts cou'd doe,  Or *Nymph* or *Swain* e'er knew:  For *Friendship* do's our Souls more gently move,  To a Love more lasting, noble, and more true,  Than dwells in all the Amorous Crew;  For Friendship's pure, holy, just,  Without canker, soil, or rust  Of Pride, Cov[...]tousness, or Lust;  It to Ambition makes no room,  Nor can it be by Int're[...]t overcome,  But always keeps its proper state,  I'th' midst of most injurious Fate;  Ev'n Death it self to 'ts Bonds can give no date.    52  **II.**  But O *Tyrant!* thou  Canst at one blow  Destroy *Fruition*'s happiness,  Wherein we *Lovers* place our bliss;  For without it, *Love*'s but an ample theam  Of Imaginary *joys*,  Those gay-deluding toys,  By which our most fix'd thoughts are cros[...]'d;  Or as one that wakes out of a dr[...]am,  Finds all the pleasing Objects lost:  Or as *Sodom*'s beauteous fruit,  Whose out-side makes a fair pretence,  To gratifie another sence;  But touch it, and you'll find how destitute  It's of all good,  Much more unfit for food:  So may our pleasures make a specious shew  To th' vulgar view;  But his absence whom I now deplore,  Makes all my Ioys but Ashes at the core.    53  **III.**  Ah *Death*, thou wast severe,  Thus from me to tear,  The Hopes of all my future Happiness,  The Co-partner of my present Bliss,  The *Alleviator* of my Care,  The partaker of what ever *Fate* did share,  To me in my Life's progress;  If bad, he wou'd bear half at least,  Till the Storm was over-blown or ceas'd;  If good, he wou'd augment it to excess,  And no les[...] joy for me than for himself express.  **IV.**  Of my Youth he was the Guide,  All its extravagance with curious ey[...],  He wou'd see and rectify:  And in me he infus'd such humble pride,  As taught me this World's pleasures to deride:  He made me know I was above  All that I saw or cou'd enjoy,  54 In this giddy toy,  Of the whole World's happiness:  And yet again this Paradox wou'd prove,  That to my self shou'd seem less,  Than ought I saw i'th' mighty Universe.  **V.**  Nor was his kindness only fix'd on me,  For freely he  Did on all friends his *Love* and *Wit* dispence,  As th'Heavens do their influence;  And likewise did no diminution know,  When his *Wit* he did bestow,  Amongst his wond'ring Auditors,  Who cou'd not chuse where *Wit* was so pro[...]ound,  And *Vertue* did so much abound,  But to become his faithfull Plauditors:  All which he did receive,  With less concern than they could give;  Which proves that *Pride* his Heart did never touch:  For this he always understood,  That best *Ambition* still was such,  As less desir'd to be wise than good.    55  **VI.**  But thus his Vertues to enumerate,  Serves but my Sorrows to *accumulate*,  As cyphers in Accompt,  Till the Sum *ad infinitum* mount;  A Sum which none but *Death* can calculate;  Which he most dext'rously can doe,  By subtracting the one Figure [...]rom [...]he row;  For one's but one, if taken from the train  Of *Pleasures, Riches, Honours, Wit:*  Nor can a King his Power maintain;  If all these cyphers should *recede* [...]rom it.  What matter then what our attendance be,  Whether happiness or miserie:  For when the mighty *Leveller* do's come,  It seems we must be all but one,  One in equality.  **VII.**  How soon he comes, I need not care,  Who may to me a better fortune share;  56 For of all happiness I here despair,  Since he is gone who *Animation* gave  To all that's pleasant to my thoughts, or brave:  Ev'n my Studies he inspir'd,  With lively vigour, which with him retir'd,  And nought but their Bodies (Books) remain:  For Sorrow do's their Souls inchain  So fast, that they can ne'er return again.  **Part of the XIX. *PSALM*.**  **I.**  THE *Heav'ns* declare the Glory of *God*,  And th' *Firmament* doth shew  To all Mankind dispers'd abroad,  What Works his mighty hands can doe:  The silent *Nights* and speechless *Days*,  To each other chant their lays,  Which make a tunefull *Serenade*,  57 To th' mighty *Universe*;  And find a Language to reherse  The praise of him who them and us has made.  **II.**  And in them he hath fix'd a place  For the Glorious *Sun*,  Which comes forth with Bridegroom's strength and grace,  The Earth his happy Bride t' imbrace.  And as a *Gyant* do's rejoyce to run  His course, where he is sure to be  Crown'd with glorious Victory:  For nothing in this World's circumference,  Can be hid from his bright influence.     58  **Coming from---in a Dark Night.**  **I.**  FArewell, O *Eyes*, which I ne'er saw before,  And 'tis my int'rest ne'er to see ye more;  Though th' *deprivation* of your light,  I'm sure, will make it doubly Night;  Yet rather I'll lose my way i'th' dark than stay;  For here I'm sure my *Soul* will lose her way.  **II.**  Oh 'tis not dark enough, I wish it were,  Some Rays are still on my Eyes *Atmosphere*;  Which give sufficient light, I find,  Still to continue me stark blind;  For to Eyes that's dazl'd with too *radiant* light,  Darkness proves best restorative o'th' light.     59  **To my Dear Cousin Mrs. *M. T.* after the Death of her Husband and Son.**  DEar Coz. I hope by this time you have dry'd,  At least set bounds to th'almost boundless tide  Of flowing *Tears:* I'm sure my wish is so,  Which Love and Int'rest does oblige me to;  For you can bear no Sufferings alone,  All yours are mine by *participation*;  And doubtless all your *Friends*, in some degree,  Must bear a share, if they can love like me:  Then if not for your own sake, yet for ours,  And in submission to th' Eternal Powers,  Not only dry your Eyes, but chear your Brow,  And lend us Ioys, and we'll repay them you.  Rouse up your Soul, and shew your self indu'd  With *Mothers* Prudence, *Fathers* Fortitude;  In other Vertues you have equall'd them,  In these strive to out-doe your worthy *Stem*;  For here *Ambition* can't excessive be,  Neither esteemed *pride* or *vanity:*  60 (For when we to the top of *Vertue* climb,  We're sure in no mistake, much less a crime.)  But by this brave attempt you shall subdue  Cross *Fate*, which otherwise wou'd conquer you.  But after all that can be said on this,  I am not ignorant how hard it is  To conquer Passions, and our selves subdue;  Though advis'd by *Friends*, and assisted too  By the prevailing Powers of *Grace* from *Heav'n*,  Still *Counsel*'s harder to be took than giv'n:  Not that I thought your Griefs profuse, but knew  Much to a *Son*, more to a *Husband*'s due:  Only remember that our *Lord* has taught,  *Thy will be done*; therefore we must in thought,  As well as words, submit to his intents,  Who can bring good out of the worst Events;  Whose Mercy oft *protracts* the bad Man's doom,  And takes the good Man from the ill to come.   61  **TO MY Young Lover.**  INcautious *Youth*, why do'st thou so mis-place  Thy fine *Encomiums* on an o'er-blown Face;  Which after all the Varnish of thy Quill,  Its *Pristine* wrinkles shew apparent still:  Nor is it in the power of *Youth* to move  An *Age-chill'd* heart to any strokes of Love.  Then chuse some budding *Beauty*, which in time  May crown thy Wishes in thy blooming prime:  For nought can make a more preposterou[...] show,  Than *April* Flowers stuck on St. *Michael*'s Bow.  To consecrate thy first-born Sighs to me,  A *superannuated* Deity;  Makes that Idolatry and deadly Sin,  Which otherwise had only *Venial* been.   62  **TO MY Young Lover ON HIS VOW.**  **I.**  ALas, why mad'st thou such a *Vow*,  Which thou wilt never pay,  And promise that from very now,  Till everlasting day?  Thou mean'st to love, sigh, bleed, and dye,  And languish out thy breath,  In praise of my Divinity,  To th' minute of thy Death.  **II.**  Sweet *Youth*, thou know'st not what it is  To be Love's *Votary*;  63 Where thou must for the smallest bliss,  Kneel, beg, and sigh, and cry.  *Probationer* thou should'st be first,  That thereby thou may'st try,  Whether thou can'st endure the worst  Of Love's *austerity*.  **III.**  For Worlds of *Beauties* always stand  To tempt thy willing Eye,  And Troops of *Lusts* are at thy hand,  To vanquish thee, or dye.  And now this *Vow* exposes thee  To th' third (of all the worst)  The Devil of *inconstancy*,  That Tempter most accurs'd.     64  **TO MY Young Lover. A *SONG*.**  TO praise sweet Youth, do thou forbear,  Where there is no desert;  For, alas, *Encomiums* here,  Are Iewels thrown i'th' dirt.     For I no more deserve Applause,  Now Youth and Beauty's fled;  Than a *Tulip*, or a *Rose*,  When its fair Leaves are shed.     Howe'er I wish thy Praises may,  Like Prayers to Heaven born;  When holy Souls for Sinners pray,  Their Prayers on them return.     65  **To my Unkind Friend, Little Tom King.**  **I.**  WEll, by experience now I see,  This World's made up of flattery,  Complements and formality;  Since nought but int'rest now can bind  Ev'n old acquaintance to be kind.  'Twere madness then to hope to find  True *Friendship* in the Modern Crew  Of late-contracted Friends.  Hence then acquaintance all *adieu*,  I can't oblige my Friendship to pursue  Such dull insipid ends,  As nought but to a Ceremony tends.  Since Friendship from old Friends is flown,  Rather than endure the pratlings,  The flatteries and the censurings,  66 Which a Modish Friendship brings,  My *pensive* Dove shall sit and coo alone.  **II.**  But perhaps it will be said,  Unlucky *Business* has this mischief made:  Business, that plausible excuse  Of all unkindness to a Friend,  That *Bankrupt*, that ne'er pays Principle nor Use,  Of all the *Time* that e'er we to him lend.  Yet *Bus'ness* now's a Merchant of such Fame,  That he has got the whole *Monopoly*  Of Time, Love, Friends, and Liberty;  Of which, if there be scarcity,  Bus'ness is to blame;  For nought can vended be, but in his Name.  **III.**  Since then the World's so much to Bus'ness pro[...]e,  'Tis time that idle I was gone:  67 Alas, why do I stay,  VVhen that canker bus'ness (which I hate)  VVith Int'rest is confederate,  Eats our pleasant shady Friends away?  VVe're left *obnoxious* to the storms of Fate;  Nay ev'n then the hottest Gleams  Of *Prosperities* brightest Beams,  Help but to make us dwindle and decay.  And though we strive our selves to shade  Under the closest Rules of *Constancy*;  Yet when the Powers of *Fate* invade,  That too, alas, will shake and fade,  And make us see,  That though our best *Ambition* strives  To keep a reg'lar harmony:  Yet *Fate* will ring her Changes on our Lives,  Till discordant *Death* arrives;  VVho informs us by his latest Knell,  Whether we have made up this World's Consort well.    68  **IV.**  Hence I'll not murmur then,  Though some grow Proud, and others really Great  Or heap up Riches by deceit,  Since they must pay it all again  To *Death*, who *rapaciously* devours  All, for which we drudge in vain,  And sell our ease for fruitless pain:  All which we like mistaken fools call ours,  Whilst in some lazie *Solitude* may I  Enjoy my self alone,  Free from this VVorld's buzzing frantick feuds,  And sweets and stings of Fate's *Vicissitudes*,  Have nothing else to do but dye.  I care not who esteems me as a Drone,  For out o'th' World so secretly I'll steal,  That babbling *Fame* shall not the *theft* reveal;  And when I to my long repose am gone,  My dearest *Brother*, who is gone before,  Half way will meet me in the Air, or more;  69 Where we'll be happy in Excess,  In Mansions of Eternal blessedness.  Yet if there can be  Any *allay* of this felicity;  It will be this, when he shall find,  That I no other news can bring,  From his Old Friend, my *Little King*,  But that he was unkind.     70  **A Second EPISTLE. To my Honoured Friend Mr. *E. S.***  **I.**  OFt has my *Muse* and I fall'n ou[...],  And I as oft have banish'd her my Breast;  But such, alas, still was her interest,  And still to bring her purposes about:  So great her cunning in insinuation,  That she soon gain'd her wish'd-for restoration:  But when I found this wou'd not do,  A Violent Death I put her to.  But see, my Friend, how your All-pow'rfull Pen  (O Miracle!) has rais'd her from the Dead again.    71  **II.**  And now, alas, what can she doe,  Or speak or shew,  How very much she is oblig'd to you?  For where the Boon's so great, it were a rude  Presumption to pretend to Gratitude;  And a mad project to contrive to give  To you, from whom she do's her All receive:  Yet if she Traffick on your Stock, and thrive,  'Tis fit, how e'er the Principal be spent,  To pay the Int'rest of Acknowledgment.  **III.**  And with her I must acknowledge too,  The honour which you did on me b[...]stow,  Though I unworthy were of it:  Not but your Iudgment knew well how to chuse  A worthier Subject than my *Muse*,  To exercise th' Exu'brance of your *Wit*;  72 But that your Goodness over all presides,  And nobly in Triumph rides;  Whilst other *Vertues* march in Troops behind,  *Friendship* do's the *Chariot* guide,  Which may perhaps run too much of one side:  *Friendship*, as well as *Love*, sometimes is blind;  And that she may be always so,  My Prayers shall ever tend,  'Cause I no other *Title* have to show,  Or *tenure* to the love of any *Friend*.     73  **A PASTORAL DIALOGUE Betwixt Two Shepherd Boys.**  1 *Boy*. I Wonder what *Alexis* ails,  To sigh and talk of Darts,  Of Charms which o'er his Soul prevails,  Of Flames and bleeding Hearts:  I saw him yesterday alone,  Walk crossing of his Arms;  And *Cuckow* like was in a tone,  Ah *Caelia*, ah thy charms!     2 *Boy*. Why sure thou'rt not so ignorant,  As thou would'st seem to be;  Alas the cause of his complaint,  Is all our destiny.  74 'Tis mighty *Love*'s All-pow'rfull Bow,  Which has *Alexis* hit;  A pow'rfull Shaft will hit us too,  E'er we're awar[...] of it.     1 *Boy*. *Love*, why, alas, I little thought  There had been such a thing;  Only for Rhime it had been brought,  When *Shepherds* use to Sing.  I'm sure, what e're they talk of Love,  'Tis but conceit at most;  As Fear i'th' dark our fancies move,  To think we see a *Ghost*.     2 *Boy*. I know not, but the other day,  A wanton *Girl* there were,  Who took my *Stock-Dove*'s Eggs away,  And *Black-birds* Nest did tear.  Had it been thee, my dearest Boy,  Revenge I shou'd have took;  But she my Anger did destroy,  With th' sweetness of her Look.    75  1 *Boy*. So t'other day a wanton Slut,  As I slept on the Ground,  A *Frog* into my Bosom put,  My Hands and Feet she bound:  She hung my Hook upon a Tree,  Then laughing, bad me wake;  And though she thus abused me,  Revenge I cannot take.     *Chorus.* Let's wish these Overtures of State,  Don't fatal *Omens* prove;  For those who lose the Power to hate,  Are soon made slaves to *Love*.     76  **To Mr. C. B. On his Incomparable SINGING.**  THE Honour that the Air receives  From thy Melodious *Voice*,  Sure makes it grieve it[...] cannot giv[...]  More *Echoes* to the noise.     Whilst *Atoms* joyfully advance,  In happy Consort they  Do in a nimble careless Dance,  Thy charming Notes obey.     *Birds* have been said to fall down dead  At th' shouting of a throng;  Had'st thou been there, it had been said,  Thou'dst rais'd 'em with a *Song*.    77  If th' *Mind* upon the *Body* works  By secret *Sympathies*;  Who knows what in thy *Musick* lurks,  To cure all *Maladies*.     If *Fate* this *Physick* shou'd prefer,  Thy Practice is decreed;  All *London* and *Montpelier*-  Physicians shall exceed.     Hence forward then let *Poets* Sing  No more of *Orpheus*;  Since we have one, whose *Voice* may bring  Health to attend on us.     78  **THE COMPLAINT.**  **I.**  HOw oft, ah wretch, hast thou profusely swore  Me, as the Gods thou did'st adore;  And that my Words shou'd be to thee,  As of Divine Authority:  In this my Power exceeded theirs,  To me thou ne'er did'st wander in thy *Prayers*.  **II.**  And oft thou prayest, bathed in thy Tears,  Drop'd from the clouds of loving fears;  And on my Hand thy *Faith* confess,  And after that beg for redress;  Whilst on the Altar of my *lip*,  For Sacrifice, let no occasion slip.    79  **III.**  But now thou'rt grown prophane *Atheistical*,  Not chang'd thy Faith, but cast off all:  So *Sacrilegious* too thou art,  Thou'rt not c[...]ntent to rob in part,  To bear my Rites (thy Vows) away;  But by thy cruelty thou do'st assay  To bring the beauteous *Fabrick* to decay.  **A SONG in *SCIPINA*.**  IN vain do's *Nature* her free gifts bestow,  To make us wise or fair;  If *Fortune* don't her Favours show,  Scorn'd or neglected we may go,  Not worth a Look, much less a Lover's care.    80  Or if we shou'd some pitying Eyes command,  Or those of admiration;  So unendow'd fair Structures stand,  Admir'd; but not one helping hand  Will rescue them [...]rom Time's *dilapidation*.     Then surely vain it is for me to strive  With native Charms or Art;  For *Beauty* may as well survive  Her *Climacterick* Twenty-five,  As without *Wealth* to get or keep a Heart.     81  **A SONG.**  **I.**  THE *Heart* you lest, when you took mine,  Proves such a busie *Guest*;  Unless I do all Pow'r resign,  It will not let me rest.     It my whole *Family* dis[...]urbs,  Turns all my *Thoughts* away;  My stoutest *Resolutions* curbs,  Makes *Iudgment* too obey.     If *Reason* interpose her Pow'r,  Alas, so *weak* she is;  She's check'd with one small soft *Amour*,  And conquer'd with a *Kiss*.     82  **A SONG.**  GIve o'er my *Fidelius*, my *Fidelius* give o'er,  Since *Menaelus* your Father dislikes our *Amour*,  In silence let us our misfortunes deplore.     Not that his [...]air Flocks or green Pastures so wide,  He will betwixt *Sylvia* and *Damon* divide,  But that duty forbids thee to make me thy *Bride*.     And if for our duty we suffer well here,  *Heav'n* shall for such *Lovers* choice Blessings pre|pare,  Honey-moon shall eternally wait on us there.     83  **A SONG.**  **I.**  AS Am'rous *Corydon* was laid  I'th' shady Myrtle *Grove*;  Thus did his Words his Sighs upbraid,  For telling of his Love.  Ah Trayterous Rebels, without sence,  Of what her Scorn can doe;  'Tis I must dye for your offence,  And be thought guilty too.  **II.**  Nor can I blame ill Fate, for this  My wretched hopeless state;  Nor yet *Philena*'s Cruelties,  Who kills me with her hate.  But your *audacious* Villani[...]s  Occasions this my fall;  Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,  But now a Criminal.     84  **A Bachanalian SONG.**  *TRoy* had a Breed of brave stout Men,  Yet *Greece* made shift to rout her;  'Cause [...]ach Man drank as much as Ten,  And thence grew Ten times stouter.     Though *Hector* was a *Trojan* true,  As ever Piss'd 'gen Wall, Sir;  *Achilles* bang'd him black and blue,  For he drank more than all, Sir.     Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,  We shall fear nothing then, Boys;  We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to bed;  And if they wake not conquered,  We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys.    85  Nor were the *Graecians* only sam'd  For Drinking, and for Fighting;  Bnt he that drank, and wa'n't asham'd,  Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.     He that will be a *Souldier* then,  Or *Witt*, must drink good Liquor;  It makes base Cowards fight like Men,  And roving Thoughts sly quicker.     Let *Bacchus* be both God o[...] *War*,  And God of *Wit*, and then, Boys,  We'll drink and [...]ight, and drink and write;  And if the *Sun* set with his light,  We'll drink him up again, Boys.     86  **An ODE.**  I'Ve often thought, but ne'er till now cou'd find  Why *Heroes* so much strove,  Their Greatness to improve;  'Tis only this, that Women might be kind,  And answer Love with Love.     *Fortune* no *Goddess* is, but for their sake;  Alas! she can't be prest,  Nor kiss'd, nor do the rest:  *Riches* and she, of which Men so much make,  Are only Pimps at best.     One this way stalks, another that to's game;  One's brave, this Hector's high,  This pretends Piety:  But I'm deceiv'd if Woman ben't their aim,  Still Woman's in their Eye.    87  Scepters and Crowns were silly trifling things;  'Twou'd be but poor repast,  To please the sight and tast,  But that they make Men absolutely Kings,  And Kings chuse Queens at last.  **Absence for a Time.**  I Dread this tedious Time more than  A *Fop* to miss a Fashion,  Or the *Pope*'s *Head* Tavern can  Dread the long *Vacation*.     This time's as troublesome to me,  As th'Town when Mony's spent;  Grave Lectures to a *Debauchee*,  Or *Whigs* to th' Government.    88  Methinks I almost wish 'twas torn  Out of the Rolls of *Fate*;  Or that some Pow'r, till his return,  Wou'd me *annihilate*.     But I, alas, must be content,  Upon necessity;  Since him, untill this time be spent,  I cannot hope to see.     No more than we can hope to have  The Life of perfect bliss,  Till by Afflictions, and the Grave,  We're separate from this.     89  **Parting with---**  ALthough thou now put'st me in doubt,  By going I know not where;  Yet know my *Soul* will beat about,  Not rest till she have sound thee out,  And tend upon thee there.     Look to your *actions* then, for she  So strict a watch will keep;  That if you give one *thought* from me,  She'll swear it is [...]lat Felony,  Though 't be when you're asleep.     But if a *sigh*, or *glance*, or *smile*  Shou'd to my Rival 'scape,  She'd cry out Robbery and spoil;  But if a *kiss* thy Lips shou'd soil,  Then Murther and a Rape.    90  All this a *Metaphor* may seem,  Or mad Philosophy  To the unthinking World, who deem  That but a fancy or a dream,  Which Souls do really hear and see.     91  **THE Anchorite IN SCIPINA.**  AH, happy are we *Anchorites* that know  Not Womens *Ebbs*, nor when their Love will flow.  We know no *Storms* that rage in Womens Breasts,  But here in quiet build our *Halcyon* Nests;  Where no deceitfull *Calm* our Faith beguiles,  No cruel *frowns*, nor yet more cruel *smiles*;  No rising *Wave* of *Fate* our hopes advance,  Nor fear we fathomless *despair* of Chance;  But our strong *Minds*, like *Rocks*, their firmness prove,  Defying both the Storms of *Fate* and *Love*.   92  ***Iane, Nan*, and *Frank*, their Fare|well to Captain *C.* going to Sea.**  **I.**  SInce thou wilt needs go  To *Sea*, God knows whether,  We wish thee good Company,  Good Wine and good Weather;  The best of Sea-Cates we wish for thy Diet,  And, if it were possible, good Sea-men and quiet;  And on every *Strand*,  Where e'er thou shalt land,  We wish there may be  Girls buxom and free,  To bid thee a thousand kind welcoms from Sea.  **II.**  And the worst Enemy,  E'er thou may'st meet,  93 May be a small stragler  I'th' seam of thy Sheet:  To which let no Sickness thee ever confine,  But what comes by drinking our Healths in choice Wine;  And on every Strand,  Where e're thou shalt land,  We wish thou may'st find  True Topers o'th' kind,  That can turn off *Iane, Nan*, and *Frank* in a Wind.     94  **To her Lovers Complaint. A *SONG*.**  **I.**  IF you complain your *Flames* are hot,  'Tis 'cause they are *impure*,  For strongest *Spirits* scorch us not,  Their Flames we can endure.  **II.**  Love, like *Zeal*, shou'd be divine,  And *ardent* as the same;  Like *Stars*, which in cold Weather shine,  Or like a *Lambent* Flame.  **III.**  It shou'd be like the Morning *Rays*,  Which quickens, but not burns;  Or th' innocence of Childrens plays,  Or *Lamps* in Antient *Urns*.     95  **To my Adopted BROTHER, Mr. G. P. On my frequent Writing to Him.**  DEar Brother, You will think that now,  *Epistles* grow on every Bow,  O'th' multitude of *Shin-gay* Trees,  And so drop off like *Soland* Geese.  In this the *Analogie* holds forth,  They are produc'd of airy froth;  But how they'll answer in the rest,  Without conjuring, may be guess'd:  For when you find they want the heat  Of *Wit* and *Sence* to make them meat;  And that the inside's only down,  Soft as the *scope* they grew upon:  You'll curse the *Winds* officious wings,  Because to you no good it brings;  96 And swear the Proverb's now revers'd,  Which so oft has been rehers'd:  For now it must be understood,  It's happy Wind blows any good;  But thank your self for so being serv'd,  And praise no more where 'ts not deserv'd:  For praise, the *Gad-fly* of the mind,  To pure desert shou'd be confin'd,  Lest it set it Cock-a-hoop,  And make it run with Tail turn'd up,  Through the Woods, and o'er the Downs,  Through Cities, Villages, and Towns;  And plague both genteel Fops and Rabble,  With its Nonsence, Rhime and Babble,  Till by its follies they are urged,  To send it home severely scourged,  With the keenest Whips of Scosfing,  Damming, Censuring and Laughing.     Then prithee, *George*, prevent this wretched Fate,  And all their damning Censures *antedate*.     95  **To my Friends against POETRY.**  DEar Friends, if you'll be rul'd by me,  Beware o'th' Charms of *Poetry*;  And meddle with no fawning *Muse*,  They'll but your harmless Loves abuse.  Though to *Orinda* they were ty'd,  That nought their Friendship cou'd divide;  And *Cowley*'s Mistriss had a Flame  As pure and lasting as his *Fame:*  Yet now they're all grown *Prostitutes*,  And wantonly admit the Suits  Of any *Fop*, that will pretend  To be their Servant or their Friend.  Though they to *Wit* no *Homage* pay,  Nor yet the Laws of *Verse* obey,  [...]ut ride poor *Six-foot* out of breath,  [...]nd wrack a *Metaphor* to death;  [...]ho make their Verse *imbibe* the crimes,  [...]nd the lewd Follies too o'th' times;  [...]ho think all Wit consists in Ranting,  [...]nd Vertuous Love in wise Gallanting:  96 And Thousand sorts of Fools, like these,  Make Love and Vertue what they please:  And yet as silly as they show,  Are Favourites o'th' *Muses* now.  Who then would honour such a *Shee*,  Where *Fools* their happier *Rivals* be[...]  We, surely, may conclude there's none,  Unless they're drunk with *Helicon*,  Which is a Liquor that can make  A *Dunce* set up for Rhiming Quack:  A Liquor of so strange a temper,  As can our Faculties all hamper;  That whoso drinks thereof is ours'd  Unto a constant Rhiming thirst;  I know not by what *spell* of *Witch*,  It strikes the Mind into an *itch;*  Which being scrub'd by praise, thereby  Becomes a spreading *Leprosie*;  As hard to cure as Dice or Whore,  And makes the Patient too as poor;  For Poverty's the certain Fate  Which attends a *Poet*'s state.   97  **TO THE Importunate ADDRESS OF POETRY.**  KInd Friend, I prithee cease t' infest  This barren *Region* of my Breast,  Which never can a *Harvest* yield,  Since *Sorrow* has o'er-grown the *Field*.  If *Int'rest* won't oblige thee to't,  At least let *Honour* make thee do't;  'Cause I ungratefully have chose  Such Friends, as will thy Charms oppose[...]  But nought I see will drive thee hence,  *Grief, Bus'ness*, nor *Impertinence:*  Still, still thou wilt thy Ioys obtrude  Upon a Mind so wholly rude,  As can't afford to entertain  Thee with the welcom of one strain:  Few Friends, like thee, will be so kind,  To come where Int'rest do's not bind:  98 Nay some, because they want excuse  To be unkind, will feign abuse.  But thou, kind Friend, art none of those,  Thy Charms thou always do'st oppose  'Gainst all Inqui[...]tudes o'th' Mind:  If I'm displeas'd, still thou art kind;  And by thy *Spells* do'st drive away  Dull *Spirits*, which with me wou'd stay;  And fill'st their empty places too  With Thoughts of what we ought to doe.  *Thoughts* to the Soul, if they be good,  Are both its *physick* and its *food:*  They *forti[...]ie* it in distress,  In joy th' augment its happiness:  *Thoughts* do attend us at all times,  They urge us to good deeds, and crimes:  They do assist us in all states,  To th' *Wretched* they're *Associates*.  And what's more strange than all before,  They're Servants to the *innocent* and *poor*;  But to the *Rich* and *Wicked*, Lords or something more.   99  **A Farewell to POETRY, WITH A Long Digression on ANATOMY.**  FArewell, my gentle Friend, kind *Poetry*,  For we no longer must Acquaintance be;  Though sweet and charming to me as thou art,  Yet I must dispossess thee of my Heart.  On new Acquaintance now I must dispence  What I receiv'd from *thy* [**Note:** *Having learned Latin by reading the Latin Poets.* ] bright influence.  Wise *Aristotle* and *Hippocrates*,  *Galen*, and the most Wise *Socrates;*  *AEsculapius*, whom first I should have nam'd,  And all *Apollo*'s younger brood so fam'd,  Are they with whom I must Acquaintance make,  Who will, no doubt, receive me for the sake  Of *Him* [**Note:** *My Brother.* ] , from whom they did expect to see  New Lights to search *Nature*'s obscurity.  100 Now, *Bartholine*, the first of all this Crew,  Does to me Nature's *Architecture* shew;  He tells me how th' Foundation first is laid  Of Earth; how Pillars of strong *Bones* are made;  How th' Walls consist of *carneous* parts within,  The out-side *pinguid*, over-laid with Skin;  The Fretwork, Muscles, Arteries, and Veins,  With their *Implexures*, and how from the Brains  The Nerves descend; and how they do dispence  To ev'ry Member, Motive Pow'r and Sence;  He shews what Windows in this Structure's fix'd,  How tribly Glaz'd, [**Note:** *The Three Humours of the Eye, and its several* Tunicks. ] and Curtains drawn betwixt  Them and Earths objects; all which proves in vain  To keep out *Lust*, and *Innocence* retain:  For 'twas the Eye that first discern'd the food,  As pleasing to it self, then thought it good  To *eat*, as b'ing inform'd it wou'd refine  The half-wise *Soul*, and make it all Divine.  But ah, how dearly *Wisdom*'s bought with Sin,  Which shuts out Grace, lets Death and Darkness in!  101 And because we *precipitated* first,  To Pains and Ignorance are most accurs'd;  Ev'n by our *Counter-parts*, who that they may  Exalt themselves, insultingly will say,  Women know little, and they practise less;  But Pride and Sloth they glory to profess.  But as we were *expatiating* thus,  *Walaeus* and *Harvey* cry'd, Madam, follow us,  They brought me to the first and largest [**Note:** *Ad infimum ventrem.* ] Court[...],  Of all this Building, where as to a *Port*,  All necessaries are brought from far,  For sustentation both in Peace and War:  For *War* this Common-wealth do's oft infest,  Which pillages this part, and storms the rest.     We view'd the Kitchin call'd [**Note:** *Morbi in infimo ventre, Di[...]rrhaea, &c.* ] *Ventriculus*,  Then pass'd we through the space call'd *Pylorus*;  And to the Dining-Room we came at last,  VVhere the [**Note:** *Venae Lactea.* ] *Lactaeans* take their sweet repast.  From thence we through a Drawing-room did pass,  And came where Madam *Iecur* busie was;  102 *Sanguificating* [**Note:** *Secundum Opinionem* Galinist. *contra receptaculum commune*. ] the whole Mass of Chyle,  And severing the *Cruoral* parts from bile:  And when she's made it tolerably good,  She pours it forth to mix with other Blood.  This and much more we saw, from thence we went  Into the next Court, [**Note:** *Per Diaphragma.* ] by a small *ascent:*  Bless me, said I, what Rarities are here!  A Fountain like a Furnace did appear,  Still boyling o'er, and running out so fast,  That one shou'd think its *Efflux* cou'd not last;  Yet it sustain'd no loss as I cou'd see,  VVhich made me think it a strange Prodigie.  Come on, says *Harvey*, don't stand gazing here,  But follow me, and I thy doubts will clear.  Then we began our Iourney with the *Blood*,  Trac'd the *Meanders* of its Purple flood.  Thus we through many *Labyrinths* did pass,  In such, I'm sure, Old *Daedalus* ne'er was;  Sometimes i'th' Out-works, sometimes i'th' first Court;  Sometimes i'th' third these winding streams wou'd sport  103 Themselves; but here methought I needs must stay,  And listen next to what the *Artists* say:  Here's *Cavities*, says one; and here, says he,  Is th' Seat of Fancy, Iudgment, Memory:  Here, says another, is the *fertile* Womb,  From whence the Spirits *Animal* do come,  Which are mysteriously *ingender'd* here,  Of *Spirits* from *Arterious* Blood and Air:  Here, said a third, *Life* made her first approach,  Moving the Wheels of her Triumphant Coach:  Hold there, said *Harvey*, that must be deny'd,  'Twas in the deaf Ear on the *dexter* side.  Then there arose a trivial small dispute,  Which he by Fact and Reason did confute:  Which being ended, we began again  Our former Iourney, and forsook the Brain.  And after some small *Traverses* about,  We came to th' place where we at first set out:  Then I perceiv'd how all this *Magick* stood  By th' *Circles* of the *circulating* Blood,  As *Fountains* have their Waters from the Sea,  To which again they do themselves conveigh.  104 But here we find great *Lower* by his Art,  Surveying the whole [**Note:** *De cordis Structura.* ] *Structure* of the Heart:  Welcome, said he, sweet Cousin, are you here,  Sister to him [**Note:** *My deceased Brother.* ] whose Worth we all *revere*?  But ah, alas, so cruel was his Fate,  As makes us since almost our Practice hate;  Since we cou'd find out nought in all our Art,  That cou'd prolong the motion [**Note:** *De Motu Cordis.* ] of his Heart.  **I.**  BUT now, my Dear, thou know'st more than Art can,  Thou know'st the substance of the Soul of Man;  Nay and its *Maker* too, whose Pow'rfull breath  Gave *Immortality* to *sordid* Earth.  What Ioys, my Dear, do Thee surround,  As no where else are to be found,  Love, Musick, Physick, Poetry;  And in each Art each *Artist* do's abound,  And all's converted to Divinity.    105  **II.**  No drooping *Autumn* there,  No chilling *Winter* do's appear;  No scorching Heat, nor budding Spring,  Nor *Sun* do's Seasons there divide,  Yet all things do transcend their native pride;  Which fills, but do's not naus[...]ate,  No change or want of any thing,  Which time to periods or perfection brings;  But yet diversity of state,  And of Souls happiness there is no date.  **III.**  Should'st thou, my Dear, look down on us below,  To see how busie we[...]  Are in *Ana[...]omie*,  Thoud'st laugh to see our Ignorance;  Who some things miss, & some things hit by chance,  For we, at best, do but in twilight go,  Whilst thou see'st all by th' most *Transcendent* light,  Compar'd to which the *Sun*'s bright *Rays* are night:  106 Yet so *Coelestial* are thine Eyes,  That Light can neither dazzle nor surprize;  For all things there  So perfect are,  And freely they their qualities dispence,  Without the mixture of *Terrestrial* dross,  Without hazard, harm or loss;  O joys Eternal *satiating* Sence,  And yet the *Sence* the smallest part in gross.     107  **On the DEATH of my Brother. A *SONNET*.**  **I.**  ASk me not why the *Rose* doth fade,  *Lillies* look pale, and *Flowers* dye;  Question not why the *Myrtle shade*  Her wonted shadows doth deny.  **II.**  Seek not to know from whence begun  The sadness of the *Nightingale*:  Nor why the *Heliotrope* and *Sun*,  Their constant *Amity* do fail.  **III.**  The *Tur[...]les* grief look not upon,  Nor reason why the *Palm-trees* mourn;  When, Widow-like, they're left alone,  Nor *Phoenix* why her self doth burn.  **IV.**  For since *He*'s dead, which Life did give  To all these things, which here I name;  They fade, change, wither, cease to live,  Pine and consume into a Flame.  MISCELLANEA: OR, THE Second Part OF POETICAL RECREATIONS.  Compos'd by several Authors.  ---Non, ubi plura nitent in carmine, paucis  Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit  Aut humana parum cavit Natura.---  Hor.  *LONDON,* Printed for *Benjamin Crayle*, at the *Peacock* and *Bible*, at the West-end of St. *Pauls*. 1688.    **A TABLE OF THE POEMS Contained in the Second Part OF POETICAL RECREATIONS.**  *A Paraphrase on an Hymn, Sung when the Corps is at the Grave. By T. S. Fellow of Maudlin[...] Colledge, Oxon.* *Page 1* *Advice to his Friends, lamenting the Death of I. F. By the same Hand.* *p. 3* *[...]pitaph on Mrs. E. F. who sickned of the Small Pox, and deceased Decemb. 31. 1686. being the Day before her intended Nuptials.* *p. 5* *An Epitaph to the Memory of Sir Palme Fairborn, Governour of Tangier, &c.* *p. 6* *An Elegy on the Death of N. D. 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G.* of *AEton-Colledge*.**  *A Paraphrase on part of the 23d Idyll. of Theocri|tus* *p. 247* *Chorus 1. Of Seneca's Agamemnon* *p. 255* *The Penitent* *p. 259* *To Duserastes* *p. 262* *The Vow* *p. 263*  **The Six following POEMS by Mr. *T. B.* of *Cambridge***  *An Elegy on King Charles the Second* *p. 265* *A Dithyrambique, made just before the King and Queen went to their Coronation* *p. 269* *To their Graces, the Duke and Dutchess of Albemarle, upon their Voyage for Iamaica* *p. 280* *Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 15. A Ring presented to his Mistriss* *p. 283* *To Afer. Martial. Epig. 31. lib. 4. Made English* *p. 285* *An Excuse for not Rhiming in the Time of the Re|bellion* *p. 286*  1  **MISCELLANY POEMS.**  **PART II. Written by several Authors.**  **A *Paraphrase* on an *HYMN* Sung when the *Corps* is at the Grave.**  By *T. S.* Fellow of *Maudlin-Colledge*, Oxon.  **I.**  HOW full of Troubles is the Life of Man!  Vain like a bubble, shorter than a span;  He springs and blossoms as an early Flower,  Whose silken Leaves the Frosts and Snow devour:  He, like the [...]leeting Shadow, hastes away,  Unable to continue in one stay;  It disappears, and can't survive the day.    2  **II.**  The Noon-tide of our Life is plac'd in Death,  We're not secure of one light puff of Breath;  To whom, O God, can we for succour fly,  But unto thee, by whom we live and dye?  'Tis for our Sins thou dost employ this Sting,  Thou justly angry art, our *God* and *King*,  But takest no delight in punishing.  **III.**  O Holy, Mighty Lord and Saviour,  Declare thy signal Mercies, and thy Pow'r;  Condemn us not unto the pains of Hell,  Where Horror reigns, and endless Torments dwell;  From whence no ransom ever can be made,  Since we our bless'd Redeemer have betray'd,  And both his Will and Laws have disobey'd.  **IV.**  Thou know'st the secret Closet of our Hearts,  Thy divine Presence fills our secret parts;  Therefore be mercifull unto our Pray'r,  Most worthy *Iudge*, thy wretched People spare.  3 Forsake us not when on our Death-beds thrown,  Lest through despair we deeply sigh and groan,  And Hell grow proud of the Dominion.  **Advice to his Friends, lamenting the Death of *I. F.***  By the same Hand.  RIse and rejoyce all ye that *Mourn*,  Dry ev'ry *Eye* that weeps;  The *Body* in this hollow *Urn*,  Is not quite *dead*, but *sleeps*.  See how the Leaves in *Autumns* falling Dew  Forsake the weeping *Tree*;  And how the jocund *Spring* renews  With *Buds* their *infancie*.  What though the *Root* lye under-ground,  The *Boughs* to Heav'n aspire;  Thus *Bodies* in the *Grave* are found,  The *Souls* are mounted higher.  4 Hark! hark! I hear the Trumpet's Voice  Cry, *Come ye Blessed, come*;  Methinks I hear our *Friend* rejoyce,  That he is Summon'd home.  Now Dronish *Death* hath lost her *Sting*,  The *Grave* her Victorie;  For *Christ* in Triumph rides as *King*  Of this great *Iubilee*.  Arise, my *Friends*, and wipe your *Eyes*,  *Salvation*'s drawing nigh;  Let's live to dye, and dye to rise,  T' enjoy Eternity. *T. S.*   5  ***EPITAPH* on Mrs. *E. F.* who sickned of the *Small Pox*, and Deceased *December* the *31st. 1686*. being the Day before her intended Nuptials.**  THis fair young *Virgin*, for a *Nuptial Bed*  More fit, is lodg'd (sad Fate!) among the Dead;  Storm'd by rough *Winds*, so falls in all her pride  The full-blown *Rose* design'd t' adorn a *Bride*.  Truth is, this lovely *Virgin* from her Birth,  Became a constant strife 'twixt *Heav'n* and *Earth*.  *Earth* claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd  The *Nymph* is mine, at length they did divide;  *Heav'n* took her *Soul*, the *Earth* her *Corps* did seize,  Yet not in *Fee*, she only holds by *Lease*,  With this proviso; When the *Iudge* shall call,  *Earth* shall give up her share, and *Heav'n* have all   6  **An *EPITAPH* to the Memory (and fix't on the Tomb) of Sir *PALME FAIRBORN*, Governour of *Tangier*, who, in Execution of his Command, was Mor|tally Wounded by a Shot from the *Moors*, that then besieged the Town, *Octob. 24. 1680*.**  YE Sacred Reliques, which this Marble keep,  Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet sleep:  Discharge the Trust, which when it was below,  *Fairborn*'s undaunted Soul did undergo,  And be the Towns *Palladium* from the Foe.  Alive and dead he will these Walls defend,  Great Actions, Great Examples must attend.  The *Candian* Siege his early Valour knew,  Where *Turkish* Blood did his young hands embrew  From thence returning with deserv'd applause,  Against the *Moors*, his well-flesh'd Sword he draws;  The same the *Courage*, and the same the *Cause*.  His *Youth* and *Age*, his *Life* and *Death* combine,  As in some great and regular design,  All of a piece throughout, and all Divine.  7 Still nearer *Heav'n* his *Vertues* shone more bright,  Like rising *Flames* expanding in the height,  The *Martyrs* Glory crown'd the *Souldiers* Fight.  More bravely *Brittish* Gen'ral never fell,  Nor Gen'rals Death was e'er reveng'd so well;  Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close,  Follow'd by Thousand *Victims* of his Foes.  **An *ELEGY* on the Death of *N. D.* Doctor of Physick.**  By *I. C.*  WHat, will my *Mourning* yet no period find!  Must *sighs* & *sorrow* still distract my Mind?  My Sense grows [...]eeble, and my Reason's gone,  Passion and Discontent usurp the Throne.  With blubber'd *Eyes* my veiled sight grows dim;  Ah, cruel *Death*, cou'd you [...]ind none but him  To gratifie your hungry Iaws withall;  Or, if in haste, none but a *Doctor*'s fall?  8 Howe'er, you might forbore your stroke a while;  But possibly you thought, he might beguile  Your craving Appetite of many more,  Which you expected to strike long before.  But sure my Mind's disturb'd, my Passions rav[...],  To censure *Death*, and quarrel with the *Grave*[...]  Alas, he's bound, the blow he cannot give,  Till his *Commission* shews we must not live.  Yet hence we learn, and may this inf'rence make,  That if *Physicians Souls* their Iourney take  Into a distant *Climate*, well may Ours:  Then with what care ought we to spend those hours,  Or rather few remaining *Sands*, which are  In so much Bounty tender'd to our care?  The purest *Druggs*, compos'd with greatest Skill,  Can't preserve *Life*, when *Death* has pow'r to kill:  *Peasant* and *Prince* are both to him alike,  And with an equal blow doth either strike.  All must surrender when his *Arm* is stretch't,  With such a weighty force his blow is fetch't.  But oh! I wander from my Virtuous Friend;  'Tis true indeed he's dead, but yet no end  9 Can e'er obscure or hide his Honour'd Name,  For o'er the World the Golden Wings of *Fame*  Shall spread his praise, and to his Friends proclaim,  That whilst alive, His Soul was always drest  VVith Robes of Innocence; the peacefull Guest  Of a good Conscience, ever fill'd his Breast.  His smiling Countenance abroad wou'd send  His hearty Wishes to his real Friend;  His *Words* were few, but of important weight,  Mix'd with no stains of flatt'ry, or deceit.  Too much in's way his *Library* has stood,  Himself he minded not for others good.  'Tis strange! to think he shou'd himself neglect,  VVhose study 'twas to cure what e'er defect  *Nature* might fall into; yet this he did:  In short, his Worth, though smother'd, can't be hid.  To sound his Praise may th' utmost Skill ingage,  Since that he dy'd the Wonder of his Age.  VVell may his friends then, and acquaintance weep,  VVhen such a brave *Physician*'s fall'n asleep.   10  **UPON HEAVEN.**  OH thou *Theanthropos!* who did'st contain  In one joint Body here both God and Man;  And thou who'rt *Alpha* and *Omega* still,  To blazon forth thy *Courts*, assist my Quill;  Inlarge my *Fancy*, and transport my *Mind*,  Above the common pitch of Humane kind.  Oh represent and spread before my *Muse*  One glimpse of *Heav'ns* great light, which when she views,  May make her soar in Raptures, and make known  The glorious Seat of Heav'ns triumphant Throne  But first, before my Tongue begins to speak  Such unknown joys, which no Man yet cou'd make  A true description of (though Poets have  Feign'd an *Elyziums* bliss beyond the Grave)  I crave thy pardon for my bold attempt,  In showing *Sense* what here for *Faith* was meant,  Like the bright *Amathyst* and *Onyx* Stone,  This glorious *Fabrick* is erected on;  11 The entrance Gates of this great Court excell  The most Magnificent and *Orient* Pearl;  Brighter than burnish't Gold her Walls appear;  Of spangled Stars her Floor and Pavements are;  Her high-built *Pillars* from the dazling ground,  Look as beset all o'er with *Diamond*;  Like purest *Sardonyx* her *Roof* do's show,  Whilst as green *Emeralds* are spread below  The blushing *Ruby*, and the glitt'ring *Saphir*,  Mix't with bright *Chrysolites*, and Stones of *Iasper*,  Make but a poor Resemblance of this light,  Whose gilt and radiant Beams appear too bright;  For ought of humane Race to view or see,  Unless transform'd to *Immortalitie*.  Thousands of Angels guard the outward Gate  From th' utmost spleen and rage of Devil's hate;  Who keep this *Palace* from or *Siege* or *Storm*,  For all those *Martyrs*, who have bravely born  With an undaunted patience th' utmost Ill,  That Men or Devils could bethink or will;  But when once past from th' outward Gates, you'll spy  Millions of Angels bless'd Eternally;  12 Also Illustrious *Cherubs, Seraphins*,  Clapping their gilded and rejoycing Wings;  Numbers unnumbred of the *Saints* in light,  Singing their *Hymns* to God both day and night;  There nought but simple Love and Rest abide,  All worldly Grief and Cares are laid aside;  Freed from all cross Events, and slavish Fear,  In Ioy and Peace they live for ever there.  **ON THE MARTYRDOM OF King *CHARLES* the First.**  THE crimson Theam on which I now do treat,  Is not unregistred, or out of date;  No, it's wrote deep in ev'ry Loyal Breast,  And with loud Accents will be still exprest;  Though Time shou'd take more wings, and faster hast  His sudden flight from hence; yet soon as past  13 Such Tragick cruelty, this mournfull Theam  In bloody Characters wou'd still remain.  I wish my *Pen* had ne'er had cause to write  This one day's *Prodigie*, more black than Night;  The very *Fiends* themselves are now out-done,  For Men the shape of Devils have put on.  What but the spawn of Hell cou'd thus design!  Or hatch such treachery to undermine  The best of Kings on Earth, nay pull him down  From his own Regal and Establish'd Throne?  What, was there none but *Charles* the First, the Great  And most indulgent worthiest Potentate,  To vent their rage upon? Oh barb'rous Crew!  A King beheaded! by's own Subjects too!  Ecclesiastical and Civil Writ  Unto the World did ne'er as yet transmit  So Tragical a Scene, or mournfull News,  Save one alone, *Iesus* the King of th' *Iews*;  Who was like *Charles* our Sovereign betray'd,  Whom the same shew of Iustice did degrade:  But now the *Iews* from these do differ hence,  Their Errours did from Ignorance commence,  Because they thought not *Christ* their *lawful* Prince:  14 But these curs'd Regicides did fully know  *Charles* was their King, and had proclaim'd him so[...]  The Antient Fathers always own'd their Prince  God's Representative in Truth's defence.  And since that Kings to God Vicegerents are,  Their Subjects ought true Loyalty to bear,  Who are protected by their *Princely* care.  But as if Nature had these *Miscreants* left,  And of *Humanity* they were bereft;  'Stead of *Allegiance*, they preach up *Intrusion*;  Sound a Battalia, and make all confusion;  And then delude and cheat the Common-weal  With a pretence, that all was done through Zeal[...]  Whilst an unnat'ral *War* they do b[...]gin,  And *persevere* in their Rebellious Sin,  Till they've intrench'd upon their *Soveraign*'s Rig[...]  By *Usurpation*, and by *lawless* Might.  Then next they seize his *Person* with pretence,  That they're his chiefest *Bulwark* of defence;  At last his *Head* and *Crown* lop off at once,  Without a *Reason*, or a just *Response*.  At which black deed, shou'd th' *Elements* dissolve[...]  And th' Universal *World* it self involve  15 In present ruin, shou'd th' *infernal Lake*  Flash out in Flames; Or shou'd the *Waters* break  Through their strong Banks, and so a *Deluge* make,  Shou'd *Sun* and *Moon* at once *Eclipsed* be,  And to compleat a full Calamity  *Stars* fall from *Heav'n*, and dash in pieces those  Who did their *Sov'raign* and his *Laws* oppose:  This we might judge is to their Merit due,  Who such perfidious treachery pursue.  Forgive my passion, if I do transgress  Beyond the limits of true Holiness.  I wish that all effectually repent  This bloody *Sin*, whereby they may prevent  Those heavy *Iudgments* which *predict* th' *Event*.  And may those Persons, who were *Actors* in  This cursed *Cause* against the *Father*, bring  Their true Obedience to his *Son*, now King;  That so they may to him, and all his Race,  And to themselves, bring a continu'd Peace:  And after crown'd with honour and success,  At last enjoy Eternal happiness.   16  **UPON ONE'S Birth-Day.**  LOok upwards, O my *Soul!* and thou may'st see  Once more thy Birth-days *Anniversary*.  Another year of *Time* is passed by,  And now methinks hath slid so silently,  As if unmeasur'd yet; and thus will seem  Most of thy *Days*, when spent, in thy esteem.  Man's *Life* is fitly liken'd unto *Fire*,  Which unsupply'd with *fuel*, do's *expire*.  And thus no sooner's run our [...]leeting Sand,  But the Glass breaks by *Death*'s destroying hand.  Since then, my Soul, that *Time* so fast doth slide,  How much art thou obliged to provide  That which may beautifie thy nobler part,  And also cleanse and purifie thy Heart  From all pollution, which within doth reign,  And in that Empire such Dominion gain?  Make firm Resolves, by new Engagements tye  Thy Passions up, restrain their liberty.  17 Place thy *affections* upon things above,  Try then to surfeit i[...] thou canst on *Love*;  In time secure that which alone can last,  When youth and beauty, strength and life are past.  Then as thy *Sands* do was[...]e, and *Years* increase,  Thou shalt at last *expire* with Ioy and Peace.  **UPON CHRIST's NATIVITY.**  BEhold an Universal Darkness has o'er-spread  This lower World, and Man in Sin lyes dead.  Now black Despair his heavy burthen's made,  And being fall'n, God's Wrath can ne'er be paid:  For since his *Native Innocence* is flown,  All the first promises of Bliss are gone.  Think then, O *Adam*! on the state thou'rt in,  And all Ma[...]kind by reason of thy Sin.  Alas poor Man! thy Paradise is lost,  And thou might'st justly from thy Bliss be toss'd  18 Into th' infernal Lake; where with great pain,  B'ing exercis'd, thou might'st lament in vain.     But stay a while, What Musick's this I hear!  Which sounds so sweetly from the heav'nly Sphere!  Look here, O *Man!* are thine Eyes upwards bent?  Here's *Angels*, surely, on a Message sent.  *Man.* What *Anthem*'s this, sweet *Angels*, that you sing  Unto us Men? do ye glad tydings bring?  *Ang.* We come from Heaven, we declare no Ill,  But Peace on *Earth*, and unto *Men* Good-will.  *M.* How so, we pray? can *God* be friends agen?  Will he be reconcil'd to sinfull Men?  Is God so kind, so mercifull a God,  So soon to cast away his angry Rod?  *A.* You need not doubt, wou'd you but with the Eye  Of stedfast Faith, pierce through the Starry *Sky*,  You might behold there God himself contriving,  Not for your Death, but your Eternal Living.  *M.* But how shall we of this assured be?  What *sign* or *token* may we find or see?  *A.* Want ye a *sign?* then do but us believe:  Here's one, behold a *Virgin* does *conceive:*  19 A *Virgin* true and *chast* do's now bring forth  A *Son* unto you of Transcendent Worth:  This is the true *Messias*, whom of old  The *Patriarchs* and *Prophets* so fore-told;  This is the Seed to *Adam*, promised  By *God*, to break the subtle *Serpent*'s Head:  *M.* This being then the day of *Iesus* Birth,  Let us affect our Hearts with godly Mirth;  Let us, I say, both triumph, joy, and sing,  Glory be to our *Christ*, our *Priest*, our *King*.  **On the same.**  EArly i'th' Morn I wak'd, and first my *Ear*  The *Bell-man* did salute with th' time of Year.  And next the joyfull *Cock*, who'd left his Nest,  Ceases not crowing *Christus natus est.*  The lesser *Birds* in sweeter Notes do sing,  And louder Sounds *Echo* from *Bells* that ring.  Amidst this joy, I upward cast my Eyes,  And saw more brighter Rays adorn the Skies;  20 Where e'er I look'd, a happy change I view'd,  *Nature* her self did seem as if renew'd:  But when surpriz'd with such a beauteous *Scene*,  I then resolv'd to think what this might mean;  And presently my Thoughts inlarged were,  And Christ his *Incarnation* did appear,  In the most great and highest Acts of Love,  Such as will *Reason* to amazement move:  For who can think on *Man*, lost and undone,  To be redeem'd from Death by God's own Son,  And not be stricken with the quickest sence  Of so much Love, and charming Excellence?  Rouse then thy *Minds* best *faculties*, and soar  Up to a pitch, thou never reach't before:  Strive to come near, at least to imitate  The holy *Angels*, in their happy state;  Who always in a constant circle move,  Of giving praises unto God above;  And when to them the happy tydings came,  They gladly were the *Heralds* to proclaim  The joyfull news to us; then shall not Man  Sing the same *Anthem* they on Earth began?  21 Give praises therefore unto God most high,  And joyn thy Soul to the bless'd *Hierarchy*.  When thus *Seraphick*-Love thy thoughts employ,  Thou shalt *anticipate* that Heav'nly Ioy.  **More on the same Subject.**  LEt this days triumph o'er the World be crown'd,  A day of *Iubilee* for ever own'd,  With *Harp* and *Violin* our Mirth we'll show,  Unto this day all gratitude we owe.  Let *Lute* and *Timbrel*, and Majestick touch  Of the sweet *Vial* too proclaim as much.  Let *Talbrot* also, and the loud-spoke *Cymbal*  Ioyn with the sweeter of the *Virginal;*  Let all the *Voices*, both of *Base* and *Trebble*,  Ioyn in this harmony; let polish't *Marble*,  To future Ages, keep his honour'd Name,  That they with equal pleasure speak the same:  And that a p[...]rfect joy may be express'd,  At the Solemnity of such a Feast,  22 Let the whole *Earth* put on her Robes of Green,  And be in Triumph when this day is seen;  And also let the pretty winged *Quire*,  From their warm Nests with joyfulness retire;  And fill the Air with sweet melodious Notes,  Which they sing forth from out their warbling Throats:  Let the *Floods* clap their hands, and therein show,  That they rejoyce with all the World below;  Let *Angels* too above bedeck the Sky,  And in soft strains divulge their Harmony;  Let the Illustrious *Cherubins* descend  With their delicious *Carrols* to attend  Man's happy change, which *Christ* alone did bring,  Who is become our Prophet, Priest, and King.  O bless'd *Redeemer!* why would'st thou come down,  Rather so lowly, than with great Renown?  As soon as born, why did'st thou not give order  To be proclaim'd the World's great *Emperour*?  Or cam'st not vailed in an *Angel*'s Shrine,  Or took the Nature of a *Seraphin*?  But this had been contrary to thy Will,  Who came the *Prophet*'s Sayings to fulfill:  23 Besides, thy Message had a nobler End,  Namely, the World of Sin to reprehend;  And to refine and purge our thoughts from Earth,  Conveying to us Grace by second Birth;  To influence our Minds from Heav'n above,  And to possess us here with Peace and Love.  **ON NEW-YEARS-DAY.**  OH *Time*, with Wings thou well may'st painted be,  For that shows swiftness and celerity;  And thy keen *Scythe* as truly doth bespeak,  What mighty devastations thou do'st make.  That which thy hand incircles is a *Glass*,  VVhose *Sands* with fleeting constancy do pass  An *Emblem*, which *adapted* is to show,  VVhat short *duration* all things have below;  The Revolution of another *Year*,  Do's plain and obvious to each *Eye* appear:  24 The *New-Year* is in Infancy begun,  And to its latter *period* soon will run;  For when the last Years *Scene* of things are gone,  The *Revolutions* of the New post on.  View the *Creation* made with curious Art,  And you'll see *motion* run through ev'ry part;  For whensoe'er that ceases, presently  The Object do's begin to wast and dye.  But now this Festival of *New-years-day*,  A more exalted Subject doth display;  For it exhibiteth upon Record  The *Circumcision* of our blessed Lord;  VVhich *Institution* was by God decreed  For a distinction unto *Abr'am*'s Seed:  But when our *Saviour* came, what need was there  But that this *Iewish* Rite shou'd disappear?  The *Circumcision* of the *Heart* was then  E[...]teem'd more proper for the Sons of Men;  Instead of *Circumcision* and the *Passover*,  Our *Saviour* therefore did enjoyn two other  More Sacred *Sacraments*, which Christians now  Do celebrate with a most solemn Vow.  25 The former [**Note:** *Circumcision.* ] Rite Mortification taught,  [**Note:** *Baptism.* ] This a more comprehensive meaning brought;  To wash off *Adam*'s Sin is the intent,  As Water is a cleansing Element.  And all the Laws our *Saviour* did enjoyn,  Than those he has remov'd, are more sublime;  Since nothing came from him but what's Divine.  Each *Festival* that keeps his Memory,  Shou'd not without our due respe[...]t pass by.  'Tis fit we shou'd commemorate such days  With an *ecstatick* and exalted praise,  And all our *Faculties* in Transport raise.   26  **EYES and TEARS.**  **I.**  HOW wisely *Nature* did decree,  VVith the same *Eyes* to weep and se[...]!  That having view'd the *Object* vain,  VVe might be ready to complain.  **II.**  What in the *World* most fair appears,  Yea ev'n *laughter* turns to *tears*;  And all the *Iewels* which we prize,  Melt in these *Pendents* of the *Eyes?*  **III.**  Lo, the All-seeing *Sun* each day  Distills the *World* with Chymick Ray;  But finds the *Essence* only show'rs,  Which straight in pity back he pow'rs.    27  **IV.**  Yet happy they whom *Grief* doth bless,  That *weep* the more, and *see* the less:  And to preserve their *Sight* more true,  Bathe still their *Eyes* in their own Dew.  **V.**  So *Magdalen* in Tears more wise,  Dissolv'd those Captivating *Eyes;*  VVhose liquid Chains cou'd flowing meet,  To fetter her Redeemers Feet.  **VI.**  The sparkling Glance that shoots desire,  Drench't in these Waves, do's lose its [...]ire:  Yea oft the *Thunderer* pity takes,  And here the hissing *Lightning* slakes.  **VII.**  Ope then mine *Eyes* your double sluice,  And practise so your noblest use;  For others too can see, or sleep,  But only humane Eyes can weep.    28  **VIII.**  Now like two *Clouds* dissolving drop,  And at each *Tear* in distance stop:  Now like two *Fountains* trickle down;  Now like two *Floods* return and drown.  **IX.**  Thus let your *Streams* o'er-[...]low your *Springs*,  Till *Eyes* and *Tears* be the same things:  And each the others diff'rence bears,  These *weeping Eyes* those *seeing Tears*.     29  **To Mrs. *IANE BARKER*, on her most Delightfull and Ex|cellent *Romance* of *SCIPINA*, now in the Press.**  By *I. N.* Fellow of St. *Iohn*'s *Colledge* in *Cambridge*.   HAil! *Fair Commandress* of a gentle *Pen*,  At once the *Dread*, and dear *Delight* of Men;  Who'll read with *Transports* those soft *joys* you've writ,  Then fear their *Laurels* do but loosely [...]it,  Since *You* invade the *Primacy* of *Wit*.  Accept, kind *Guardian*, of our sleeping *Fame*,  Those modest Praises, which your Merits claim.  'T'as been our *Country's Scandal,* now of late,  For want of *Fancy*, poorly to *Translate:*  Each pregnant *Term*, some honest, labouring *brain*  With toilsome drudgery, and mighty pain,  Has told some new *Amour* from *France* or *Spain*.    30  Running us still so shamefully o'th' score,  That we have scarcely credit left for more.  But *Thou*, in whom all *Graces* are combin'd,  And native *Wit* with equal *Iudgment* joyn'd,  Hast taught us how to quell our *Bankrupt Fear,*  By bravely *quitting* all the *long Arrear*.  Thy single *Payment*, they'll with thanks allow  A just *return* for all those *Debts* we owe.  What though their *Tale* more numerous appear?  Our *Coyn*'s more noble, and our *Stamp* more fair.  So have I seen a *Score* o'th' *Dunning* Race,  Discharg'd their *Paltry Ticks* with one *Broad|pi[...]*     Nor hast *Thou* more engag'd thy *Native Home*[...]  Than the bare *Memory* of ancient *Rome:*  So far thy generous *Obligations* spread,  As both to bind the *Living* and the *Dead*.  'Twould please thy *Hero*'s awfull *Shade*, to see  His *Part* thus *Acted* o'er again by *Thee*;  Where ev'n his bare *Idea* has that pow'r,  Which *Real Scipio* only had before:  Such tenderness his very *Image* moves,  That ev'ry gentle *Maid* that reads it, *Loves*.  31 [...]o see with what new *Air* the *Lover* charms!  [...]ill doubly bless'd in fair *Clarinthia's* Arms.  [...]riumphs of *War* were less than those of *Peace*;  Nor was *He* e'er so *Great* in any *Arms*, as these.     What crowds of *Weeping Loves* wilt *Thou* create,  When in thy *Lines* they find their *Pictur'd Fate*?  Thou'st fram'd each *Passion* with so soft an *Art*,  As needs must melt the hardest *Stoick*'s heart.  Did *Zeno* live to see thy moving sence,  He'd sure in *Love* an *Epicure* commence;  [...]he *cold Insensible* would disappear,  And with each *Mourning Fair* he'd shed a *Tear*.  But when *He* reads the happy *Lover*'s Ioys,  He'd tell the rapturous pleasures with his *Eyes:*  On's wrinkl'd brows a smiling *Calm* would shine,  He'd think each *Period* of thy *Book* Divine,  And with impatience kiss each tender line.     Yet all this while, such are thy harmless *Flames*,  As neither *Age* it self, nor *Envy* blames:  The *Precise-Grave-Ones* cannot disapprove  Thy *Gallant Hero*'s honourable *Love*.  32 Thy *Lines* may pass severest *Virtue*'s *Test*,  More than *Astraea*'s soft, more than *Orinda*'s chast.  Young *Country Squires* may read without *offence*,  Nor *Lady Mothers* fear their debauch't *Innocence*.  Only beware, *Incautious Youths* beware,  Lest when you see such *lovely Pictures* there;  You, as of old the *Fair Enamour'd Boy*,  Languish for those feign'd *Beauties* you descry,  And pine away for *Visionary Ioy*.  Then if by day *they* kindle noble *Fire*,  And with gay thoughts your nightly *Dreams* in|spire,  *Bless, Bless* the *Author* of your soft desire.   *PHILASTER.*   33  **To Mrs. *IANE BARKER*, on her Resolution of *Versifying* no more.**  By the same Author.  MAdam, I can't but wonder why of late,  What you so *lov'd*, you now so much shou'd *hate*.  Your *Muse*, with whom you thought your self once blest,  That now shou'd banish'd be from your fair Breast:  'T may convince some (but that it ne'er shall me)  That in your *Sex* there is *inconstancy*;  Whom formerly with name of [**Note:** *Meaning the Muse.* ] *Gallant* grac'd,  By you so suddenly shou'd be displac'd.  Is this the recompence which you intend  Now to bestow on your so early Friend?  Who when a Child, put in your hand a *Bough* [**Note:** *The lady being painted with a Bough of Bays in her Hand.* ] ,  Hoping, in time, it might adorn your Brow.  Methinks you do't, as if you did design  *Fate*'s all resistless pow'r to countermine.  34 What else shou'd be the cause, I cannot see,  That makes you so averse to *Poetry*;  Unless't be this, 'Cause each poor rhiming Fool,  To get a place i'th' Ballad-maker's School,  Spews forth his *Dogrel-rhimes*, which only are  Like rubbish sent i'th' Streets, and every Fair.  Is this an Argument, 'cause Beggars *Eat*,  Therefore you'll *fast*, and go without your Meat?  So *Vertue* may as well aside be laid,  Because a Cloak for *Vice* too oft it's made.  Shall a true *Diamond* of less value be,  Because abroad some *Counterfeits* we see?  But when compar'd, how eas'ly may we know  Which are for *sale*, and which are for a *show*.  Then give not o'er, for in this Town they'll say,  A new *Gallant* has stol'n your Heart away:  Besides, the *Muses* cannot chuse but pine;  In losing *You*, they'll lose their Number *Nine*.   35  **To the Incomparable AUTHOR, Mrs. *IANE BARKER,* On her Excellent ROMANCE of *SCIPINA*.**  By a Gentleman of St. *Iohn*'s College, *Cambridge*.  FAir *Female Conquerour*, we all submit  To the joynt force of *Beauty*, and of *Wit*:  And thus like vanquish'd Slaves in Triumph led,  *Lawrels* and *Crowns* before the *Victor* spread.  What stupid Enemy to *Wit* and *Sence*,  Dares to dispute your *Sexes* Excellence?  That *Sex* which doth in you *Triumphant* come,  To praise with Wit of *Greece* the Arms of *Rome*;  Secur'd by *solid Sence*, you soar sublime  Above the little flutt'ring flights of *Rhime*.  Antient *Philosophy*, embrac'd by few,  Smiles and looks young to be *caress'd* by you;  36 Out-rivals *Love*, and drives him from your Breast,  And is alone of your whole *self* possest:  No *Word* of yours the *nicest* can reprove,  To show a more than *modest* sense of *Love:*  But something still like *inspiration* shines,  Through the bright *Virgin Candor* of your lines.  How well are all your *Hero*'s toyls and fights,  His long laborious *Days*, and restless *Nights*,  Re-paid with Glory by your charming *Pen*?  How gladly wou'd he *act* them o'er again?  The Great *Cornelian* Race with wonder view,  The *Asian* Conquerour, thus adorn'd by you;  And th' younger *Scipio* willingly wou'd quit  His *Titles* for your more Triumphant *Wit*.  On then, brave *Maid*, secure of *Fame* advance,  'Gainst the *Scaroons* and *Scudderies* of *France*.  Shew them your *claim*, let nought your *Merit* awe,  Your *Title*'s good spight of the *Salique-Law*;  Safe in the Triumphs of your *Wit* remain;  Our *English* Laws admit a *Woman*'s Reign. *EXILIUS.*   37  **ON THE POSTHUME and Precious POEMS OF Sir *MATTHEW HALE*, Late Lord Chief Iustice of His Majesty's Court of *King's-Bench*.**  By a Gentleman of *Lincolns-Inn*.  THE *Rose* and other fragrant Flow'rs smell best  When they are pluck'd and worn in Hand or Breast;  So this fair *Flow'r* of *Vertue*, this rare *Bud*  Of *Wit*, smells now as fresh as when he stood,  And by his *Poetry* doth let us know,  He on the Banks of *Helicon* did grow:  The Beauties of his Soul apparent shine,  Both in his *Works* and *Poetry* Divine;  In him all Vertues met, th' Exemplary  Of Wisdom, Learning, and true Piety.  Farewell Fam'd *Iudge*, Minion of *Thespian* Dame[...],  *Apollo*'s Darling born with *Enthian* Flames;  38 Which in thy numbers wave, and shine so clear,  As sparks refracted in rich Iems appear;  Such Flames as may inspire, and Atoms cast,  To make new *Poets* not like him in hast.  **To the Admir'd AUTHOR, Mr. *THOMAS WRIGHT,* ON HIS Incomparable HISTORIES, ENTITULED, God's Revenge against Murther and Adultery, with the Triumphs of Friendship and Chastity. Newly published in a small Vol. 80.**  By Mr. *I. Whitehall*.  SInce the too bold aspiring *Angel* fell  (By his *Ambition* and his *Pride*) to Hell;  And since Rebellious Man lost *Paradise*,  The World is fill'd with various sorts of *Vice;*  *Murther* and *Lust*, twin Tyrants, long have reign'd,  And a vast Empire through the World maintain'd.  39 The Sword of *Iustice* could not stop their rage,  They've boldly tyranniz'd in ev'ry Age;  Nor cou'd Divines their furious heat asswage.  Yet doubtless, Friend, th' *Examples* you have giv'n,  May give them prospect of revenging Heav'n.  Your *Pen* with *Eloquence* divine *inspir'd*,  Will cool the Souls with *Lust* and *Murther* fir'd.  Tame all the *Passions*, regulate the *Will*,  And stop that *Rage* which guiltless *blood* wou'd spill.  Such charming *Oratory* it doth give,  As teacheth us by others Death to live;  And from a Life of *Chastity* and *Love*,  A great Advantage to our selves improve.  To tell thy Fame, I want great *Spencer*'s Skill,  The gentle charming pow'r of *Cowley*'s Quill:  All Men of Sence will praise thy matchless *Prose*,  For sharpest *Briar* bears the sweetest *Rose*.   40  **To his Ingenious FRIEND, Mr. *THOMAS WRIGHT*, ON HIS Compendious HISTORIES OF *Murther, Adultery, Friendship* and *Chastity*. Some of the former being Epitomiz'd from Mr. *Reynold*'s *Murthers*.**  By another Hand.  MAny, 'tis true, knew of this Golden Mine,  But all their Skill cou'd not the *Ore* Refine:  Th' inimitable *REYNOLD*'s very Name,  Startled at first our greatest Men of Fame;  Each one by fear, from that great task was hurl'd,  And tho'lanch'd out their Sails, were quickly furl'd.  Wanting thy courage, they cou'd never soar  To this high pitch, which none e'er reach'd be[...]or[...].  41 The Vulgar paths thou shun'st, soaring sublime,  Till with quaint Eloquence thou fraught'st each line.  None yet so sweetly charm'd with Sence the times,  So gently, and so well rebuk'd such crimes,  As you, my Friend, have done; for you present  Vice so deform'd, the Wicked will repent;  And by Examples of the chast and kind,  Fix bright Embellishments upon the Mind,  Such as may make us to improve, and be  Like patterns of Heroick Piety.  Thy Wit and Skill may former Artists blame,  And *Reynold*'s *Murthers* now we must not name.  As sable Darkness, which attends the Night,  To the Days Sun-beams is its opposite:  So *Vice* from *Vertue, Wrong* from *Right*'s the same;  Then how canst thou write wrong, when WRIGHT's thy Name?   42  **ON Christmas-day.**  O *God!* who art most Excellent and Wise!  I see the *Morning Beams* break through the *Skies*;  And with great admiration view the *Light*  Which dissipates *Nights darkness* from my *sight*.  But with a greater wonder I look on  Those bright *Illuminations*, which thy *Son*  Hath brought to light by's *Incarnation*.  Look and admire I may, but can't express  Such heights and depths of *Love*, in Prose or Verse:  'Tis beyond th' art of *Rhet'rick* to display,  What *Chris[...]ians* solemnize this *F[...]stal day*.  Two sacred *Words*, are an *Epi[...]ome*  Of what's effected in this *Mystery*,  *Redemption* and *Salvation*; heav'nly Letters!  Which freed fall'n Man from th' Bondage of his *Fetters:*  Lust and Ambition, Avarice and Fraud,  Was then his Master, and his *Passions* Lord:  43 Till *Christ*, his great *Redeemer*, broke the *Chain*,  And placed him in *Paradise* again.  O Love most infinite! O Love divine!  This Mystery of *Love* was truly thine;  For neither *Men* nor *Angels* could atone  Th'*Almighty*'s *Wrath*, but *God* and *Man* in one:  Wherefore *Divinity* submits to be  Lodg'd in a Vessel of *Humanity*.  How ioyfully [...]he heav'nly *Host* above,  Proclaim to *Man*, glad tydings of thy *Love?*  And shall *Mankind* so much ungrateful be,  Or rather sink into stupidity,  As not with equal *Ioy* this *Message* hear,  And all due Rev'rence to their *Saviour* bear?  And finally, Let's end these *Festal days*,  With sweet *Doxologies*, and *Songs of Praise*.   44  **UPON DEATH.**  NAked I came from out my *Mother's Womb*,  And naked must return unto my *Tomb*;  Disrob'd of all *Injoyments* here below,  Or what my *Fancy* had esteemed so;  Laid down in *silence*, and by all forgot;  Left in an Earthly *Sepulchre* to rot,  And turn to noisome and corrupted *Clay*,  My Manly *Shape* and *Figure* worn away:  Thus when our little *breath*, and *life*'s once gone,  We make a *Feast* for *Worms* to feed upon.  And though we shou'd the most Endearments have,  Of *Wife* and *Children* too, yet we must leave  Them, and their Fortunes, unto Providence,  When pale-fac'd *Death* shall summon us from hence  Why do we stand amaz'd, and seem to fear,  When e'er the news of a *Friend*'s *Death* we hear?  And not much rather to applaud the *Tongue*,  That brought intelligence, he liv'd so long;  45 For *Life*'s so mutable, each little blast  May the whole *Fabrick* unto ruin hast:  *Life* is a *Bubble*, which now you see here,  And in a moments time do's disappear;  Full as inconstant as the *Wind*; alas!  'Tis far more brittle than a *Venice-Glass*;  'Tis as a *Shadow*, which is quickly fled;  Or as a *Word*, which in as small time's said;  'Tis as a *Vapour* rising from the *Earth*,  But at the most 'tis but a little *Breath*.  And is this truly so? and shall my *Eyes*,  Together with my *Souls* bright *Faculties*,  Be cheated with the *Worlds* gay Vanities?  Certainly no! *Adieu* ye cheating *Pleasures*,  Which only bear the empty name of *Treasures*;  No *Sophistry*, or stratagem, can hide  Your gilded *Vanity*, your Lust and Pride:  And as for *Honour*, that I'll most avoid,  My lonesome *Cottage* shall not be annoy'd  By th' noisome *Breath* of a confused *Rabble*;  Void of calm *Reason*, full of nonsence, babble.  Besides, my *Eyes* are both too weak and dimm  To guide my *Feet*, whilst I so high must climb,  46 To reach her *Pinacles*; which if I do,  'Tis but to make me fall from thence more low.  And as for worldly *Wealth*, my bounds I set,  According to what *Prudence* do's direct.  Our honest *Industry* is not deny'd,  When all *disponding Thoughts* are laid aside:  So much I can most lawfully desire,  As may with decency my *Life* attire;  And bear me up, lest I too much shou'd *Mourn*,  Before I fill my dark and silent *Urn*.  Such serious *Thoughts* as these delight me best;  *Death*, when fore-seen in *time*, do's quite devest  A Man of dubious *Thoughts*, and frightful *Fears*,  And with a *Plaudit* closeth up his *Years*.   47  **ON THE Divine Spirit.**  AS when the lab'ring *Sun* hath wrought his *track*  Up to the top of lofty *Cancer*'s back,  The *Icie Ocean* cracks the *Frozen Pole*,  Thaws with the heat of *Celestial Coal;*  So when thy absent *Beams* begin t'impart  Again a *Solstice* on my [...]rozen *Heart*,  My *Winter*'s o'er, my drooping *Spirits* sing,  And every *part* revives into a *Spring:*  But if thy quickning *Beams* a while decline,  And with their *Light* bless not this *Orb* of mine,  A chilly *Frost* surprizeth every *Member*,  And in the midst of *Iune* I feel *December*.  O how this *Earthly temper* doth debase  The noble *Soul*, in this her humble place!  VVhose wingy Nature ever doth aspire  To reach that *place*, whence [...]irst it took its *[...]ire*.  These *Flames* I feel, which in my *Heart* do dwell,  Are not thy *Beams*, but take their *fire* from *Hell*.  48 O quench them all, and let thy Light *Divine*  Be as the *Sun* to this poor *Orb* of mine;  And to thy Sacred *Spirit* convert those *Fires*,  VVhose Earthly fumes crack my *devout Aspires!*  **To the Memory of the Illustrious Prince *GEORGE*, Duke of Buckingham.**  WHen the dread Summons of *Commanding Fate*   Sounds the *Last Call* at some proud Palace-Gate,  When both the *Rich*, the *Fair*, the *Great*, and *High*.  Fortunes most darling Favourites must die;  Strait at th' Alarm the busie *Heraulds* wait  To fill the *Solemn Pomp*, and *Mourn in State:*  Scutcheons and Sables then make up the Show,  Whilst on the *Herse* the mourning Streamers flow,  With all the rich Magnificence of Woe.    49  If *Common Greatness* these just *Rights* can claim,  What *Nobler Train* must wait on *Buckingham!*  When so much *Wit, Wit*'s Great Re[...]ormer, dyes,  The very *Muses* at thy *Obsequies*,  (The *Muses*, that melodious cheersull *Quire*,  Whom *Misery* could ne'er untune, nor tire,  But chirp in *Rags*, and ev'n in *Dungeons* sing,)  Now with their broken Notes, and flagging Wing,  To thy sad *Dirge* their murm'ring *Plaints* shall bring.  *Wit*, and *Wit*'s *god*, for *Buckingham* shall mourn,  And His lov'd *Laurel* into *Cypress* turn.     Nor shall the *Nine sad Sisters* only keep  *This mourning Day:* even *Time* himself shall weep,  And in new Brine his hoary furrows steep.  *Time*, that so much must thy great Debtor be,  As to have borrow'd ev'n new *Life* [...]rom Thee;  Whilst thy gay Wit has made his sullen Glass  And tedious Hours with new-born *Raptures* pass.     What tho'black *Envy* with her ranc'rous Tongue,  And angry *Poets* in embitter'd Song  50 (Whilst to new tracks thy boundless Soul aspires)  Charge thee with roving Change, and wandring Fires[...]  *Envy* more base did never *Virtue* wrong;  Thy *Wit*, a Torrent for the Banks too strong,  In twenty smaller Rills o'er-flow'd the Dam,  Though the *main Channel* still was *Buckingham*.     Let Care the busie *Statesman* over-whelm,  Tugging at th' Oar, or drudging at the Helm.  With lab'ring Pain so half-soul'd Pilots plod,  Great *Buckingham* a sprightlier Measure trod:  When o'er the mounting *Waves* the Vessel rod,  Unshock'd by Toyls, by Tempests undismay'd,  Steer'd the *Great Bark*, and as that danc'd, He play'd.     Nor bounds thy Praise to *Albion*'s narrow Coast,  Thy Gallantry shall Foreign Nations boast,  They *Gallick* Shore, with all the Trumps of Fame,  To endless Ages shall resound thy Name.  When *Buckingham*, Great *CHARLES* Embassador,  With such a *Port* the *Royal Image* bore,  51 So near the Life th' *Imperial Copy* drew,  As ev'n the Mighty *Louis* could not View  With *Wonder* only, but with *Envy* too.  His very *Fleur-de-Lize*'s [...]ainting Light  Half droopt to see the *English Rose* so bright.     Let *Groveling Minds* of Nature's basest mould  Hug and Adore their dearest Idol, *Gold:*  Thy Nobler Soul did the weak Charms defie,  Disdain the *Earthly Dross* to mount more High.  Whilst *Humbler Merit* on Court-Smiles depends  For the *Gilt Show'r* in which their *Iove* descends;  Thou mount'st to Honour for a Braver End;  What others borrow, Thou cam'st there to lend:  Did'st sacred Vertues naked Self adore,  And left'st her Portion for her sordid Woer;  The poorer Miser how dost thou out-shine,  He the *Worlds Slave*, but thou hast made it thine:  Great *Buckingham*'s Exalted Character,  That in the Prince liv'd the Philosopher.  Thus all the Wealth thy Generous Hand has spent,  Shall raise thy *Everlasting Monument*.    52  So the fam'd *Phoenix* builds her dying Nest  Of all the richest Spices of the *East:*  Then the heap'd Mass prepar'd for a kind Ray  Some warmer *Beam* of the *Great God of Day*,  Do's in one hallow'd Conflagration burn,  A precious Incense to her *Funeral Urn*.  So Thy bright Blaze felt the same Funeral Doom,  A wealthier Pile than old *Mausolus* Tomb.  Only too Great, too Proud to imitate  The poorer *Phoenix* more Ignoble Fate,  Thy *Matchless Worth* all Successors defies,  And scorn'd an *Heir* shou'd from thy *Ashes* rise:  Begins and finishes that Glorious Spheer,  Too Mighty for a Second Charioteer.     53  **UPON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL, In Answer to Mr. *W---*' s Verses.**  By Mr. *Godolphin*.  'TIS well he's gone, (O had he never been!)  Hurry'd in *Storms* loud as his crying Sin:  The *Pines* and *Oaks* fell prostrate to his *Urn*,  That with his *Soul* his Body too might burn.  *Winds* pluck up *Roots*, and fixed *Cedars* move,  Roaring for Vengeance to the *Heavens* above:  For Guilt from him like *Romulus* did grow,  And such a *Wind* did at his *Ruin* blow.  Praying themselves the lofty Trees shou'd fell  Without the *Ax*, so Orpheus went to Hell:  At whose descent the sturdiest *Oaks* were cleft,  And the whole *Wood* its wonted Station left.  54 In Battle *Herc'les* wore the *Lyon*'s Skin,  But our Fierce *Nero* wore the *Beast* within;  Whose *Heart* was *Brutish*, more than Face or Eyes,  And in the shape of *Man* was in disguise.  Where ever *Men*, where ever *pillage* lyes,  Like rav'nous Vultures, or wing'd Navy flyes.  Under the *Tropicks* he is understood,  And brings home *Rapine* through a Purple Flood.  New *Circulations* found, our *Blood* is hurl'd,  As round the *lesser*, so the *greater* VVorld.  In *Civil Wars* he did us first engage,  And made *Three Kingdoms* subject to his rage.  One fatal stroke slew *Iustice*, and the *cause*  Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.  So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,  Though he still fought with *Heav'n* it self in hand.  Nor cou'd *Domestick Spoil* confine his Mind,  Nor limits to his fury, but Mankind.  The *Brittish* Youth in Foreign *Coasts* are sent,  Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment.  VVho since they cannot in this *Isle* abide,  Are confin'd *Pris'ners* to the VVorld beside.  55 No wonder then if we no tears allow  To him who gave us *Wars* and *Ruin* too:  *Tyrants* that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see  There must be punishment to crueltie.  *Nature* her self rejoyced at his Death,  And on the *Halter* sung with such a Breath,  As made the *Sea* dance higher than before,  While her glad *Waves* came dancing to the shore.  **ON THE LAST DUTCH WAR.**  By Mr. *Benjamin Willy*, sometime Master of the Free-School of *Newark* upon *Trent*.   RObb'd of our *Rights!* and by such *Water-Rats!*  We'll doff their *Heads*, if they won't doff their Hats.  Affront from *Hogen Mogen* to endure!  'Tis time to box these *Butter-Boxes* sure.  If they the *Flag*'s undoubted Right deny us,  And won't strike to us, they must be struck by Us.  56 A Crew of *Boors*, and *Sooterkins*, that know  Themselves they to our *Blood* and *Valour* owe.  Did we for this knock off their *Spanish* Fetters,  To make 'em able to abuse their Betters?  If at this rate they rave, I think 'tis good  Not to omit the *Spring*, but let 'em Blood.  Rouse then, Heroick *Britains*, 'tis not Words,  But Wounds must work with *Leather-Apron-Lords*.  They're deaf, and must be talk'd withall, alas,  With *Words* of Iron, spoke by *Mouths* of Brass,  I hope we shall to purpose the next bout  Cure 'em, as we did *Opdam* of the *Gout*.  And when i'th' bottom of the *Sea* they come,  They'll have enough of *Mare Liberum*.  Our brandish't Steel (tho' now they seem so tall)  Shall make 'em lower than *Low-Countries* fall:  But they'll e'er long come to themselves you'll see,  When we in earnest are at *Snick-a-snee*.  When once the *Boars* perceive our *Swords* are drawn,  And we converting are those *Boars* to *Brawn*.     Methinks the Ruin of their *Belgick Banners*  Last Fight, almost as ragged as their Manners,  57 Might have perswaded 'em to better things,  Than to be sawcy with the best of *Kings*.  Is it of *Wealth* so proud they are become?  *Charles* has a *Wain*, I hope, to fetch it home;  And with it pay himself his just Arrears  Of *Fishing Tribute* for this Hundred years;  That we may say, as all the Store comes in,  The *Dutch*, alas, have but our *Factors* bin:  They fathom *Sea* and *Land*, we, when we please,  Have both the *Indies* brought to our own Seas;  For Rich and Proud they bring in Ships by *Shoals;*  And then we humble them to save their *Souls*.     Pox of their *Pictures!* if we had 'em here,  We'd find 'em *Frames* at *Tyburn*, or elsewhere.  The next they draw be it their *Admirals*,  *Transpeciated* into *Finns* and *Scales*;  Or which wou'd do as well, draw, if they please,  *Opdam* with th' *Seven sinking Provinces*;  Or draw their *Captains* from the conqu'ring *Main*,  F[...]rst beaten home, then beaten back again.  58 And after this so just, though fatal strife,  Draw their dead *Boars* again unto the Life.  Lastly, Remember to prevent all Laughter;  *Drawing* goes first, but *Hanging* follows after.  If then *Lampooning* thus be their undoing,  Who pities them that purchase their own Ruin;  Or will hereafter trust their treacheries,  Untill they leave their *Heads* for *Hostages*.  For as the Proverb thus of Women's said,  Believe 'em nothing, though you think 'em dead.  The *Dutch* are stubborn, and will yield no Fruit  Till, like the *Wallnut-Tree*, ye beat 'em to't.     59  **THE LAST SAYINGS OF A MOUSE, Lately Starved in a *Cupboard*. As they were taken in Short-hand by a Zealous *Rat-catcher*, who listned at the Key-hole of the Cupboard Door.**  WRetch that I am! and is it come to this?  O short continuance of Earthly bliss.  Did I for this forsake my Country Ease,  My Liberty, my Bacon, Beans, and Pease?  Call ye me this the breeding of the Town,  Which my young Master bragg'd when he came down?  Fool that I was! I heard my *Father* say  (A Rev'rend *Mouse* he was, and his Beard gray)  "Young *Hunt-crum*, mark me well, you needs must rome,  "And leave me and your *Mother* here at home:  60 "Great is your Spirit, at high food you aim,  "But have a care---believe not *lying Fame*;  "Vast Bodies oft are mov'd by slender Springs,  "*Great Men* and *Tables* are two diff'rent things:  "Assure thy self, all is not *Gold* that shines;  "He that looks always *fa[...]*, not always *dines:*  "For oft I've seen one strut in laced Cloak,  "And at th' same instant heard his Belly croak.     By sad experience now I find too well,  Old *Hunt-crum* was an arrant *Sydrophel*.  And must I dye? and is there no relief?  No Cheese, though I give over thoughts of Beef.  Where is grave *Madge*, and brisk *Grimalkin* now,  Before whose Feet our Race was wont to bow?  No *Owl*, no *Cat*, to end my wofull days?  No *Gresham Engine* my lean Corps to squeese?  I'd rather fall to Foes a noble prey,  Than squeek my Soul out under Lock and Key[...]  What's this? a pissing Candles latter end,  My dear beloved *Country-Save-all* Friend?  Thou dreadfull Emblem of Mortality,  Which nothing savour'st of solidity:  61 Detested Droll'ry of my cruel Fate!  This shadow of a Comfort comes too late.     Now you my Brethren *Mice*, if any be  As yet unstarv'd in all our Family,  From your obscure *Retreats* rise and appear,  To your, or to your *Ghosts* I now draw near.  Unto my *pristine* dust I hast apace,  Observe my hollow Eyes, and meager Face;  And learn from me the sad reverse of Fate,  'Tis better to be innocent than great.  *Good Consciences* and *Bellies* full, say I,  Exceed the pomp that only fills the Eye.  Farewell you see (my friends) that knew me once  Pamper'd and smooth, reduc'd to Skin and Bones.  Poor as a Church-Mouse! O I faint! I dye!  Fly, fly from Cat in shape of Famine, f[...]y;  VVhilst at [...]y Death I my Ambition rue,  In this my *Cupboard*, and my Coffin too;  Farewell to Victuals, Greatness, and to you.     62  **TO THE SECRETARY OF THE MUSES. A *NEW-YEARS-GIFT*.**  IULIAN,  WIth care peruse the lines I send,  Which when you've done, you'll find I am your friend;  I write not for Applause, or if I doe,  Who'd value the Applause that comes from you,  Or from your *Patrons*, who of late we see,  However they're distinguish'd in degree,  Forget themselves, and grow as dull as thee?  As often drunk, as awkward in their dress,  Fight with thy *courage*, Court with thy *success*.  And when their fond Impertinences fail,  They strait turn *Satyrists*, and learn to rail;  63 With false Aspersions whitest truths they touch,  And will abuse, because they can't debauch.  No, *Iulian*, 'tis not my design to glean  Applauses either from thy self, or them;  But meerly to assume a friendly care,  And give thee Counsel for th' ensuing *Year*.  For if all pow'rfull dullness keep its station,  Dullness chief Manufacture of the Nation,  Thou certainly must starve the next Vacation.  To prevent which, observe the rules I give,  We never are too old to learn to live.  First then, to all thy railing Scriblers go,  Who do their wit and worth in Libels show;  Bid 'em correct their Manners, and their *Style*,  For both of 'em begin to grow so vile,  They are beneath a Carr-man's scornfull smile:  Tell 'em their false Coyn will no longer pass;  Nay, tell 'em that thou know'st it to be Brass:  But above all, beg 'em to mend their strain,  And yet I fear thy pray'rs will be in vain;  For though the Old year, *Iulian*, now is done,  We know there comes another rowling on,  And still another too when that is gone.  64 But *Wit* lyes *unmanur'd*, the barren stor[...]  Is *ebbing* out---I fear 'twill *flow* no more.  'Tis well thou dost not live on *Wit* alone,  For the dull trash the Men of Sence disown,  Thy duller Coxcombs with Applauses crown.  Since folly then, and nonsence find success,  Let this dull trifle pass amongst the rest:  But swear withall the Author is a Wit;  Nay, when thou'rt in th' *Enthusiastick* fit,  Swear 'tis the highest thing that e'er was writ.  Thus with thy noise prepare 'em by degrees,  Thou'rt us'd to dullness, and thou know'st 'twill please,  Dull then as 'tis, this *New-years-gift* of mine,  If manag'd well, may help to get thee thine.   65  **EPITAPH ON THE SECRETARY to the MUSES.**  UNder this weeping Monumental Stone  There lies a *Scribe*, who, while he liv'd, was known  To ev'ry Bawd, Whore, Pimp, Fop, Fool in Town,  For scandal he was born, and we shall find,  That now he's dead, there's little left behind:  Vast was his Courage, witness all the store  Of noble Scars, that to his Grave he bore;  All got in War, for he abhorr'd a Whore.  Of spreading Libels nothing shall be said,  Because 'twas that which brought him in his Bread,  And 'tis a crime to vilifie the Dead.  His Honour for Religion still was great,  In *Covent-Garden* Church he'd slumb'ring sit,  To shew his Piety was like his Wit.  66 But above all, Drink was his chief delight;  He drank all day, yet left not off at night:  Drink was his Mistress; Drinking was his Health;  For without Drinking he was ne'er himself.  Ah, cruel Gods! what Mercy can ye boast  If the poor *Secretary*'s frighted *Ghost*  Shou'd chance to touch upon the *Stygian* Coast?  But ah his loss, 'tis now too late to Mourn;  He's gone, and *Fate* admits of no return.  But whither is he gone? to's Grave, no doubt;  Where, if there's any Drink, he'll find it out.   67  **A SATYR, In Answer to the SATYR against *MAN*.**  By *T. L.* of *Wadham* Colledge, *Oxon*.   WEre I a *Sp'rit*, to chuse for my own share,  What case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear,  I'd be the same that to my joy I am,  One of those brave and glorious Creatures, *Man;*  Who is from Reason justly nam'd the bright  And perfect Image of the *Infinite:*  *Reason*'s Mankind's Prerogative, no less  Their Nature's honour, than their happiness:  With which alone, the meanest Creature blest,  Were truly styl'd the Lord of all the rest;  Whence *Man* makes good his *Title* to the Throne,  And th' whole *Creation* his *Dominion* own.  Whence he o'er others, and himself presides,  As safe from Errour as Ten thousand Guides:  68 Through Doubt's distracting Lab'rinths it directs,  And all the subtil Windings there detects.  As safely steers through Life's wide Ocean,  As Skilful *Pilates* through the boundless Main;  It shews here *Scylla*, there *Charybdi[...]* lyes,  And between both securely leads the *Wise*;  VVho Quick-sands, Rocks & Gulfs supinely braves,  A desp'rate Fool may perish in the Waves;  VVho mad and heedless wou'd his Guide refuse[...]  Can't blame that *reason* which he cannot use.  He that will close, or leave his *Eyes* behind,  Shou'd not accuse his *Eyes*, because they're blind.  If knowingly, vain *Man*, his Iourney makes  Through Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes,  And craggy, steep, untrodden Paths he takes;  'Tis down-right Nonsence then to look upon  His Errors (Nature's Imperfection,)  And all Mankind endite with a wrong Bill,  Which reaches not his *Nature*, but his *Will*.  Besides, it's better reason to infer,  That is most perfect, which can mostly Err;  The *Hound* that's fam'd for far more politick Nose,  Than Men in *Parliament* or *Coffee-house;*  69 Than *Country-Iustice*, or Old *Caesar's Horses*,  A *Consul*'s made for's Skill in State-affairs;  Who closest *Plots* can scent and spoil alone,  With as much ease as he devours a Bone:  *Iowler* the Wise the plodding *Iowler* is,  Oft at a fault, and oft his Hare doth miss;  While through unerring-paths a Stone descends,  And still arrives at that tow'rds which it tends.  If therefore those are wisest which attain  By surest means the Ends at which they aim:  The latter, doubtless, will be wiser found,  Though this is but a Stone, th' other a Hound.  So much for Reason, th' next Attempt's for Man,  For him I must defend, and him I can.  Well then: Man is compos'd of *Cruelty* and *Fear*,  From these his great, and his best *Actions* are;  The charge runs high, and deeply Man's arraign'd,  His *Blood* is poyson'd, and his *Nature* stain'd.  But I shall make it straight with ease appear,  That the brisk accusation's too severe;  For undertaking to disparage him,  They leave their Text, and make the Beast their Theme.  70 And first the Fears that trouble him within,  Proceed not from his *Nature*, but his *Sin*;  Which, like *pale Ghosts*, while they the *Murth'rer* haunt,  Do cramp his Soul, and all his Courage daunt.  Frame gastly *Fantomes* in his guilty Mind,  Frightfull above, below, before, behind:  If in the House, alas the House will fall;  If in the Street, each is a tot'ring Wall;  If in the Fields, what if the Poles shou'd crack,  And the vast *Orbs* come tumbling on his back?  A Bird, a Wasp, a Beetle, and a Fly,  With no small dread approach his trembling *Eye*;  For lately 'tis evinc'd, all Creatures are  No less than Man, in the wild state of War;  VVhich long ago the wary Emp'rour knew,  VVho hostile *flies*, with Princely Valour slew.  Is he alone? he startles when he sees  His moving shadow, and his shadow flees.  For who can evidence but that may be  No meer privation, but an Enemy?  So when alone a tim'rous Wretch is scar'd,  And when he's not, he's fearfull of his Guard.  71 VVhat shall he do? or whither shall he fly?  VVho durst not *live*, and yet he durst not *dye:*  Say you who e'er have felt those painfull stabs;  Say wretched *Nero*, or more wretched *Hobbs*.  Guilt is of all, and always is afraid,  From fear to fear successively betray'd;  'Tis guilt alone breeds cow'rdise and distrust,  For all Men wou'd be Valiant if they durst;  Those only can't, who swear, and whore, and cheat,  And sell their *Honour* at the cheapest rate:  Whom brawling Surfeits, Drunkenness and Claps;  Hurry on head-long to the *Grave* perhaps:  Such some call *Devils*, but we think the least,  And therefore kindly head them with the best.  Chuse they themselves whose *Case* they'll please to wear,  The Case of Dog, the Monkey, or the Bear.  So far, I doubt not, but you'll find it clear,  He's no true Man, who's thus compos'd of *Fear:*  He o'er whose Actions *Reason* doth preside,  Who makes the radiant *Light* his constant Guide;  Vain *fear* can never o'er his *Mind* prevail,  *Integrity* to him's a Coat of Mail;  72 Of Vertues and of Honesty possest,  Against all ills h'as trebly arm'd his Breast:  Steel, Bra[...]s, and Oak, are but a weak defence,  Compar'd to firm-resolved *Innocence*.  This makes the *Champion*, 'midst the Bloody Field,  Bolder than he who [...]ore the sev'n-fold Shield,  To brave the World, and all the dangers there,  Though Heav'n, Air, Sea & Land all constant were.  As unconcern'd as were the Forrest *Oak*,  He feels the Lightning, and the Thunder-stroak:  He meets the Lyon, and the Ragged Bear,  With a great mind that never stoop'd to fear.  If the *Winds* blow, they spend their Breath in vain,  Tho' they enrage and swell their boist'rous Main.  Till Waves arise, and foaming Billows rowl,  For calm in spight of Tempest is his Soul;  And *Syren*-like he sings amongst the *Storms:*  The *brave* can dye, but can receive no harms.  But Men are cruel: no, they're never so  While they continue Men, not Monsters grow:  But when degen'rate, they their pow'r employ,  Not to preserve their kind, but to destroy.  73 When once unnat'ral, they themselves engage  In Blood and Rapine, Cruelty and Rage.  Then Beasts on Beasts with greater Mercy prey,  The rav'nous Tygers are less fierce than they.  The greatest Good abus'd, turns greatest Evil,  And so *fall'n Lucifer* became a *Devil*.  But who'd not therefore Blessed *Michael* be,  'Cause *Devils* are *Angels* too as well as he?  Or else to instance in their proper *sphere*,  Pale and corrupted *Wine* turns *Vinegar*,  Will they beyond it therefore praise *small Beer*?  While they debauch't, are to each other *Fiends*,  True Men are good unto themselves and Friends.  Whose kindness, affability and Love,  Make these aboad below, like those above:  Good without self, and without fawning kind,  And own no Greatness but a *Vertuous Mind:*  Grave, Learned, Noble, Valorous and Wise;  High without pride, and meek without disguise.     Having at large compleated our defence,  We will in short describe the Men of Sence.  And first their *Prowess*, next their *Learning* shew;  Lastly their *Wit*, and then we'll let them go:  74 "For that which fools the World, Religion,  "Your pains are sav'd, because the *Wise* have none[...]  Here Hell's great Agent *Hobbs* i'th' front appears[...]  Trembling beneath a load of guilt and fears:  The Devil's Apostle sent to preach up Sin,  And so convert the debauch'd World to him;  Whom Pride drew in as Cheats, their Bubbles catch,  And made him venture to be made a Wretch.  *Hobbs*, Natures pest, unhappy *England*'s shame,  Who damns his Soul to get himself a Name.  The Resolute Villain from a proud desire,  Of being *Immortal*, leaps into the fire:  Nor can the *Caitiff* miss his desp'rate aim,  Whose luscious Doctrine *Proselytes* will gain,  (Though 'tis sufficiently absurd, and vain)  Whilst proud, ill-natur'd, lustfull Men remain.  And that's as long as Heav'n and Earth endure;  This th'Halter once, but nothing now can cure.  Next him his learn'd and wise *Disciples* view,  Persons of signal parts, and honour too,  As the ensuing *Catalogue* will shew.  75 Huffs, Fops, Gamesters, Highway-Men, and Players,  Bawds, Pimps, Misses, Gallants, Grooms, Lacquies, and Pages;  Such as the Poet justly thought a crime,  To place in Verse, or grace them with a Rhime.  But now methinks I see towards me Iig,  Huge Pantaloons and hu[...]fing Periwig;  With Hat and gaudy Feather o'er it spread,  And underneath looks something like a Head.  Bless me! what is this Antick shape? I can  Believe it any thing besides a Man:  But such it is, for I no sooner ask,  But he bears up, and takes me thus to task.  The Devil---straight down drop I,  And my weak under-hearted Friend that's by:  A *Fiend* broke loose, cry'd he, I fear him worse,  He shou'd a *Hobbist* be by th'size of's Curse.  Plague---for a peevish snarling Curr;  Mercy, I cry your Mercy, dreadfull Sir;  For a Broad-side these Weapons fitter are,  Three wou'd at least sink a *Dutch Man of War*.  These are the Sparks, who friends with stabs do greet,  And bravely Murther the next Man they meet;  76 With boldness break a sturdy *Drawer*'s pate,  If the *Wine*'s bad, or *Reck'ning* is too great.  Kill a poor *Bell-man*, and with his own *Bell*,  'Tis a rare jest to ring the Rascal's Knell:  Cry, *Dam you* to a *Dog* that takes the Wall,  And for th' affront the ill-bred Cur must fall:  Swear at a *Coach-man*, and his *Horses* kill,  To send th' uncivil Sons of Whores to Hell.  Upon a rude and justling *Sign-post* draw,  Though the fam'd Champion *George* look't down and saw.  Assault *Glass-windows*, which like Crystal Rock,  Had firmly stood the sharp impetuous shock  Of Twenty *Winters*, and despis'd their pow'r,  Yet can't withstand their matchless Rage one hour.  From all th' *Atchievements* of *Romantick Knights*,  Their bold *Encounters* and heroick *Fights*;  One only *Parallel* to this is brought,  When furious *Don* the *Gyant Windmill* fought.  Oh that this Age some *Homer* wou'd afford!  Who might these deeds in deathless Verse record.  Here wou'd his large *Poetick* Soul obtain  A subje[...]t worthy his immortal vein;  77 Where greater deeds wou'd his great *Muse* employ,  Than when she sang the tedious Siege of *Troy*.  Then stout *Achilles, Ajax, Diomede*,  The future Ages with contempt wou'd read;  Despise their Name, and undeserv'd Renown,  Who Ten years spent to win a paultry *Crown*;  For War-like boldness, and Advent'rous deeds,  The Camp of *Venus* that of *Mars* exceeds.  'Tis an Exploit, no doubt, that's nobler far  T'attempt the Dangers of a *Female War*;  Where in vast numbers, resolute and bold,  *Viragoes* fight for Honour, and for Gold;  And with unweary'd Violence oppose  The fiercest Squadrons of assaulting Foes;  With just such weapons, and such courage too,  Did war-like *Amazons* their Men subdue,  Such venom'd Arrows from their Quiver flew.  Next we'll describe, from a few gen'ral hints,  Their usual *Learning*, and Accomplishments.  In the starch't Notions of the Hat and Knee,  T' excell them, they defie the bravest He.  How long they cringe, when within doors they greet,  And when y' accoast one in the open Street.  78 VVhether a *Lady* led must have the *Wall*;  And if there's *none*, which *Hand* to lead withall.  Which of the two the House first enters in,  And then which first shou'd the vain prate begin.  VVhen three full hours, without one word of sense,  They'll talk you on genteel impertinence;  And all shall be surprizing Complement,  And each shall have at least five *Madams* in't;  Besides the Courtish A-la-modish He,  Intriegue Divine, and pleasant Repartee.  Ladies of *Pleasure*, they from *Honour* know,  By the Hood-knot, and the loose Gestico:  They'll tell exactly, if her temper Red  Be bounteous *Nature*'s gift, or borrowed.  Descry a *Beauty* through her Mask and Shroud,  Call her a Sun that's got behind a Cloud.  The vigour of those fopperies I lose  For want of breeding, but you must excuse  For this a Clownish, rude and Cloyster'd *Muse*.  Nor must we all their Acts of Lust forget,  In Excellence surpassing any yet:  For Lust's more beastly, and more num'rous too,  Than *Nero*'s Pimp, *Petronius*, ever knew:  79 More than *Albertus*, or the *Stagyrite*,  Though both profoundly on the Subject write.  **Now for their Wit.**  They have one waggery the top o'th' rest,  VVhich we'll put first, because it is the best;  To cheat a *Link-Boy* of three-half pence pay,  By slily stealing through some blind back-way.  But what compleats the Iest, the Boy goes on,  Untill the place appointed he's upon,  Never suspects the cunning *Hero*'s gone.  Having thus chous'd the *Boy*, and 'scap'd by flight, speed  He scarcely sleeps for laughing all the Night.  Tricks himself up th' next Morn, and hies with  To tell his Miss th' intriegue of what he did;  Who makes reply, 'Twas neatly done indeed.  Then he all Company do's tire and worry  For a whole week with that ridic'lous Story:  Last night I hapned at the Tavern late,  To be where five of these great *Wits* were sate,  And was so nigh as to o'er-hear their prate:  I dare to swear, that three amongst the five,  Were *Woodcock, Ninney*, and Sir *Loslitive*.  Had *Shadwell* heard them, he had stol'n from thence[...]  A Second part of his Impertinence:  80 Prologues and Epilogues they did reherse,  With scraps and ends of stiff untoward Verse;  And strong *Almansor* Rants cull'd from the Plays  Of *Goff* and *Settle*, and great *Poet-Bays*.  An hour or two being spent in this discourse,  And all their store quite drein'd, they fall to worse;  T' applaud th' invention of a swinging *Oath*,  And better-humour'd *Curse* that fills the Mouth.  A Bawdy *Iest* commands the gen'ral Vogue,  And all admire and hug the witty Rogue.  And if you once but chance to break a Iest,  On the dull phlegmatick and formal Priest:  Or rather vent a Droll on Sacred Writ,  For th' more ingenious still, the better Wit.  If he can wrest a scrap to's present Theme,  And pretty often daringly blaspheme;  Oh, 'tis the Archest Rogue, the wittiest Thing,  He shall e'er long be *Iester* to the King:  He *parallels* the Thrice-renown'd *Archee*,  And he shail write a Book as well as He:  Nay more, Sir, he's an excellent *Poet* too,  He'll all the City Ballad-men out-doe;  Their formal high-bound *Muse* waits to expect,  When pensive Mony-wanters will contract  81 With Clov'n-foot Satan, or some wanton *Maid*,  In shape of *Sweet-heart* is by him betray'd.  Each common trivial humour of the *City*,  Fills him with Rapture, and creates a *Ditty*.  The bawlers of Small-coals, Brooms, Pins & Spoons,  Afford him matter to endite *Lampoons*.  If Sir Knight take a Purge a *Tunbridge* Waters,  He'll shew in rhime how oft, how far he *Squatters*.  In forty couples of Heroick Verse,  Express the features, and the springs of's *A---*.  Had *Hopkins* burlesqu'd *David* with design,  These Wits had styl'd his silly rhimes divine:  But since he did it with an honest Heart,  *Tom Hopkins* Muses are not worth a *F---*.  Certainly if the Dev'l struck up and sung,  After a pawse so many Ages long;  And play'd the *Poet* after once again,  Though in that old abominable strain,  He once deliver'd his dark Oracle;  'Twoud pass for Wit, because it came from Hell.  But being of Patience totally bere[...]t,  The Room and house in rage and haste I left.  82 Now sum up all their Courage, Wit, and then  Tell me if Reason will allow them *Men*;  Rather a large and handsome sort of *Apes*,  Whom *Nature* hath deny'd our *Sulphur*, giv'n our *Shapes*.  Such in hot *Africk* Travellers relate,  Mankind in folly only imitate.  But if a thing s' unlikely shou'd be true,  That they both wear our Shape and Nature too;  I'd live contented under any state,  Rather than prove so vain, absurd, degenerate:  An Owl, a Kite, a Serpent, or a Rat,  If a more hated thing, let me be that.  Let them laugh on, and site the thinking Fools  In Rev'rend *Bedlam*'s Colledges and Schools.  When Men distracted do *deride* the *Wise*,  'Tis their concern to pity and despise;  Let me to Chains and Nakedness condemn'd,  My wretched life in frantick *Bedlam* spend;  There sigh, pick straws, or count my fingers o'er,  Weep, laugh, swagger, huff, quarrel, sing and roar;  Or with *Noll*'s heav'nly Porter preach and pray,  Rather than live but half so mad as they.     83  **A Congratulatory POEM To His most Sacred Majesty *IAMES* the Second, *&c.* On His late Victories o'er the Rebels in the *West*.**  SInce *Heav'n* your Righteous *Cause* has own'd,  And with *success* your pow'rful *Army* Crown'd;  *Silence* were now an injury as rude,  As were the *Rebel*'s base ingratitude.  While th' Glories of your *Arms* & Triumphs shine,  Not to *Congratulate*, were to *repine*,  Your *Enemies* themselves wou'd strangely raise  By dis-ingenious and inglorious Ways;  By means no Vulgar Spirit wou'd endure,  But such as either Courage want, or Power.  84 But while your *Clemency* proclaims aloud,  Compassion to the miserable Croud.  Your Royal Breast with *Love* and *Anger* burns,  And your Resentment into *Pity* turns.  But they your Princely *Pardon* did refuse,  And were resolv'd all *Outrages* to use.  Stern Murtherers, that rise before the light  To kill the Innocent, and rob at Night:  Unclean *Adulterers*, whose longing Eyes  Wait for the Twilight; Enter in disguise,  And say, Who sees us? Thieves, who daily mark  Those Houses which they plunder in the dark.  Yet whilst your Loyal Subjects *Blood* they seek,  With th' *Gibbet* or the *Ax* at last they meet.   85  **On the same.**  COu'd I but use my *Pen*, as you your *Sword*,  I'd write in *Blood*, and kill at ev'ry *Word:*  The *Rebels* then my *Muse*'s pow'r shou'd feel,  And find my *Verse* as fatal as your *Steel*.  But sure, *Great Prince*, none can presume to *write*  With such *success* as you know how to *Fight*;  Who carry in your Looks th' Events of *War*,  Design'd, like *Caesar*, for a Conquerour.  The World of your *Atchievements* are afraid,  And th' *Rebels* sly before you quite dismay'd.  And now, *Great Prince*, may you Victorious be,  Your Fame and Arms o'er-spreading Land and Sea.  May you our haughty Neighbours over-come,  And bring rich *Spoils* and peaceful *Laurels* home;  Whilst they their Ruine, or your Pardon meet,  Sink by your *Side*, or fall before your *Feet*.   86  **A PANEGYRICK On His Present Majesty *IAMES* the SECOND: Occasionally Written since His late Victories ob|tained over the *Scotch* and *Western* Rebels.**  WHilst with a strong, yet with a gentle hand,  You bridle *Faction*, & our *Hearts* command;  Protect us from our *selves*, and from the *Foe*;  Make us *Unite*, and make us *Conquer* too.  Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,  Think themselves injur'd, 'cause they cannot reign;  And own no liberty, but whilst they may,  Without controul, upon their Fellows prey.  Above the Waves, as *Neptune* shew'd his Face,  To chide the *Winds*, and save the *Trojan* Race:  So has your *Majesty* (rais'd above the rest)  Storms of *Ambition* tossing us represt:  87 Your drooping *Country* torn with *Civil* hate,  Preserv'd by you remains a Glorious *State*.  The *Sea*'s our own, and now all *Nations* greet  With *bending Sails*, each *Vessel* of our *Fleet*.  Your *Power* extends as far as *Winds* can blow,  Or *swelling Sails* upon the *Globe* can go.  *Heav'n*, that has plac'd this *Island* to give Law  To ballance *Europe*, and her *States* to awe:  In this *Conjunction* do's o'er *Brittain* smile,  The greatest *Monarch*, and the greatest *Isle*.  Whether the portion of this *World* were rent  By the rude *Ocean* from the *Continent:*  Or thus Created, it was sure design'd  To be the sacred refuge of Mankind.  Hither th' *Oppressed* shall henceforth resort,  *Iustice* to crave, and *Succour* from your Court.  And then, *Great Prince*, you not for ours alone,  But for the VVorld's *Defender* shall be known.  *Fame,* swifter than your *Winged Navy*, flyes  Through ev'ry *Land* that near the *Ocean* lyes;  Sounding your *Name*, and telling dreadfull News  To all that *Piracy* and *Rapine* use.  88 With such a *King* the meanest *Nation* blest,  Might hope to lift her *head* above the rest.  What may be thought impossible to doe,  For us embraced by the *Sea* and *You*;  Lords of the Worlds vast *Ocean*, happy We,  Whole *Forrests* send to *reign* upon the *Sea:*  And ev'ry *Coast* may trouble or relieve,  But none can visit us without our leave.  Angels and we have this *Prerogative,*  That *none* can at our happy Seat arrive:  Whilst *We* descend at pleasure to *invade*,  The *Bad* with Vengeance, and the *Good* with Aid.  Our *Little World*, the Image of the Great,  Like that about the Boundless *Ocean* set:  Of her own Growth, has all that *Nature* craves;  And all that's *rare*, as Tribute from her *Slav[...]s*.  As *Egypt* do's not on her *Clouds* rely,  But to her *Nile* owes more than to the *Sky*.  So what our *Earth*, and what our *Heav'n* denies,  Our ever constant friend the *Sea* supplies.  "The tast of hot *Arabia* Spice we know,  "Free from the scorching *Sun* that makes it grow.  89 "Without the *Worm* in *Persian* Silk we shine,  "And without *Planting* drink of ev'ry *Vine*.  "To dig for *Wealth*, we weary not our limbs;  "*Gold*, though the heaviest *Metal*, hither swims:  "Ours is the heaviest where the *Indians* mow;  "We plough the *deep*, and reap what others sow.  *Things* of the noblest kind our own Sail breeds;  Stout are our *Men*, and war-like are our *Steeds*.  Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,  *France* conquering, did flourish, & now you,  Whose conqu'ring *Arms* whole *Nations* might sub|due;  Whilst by your *Valour*, and your Courteous *Mind*,  *Nations*, divided by the *Seas*, are joyn'd.  *Holland*, to gain your *Friendship*, is content  To be your safe-guard on the *Continent:*  She from her *Fellow Provinces* will go,  Rather than hazard to have *You* her Foe.  In our *late Fight*, when *Cannons* did diffuse  Preventing *Posts*, the terrour and the news;  Our Neighb'ring *Princes* trembled at the roar,  But our *Conjunction* makes them *tremble* more.  Your *Army*'s Loyal *Swords* made *War* to cease,  And now you heal us with the Acts of *Peace*.  90 Less pleasure take, brave *Minds*, in Battles won,  Than in restoring such as are undone.  *Tygers* have courage, and the *Ragged Bear*;  But *Man* alone can, whom he conquers, spare.  To *pardon* willing, and to *punish* loth;  You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.  As the vex't World, to find repose at last,  It self into *Augustus* Arms did cast:  So *England* now doth, with like toil oppress'd,  Her weary Head into your Bosom rest.  Then let the *Muses* with such Notes as these,  Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace.  Your *Battles* they hereafter shall indite,  And draw the Image of our *Mars* in fight.  Illustrious *Acts* high raptures do infuse,  And ev'ry *Conquerour* creates a *Muse*.  Here in low strains thy milder deeds we sing,  And then, Great *Prince*, we'll *Bays* and *Olive* bring,  To Crown your Head, while you Triumphant ride  O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea bestride;  While all the Neighbouring Princes unto you,  Like *Ioseph*'s slaves, pay reverence and bow.   91  **A Congratulatory POEM ON HIS SACRED MAIESTY *IAMES* the SECOND's Succession to the Crown.**  NO sooner doth the Aged *Phoenix* dye,  But kind indulging *Nature* gives supply.  Sick of her *Solitude*, she first retires,  And on her Spicy *Death-bed* then expires.  Thus God's *Vicegerent* unconcern'd, declines  The *Crown*, and all his Dignities resigns:  Like dying *Parents*, who do first commend  Their *Issue* to th' tuition of a *Friend;*  And then, as if their chiefest care was past,  Pleas'd with the *Settlement*, they breathe their last:  So he perceiving th' nigh approach of *Death*,  That with a *Period* must close his Breath.  92 His *Soul* he first to *God* doth recommend,  Then parts from's dearest *Brother*, and best *Friend[...]*  Contentedly resigns his dying claim,  To him *Successor* of his Crown and Fame:  One whose wise Conduct knows how to dispence,  Proper rewards to Guilt and Innocence:  A *Prince*, within the Circle of whose Mind  All the Heroick *Vertues* are confin'd;  That diff'rently dispers'd, have made Men great,  A *Prince* so *just*, so oft preserv'd by *Fate*.  On then, *Great Potentate*, and like the *Sun*,  Set with the *splendid* Glory you've begun.  Disperse such hov'ring *Clouds* as wou'd benight,  And *interpose* themselves 'twixt us and light.  You boldly dare *Iehovah*'s Trust attest,  Without a base perswading interest.  When pleasing *[...]lattery* puts on her charms,  To take with gentle *Arts* and so[...]t Alarms;  Fix't with a Gallant resolution, you  Uncase the *Hypocrite*, who bids adieu  To this confus'd and ill-digested *State*,  Where *Plots* new *Plots* to *Counter-plot* create:  93 Trusting to *Reason*'s Conduct as your guide,  You leave the threatning *Gulphs* on either side[...]  And then erect such *marks* as may appear,  To caution others from a *Shipwrack* there.  And since your *Reign* the *Rebels* plainly see  The mean effects of their black Treachery,  The *Puritans* may now expect in vain,  To Gull with *Pious Frauds* the Land again:  You, like a Great *Columbus*, will find out  The hidden *World* of deep intriegues and doubt[...]  *England* no more of *Iealousies* shall know[...]  But *Halcyon Peace* shall build, and *Plenty* flow.  And the Proud *Thames*, swell'd high, no more com|plains,  But smilingly looks on the peaceful *Plains*.  No Angry *Tempest* then shall curl her Brow.  Glad to behold revived *Commerce* grow;  Whilst We to *IAMES* the Second make Address[...]  Striving who most shall *Loyalty* express.  No *Faction* shall us from our selves divide,  More than the *Sea* from all the *World* beside,  But link'd together in one *Chain* of *Love*,  And with one *Spring* Unanimous we'll move;  94 That to our *Foes* regret it may be said,  VVe are again one *Body*, and one *Head:*  Which *God* preserve, and grant that long you may,  In Righteousness and Peace the *Scepter* sway.  **ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BIRD to his MISTRISS.**  WAlking abroad to tast the welcom *Spring*,  And hear the *Birds* their lays mos[...] sweetly sing;  Plac'd on a spreading *Elm* amongst the rest,  (Whose rare harmonious warbling pleas'd me best)  Was one I tempted to my *lure*, and caught,  Which now (fair Saint) I send you to be taught:  'Tis young, and apt to learn; and sure no Voice  VVas e'er so full of Art, so clear and choice  As yours, t' instruct it, that in time 't may rise  To be the sweet-tongu'd Bird of *Paradise*.   95  **ADVICE TO SILLY MAIDS[...]**  By an Unknown Authour.  WIthin a *Virgins Bosom* of *Fifteen*,  The *God* of *Love* doth place his *Magazeen:*  Hoards up his treasure, all his pow'rfull Charms;  Her *Breasts* his *Quiver*, and his *Bow* her *Arms*.  *Beauty* sits then triumphant on her brow,  She doth command the World, all Mortals bow,  And worship at the *Altars* of her *Eyes*;  She seems a *Goddess*, and *Men* Idolize.  At these years *Nature* hath perform'd her part,  And leaves the rest to be improv'd by *Art*;  Which with such skill is manag'd [...]ive years more,  Each day fresh Glories add to th' former store.  The motion of the *Body*, rich attire,  Obliging look, kind language; all conspire  To catch poor Man, and set his Heart on fire.  96 During this harvest, they may pick and choose;  But have a care, fair *Virgins*, lest you lose  Th' advantage which this happy *season* yields:  Cold Winter-frosts will nip your blooming Fields,  Wither your *Roses*, make your *Lillies* dye,  And quench the scorching *Flambeau* of your Eye.  For when the clock of *Age* has *Thirty* told,  And never *Man* yet touch'd your *Copy-hold*,  A sudden alteration then you'll find,  Both in your state of *Body*, and of *Mind:*  You then shall pine, for what you now do slight;  Fret inwardly all day, and cry all night;  Devour the *Sheets* with folded Arms, complain,  And wish you had him there, but wish in vain.  Then in your *Thoughts* insipid pleasures steal,  And on lean *Fancy* make a hungry meal.  Your *Bodies* too will with your *Minds* decay;  As those grow *crais'd*, so these will wast away.  All nauseous *food* your *Appetites* will please,  And nourish indigested *Crudities*.  When once your *Mind*'s disturb'd, *Nature* begins  To furl her *Trophies* up in wrinkled Skins.  Who can expect the Body e'er shou'd thrive,  And lack its natural preservative?  97 VVanting due seasoning, all flesh will taint;  'Tis *Man* preserves *Complexion* more than *Paint*;  So high a *Cordial* he doth prepare,  In *Natures Limbeck*, if apply'd with care,  It will perform the very work of *Fate*;  Not only Life *preserve*, but Life *create*.  Be wise in time, lest you too late repent,  And by some prudent choice those ills prevent:  Get a brisk *Consort* to supply your want,  But let him be a *Husband*, no *Gallant*.  There lies much virtue in a *Levite*'s Spell;  But more in th' *active* part, *performing* well;  There's the *intrinsick* worth, the charming *bliss*,  That do's conveigh your *Souls* to *Paradise*;  'Twill make you *dye* with a delightfull pain,  And with like ecstasie *revive* again.  Part with that *Virgin Toy*, while in the prime,  The *Fruit* will rot o'th' *Tree*, not took in time.  But if you will continue proud and coy,  And slight those *Men* who court you to enjoy;  Here you in wretched *Ignorance* shall dwell,  And may deservedly *lead Apes in Hell*.   98  **Farther ADVICE TO Young Ladies.**  By another Hand.   BE prudent, Ladies; *Marry* while you may,  Lest, when too late, you do repent and say,  You wish you had, *whilst Sun had shone, made Hay*.     If in th' *principium* of your youthfull days,  Your *Beauties* 's like to *Sol*'s bright shining *Rays*,  Then are you Critical, and hard to please.     When as you do begin to chuse your *Mate*,  You chuse him first for Name and great Estate,  And qualify'd, as I shall here relate.    99  Good-natur'd, handsome, Eloquent and wise,  Well learn'd, and Skill'd in Arts, of equal size,  'Tis Lady's Niceties to be precise.     But when to *Twenty-one* arriv'd you be,  You do begin to chuse reservedly,  Then the young *Squire* who keeps his Coach is he.     But when as your *Meridian* is past,  As posting *Time* doth swiftly passing hast,  So will your *Crystal Beauties* fade as fast.     *Vesper* succeeds *Aurora* in small space,  And *Time* will soon draw wrinkles in that *Face*,  Which was of late ador'd in ev'ry place.     [...] 98 [...] 99 100  **ADVICE TO A Town-Miss.**  By Mr. *Worsdell*.   DEar Mrs. *Anne*, I'm certain you'll find true  The late *Advice,* in *writing* sent to you;  And I assure you now with *Pen* in hand,  In *Verse* or *Prose* I'm still at your command.  If by *Poetick Art* I could assay  To *Stigmatize* the blackness of your way,  I'd fright you from that brutish, lustfull *Sin*,  Which you so much delight to wallow in.     Soar with your thoughts, and penetrate the Sky,  And view the Wing'd *Celestial Hierarchy*.  101 Think to what *Heav'nly joys* you'r free-born Heir,  If you'll but follow *vertuous* Actions here,  And that your *Ransom* cost your *Saviour* dear.  Strive still for *Vertue*'s Paths with strong desire,  For flames of Lust will end in flames of Fire.  If once to *Drunkenness* inclin'd you be,  You've sprung a *Leak* to all debaucherie;  And drinking *Healths*, the *Body* heats with Liquor,  Which makes it prostitute to *Lust* the quicker.     Shun then those paths, don't *foster* in your Breast  Such wicked *Sins*, they'll but disturb your Rest.  Torture your *Mind* till *Atropos* divide  The fatal twist, and send you to reside  In horrors darksome shades, without a guide;  Where you will find for your *lascivious* tricks,  *Charon* must wa[...]t you o'er the River *Styx:*  Too sure you'll find he'll not his way mistake,  But row you safe unto *Averna*'s Lake;  And where you'll surely be compell'd to land,  *Pluto* himself will let you understand.     102  **The Preference of a *Single Life* before *Marriage*. Written at the Request of a Lady.**  By the same.  *SHE* that intends ever in *rest* to be,  Both for the *present* and the *future*, free  From *cares* and *troubles*, intermix't with *strife*,  Must flee the hazard of a *Nuptial Life:*  For having once had touch of *Cupid*'s Dart,  Once overcome by th' crafty *Courtier*'s Art;  And brought at last unto the *Nuptial Bed*[...]  *Adieu* to *Ioy* and *Freedom*, for they're [...]led.  *She*'s then involv'd in *troubles* without end,  Which always do's a *Married Life* attend:  When as before she might have liv'd at ease,  In Prayers, and Hymns and Psalms have pass'd her days;  Been chief *Commandress* of her *Will* and *Mind*,  And acted any thing her Will design'd;  103 She might go *travel* where and when she please,  To pass away the tedious time with ease:  But when once subject to the *Iugal Band*,  Her *Wills* confin'd, she's under a Command;  And to reside at *home* must be her lot,  Till *Atropos* unloose the *Nuptial Knot*.  **UPON CLARINDA'S Putting on Her Vizard Mask.**  SO have I seen the *Sun* in his full pride,  O'er cast with sullen *Clouds*, and then deny'd  To shew its lustre in some gloomy night,  When brightest *Stars* extinguish'd were of light:  So *Angels Pictures* have I seen vail'd o'er,  That more devoutly Men shou'd them adore;  104 So with a *Mask* saw I *Clarinda* hide  Her Face, more bright than was the *Lemnian* Bride.  So I an off'ring to her ruby Lips  Wou'd make, but cannot pay't for the Eclipse,  That keeps off my be-nighted *Eye*; I mean  The Curtain that divides it from the Scene.  Say, my *Clarinda*, for what Discontent,  Keep thy all Rosie *Cheeks* so strict a Lent?  Or is thy *Face*, which thou do'st thus disguise,  In Mourning for the Murthers of thine *Eyes?*  If so, and thoud'st resolve not to be seen,  A *Frown* to me had more than Mid-night been.   105  **THE MIDDLE SISTER, Ascribed to *CLARINDA*.**  DAme *Nature* seems to make your *Sisters* stand,  As *Handmaids* that attend on either hand;  To right or left I turn not, Poets say,  The *middle* is the best and safest way.  *Fortune* and *Nature* are your Friends (my Fair)  For they have plac'd you here in *Vertue*'s Chair:  Doubtless in you the *Middle Grace* I see,  On this side *Faith*, on that sweet *Charity*.  Your *Sisters* stand like *Banks* on either side,  Whilst you the *Crystal stream* betwixt them glide;  Or, if you will, they walk on either side  Like *Bride-Maids*, you in middle like a *Bride*.  What shall I farther add? The Trav'ller sees  A pleasant Walk between two rows of Trees:  The smooth and silent Flood in th' *middle* flows,  But the *Shoars* murmur from the *Banks* rough Brows.   106  **AN ELOGY ON Mrs. M. H.**  By a Student of the *Inner-Temple*.   SOme do compare their Mistress in dull Rhimes,  To Pearl and Diamonds brought from *Indian* Mines;  Their *Lips* to *Corral*, & their *Neck* to *Snow*,  Robbing both *Indies* to adorn them so.  But these, alas, are *Metaphors* too bare  To make *perfection* half it self appear;  And to prophane you so, wou'd be a *Sin*,  Worse to be pardon'd, than commenced in:  A *Crime*, that brings my *Muse* into suspence,  'Twere blasphemy to setch a *Simile* hence.     In *You* each *Member* shows the whole to be,  Not bare *perfection*, but a *Prodigie*.  107 *Nature* turn'd spend-thrift, now designs no mo[...]e  T' amuse poor Mortals with such monst'rous s[...]ore,  Since you have made her *Bankrupt* quite, and poor.  Your *Eyes* (like Heav'ns Illustrious *Lamps*) dispen[...]e  By *Beams* more bright a secret in[...]luence  On all Admirers; and, like Heav'n, do give  A Pow'r whereby poor Mortals be and live:  Nor is this all, the Charms that *constellate*  In your fair Eyes, they do not terminate.  An equal share of those *Celestial* Rays,  Crowns ev'ry Member with an equal praise;  They're not confin'd to Lip, or Chin, or Hand,  But universal are, as *Sea* and *Land*.     Who views your *Body* with a curious Eye,  May through that milky hew a *Soul* descry:  A Soul! that breaths nought but *Seraphick Love*,  The sweet Monopoly of that above:  *Modest* as *Virgins* are, yet not unkind;  *Fair*, but not *proud*; your Goodness unconfin'd  To Time or Person, and your *Iudgment* great,  But not possessed with a self-conceit:  108 *Perfection* so divine, so pure and bright,  Nor *Pen* nor *Tongue* can e'er express it right.  The loftiest *Epithite* my *Muse* e'er knew,  Admits a *Greater*, when apply'd to *You*;  Who can resist such *Charms*, at whose Access  *Sol* sneaks away to the *Antipodes:*  Or in the *Umbrage* of some *Cloud* do's hide  His *Face*, as if he fear'd to be *out-vy'd*.  A *Fabrick* so *Polite*, and so compleat,  *Heav'n* may behold with Envy and regret;  To see in one poor Mortal thus Ingrost,  All the *perfections* that she e'er cou'd boast.  And were you but *immortal* too (like it)  *Angels* wou'd pay that duty we omit;  As if you were a *Deity* confin'd  To humane Flesh, not wretched, but refin'd.     109  **A Love-Poem.**  By an *Oxford* Gentleman.  TO what kind *GOD* am I in debt for this  Obliging Minute that bestows such bliss,  As now to represent unto my *sight*,  That which to *Me* alone can cause delight!  How long in mournful *Silence* has my *Sighs*  Bemoan'd thy *Absence?* witness, O ye *Skies*.  But now I have obtain'd my wish'd success,  And have in view my chiefest *happiness*;  I must with hast my prison'd thoughts reveal,  Which has been long a torment to conceal.  *Phyllis*, ah lovely *Phyllis*, thou art she  Who showest *Heav'n* in Epitome.  *Angels* with pleasure view thy Matchless Grace,  And both *admire* and *love* thy beauteous *Face*.  110 Cou'd *Heav'n* some greater *Master-piece* devise,  Set out with all the *Glories* of the *Skies*;  That *Beauty* yet in vain he shou'd decree,  Nothing like you can be belov'd by Me.  VVhat Ornament and *Symmetry* I view,  VVhere each part seems as *Beautiful* as *New*.  I long t' enjoy those *Hands*, those *Lips*, those *Eyes*[...]  VVhich I, who love you most, know how to prize.  But when my *Arms* imbrace thy Virgin-Love,  *Angels* shall sing our *Bridal Hymn* above.  *Nature* then pleas'd, shall give her glad consent,  And gild with brighter *Beams* the *Firmament*.  *Roses* unbud, and ev'ry *fragrant Flower*  Shall strip their Stalks to strow the *Nuptial* Bowe[...]:  The *firr'd* and *feather'd* kind the triumph shall pur|sue,  And *Fishes* leap above the *Water* to see you;  And wheresoe'er thy happy *foot-steps* [...]read,  *Nature* in triumph after thee is led.  My *Eyes* shall then look languishing on thine,  And wreathing *Arms* our soft *Embraces* joyn;  And in a pleasing trembling seiz'd all o'er,  Shall feel *delights* unknown to us before.  111 VVhat follows will our pleasures most inhance,  VVhen we shall swim in *Ecstasie* and *Trance*,  [...]nd speechless *Ioys*; in which sweet *transport* toss'd,  VVe both shall in a pleasant *Death* be lost.  I know not where to end this happy *Theam*;  But is it real? or some airy *Dream*?  A sudden fear do's all my *thoughts* surprize,  I dare not trust the *witn[...]ss* of my *Eyes*.  How *fixt* I stand, and indispos'd to move  These pleasant *Charms*, unwilling to disprove:  Like him, who *Heav'n* in a soft *Dream* enjoys,  To stir and wake, his *Paradise* destroys.   112  **ANOTHER Love-Poem.**  By the same Authour.  PRide of the World in Beauty, Pow'r, and Love;  Best of thy *Sex!* Equal to *Gods* above:  Unparalell'd *Vertue*; they that search about  The World, to find thy Vertues equal out,  Must take a Iourney longer than the *Sun*;  And *Pilgrims* dye e'er half their race is run.  Your charming *Beauty* can't but please the sight,  With all that is in *Nature* exquisite.  About those *Lips* Ambrosial odours flow,  *Nectar*, and all the Sweets of *Hybla* grow.  Those sparkling *Eyes* resistless *Magick* bear;  I see young wanton *Cupids* dancing there.  What melting Charms there waves about thy Breast!  On whose transporting Billows *Iove* might rest[...]  And with immortal Sweets be ever blest.  Shall I but name the other charming *Bliss*,  That wou'd conveigh our *Souls* to *Paradise*?  113 Gods! how she *charms!* none sure was e'er like thee,  Whose very *sight* do's cause an *Ecstasie:*  Thou art so soft, so sweet, and silent all,  As *Births of Roses*, or as *Blossoms* fall.  Hide then those *Eyes*; take this soft *Magick* hence,  My *Happiness* so much transports my *Sence*;  That such another *look*, will make me grow  Too firmly *fix't*, ever to let you go.  *Soul*, summon all thy force thy joy to bear,  Whilst on this *Hand* eternal Love I swear.  Sweetest of Creatures! if there *Angels* be!  What *Angel* is not wishing to be *Thee*?  Can any *happiness* compare with mine?  'Tis wretched sure to be a *Pow'r Divine*;  And not the *Ioys* of *happy Lovers* know:  Wou'dst thou, my *Dearest*, be an *Angel* now?  O how the *Moments* sweetly glide away!  Nothing of *Night* appears, but all is *Day*.  Inflam'd with *Love*, these *Minutes* I'll improve,  And sum an *Ages Bliss* in one *Hours Love*.  But shou'd I long such vehement *raptures* feel,  I fear the *transports* of *delight* wou'd kill.   114  **THE Lover's Will.**  LET me not sigh my last, before I breathe  (Great *Love*) some Legacies; I here bequeathe  Mine *Eyes* to *Argus*, if mine Eyes can see;  If they be blind, then *Love* I give them thee;  My *Tongue* to *Fame*, t' *Embassadors* mine *Ears*,  And unto *Women*, or the *Sea*, my *Tears*.     My *Constancy* I to the *Planets* give,  My *Truth* to them who at the Court do live;  My *Silence* t' any who abroad have been,  My *Money* to a *Capuchin*;  My *Modesty* I give to Souldiers bare,  And all my *Patience* let the Gamesters share.     I give my *Reputation* unto those  Which were my Friends; my *Industry* to Fo[...]s;  115 To *School-men* I bequeath my *Doubtfulness*,  My *Sickness* to *Physicians* or *Excess*;  To *Nature* all that I in *Rhime* have writ,  And to my Company I leave my *Wit*.     To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls,  I g[...]ve my *Physick-Books*; my *Written Rolls*  Of Moral Counsels I to *Bedlam* give,  My *Brazen Medals* unto them which live  In want of Bread; To them which pass among  All Foreigners, I leave my *English Tongue*.     Thou *Love* taught'st me, by making me adore  That charming Maid, whose Twenty Servants more,  To give to those who had too much before;  Or else by loving where no Love receiv'd cou'd be,  To give to such as have an incapacitie.     116  **A LOVE-LETTER.**  By *W. S. M. D.*  Sweet Lady,  YOur conqu'ring *Eyes* have by their *Magick Art*,  Convey'd such *Flames* into my *Captiv'd Heart*,  I cannot rest; Ah therefore, do not prove  Cruel to him whom your *Eyes* taught to Love;  Nor blame this rude attempt, since what I do,  My ardent *Passion* do's compell me to;  I wou'd be *silent*, fearing to offend,  But then my *Torments* ne'er wou'd have an end.  Yet though in this I may appear too bold,  My *Love* is pure, and therefore may be told:  Besides, you are so fair, your *Vertues* such,  That shou'd I strive, I cannot say too much.  So well accomplish'd you're in th' *Art of Love*,  You've *Charms* enough t' inflame another *Iove*.  Let not your *coyness* therefore blind the light  Of your fair *Eyes*, which now do shine so bright;  For *she* that gives occasion to *despair*,  By all that's good is neither *kind* nor *fair*;  117 Though outward *Beauty* soon may charm the *Mind*,  And make the most *obdurate Heart* prove kind:  Yet nothing charms an *Am'rous Heart* so strong,  As the sweet Notes of a fair *Female Tongue*,  That charms the *Soul*, and all the *Senses* move,  And adds new Sweets to the delights of *Love*.  Love is the noblest *Passion* of the Mind,  And she that unto it can prove unkind,  Is either simple, destitute of *Wit*,  Or else her *Pride* will not acknowledge it.  But that's too black to dwell in your fair Breast,  Nothing but things *divine* can there have rest.  If therefore wilfull *Pride* don't taint your *Mind*,  But as your *Face* is fair, your *Heart* is kind.  My *Pen* shall then maintain your worth and praise,  And from all others I'll possess the *Bays:*  But if by *frowns* against me you take *Arms*,  Your *Beauty* has no *Snares*, your *Eyes* no *Charms*.  And though a *Stranger* yet to you I am,  If you prove *kind*, I'll not conceal my *Name*;  Till then I rest to see these lines success,  On which depends my future *happiness*.   118  **A *Speech* to his Mistress in a Garden.**  THE *Glory* which we see invest these *Flow'rs*  Is lent, & they must live but some few hours;  So *Time*, what we forbear to use[...] devours.  From fading Leaves, you see how *Time* resumes  Their fragrant scent, and sweet perfumes.  Look but within the most retired places,  Where utmost Skill is us'd to keep good *Faces*.  Yet in some distant time they will be seen  The spoil of *Age:* witness th' *Egyptian Queen*;  Or the fair charming *Hellen*, who by *Time*  Had nothing left---  But what at last express'd were by her Shrine.  Or thus; Shou'd some Malignant *Planet* bring  Upon the *Autumn*, or the *blooming Spring*  A barren *drought*, or rain a ceaseless *show'r*,  Yet 'twou'd not Winters coming stop one hour.  But cou'd you be preserv'd by *Loves* neglect  From coming *Years decay*, then more respect  Were justly due to so divine a Fashion,  Nor wou'd I give indulgence to my passion.   119  **AN ADDRESS TO A *Gentlewoman* Walking in a *Garden*.**  By an *Oxford* Gentleman.  MAdam, I hope, though I a Stranger am,  Your candid Goodness will not let you blame  This bold *intrusion*, that do's now *bereave*  You of these *privacies* without your leave;  And as you're *fair*, I hope you're no less *kind*,  Craving your pardon then, I'll speak my mind:  But oh! I fear my troubled *Heart* bodes ill,  One *word* from you my *life* do's save or kill;  First for your pity then I must beseech,  Lodg'd at your feet, you would behold this wretch.  O that the *Gods* above wou'd bring to pass,  You might my *suit*, without my *speaking* guess;  But that won't be, relating then, fair *Saint*,  My firm-fix't Love in murmuring complaint.  120 Not long since, walking through the *shady Grove*,  To see those tender budding *Plants* improve;  And coming downwards from the *Rivers* head,  To hear the noise the purling *Waters* made,  And see her various and delightfull pride,  Streaming in *Circles* as the *Waters* glide.  Then 'twas I heard a shrill melodions sound,  Pleasanter far than what I there had found.  One while I thought it was some *Angel*'s tune,  Whose pleasing *Echo* still wou'd re-assume  Its first high quav'ring strein, and then fall low'r;  In short, too charming for the strongest pow'r.  My curiosity then brought me to  A lonesome *Grotto*, where as prying through  Its verdant spreading *branches*, I did see  That beauteous Form which thus has wounded me[...]  And ever since my *Passion* is the same,  Resist not then so true and pure a *Flame*;  But with kind pity send me some relief,  Since my *Heart*'s stole by you, the pretty *Thief*,  From whose bright *Eyes* such conqu'ring *Charms* do dart,  As might enslave and *captivate* each *Heart:*  121 The greatest *Praise* is to your *Beauty* due,  All must their *Homage* pay when seen by you.  The *Fruit-tree* nodding with each blast that blows,  Through the great pressure of her loaden *Boughs*,  Seems to design none but your *hand* to crop  Her *pendent Clusters*, from her Branches top.  The purple *Vi'let*, and the blushing *Rose*,  With sweet *Carnations*, wait till you dispose  Their fragrant scent to your sagacious Nose.  If you're displeas'd the fairest downwards drop  Its fading pensive head, and wither'd top:  But if you're angry, possibly the *Sun*  Might stop his course, and not his journey run;  At which th' amazed and affrighted World  Might to its first rude *Chaos* soon be hurl'd.  And since my *Fate*'s wrapt up in what you doom,  Do not my Passion with your scorn o'er-come;  But with the Sweets of *Love*, and then we'll be  Lock't in *Embraces* to *Eternity*.   122  **UPON A Gentlewomans Refusal of a LETTER from one she was ingaged to.**  By Sir *C. S.*  NOT hear my *Message*, but the *Bearer* shun!  What hellish *Fiend* inrag'd cou'd more have done?  Surely the *Gods* design to make my Fate  Of all most wretched, and unfortunate.  'Twas but a *Letter*, and the *Words* were few,  Fill'd with *kind wishes*, but my *Fate*'s too true.  I'm lost for ever, banish'd from her sight,  Although by *Oaths* and *Vows* she's mine by right.  Ye *Gods*! look down, and hear my Sorrows moan,  Like the faint *Echoes* of a dying groan.  But how is't possible so fair a *Face*  Shou'd have a *Soul* so treacherous and base,  To promise *constancy*, and then to prove  False and unkind to him she vow'd to love?  123 Oh, Barb'rous *Sex!* whose Nature is to rook  [...]nd cheat *Mankind* with a *betraying look*.  Hence I'll keep guard within from all your *Charms*,  And ever more resist all fresh *Alarms*;  [...]'ll trace your windings through the darkest *Cell*,  And find your *Stratagems*, though lodg'd in *Hell*.  Your gilded *Paintings*, and each treacherous *Wile*,  By which so eas'ly you *Mankind* beguile;  *Winds* are more *constant* than a *Womans* Mind,  Who holds to none but to the present kind:  For when by *absence* th' Object is remov'd,  The time is gone and spent wherein she lov'd.  And is it not the very same with me,  To slight my *Love*, when I must absent be?  Perhaps sh'has seen a more atracting Face,  And a new *Paramour* has taken place.  And shall my injur'd *Soul* stand *Mute*, and live,  Whilst that another reaps what she can give?  Glutted with *pleasures*, and again renew  Their past delights, although my claim and due[...]  Oh, no, my Soul's inrag'd, revenge calls on,  I'll tear her piece-meal e'er my fury's gone;  124 Stretch out my *Arm* all o'er th' inconstant stain,  And then cleave down her treach'rous *limbs* in twai[...]  The greatest *plagues* Invention e'er cou'd [...]ind,  Is not sufficient for th' *inconstant Mind*.  I think I have o'er-come my *Passion* quite,  And cou'd not *love*, although 'twere in despight.  As for the *Man* who must enjoy my room,  He'll soon be partner in my wretched doom;  He by her *Faith*, alas, no more will find,  Than when she swore to me to prove most kind.  Therefore I'll leave her, and esteem her less;  And in my self both *joy* and *acquiesce*.  But oh, my *Heart*, there's something moves there still,  Sure 'tis the vigour of *unbounded Will*.  Too much, I fear, my *Fetters* are not gone,  Or I at least again must put them on.  Methinks I feel my *Heart* is not got free,  Nor all my *Passions* set at liberty,  From the bright glances of her am'rous *Eye*.  Down *Rebel-love*, and hide thy boyish Head,  I'm too much *Man* to hear thy *follies* plead:  Go seek some other *Breast* of lower note;  Go make some Old decrepit *Cuckold* dote:  125 [...]egone, I say, or strait thy *Quiver*, Bow,  And thou thy self fall to destruction too.  But oh, I'm gone, my *Foes* have all got ground,  My *Brains* grow giddy, and my *Head* turns round.  My *Heart*'s intangled with the *Nets* of *Love*;  My *Passions* rave, and now ye *Gods* above  Help on my doom, and heave me to your *Skies*;  Look, look, *Mervinda*'s just before my *Eyes:*  Help me to catch her e'er her *Shadow* fly,  And I fall downward from this rowling *Sky*.  **In Praise of a Deformed, but Virtuous, LADY; OR, A SATYR on *BEAUTY*.**  FIne Shape, good Features, and a handsom Face,  Such do the glory of the *Mind* deface;  But *Vertue* is the best and only grace.  *Venus* Man's Mind inflames with lustfull fires,  Consumes his Reason, burns his best desires.  126 Wer't thou, my *Soul*, but from my Body free;  Had *Flesh* and *Blood* no influence on thee;  Then woud'st thou love a Woman, & woud'st chu[...]  The Soul-fair-she to be thy blessed Spouse.  Beauty's corrupt, and like a Flower stands,  To be collected by impurest hands;  'Tis hard, nay 'tis scarce possible to find  *Vertue* and *Venus* both together joyn[...]d;  For the fair *She*, who knows the force and strength  Of *Beauty*'s charms, grows proud, and then at length  *Lust* and *Ambition* will possess her Breast,  Which always will disturb Man's peacefull rest.  Beware my *Soul*, lest she ensnare thy sence;  Against her *Wiles*, let *Vertue* be thy fence.  Some please their fancies with a *Picture* well,  And for meer toys, do real pleasures sell:  No bliss, fond *Cupid* thinks like what is in  The smoothing of his Ladies tender Skin.  Her snowy Breasts, kind Looks, and sparkling Eye,  Strait Limbs, with blushing Cheeks and Forehead high,  In these his best and chiefest pleasures lye:  What other parts she can for pleasure show,  You can produce as well as she, I know.  127 When *Age* with furrows shall have plow'd her Face,  And all her Body o'er thick wrinkles place;  Her Breasts turn black, her sparkling Eyes sink in,  Fearfull to see the bristles on her Chin,  Her painted Face grown swarthy, wan, and thin;  Her Hands all shrivel'd o'er, her Nails of length  Enough to dig her Grave, had she but strength.  Such is the Mistress, that blind *Poets* praise;  Such foolish Theams, their grov'ling fancies raise.  My Mistress is more lovely, and more fair;  Graces divine in her, more brighter are:  She is the source of Bliss, whilst *Vertue* reigns  In her, all things impure her Soul disdains.  Those fools ne'er knew pure Love's most sacred Arts,  That e'er were conquer'd by blind *Cupid*'s Darts,  Or stand as slaves to their own carnal hearts.     Madam,  'TIS the preheminence that'[...] seen in you,  Which do's with sacred Love my heart subdue;  For all must own who've read in *Nature*'s *Books*,  Modesty and Good-nature's in your Looks:  128 Your Conversation's mild, these sacred Charms,  Protection are 'gainst *Lusts* impurer harms.  These and your other *Vertues* do excell,  And matchless seem to want a parallel.  In your most sacred Presence none can think  Of *Lust*, or once its horrid *Venom* drink;  You are an object that will soon dispell  Lusts most delightfull poisons sent from Hell;  Your Self's the substance of the Saints above,  You move my Soul with chast and holy Love;  For you alone large Off'rings I design,  And with continual prayers I wish you mine.  Oh that Omnipotence wou'd Bounty shew,  And make me happy in contracting you.     129  **A LOVE-LETTER[...]**  By *W. S.* Gent.  Madam,  'TWou'd prove a needless thing, shou'd I  Strive to set forth what's *obvious* to each Eye;  To speak your Worth and Beauty, wou'd but be  To show the *Sun* at noon, which all Men see.  Beauty it self, Youth smiles, and ev'ry grace,  Do all pay tribute to your Heav'nly Face.  One *smile* from you might make the *Dead* to live,  Yielding more Wealth than lavish Worlds can give[...]  Your sparkling *Eyes* out-dart the pale-fac'd *Moon*;  You are far brighter than the Eye of *Noon*.  *Phoebus* his *Golden Fleece* looks not so fair,  As the fine silver threads of your soft *Hair*.  *Aurora* mantled in her spreading *Beams*,  To rouse up *Mortals* from their slumb'ring *Dreams;*  When summoning the *Morning*, can't compleat  That modest *blush* which in your *Cheeks* take[...] seat[...]  130 *Whiter* than untrod *Snow* on Mountains seen,  And which I must confess beyond esteem,  Are those white *Iv'ry Teeth*, whose even row,  The harmony of *Love* in *Union* show.  In various wantonness, each branching *Vein*  Do's your white *Breasts* with blue *Meanders* stain;  From which clear *Fountains* flow with greatest mea|sure,  The most delightfull *Magazine* of treasure.  The *Muses* and the *Syrens* cease their *Song*,  At the soft *Musick* of your charming *Tongue:*  *Angel* or *Saint*, I know not which by feature,  Sure both are joyn'd to make so sweet a Creature,  The lovely chance-work, Master-piece of Nature.  As if the Gods mistaking Mould, that time  Had cast your *Species* more than half divine;  Who can his *Passion* from such *Beauty* tame,  You've *Charms* enough to set the World on flame:  Mix't with more tempting and *atractive* graces,  Than can extracted be from humane *Faces*!  Oh let me at those balmy *Lips* take [...]ire,  And with pursuit of *Kisses* ev'n tire;  Which do display such a *Vermilion* red,  And when with pleasure fill'd, then hold thy head  131 Fast to my kindled and inflamed Heart,  Pierc'd by your Eyes *bright* glancing beams, which dart  Through my *Souls* secret and most inward part;  Which done, let mine in your fair *Bosom* lye,  Till in excess of *joy* and *ecstasie*,  I there shall languish out my *Soul* and dye;  And afterwards with like transport of *Mind[...]*  *Revive* again, and all my *Senses* find.  **In Praise of LETTERS.**  *LEtters* are wing'd *Postillions*, and do move  From East to West on *Embassies* of *Love*.  The bashfull *Lover*, when his stamm'ring *Lips*  Falter with *fear* from unadvised slips,  May boldly Court his Mistress with the *Quill*,  And his hot Passions to her *Breast* instill.  The *Pen* can furrow a fond *Females* He[...]rt,  And pierce it more than *Cupid*'s feigned Dart.  *Letters* a kind of *Magick* Vertue have,  And like strong *Philtres* humane Souls inslave;  132 They can the *Poles*, and *Emperour* inform,  What Towns in *Hungary* are won by storm  From the great *Turk: Mounsieur* of them may know  How Foreign States on *French* Intriegues do blow.  The lucky *Goose* sav'd *Iove*'s beleagu'rd Hill,  Once by her Noise, but oftner by her Quill.  It twice prevented *Rome* was not o'er-run,  By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.  *Letters* can *Plots*, though moulded under-ground,  Disclose, and their fell complices *confound*.  Witness that fiery *Pile*, which wou'd have blown  Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,  Tribunals, Church, and Chappel, and had dry'd  The *Thames*, though swelling in her highest pride;  And parboyl'd the poor *Fish*, which from her Sands  Had been toss'd up to the adjoyning Lands.  *Lawyers* as *Vultures*, had soar'd up and down,  *Prelates* like *Mag[...]yes* in the Air had flown,  Had not the *Eagle*'s *Letter* brought to light  That *Subterranean* horrid work of Night.  *Letters* may more than History inclose,  The choicest learning both in *Verse* and *Prose:*  133 Witness *Mich. Drayton*, whose sweet-charming Pen  Produc'd those Letters so admir'd by Men.  Words vanish soon, and vapour into Air,  While Letters on record stand fresh and fair;  And like to *Gordian* Knots do Nature tye,  Else all Commerce and Love 'twixt Men wou'd dye.  **The IDEA.**  By *Charles Cotton*, Esq .   ART thou then absent, O thou dear  And only Subject of my *Flame*?  Are these fair *Objects* that appear  But shadows of that noble frame,  For which I do all other form disclaim?     Am I deluded? do I only rave?  Was it a *Phantasme* only that I saw?  Have *Dreams* such power to deceive?  134 Oh, lovely Shade, thou did'st too soon withdraw,  Like fleecy Snow, that as it falls, doth thaw.     Glorious *Illusion!* Lovely shade!  Once more deceive me with thy light;  'Tis pleasure so to be betray'd,  And I for ever shall delight,  To be pursu'd by such a charming *Sprite*.  **LOVE's SYMPATHY.**  **I.**  SOul of my Soul! it cannot be  That you shou'd *weep*, and I from *tears* be free.  All the vast room between both *Poles*,  Can never dull the sence of Souls,  Knit in so fast a knot:  Oh can you *grieve*, and think that I  Can feel no *smart*, because not nigh,  Or that I know it not.    135  **II.**  Th'are heretick thoughts, Two *Lutes* when strung,  And on a Table tun'd alike for *Song*;  Strike one, and that which none did touch,  Shall *sympathizing* sound as much,  As that which touch'd you see:  Think then this *World* (which Heav'n inrolls)  Is but a Table round, and *Souls*  More apprehensive be.  **III.**  Know they that in their grossest parts,  Mix by their hallow'd Loves intwined Hearts;  This priviledge boast, that no remove  Can e'er infringe their sense of Love:  Iudge hence then our Estate,  Since when we lov'd, there was not put  Two Earthen hearts in one breast, but  Two *Souls Co-animate*.     136  **A PINDARIQUE ODE ON Mr. *COWLEY*.**  TO tune thy praise, what *Muse* shall I invoke, what Quire?  None but thy *Davideis*, or thy *David*'s *Lyre:*  True *Poet*, and true Man,  Say more than this who can;  No, not an *Angel*'s mighty Eloquence.  These two,  These only doe,  Of all perfections make a Quintessence.  Then, my dear *Cowley*, dye,  For why shou'd foolish I,  Or foolish *Sympathy*,  Wish thee to live? since 'tis no more to live, no more to dye,  Than to be here on Earth, and to be there about the Sky,  Both to you shared equally.   137  **An ODE.**  By Mr. *R. D.* of *Cambridge*.   O Ye blest *Pow'rs*, propitious be  Unto my growing *Love*!  None can create my *Misery*,  If *Cloe* but constant prove.  Tell her if that she *pity* me,  From her you'll ne'er remove.     Each *Brize* of *Air*, my *groans* shall bear,  Unto her gentle *Breast*;  Silently whisp'ring in her *Ear*,  I never can be *blest;*  If she refuse to be my *Dear*,  I never can have *rest*.     Ye *Groves*, that hear each day my *grief*,  Bear witness of my pain;  138 Tell her I dye, if no relief  I from her Pow'r can gain;  Tell her, ah, tell that pretty *Thief*,  I dye through her disdain.     Likely she may with piteous *Eyes*,  When *dead*, my *Hearse* survey;  And when my *Soul* 'mongst *Deities*  Doth melt in Sweets away,  Then may she curse those Victories  That did my *Heart* betray.  **AN ODE of *ANACREON* Paraphras'd. Beauties Force.**  **I.**  I Wonder why Dame *Nature* thus  Her various gifts dispences,  She ev'ry Creature else but us  With *Arms* or *Armour* fences.  139 The *Bull* with bended horns she arms,  With hoofs she guards the Horse;  The Hare can nimbly run from harms,  All know the Lyon's force.  **II.**  The *Bird* can danger fly on's Wing,  She Fish with Fins adorns;  The *Cuckold* too, that harmless thing,  His patience guards, and's *horns:*  And *Men* she Valiant makes, and wise,  To shun or baffle harms;  But to poor Women she denies  Armour to give, or Arms.  **III.**  Instead of all, she this do's do;  Our Beauty she bestows,  Which serves for Arms, and Armour too,  'Gainst all our pow'rfull Foes:  And 'tis no matter, so she doth  Still beauteous Faces yield;  We'll conquer *Sword* and *Fire*, for both  To Beauty leave the Field.     140  **A PINDARIQUE ODE.**  By Mr. *Iohn Whitehall*.  **I.**  MAdam, at first I thought,  My *Passions* might to my *Commands* be brought,  When, Love me not, you cry'd,  And said in *vain* I did pursue  The *hopes* of ever *winning* you;  So I to slight it try'd,  But 'twou'd not doe;  For in the conflict I was almost *crucify'd*.  **II.**  At first did rise  *Beauty*, which fought me with your pow'rfull *Eyes;*  And when I had in vain  Driv'n th' Usurper from my heart,  She drew her Bow, and shot a Dart,  Which vanquish'd me again:  What strength of Man, what Art  Cou'd with this *Amazon* a Combat long maintain.    141  **III.**  Next after her,  *Vertue* well arm'd for Battle did appear,  Attending on her side,  Charity, Mercy, Eloquence,  *Wit* and a *Virgin Innocence*,  In war-like state did ride;  And I find since  I cou'd not with all these contend, but must have dy'd.  **IV.**  But if still you  Do cry, forbear this Conquest to pursue;  You must debauch your *Mind*,  Turn all your *Vertues* into *Vice*,  And make an *Hell* of *Paradise*,  Be false, deform'd, unkind:  By this device,  And by no other, I from Love may be declin'd.  **V.**  But why? but why  Name I this great impossibility?  I scarce cou'd so remove  142 The great *affection* which I bear,  Were you as *bad*, as *good* you are,  So difficult 't will prove  To you, I swear;  Eternal is your *Goodness*, and Eternal is my *Love*.  **From *Ovid*'s *Amorum*, lib. 2. El. 4. and *Lucretius*, lib. 4. That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.**  PRess'd with my thoughts, I to consession fall,  With anxious fears, till I lay open all;  I sin and I repent, clear of the score,  Then afterward relapse in Sin the more.  My self I guide, like some swist *Pinnace* toss'd  In Storms; the *Rudder* gone, and *Compass* lost;  No certain *shape* or *features* stint my mind,  I still [...]or *Love* a thousand Reasons find;  Melodiously one *sings*, then straight I long  To quaver on her *Lips*, ev'n in her Song.  If she be vers'd in *Arts*, and deeply read,  I'm taken with her learned *Maiden-head:*  143 Or if untaught, and ignorant she be,  She takes me then with her simplicitie.  I like whom *rigid* Education fools,  Who wou'd not try to put her past her rules;  Though look *demure*, her Inclinations-swerve,  And, once let loose, she jigs without reserve.  *Sanguine* her *looks*, her *colour* high and good,  For all the rest I trust her *flesh* and *blood*.  Here living *Snow* my *passion* strangely warms,  And streight I wish her melting in my Arms;  *White, Red*, or *Guinny black*, or Gypsey *brown*,  My dearly-well-beloved ev'ry one.  If she is *tall*, my courage mounts as high,  To stamp some new heroick Progeny:  If *little*, oh how quick the Spirit moves!  If *large*, who wou'd not rowl in what he loves?  The *lean* provokes me with her naughty rubs;  But if she's *plump*, 'tis then my *pretty Fubs*;  And doubtless one might truck convenient sport,  With either fat, or lean, or long, or short,  With yellow Curls *Aurora* pleas'd her Fop,  And *Leda* (*Iove* well saw) was *black-a-top*.  144 The *black* or *yellow* are alike to me,  My Love will suit with ev'ry History.  If *Caelia* sing, she, like a *Syrene*, draws;  If she *sing* not, we kiss without a *pause:*  I love to rifle amongst *Gems* and *Dress*;  Yet lumber they to God-like *nakedness*.  *Buzzards* and *Owls* on special quarry fall,  Mine is a gen'rous Love, and flies at all.  I like the *Rich*, 'cause she is pamper'd high,  And merry *Beggar* love for Charity;  Widow or Wife, I'm for a Pad that's made;  If *Virgin* troth, who wou'd not love a *Maid?*  If she be *young*, I take her in the nick;  If she has *Age*, she helps it with a trick.  If nothing charms me in her *Wit* or *Face*,  She has her *Fiddle* in some other place.  Come ev'ry *sort* and *size*, the great or small,  My Love will find a Tally for 'em all.  The foregoing Elegy having been Publish'd imper|fect, is here Printed from the best Copy.  145  **THE PARALLEL.**  AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at the Throne,  To have Usurp't it, and made *Heav'n* his own[...]  (Blasphemous, damn'd design) but soon he fell,  Guarded with dreadfull lightning down to *Hell;*  Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,  (A *Structure* as Eternal as his guilt;)  Let us, said he, raise the proud *Tow'r* so high,  As may amaze the *Gods*, and kiss their Sky;  He spoke---but the success was diff'rent found;  *Heav'ns* angry *Thunder* crush't him to the ground;  So *Lucifer*, and so proud *Babel* fell,  And 'tis a cursed fall from *Heav'n* to *Hell*.  So falls our *Courtier* now to *Pride* a prey,  And falls too with as much reproach as They[...]  And justly---  That with his nauseous *Courtship* durst defile  The sweetest, choicest *Beauty* of our *Isle:*  146 That he was proud, we knew; but now we see,  Like *Ianus,* looking on Eternity,  Both what he was, and what he meant to be.  Stern was his *Look*, and sturdy was his *Gate*;  He walk't, and talk't, and wou'd have *kiss'd* in state.  Disdain and Scorn sate perching on his Brow;  But, *Presto!* where is all that *Grandeur* now?  Why vanish't, fled, dissolv'd to empty Air,  Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair:  And which is yet the strangest thing of all,  He has not got one Friend to mourn his fall:  But 'tis but just that he who has maintain'd  Such ill designs, shou'd be by all disdain'd.  Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,  Equally dim both in his *Eyes* and *Mind*,  He might have plainly seen---  For the Example's visible to all,  How strangely low ingratefull *Pride* may fall.  Presumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name  For one so careless of a *Virgins* Fame:  For as the Serpent did by fraud deceive  Th' unwary Soul of the first *Virgin Eve*;  147 So he as impudently strove t' inspire  The lovely Maid with his delusive fire:  But Heav'n be prais'd, now with the same success;  For though his pride's as great, his cunning's less.  **SONG.**  **I.**  MUsing on Cares of humane Fate,  In a sad *Cypress Grove*;  A strange dispute I heard of late,  'Twixt *Vertue, Fame*, and *Love*.  A Pensive *Shepherd* ask'd advice,  And their *Opinions* crav'd,  How he might hope to be so wise,  To get a place beyond the Skies,  And how he might be sav'd.  **II.**  Nice *Vertue* preach'd *Religions* Laws,  Paths to Eternal Rest;  To fight his *Kings* and *Countries* Cause,  *Fame* Counsell'd him was best.  148 But *Love* oppos'd their noisy Tongues,  And thus their Votes out-brav'd;  Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,  Love fiercely, constantly and long,  And then thou shalt be sav'd.  **III.**  Swift as a thought the Am'rous *Swain*  To *Sylvia*'s Cottage flies,  In soft Expressions told her plain  The way to Heav'nly *Ioys*.  She who with *Piety* was stor'd,  *Delays* no longer crav'd;  Charm'd by the *God* whom they ador'd.  She smil'd and took him at his Word;  And thus they both were sav'd.     149  **SONG. The YOUNG LOVER.**  By Mr. *Wright*.  **I.**  TUsh, never tell me I'm too *Young*  For *loving*, or too *green*;  She stays at least *sev'n years* too long,  That's wedded at *fourteen*.  *Lambs* bring forth *Lambs*, and *Doves* bring *Doves*,  As soon as they're begotten:  Then why shou'd *Ladies* linger *Loves*,  As if not *ripe* till *rotten*.  **II.**  *Gray hairs* are fitter for the *Grave,*  Than for the *Bridal Bed*;  What pleasure can a *Lover* have,  In a *wither'd Maiden-head*?  *Nature*'s exalted in our time,  And what our *Grandams* then  At *four and twenty* scarce cou'd climb,  We can arrive at *Ten*.     150  **SONG. The *Prodigal*'s *Resolution*.**  **I.**  I Am a lusty lively Lad,  Arriv'd at One-and-Twenty;  My Father left me all he had,  Both Gold and Silver plenty.  Now He's in Grave, I will be brave,  The Ladies shall adore me;  I'll Court and Kiss, what hurt's in this?  My *Dad* did so before me.  **II.**  My *Father*, to get my Estate,  Though selfish, yet was slavish;  I'll spend it at another rate,  And be as leudly lavish.  From *Mad-men, Fools*, and *Knaves* he did,  Litigiously receive it;  If so he did, Iustice forbid,  But I to such shou'd leave it.    151  **III.**  Then I'll to Court, where *Venus* sport,  Doth Revel it in plenty;  And deal with all, both great and small,  From twelve to five and twenty.  In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,  For there are store of Misses;  *Ladies*, make room, behold I come,  To purchase many Kisses.  **SONG. The *Doubtfull Lover* Resolv'd.**  FAin wou'd I *Love*, but that I fear,  I quickly shou'd the *Willow* wear:  Fain wou'd I *Marry*, but Men say,  When *Love* is try'd, he will away.  Then tell me, *Love*, what I shall doe,  To cure these Fears when e'er I Wooe. 152  The *Fair* one, she's a mark to all;  The *Brown* one each doth lovely call;  The *Black* a Pearl in fair Mens Eyes,  The *rest* will stoop to any prize.  Then tell me, *Love*, what I shall doe,  To cure these *Fears* when e'er I Woe.  **Reply.**  Go, *Lover*, know, it is not I  That wound with fear or jealousie;  Nor do Men feel those smarts,  Untill they have confin'd their *Hearts*.  Then if you'll cure your *Fears,* you shall  Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.     153  **SONG. The CAVALIER's CATCH.**  **I.**  DID you see this *Cup of Liquor*,  How invitingly it looks;  'Twill make a *Lawyer* prattle quicker,  And a *Scholar* burn his Books:  'Twill make a *Cripple* for to Caper,  And a *Dumb Man* clearly *Sing*;  'Twill make a *Coward* draw his Rapier,  Here's a Health to *Iames* our *King*.  **II.**  If that here be any *Round-head*,  That refuse this *Health* to pledge[...]  I wish he then may be confounded,  Underneath some rotten *Hedge*,  May the *French Disease* o'er-take him,  And upon h[...]s *Face* appear,  And his *Wife* a *Cuckold* make him,  By some *Iovial Cavalier*.     154  **SONG. On Sight of a LADY's Face in the Water.**  STand still, ye Floods, do not deface  That Image which you bear:  So Votaries from ev'ry place,  To you shall Altars rear.     No Winds, but Lovers sighs blow here,  To trouble these glad streams;  On which no Star from any Sphere,  Did ever dart such Beams.     To Crystal then in hast congeal,  Lest you shou'd lose your bliss;  And to my cruel Fair reveal,  How cold, how hard she is.     But if the envious Nymphs shall fear,  Their Beauties will be scorn'd;  And hire the ruder Winds to tear,  That Face which you adorn'd.    155  Then rage and foam amain, that we  Their Malice may despise;  And from your froths we soon shall see  A second *Venus* rise.  **SONG.**  **I.**  IF mighty *Wealth*, that gives the Rules  To *Vitious* Men, and cheated *Fools*,  Cou'd but preserve me in the *prime*  Of blooming *Youth*, and purchase *Time*;  Then I wou'd covet *Riches* too,  And scrape and cheat as others doe.  **II.**  But since that *Life* must slide away,  And *Wealth* can't purchase one poor day;  Why shou'd my cares encrease my pain,  And wast my *time* with sighs in vain;  Since *Riches* cannot *Life* supply,  It is a useless *Poverty*.    156  **III.**  Swift *time*, that can't be bought to stay,  I'll try to guide the gentlest way.  With chearfull *Friends* brisk *Wine* shall pass,  And drown a *care* in ev'ry *Glass*.  Sometimes diverted with *Loves* Charms,  I'll pleasure take in *Celia*'s Arms.  **On the Serpentine Combustion by Squibs on my *Lord Mayor*'s Day. An *HEROICK POEM*. Written *Octob. 29. 1686*.**  OF *Hoods* demolish'd, *Towers* laid full low,  Of crackling *Crape*, and *Manto's* brought to woe;  Of *Scarf* consum'd, and *Periwig* on fire,  Flaming *Cravat*, and ruinated *Squire*;  Of lighted *Petticoat*, and *Neck-cloth* blazing,  *Whisk* turn'd to Ashes, and fond *Fops* a gazing;  *Cuffs* chark'd to Coal, and *Point* turn'd all to Cinder,  And *Gause* soon *Me[...]amorphos'd* into *Tinder:*  157 Of shining *Gorget*, sparkling *Iump* of Fustian,  And *Apron* deeply lac'd in dire Combustion;  Scorch'd *Quoif* aloft, and sindged *Smock* alow,  I thought to sing in ample wise, I trow,  Unto the tune of, *Fortune is my Foe*.  But found the task too great for my weak *Quill*,  For who is he that artfully can tell?  How skipp'd the *Squire*, how the frighted *Maid*;  And, like to *Rocket*, danc'd the *Serenade*.  To shun the track of *Serpent*, looking out  For neat-made Manto, and well-fashion'd Suit.  As if when he had cast his Paper-skin,  With those he did intend to cloath again:  Or that to humane covering in spite,  He'd have each Mortal to turn *Adamite*;  And fire all, although but thinly clad,  Esteeming *Cloaths* as Goods prohibited.  Fierce in a quick pursuit, he scouts around,  Where *Linnen*, or where *Woollen*'s to be found;  And in his greedy rage, and hungry wroth,  Devours *Garments* faster than the *Moth*.  Within his *blazing Circuit*, as he wheels,  Still making faster at the *Head* than Heels.  158 Mounting aloft on ground, he makes small stay,  But into arched Windows leads his way;  Where *Myriads* following, make each Balcone,  Involv'd in Flames, look like the torrid Zone.  Swiftly they move about, with dismal quest,  Not to be *charm'd* by an *Egyptian Priest*;  But still must cruise about where good Attire is,  Spight both of *Isis* and her Friend *Osiris*;  Scorning each *Talisman*, or Magick Spell,  Dreadfull as Dragons, and as *Python* fell;  Scarce e'er to be destroy'd, for *Sages* write,  These Monsters still will *annually* affright;  And *Hoods* and *Perukes*, with hot jaws will swallow,  Untill the *City Praetor* turn *Apollo*.  Lest there shou'd some misconstruction be made of this last Verse, let the Reader know that it alludes to that Fiction of *Apollo's* killing the *Serpent Python*; And so Allegorically intimates, that those fiery Ser|pents which usually fly about on my *Lord Mayor's day*, will *annually* continue so to do, unless destroy'd by him.  159  **TO MY Much-esteemed Friend Mr. *I. N.* ON HIS Reading the first line of PINDAR [...], &c.**  HOld, there's enough, nay 'tis o'er mickle,  'Tis worse than Cant in Conventicle.  Is this the much-fam'd Friend to th' Muses,  Who thus their *Helicon* abuses?  Whose praise on Water thus is wasted,  *Claret* the Puppy never tasted:  What the Devil was his humour,  To raise so scandalous a rumour?  'Tis well 'tis *Greek*, that few may know it,  Or 'twere enough t' infect a *Poet:*  It is High Treason (I'll aver it)  Against the Majesty of *Claret*.  *Sternhold* and *Hopkins* heard it said so,  (Not that I believe they read so)  Therefore they gorg'd their *Muse* with Water,  And spew'd up *eke*, and also *after*.  160  To bouze Old Wine, mad *Pindar* wonted,  Till by a *Vintner* being affronted,  The peevish Cur (what could be ruder?)  Forc'd on us [...].  He *Water*'s damn'd *Encomium* made,  Maliciously to spoil his Trade.  But that shan't pass on me, by th' *Mass*[...]  If I drink *Water*, I'm an *Ass*.  To two great *Kings* I will be Loyal,  My Monarch *Iames*, and Claret-Royal:  Nor shall I love that *Greek* of thine,  Scarce any *Greek*, except *Greek* Wine.    Who'd be of Old mad *Timon*'s mind,  (Because he did) to hate Mankind?  No, *Soveraign* Claret, I'll adore thee,  Submissively fall down before thee;  And will by *Whores* be burnt to *Tinder*,  If I adore that Rebel *Pindar*.   *Yours*, I. Whitehall.   161  **A DIALOGUE Between *IACK* and *DICK*, Concerning the PROHIBITION OF French Wines.**  DICK.  AH *Iack,* had'st thou bin t'other day,  To see the Teeming *Vine* display  The swelling Glories of her *Womb*,  And hopefull *Progeny* to come,  (Which *Mirth* and *Iollity* create,  And sweeten up the Frowns of *Fate*)  Thou would'st with me have sigh'd and said,  Why has Obliging *Nature* made  162 Such *Iuice* to be *Prohibited?*  A *Iuice*, which duly understood,  With kindly heats *ferments* the *Blood*;  Not makes it posting to miscarry,  As do's the Hot-spur, styl'd *Canary*;  Nearly related [...]tis unto't,  And colour'd o'er with the same Coat.  Half *Blood* already, in one round  It is *assimulated* found.  With gentle *Tides, Poetick Vein*  It swells into a comely strain.  And binding all its Numbers tight,  Breeds nothing dissolute, nor light.  Whereas *Canary*, with Combustion,  Makes still the *Writer* speak in *Fustian*.  When e'ry stroak by this devis'd,  Is in Red[...]letters *signaliz'd*.  **IACK.**  Dear *Dick*, it is not thou alone,  That thus in wofull plaint makes moan;  The main of the whole *Kingdom* joyns,  And weeps the loss of *Claret Wines*.  163 As t'other day I musing went  With unknown *Griefs* my Breast was pent:  The cause I knew not, but did fear  Some dreadfull danger to be near.  Turning my Eyes aside, I found  A num'rous Croud, in wofull sound,  Banning a *Wight*, with Accent [...]ierce,  About to *Stave* a well-teem'd *Tierce*.  Oh, 'twas a dismal sight to view!  With Sleeves tuck't up, and Apron blue,  The cruel and remorsless wretch,  His blow was ready [...]or to fetch.  When streight a *Philoclareteer*  Made up, and in this wise drew near:     "Hold, hold, I say, that horrid Hand,  "Enough our Mournfull Streets are [...]lain'd  "With *Scarlet* dye, of dire *contusion*,  "By braining *Pipe* in *Execution*.  "What is the crime has bin committed  "By this poor *Liquor*, how endited?  To which he grimly gives *Response*,  (As if he'd *stave* my *Monsieur*'s *Sconse*.)  164 Sir, mind your business, you are ruder  Than e'er I yet found bold *Intruder*;  In short, Sir, [...].  'Twas all the answer he could get,  Which put my Youngster in a pet,  And forc'd him to this language keen,  "Oh thou more fierce than e'er has been:  "The wildest *Tigers Bacchus* drew,  "Or hottest Rage yet ever knew,  "Of harmless *Claret* thus to spill  "The *Blood*, and Urban gutters fill;  "As 'twere no more to be lookt after,  "Than *Urine* stale, or Kennel *Water*.  "How many of the thirsty train,  "Open their *Mouths*, as *Earth* for Rain;  "For one poor drop of the rich Iuice,  "This swelling *Vessel* do's produce.  "The better half of all the crude  "And undigested multitude;  "Now *demi*-Rogues, and near Disloyal,  "Two *spoonfulls* makes them all turn *Royal*.  "When did you know the *Lad* did love  "True *Claret*, and rebellious prove?  165 "Besides, it *Rubies* do's create,  "Of richer *dye*, and greater state,  "Than e'er was planted as a Trophy  "On *Mogull*'s Crown, or *Persian Sophy*.  "Rascal, look to't, you'll rue it one day,  "For spoiling of this brisk *Burgundy*.     Oh, had you seen the People stand,  Each one with *Handkerchief* in hand,  With watry *Eyes*, surveying o'er  The coming *Floods* of *Purple gore*.  You, you your self had shed one *Tear*,  Among the Thousands let fall there!  To see a hopefull *Vessel* come,  With *Gales of Sighs* 'twas usher'd from  The peacefull *Harbour* where it lay,  In shamefull wise, to view the day.  From *Mansions* of dark *Sable Night*,  And shady *Grots*, stor'd with delight,  Of luscious *tast*, and racy smell,  And rosie blush of *Carbuncle*;  VVith *Hoops* disjoynted, *Tackle* broke,  VVould force a *Groan* from Heart of *Oak*.  166 Half ruptur'd, bruis'd, in dismal shew,  He thrust up ev'ry *avenue*;  Till to the open Street he comes,  Bestrid by many ill-bred *Bums*,  Over his bulky Body striding,  You never saw so ill a riding;  For the fierce *Wight* no more regret had,  Than *Greek* or *Tartar* ready booted,  To seize with their light Horse, the prey  Of *Youth*, or *Damsel* gone astray.  The Vagabond, and Truant *Tub*,  VVhich held so many *Quarts* of *Bub*,  Forc'd by *Ill luck*, and *Wind*, to fall  (By missing *Port*) on *Canniball*,  And savage *Shoars*, he basely binding,  And all his *Teeth* together grinding.  VVith Words insulting thus accosts:     *France*, boast no more, that by thy *Vine*  Thou canst an *English* Soul confine,  To soop up nought but what is gotten,  From sowre *Burgundian Grape* grown rotten.  167 Old *British* Drinks (which *Bard of Yore*  Tasted, and liv'd till near *Five score*)  We'ave got the Art now for to heighten,  And our endarkned *Souls* enlighten,  Above what pitch you e'er can mannage,  By all your bo[...]sting *French Appannage*.  The *Apple* o'er the *Grape* shall reign,  And *Hereford*'s above *Campaign*.  The *Vine* no more shall rule the *Field*,  But to *Pomona, Bacchus* yield.  This said, he gives the fatal blow;  And now the Streets o'er-whelm'd do flow,  With ruddy Iuice of *Crimson* gore,  Which in loud *Cataracts* do pour  Through ev'ry *Channel*; and the *Tide*  Mounts up alo[...]t on ev'ry side.  'Tis hard to guess which flow'd more high,  That in the *Streets*, or in the *Eye*.  Each *Tunicle* [...]ull deep was sunk,  You'd thought all to be Maudlin drunk.     Yet, amongst all this noise and weeping,  Some (though their Sorrows were full deep in)  168 Made shift to muster *Bowl* or twain,  For to attend the Fun'ral train;  Which they had got from gorg'd *Canal*,  Lest some to fainting Fits should fall.  For why should Gutter swallow all up,  When many a dry Soul wish'd a gullup?     Dams being made, the Good wife brings out  Her *Churn* and *Kettle; Damsel* springs out  With *Pipkin, Chamber-pot* and *Ladle*.  And *Sucking-Bottle* (fetch'd from *Cradle*.)  *Treys* brought by *Butcher, Trough* by *Mason*,  And forth the *Barber* brings his *Bason*.  The *Tinker* (wisely as I judge it)  Makes *Leathern-Bottle* of his *Budget*.  O'th' *broken Ribs*, full many a piece  They got, and suck'd like *Liquorish*;  And to their Children *Splinters* good,  Of the ruby-tinctur'd *Wood*,  Instead of *Coral*, they bestow,  To rub their *Gums*, aloft and low;  VVhilst others o'er the *Dams* lye lolling,  (As ready the *Red Sea* to fall in)  169 VVith frequent Laps, their Thirst allaying,  Pronouncing many a ruefull saying,  Concerning loss of *Champaign, Burdeaux*,  And what a grinning ugly Cur 'twas,  That dash'd out brain of *Hogshead* awfull,  E'er *Thirsty Mortal* had his Maw full:  Giving out many words (half raving)  'Gainst Hammers, Knocks, and Blows, and Staving.  Continuing such a dismal pother,  They'd like at last to'ave stav'd each other.  All going handy-dandy to't,  Till *Constable* do's drive the *Rout*  To their own home, from *Claret Bank*,  There to weep out the VVine they'ave drank.  **DICK.**  Troth, *Iack*, thy News in manner wofull,  My Heart has seiz'd, and fill'd up so full,  It through mine *Eyes* must take some vent,  Or I shall miserably faint.  There never was more dismal Tale  Repeated o'er Spic'd Cup of Ale,  By deep *Cabal*, and nodding *Quire*,  Of *Matrons* old, near VVinter's fire.    170  VVeep, Mortals, weep, untill your Eyes  Be red as th' *Wine* they sacrifice.  How will you now your *Passions* vent,  To her you long your Heart have lent?  *Phillis* without regard may go,  And lovely *Amarillis* too,  May often see her charming Name,  Without Attendant *Anagram*.  Gone is the *Wine* that did inspire  The *Poet* with his *Amorous fire*;  That did assist him to *invoke*,  And gave his *Pen* the happy stroak.  *Fools* may go on, and *Scribling* write,  Yet fear no *Satyr* that shall bite;  Its *sting* is dull'd by ev'ry blow  The wronged *Vessels* undergo:  For all the Salt, and all the Flame,  Whence Wounds, and Plagues, and Vengeance came,  Is melted, quench'd, sunk, lost, and drown'd,  And never, never to be found,  Without the leave of pulling down,  The Dams of *Prohibition*;  171 And drawing up the *Sluces* all,  That *ruby Floods* again may fall,  And freely fill the *Mass[...]e Bowl:*  Then thou and I, and ev'ry *Soul*  That has a *Muse* or *Mistress* there,  Shall in one hand a *Goblet* bear,  And with the other charm the *Ear*.  Shall briskly each his *brimmer* drink,  And live and love, and laugh and think  Of something fit to entertain  The peacefull hours once again.  Till then adieu; with *Lips a-dry*,  For once we'll part; and so *Good-buy*.  For who with baser *Iuice* would [...]ully  His servile Lips, is much a *Cully*.  And though full thirsty, fit no more  To have his Body varnish'd o'er;  Or ever to be ting'd again,  With its Rosie-colour'd grain.  Once more farewell, till kindly *Seas*  Rowl *Claret Casks* upon our *Keys*.  Then (*Haec*) we'll say, and laugh and kiss ye,  *Iuvabit olim meminisse.*       172  **These Ten following *POEMS* done by a Con|ceal'd Author for his private Recreation.**  **To *CLARINDA* on her Incom|parable *Painting* and *Wax-work*. Written *Septemb. 1686*.**  SOar now, my *Muse*, to an unusual flight,  Whilst fair *Clarinda*'s *Skill* my Pen excite,  The Wonders of her *Pencil* to endite.  A modest *Poet* can't be *silent* here,  Where so much *Art* and *Excellence* appear.  Your active *Pencil* scorns a constant dress,  It's seen each day in *Novelties* afresh;  Sometimes you curious *Landskips* represent,  And arch 'em o'er with gilded *Firmament:*  Then in *IAPAN* some *Rural Cottage* Paint,  You can with equal Skill draw *Fiend* and *Saint*.  A genuine sweetness through your *Pencil* flows,  And charming *Pictures* to the Life it shows.  173 Next *Wax-work, Cupid*'s by your *Art* made fair,  And sparkling *Stars* seem hov'ring in the *Air*,  Supported only by a single *Hair*.  But your enflaming *Eyes* shew *Stars* more bright;  *Stars*, which may serve those lesser ones to light;  And pretty *Cupids* dancing there, do dart  More piercing *Beams*, than those you've made by Art.  A Female *Pencil* now such *Art* hath shown,  As neither *Sex* before could ever own:  For none could yet your matchless *Paintings* view,  But the same *Passions* mov'd 'em, which you *drew*;  And from your *Self* you copy ev'ry Grace,  For you have all that can adorn each *Face:*  So like your *Pieces* to *live Objects* are,  That if together we should them compare,  *Nature* her self amaz'd wou'd doubting stand,  To know her own from the Skill'd *Painter*'s hand;  For she the like with less success attempts,  When her own *Work* in *Twins* she represents.  Well then may *Birds*, for real *Grapes*, mistake  Those pendent *Clusters* which thy *Pencil* make.  174 Perhaps thy *living* [**Note:** *Trees of the Ladies own setting in her Garden.* ] *Plants* too they'll neglect,  And fly to these thy *Pencil* doth project;  For though disrob'd is [**Note:** *Being at the Fall of th' Leaf.* ] *Nature* of her Pride,  Fresh as the *Spring* thy *Painting* doth abide:  Thus your Victorious *Painting*, and your *Eyes*,  Make Birds, Beasts, Fishes, also Men your prize.  **A *Young Man* to an *Old Woman*, Courting him. In Imitation of a Modern Author.**  PEace, doating Wretch, for ever cease thy *suit*,  Tempt me no more henceforth with musty fruit;  For rotten *Medlers* please not, whilst there be  Orchards and Gardens in *Virginity*.  Thy crabbed *Stock* is too much out of date,  For young and tender *Plants* t' *inoculate*.  Can *Wedlock* e'er endure so great a *Curse*,  As putting *Husbands* out to th' *Wife* to *Nurse*?  175 How pleasantly *Poor Robin* then wou'd crack,  T' insert our *Names* within his *Almanack;*  And think that time had wheel'd about this *Year*,  So soon *December* meeting *Ianiveer*.  So the *AEgyptian Serpent* figures *Time*;  And being strip't, returns unto its *prime*.  If my *affection* thou design'st to win,  Then cast of[...] first thy *Hieroglyphick* Skin.  My tender years will not endure (alack)  The fulsome breathings which attend thy smack,  Proceeding [...]om some former loathsome *Clap*.  Could you a *Virgins Beauty* but regain,  And change your state from *Age* to *Youth* again:  Your o'er-blown *Face* more charming might appear,  And with delight we might *embrace* each *Year*.  Perhaps no *strife* or *discord* then might be,  Betwixt my pretty *Skeleton* and Me:  But *Metamorphoses* are seldom known  In this our *Age*, since *Miracles* are gone.  Cease then your *Suit*, and for the future try,  To heal your *Tenant*'s Leg, or his sore Eye.  So may you purchase credit, fame and thank,  Beyond the foppish Name of *Mountebank*;  176 Or chew thy *Cud* on some *forlorn* delight,  Which thou revivest in thy *Eighty-eight*;  Or be but *Bed-rid* once, and surely then  Thou'lt *dream* once more thy youthfull *Sins* again.  But if that still you needs will be my *Spouse*,  First hearken, and attend upon my *Vows*.     "When th' *Needle* his dear *North* shall quite for|sake,  "And *Stones* a journey to the *Sky* shall make.  "When *AEtna*'s fires shall mildly undergo,  "The wond'rous penance of the *Alps* in Snow.  "When *Sol* shall by a single blast of's Horn,  "From *Crab* be posted unto *Capricorn*.  "When th' *Heav'ns* confus'dly shuffle all in one,  "And joyn the *Torrid* with the *Frozen Zone*.  "Be sure, when all these *Contradictions* meet,  "Then (*Sibyl*) thou and I will kindly greet.  For all these *Similies* are understood,  'Twixt *youthfull Heat*, and thy dull *frigid Blood*.  So, Madam, *Time* continue ever *Bald*,  For I will not thy *Perriwig* be call'd:  Nor be a *Crutch* to prop thy tot'ring frame,  Lest th' *Fabrick* fall'n, from th' *Ruins* spring my shame.     177  **TO CLARINDA. A *SONG*.**  **I.**  TEmpt me not with your *Face* that's fair,  Nor *Lips* and *Cheeks*, though red;  I neither prize them, nor your *Hair*,  Which in its *Curls* is laid.  Nor value I your *Pencils* fame,  For *Nature* it exceeds;  And *Lillies* do your *Beauties* stain,  *Roses* your *Lips* and *Cheeks*.  **II.**  Nor prize I your *Seraphick Voice*,  That like an *Angel* sings;  Though if I were to take my choice,  I would have all these things.  But if that you wou'd have me love,  You must be true as *Steel;*  Or else in vain my *Heart* you move,  Your *Charms* I cannot feel.    178  **III.**  But since, fair *Nymph*, you're *fickle* grown,  I'll change too with the *Wind;*  Sometimes in *Storms* of *Love* I'll frown,  Sometimes be calm and kind.  My *Proteus* Love shall frown and play,  As subtle *Foxes* doe;  Till they have seiz'd th' unwary *Prey*,  But then shall kill like you.  **IV.**  A *Courtier*'s *Tongue* for *Flattery*,  A *Poet*'s *Brain* for *Wit;*  A *Womans Breast* for *Treachery*,  For my designs I'll get.  Then through the silly *Female flock*,  I cunningly will rove;  Thus, thus for once I'll try my luck,  To get their *Hate* or *Love*.     179  **ON HIS SECRET PASSION FOR COSMELIA.**  BY no *Discov'ry* have I e'er *reveal'd*  My *secret Love*, so closely yet conceal'd;  But rather, oft with *Hypocritick* Art,  In a dissembled *look* bely'd my *Heart*.  Yet cou'd *Discov'ry* gratifie my *Wish*,  *Concealment* shou'd not long defer the bliss.  For straight my *Passion* then I wou'd reveal,  And whisper in her *Ear* the *Am'rous Tale*.  But no *Relation* can my wants relieve,  Or *Limits* to my boundless *Wishes* give.     Shou'd my *Belov'd*, whose *Art* hath giv'n new breath  To dying *Heroes,* at the point of Death:  *She* who no Cure scarce ever undertook,  But the disease her *Patient* soon forsook:  180 *She* who each *Simple's* Sov'reign Vertue knows,  And to their proper use can them dispose:  Shou'd *She* her utmost Skill in *Physick* try,  All, All wou'd fail to ease my misery:  All her *Prescriptions*, without *Love*, are vain;  *Love* only suits the Nature of my pain.     *Thrice* hath the *Sun* his Annual progress made,  Since first my *Heart* was by my *Eyes* betray'd;  With various *Scenes* of suitable delight,  *Cosmelia*'s Beauty entertain'd my sight.  Th' *Idea* of which doth still salute my *Eye*,  Nor can her *Absence* this delight deny.  Whilst *Wit* and *Learning* also charm'd each sence,  Her *Poetry* had no less influence;  For flights of fancy in her lines abound,  As *Wine* in Conduits, when a King is Crown'd.  Thus Art, Wit, Beauty, Learning, all conspire  T' insnare my *Heart*, and set my *Soul* on fire:  Her *Words*, her *Looks* my waking thoughts employ;  And when I sleep, I see her with more joy.  But ah! too soon the silent *Shades* of *Night*,  Do leave their *Empire* to the rising *Light*.  181 When, lo, I find my *Pleasures* but a *Dream*,  Thus chiefest Ioys glide with the swiftest stream.  A sleep or wake, still *Love* creeps through my Veins,  And in my *Mind* the fierce infection reigns.  Sometimes with *Books* I wou'd divert my Mind,  But that increases but the pain, I find:  Sometimes I court enjoyment [...]rom my *Muse*,  Till by distraction I my fancy lose.  So wretched Men, that sundry *Med'cines* try,  As oft increase, as cure the *Malady*.  In vain I strive these *fantoms* to remove,  Or shun those Aerial Images of Love:  Her bright *Idea* makes *Affections* yield,  Like Ears of Corn, when Wind salutes the Field.     Each rising *Sun* views her more bright and fair,  Her *Vertues* more conspicuous appear.  Gentle's her *Nature*, Modest is her *Meen*;  Her *Conversation*'s Mild, Her *Looks* Screen.  No Tyrant *Passion* rages in her Breast,  But the meek *Dove* builds there her *Hal[...]yon* Nest.  More Native *Wealth* doth that fair *Breast* contain,  Than all the Treasures of the boundless *Main*.  182 Not so delightfull was the *Sacred Tree*,  Nor God-like *knowledge* cou'd more tempting be.  For the *fair Tree* cou'd not such *Fruit* impart,  As this fair *Virgin,* wou'd she yield her *Heart*.     Happy, false *Strephon* then, whose pow'rfull *Charms*  Alone might win this *Lady* to his Arms:  His gracefull *Meen*, resistless Charms impart,  And glide (unfelt) into her tender Heart;  Whilst on his *Lips* such smooth discourse is hung,  His *Person*'s less attractive than his *Tongue*.  No Storms in Love need *Strephon* then maintain,  Without a *Siege* he may the *Conquest* gain:  For where the *Fort* by *Love*'s betray'd within,  It needs must yield to let the *Hero* in.  But for th' *Squire*, and the young hopefull *Cit*,  With the *Gay Spark*, that wou'd be thought a *Wit*;  Their hopes are blasted, and each strives in vain,  By *Nuptial Tyes* the lovely *prize* to gain.  The *Squire* she slights, lest he unkind shou'd prove,  And to his *Horse* or *Dogs* prefer her Love.  *Covetous* and unbred she styles the *Citt*,  *Debauch'd* the vain pretender to lewd *Wit*.  183 Thus bravely she doth these kind *Heroes* slight,  Thinking they all intrude on *Strephon*'s right;  Whilst unconcern'd Triumphant *Strephon* stood,  Like some dull *Image* carv'd of *Stone* or *Wood;*  Insensible of all *Love*'s pow'rfull Charms,  Nor mov'd by *Wit*'s or *Beauty*'s loud Alarms.  But oh, my Soul! unlike Effects I find,  Her Virgin charms produceth in thy mind.     As nought that's *dead* and *barren* can excite  *Vital affections*, or the *sence* delight;  So nought *inanimate* cou'd e'er improve  My Gen'rous thoughts to any fruits of Love:  Or as *Clarinda*'s painted *Shadows* fed  Only my *fancy* with their *White* and *Red*.  So bright *Cosmelia*'s Pen it do's impart,  Vigour and Motion to my Love-sick Heart:  Her sacred *Presence* all my *Parts* do render  *Vocal*, except my *Tongue*, that stupid Member.  Her *Wit* my *Soul* inspires with thoughts too great,  For words to comprehend, shou'd silence break.  If in kind *glances*, by a swift surprize,  I do behold the *Aspect* of her *Eyes*;  184 *Alternate Paroxysms* of *Cold* and *Heat*,  My *Vital Spirits* strangely do defeat.  Thus various *Passions* in my *Breast* do rove,  Yet all do meet and terminate in *Love*.     Oh wou'd kind *Heav'n* but be so much my friend,  To make my *Fate* upon my choice depend:  All my *Ambition* here I wou'd confine,  And only this fair *Virgin* shou'd be mine;  Lock'd in her Arms in *Love* and *Peace* I'd lye,  And whilst I breathe, my Flames shou'd never dye:  For shou'd that *Beauty* which she do's possess,  Fade into *Autumn*, I cou'd love no less.     185  **TO CLARINDA, ON HIS Deserting her, and loving *Cosmelia*.**  'TIS true, *Clarinda*, once I did resign  To your frail *Beauty* this kind *Heart* of mine[...]  Yet the *Resignment* but in *thought* was sign'd,  For *words* ne'er seal'd the impress of my Mind.  Too well my *Heart* was sensible you gain'd,  By treach'rous *Wiles*, the Conquest you obtain'd:  And that by *Art* y' assum'd deluding Looks;  *Looks* unrecorded in kind *Nature*'s Books:  Therefore I've justly banish'd you my Breast,  No more your *Beauty* shall invade my rest,  I've entertain'd a more deserving *Guest:*  Not One whose *Heart*'s inconstant as the Wind,  But One, whose *Love* to One can be confin'd:  One, whose true Love with *Friendship* ever flows,  And whom kind *Fate* has for my *Lover* chose;  186 To her m' inamour'd *Heart* doth panting move,  By fervent *Efforts* of *Ecstatick* Love:  With modest *Blushes* I inform her *Eyes*,  Her *vertuous Love* has made my *Heart* her prize.  And whilst my *Blushes* doe confess I burn,  By *Sighs* and *Looks* she makes as kind return.  Know then, kind *Nymph*, my Love to you's expir'd,  And fled to her, who thus my Breast has fir'd.  Without her [**Note:** *The Lady having Skill in Physick.* ] *Art*, your *Beauty* will decay,  A fit of *Sickness* makes it fade away:  Whilst in her sight no bold *Disease* durst stand,  But, trembling, vanishes at her command.  What though your *Pencil* Nature oft supplies,  With *Charms* as piercing as your *Azure Eyes:*  Yet know, 'tis noble *Verse* sets off your Paint;  Her *Poetry* alone can dub a *Saint*.   187  **TO COSMELIA, ON HER Departure into the COUNTREY.**  FArewell, fair *Mistress* of my chief d[...]sires,  Whose charming *Beauties* kindleth pleasing fires;  Whilst I (sad Fate!) must here *forlorn* remain,  Since you, *fair Conqu'ress*, do my *Heart* retain.  To you, the *Center* of my *Love*, it flies,  And ne'er can rest till it *enjoys* or *dyes*.  Farewell dear *Eyes*, it will be tedious *Night*  With me, as long as I do want your light.  Farewell those ruby *Lips* which seem to me,  Of *Nature*'s Glory an *Epitome*.  The *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* I shall want,  That hang on them, and fast an irksome *Lent*.  Farewell best *Tongue*, now Thee I shall not hear,  I wou'd not care if all things silent were.  Farewell all fair, *Beauty* I shall not view,  Untill again I do behold 't in *You*.  188 Farewell *Physician* of my love-sick Soul,  Your sight alone can make your Patient whole.  **On a ROSE sticking on a Ladies Breast.**  SWeet fading *Flower*, that with the *Sun*'s uprise  Unfold'st thy *Bud*, and in the Ev'ning dyes.  Swell now with beauteous pride, and let thy bright  And blushing Leaves joy and refresh our sight.  Incorporate thy sweet and fragrant smell,  With those refreshing *Odours* there do dwell.  Blest, ah for ever blest be that fair Hand,  That did *transplant* thee to that Sacred Land.  Oh happy *Rose*, that in that *Garden* rests,  That *Paradise* betwixt that Ladies Breasts:  There's an Eternal *Spring*, where thou shalt lye,  Betwixt two *Lilly Mounts*, and never dye:  There thou shalt spring among the fertile *Vallies*,  By *buds*, like thee, that grow in midst of Allies;  189 There none dare pluck thee from that sacred place,  Nor yet attempt thy *Beauty* to deface.  If any, but *approach*, strait doth arise  A most surprizing *light,* which blasts his *Eyes*;  There, 'stead of *Ruin*, shall living *Fountains* flow,  For *Wind* her fragrant *Breath* for ever blow:  Nor now, as wont, shall one bright *Sun* thee cheer,  But two conjoyn'd, which from her *Eyes* appear.  Oh then, what *Monarch* wou'd not think't a Grace,  To leave his Regal Throne to have thy place.  My self to gain thy blessed seat, do Vow,  Wou'd be *transform'd* into a *Rose*, as thou.   190  **ON THE Most Charming *GALECIA*'s PICTURE. [Note: *The Lady being Painted wi[...]h a Bough o[...] Bays in her Hand.* ]**  HAppy the *Hand*, which to our longing *sight*,  Presents that *Beauty*, which the dazling light  Of your bright *Charms*, do's hide from weaker *Eyes*,  And all access (save by this Art) denies.  'Tis only here our *Sight* hath strength to view  Those *Beauties*, which do terminate in you.  By this your great *Perfections* we conceive,  The Gracious *Image* seeming to give leave;  Which daily by your *Votaries* is seen,  And by the *Muses* has saluted been.  Who, whilst an *Infant*, placed in your Hand  The *Bays* so many strove for in this Land.  Wisely fore-seeing your *Poetick Pen*,  Might claim the primacy of th'wittiest Men.  191 [...] you th' extreams of *Pow'r* and *Beauty* move,  [...]ho are the Quintessence and *Soul* of Love.  [...]s the bright *Sun* (whose distant *Beams* delight)  [...]f equal Glory to your *Beauties* light;  [...]s wisely pl[...]c'd in so *sublime* a seat,  [...]'extend his *light*, and moderate his *heat*.  [...]o happy 'tis you move in such a *Sphere*,  Which do's not over-come our *sence*, but chear:  And in our Breasts do's qualifie that *fire*,  Which kindled by those *Eyes*, h[...]d flamed higher,  Than when the scorched *World* like hazard run,  By the approach of the ill-guided *Sun*.  Such *Eyes* as yours on *Iove* himself have thrown,  As bright and fierce a lightning as his own.   192  **THE YOUNG LOVER's ADVOCATE: BEING An Answer to a Copy of Verses.**  Written by *Galaecia* to her *Young Lover* on his *Vow*.   TOo rigid, too censorious and severe,  Your unjust scruples plainly do appear.  Why shou'd you question that most sacred *Vow*,  Which in sincerity I made but now?  Did I not Vow by all the *Pow'rs* above,  None but *Galaecia* shou'd but obtain my Love?  I did, and made a Cov'nant with my *Eyes*,  No other *Beauties* shou'd my *Heart* surprize.  And may those *Pow'rs* their vengeance from above,  Show'r on my head, when e'er I *perjur'd* prove:  A thousand Deaths I'd rather chuse to dye,  Than once my Faith to break or falsifie.  193 Not all your Sexes charms shall tempt me more,  No other Object shall my Soul adore.  Thy *Sex*, alas! is but a *Lottery*,  Where thousand *Blanks* for one true *Prize* we see.  And since kind *Fate* has giv'n me such a *Lott*,  Think you I'll hazard what's so hardly got?  No, rather think me constant as the *Sun*,  Who never s[...]ts, till he his race hath run:  Firm as the *Centre*, as the *Poles* unmov'd,  Faithfull as honest *Swains* to their Belov'd.     But you alledge for *Love* I am too green,  Though two years turn'd, and upwards of *Eighteen*.  Alas, too long I think I've been debarr'd,  And five years since *Love*'s pleasures shou'd have shar'd:  Lovers as young as me I can produce,  As Precedents to warrant my Excuse.  The Famous *Sappho* summ'd up all her joy  In the Embrace of a *Sicilian* Boy.  The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theseus* but a Lad,  And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had:  Nay *Love* himself, that God, is but a Child;  Shall I for want of Years then be *Exil'd?* 194  Yea, I have heard fair *Virgins* say, in truth,  Of all that love, give me the smooth-chinn'd Youth:  My tender years my *innocence* may prove,  And non-acquaintance with the *Wiles* of *Love*.  **To my Ingenious Friend, Mrs. *IANE BARKER*, ON MY Publishing her Romance of *SCIPINA*.**  COu'd I the Censure of each *Critick* dread,  Before your *Book* my *Lines* shou'd not be read;  For 'twill be thought, shou'd I attempt your *Praise*,  Trophies of *Int'rest* to my self I'd raise.  Since the same *Pen* that wou'd applaud my *Friend*,  At once my *Copy*, and her *Lines*, commend:  Nor cou'd my *Silence* 'scape from *Censure* free,  Then other *Hands*, they'd say, I brib'd for the[...].  195 Yet cou'd Applause your learned *Piece* set forth,  To make your *Fame* as endless as your *Worth*;  I wou'd invoke some gentle *Muse* t' inspire  My active *Pen* with a *Poetick* fire;  That it might blazon forth your Matchless *Wit*,  And your due *Merits* to the World transmit.  But since this Subject doth require the Skill,  Or of a *Maro*, or a *Waller*'s Quill,  I must desist, and quit the brave design,  And the great task to better hands resign.  Only as th' empty Coach is wont t' attend,  To Mourn the *Obsequies* of some dear Friend:  So shall my Worthless lines ev'n now appear,  For want of better, to bring up the Rear  Of those that welcome th' *Issue* of your *Wit*,  Which in so soft and smooth a Style you've writ.     You fair *Scipina*'s Name do here advance  Unto the Title of a sam'd *Romance:*  Then in smooth Lines you celebrate her *Praise*,  And crown her Temples with immortal *Bays*.  Her Heroes *Fights* you bravely have exprest,  Till blest with *Peace*, he in her Arms finds rest.  196 How wou'd it please the gallant *Scipio*'s Ghost,  (The bravest Gen'ral th' Elyzian Fields can boast,)  To see his *Battles* acted o'er again,  By thy victorious and triumphant Pen.     Thy Virgin *Muse* soars upwards still on high,  Out-strips the *Dedalean Scuddery*,  With swifter flights of *Fancy* wings each line,  And harshest *Thoughts* to gentle Love refine.  Each *Stoick*'s Heart, and softer Females Breast,  With the same *Passion* that you *write*'s possest.  Let carping *Criticks* then complain of *Fate*,  And envy what they cannot imitate.  Since 'tis beyond their Art or Pow'r to blast  Your Virgin Lawrels, which do spread so fast.     197  **A *Batchelor*'s *Life*, in pursuit of Mrs. *BARKER*'s Verses in Praise of a *Single Life*.**  By the Author of the Ten preceding Copies.   SInce, O ye *Pow'rs*, it is by your decree,  For *Women* I've so great *indiff'rencie:*  Suffer me not by *Love* to be mis-led;  Let nought induce me to the *Nuptial Bed*.  Let no frail *Beauties* to my *Eyes* resort,  Lest those false *Centinels* betray the *Fort*.  But if blind *Cupid* with a poys'nous Dart,  Shou'd chance to *penetrate* my *Marble Heart*;  Then let an Icy chillness freeze my *blood*,  And stop the *active motion* of its slood:  So may I in this happy state abide,  And laugh at those a *Single Life* deride:  Whilst they (b'ing caught in wretched *Wedlock's* Noose  Do both their fr[...]e[...]om and their pleasures loose;  For cursed *Avarice* and *Iealousie*,  Attends on him th' *unlucky Knot* doth tye;  His *Soul* to *Mirth* can never be inclin'd,  For Cares and Fears ever distract his *Mind*.  198 Wou'd he be *merry*, straight his *Consorts* Noise,  E'er he can think th' *Abortive thought*, destroys.  And if his *Spouse* proves *Barren*, then he prays  To Heav'n for *Children*, or to end her days:  But if o'er-stock'd, the *Husband* then repines  At the too fruitfull *Issue* of his Loins.  Then are his thoughts employ'd to get and spare,  And make provision for a wanton Heir.     How happy is he then, who's free to chuse;  And when he will, accept, when not, refuse.  No *Cares* in *Love* can discompose his Breast,  Nor *Anxious Fears* e'er rob him of his Rest:  But unconcern'd he is in things to come;  If *London* please not, *Paris* is his home.  Yet a *Fond Wife*, or Wanton pratling *Boy*,  Perhaps might all his gen'rous *thoughts* destroy.     199  **The Exchange of HEARTS. A *SONG*. By the same. Being an Answer to a *SONG* in the *81st* Page of the First Part.**  **I.**  HAppy the *Man*, thrice happy *he*,  Who had the high *Desert*;  To lose to you his *Libertie*,  And change a *Lover*'s *Heart*.  **II.**  If *his* do's your *Repose* invade,  And rob you of your *Rest;*  Believe as much *Disorder*'s made  By *yours* within his *Breast*.  **III.**  *Reason* with *him* has no more pow'r  Than *you*, to stop the Course  Of an inrag'd and fierce *Amour*,  Drove by its own wild force.     200  **Upon a FLOCK of GOLD-FINCHES Seen in the MORNING.**  SCarce had the prancing *Coursers* of the World,  With their fresh steeming breath the Morning curl'd;  When a gilt flock of *Winged Stars* did play,  And with strange light increase the new-born day:  Sure they were sent from some *Celestial* Nest,  To teach *Aurora* how she should go drest.  Gay *Nature*'s lively *Pencil* never drew  Its own Perfection in a brighter hew.  Now in light hoverings they their Bodies poise,  And hang in *AEquilibriums* without noise.  The Amorous *Wind* in gentle Whispers sings,  And coyly kisses their Enamell'd *Wings*.  In curling *Waves* it pleats their silken *Plumes*,  And from their spicy *Breasts* doth suck Perfumes;  Then softly swells, and heaves its rising Weight,  The mounting *Birds* enjoy a noble height:  201 There in a spangled *Crescent* they appear,  And with a flying *Rain-bow* gild the *Air*.  And now *Sol*'s Rays dart from their Eastern seat,  And with a golden Blush these Rivals meet;  And then recoil, more sumptuous to behold,  Ten thousand *Colours* mixing with their *Gold*.  Thus they which make the watry Fleeces proud,  Themselves draw Lustre from a living Cloud.  Oft through the *Air* their active Course they change,  And in quick windings their brisk *Squadrons* range.  The Impressive *Atmosphere*, where they had flown,  With a long train of painted Lightning shone.  Downward at length they fell, sure wanton *Iove*  In such a splendid Storm enjoy'd his Love.  When doubtfull *Swains* behold with wond'ring sight,  Keen *Exhalations* with their pointed *Light*,  Shoot through the yielding darkness of the *Night*.  They think it was some guilty *Star* that fell,  And trembling pray, that all in *Heaven* be well.  Oh, had they seen with what a *radiant* pride,  These feather'd *Meteors* from above did glide;  They would have pity'd the deserted *Sky*,  Thinking they did a *Constellation* spy:  202 Which, that it might indulge blest *Mortals* Ears,  Had brought with it the Musick of the *Spheres*.  With such soft *Ayrs* did all the *Birds* descend,  And their bright Course to the next Bush they bend.  With purling Noise their flutt'ring *Wings* they clapt,  As if they had for Entertainment rapt.  The *Thorns* themselves shrunk in to make them room,  And sheath'd their prickles in their barky Womb.  New buds from their *Potential beds* did leap,  And peep't to see who 'twas disturb'd their sleep[...]  Spying such *Guests*, their fragrant Laps they spread;  Such *Tap'stry* none but fragrant *Feet* must tread.  Each awfull *twig* gave an *obsequious* nod;  And bowing, stoop't unto its welcome load.  And now the glitt'ring *Bush* on high displays  Its streaming *Branches*, deck't with chirping *Rays*.  Its Golden back's clad with a breathing *Fleece*,  Richer than that bold *Iason* brought [...]rom *Greece*.  The wav'ring *boughs* under their weight did leap,  And with their blithfull *chantings* time did keep.  The Neighb'ring *Brook* stop't its attentive *stream*,  And the hush't *Winds* hung lull'd into a dream.  203 Ne'er did the Perriwig'd *Hesperian* Grove,  On its bright Head so rich an *Autumn* move.  Hail, happy *Shrub*, wrap't in a Golden shade,  Whom *Nature* hath her living *Wardrobe* made;  Hail, Queen of *Plants*, crown'd with a *Diadem*,  Where every *Iewel* is a *Vocal Gem:*  A warm soft Gem, whose splendor do's excell  Th' *obdurate* off-spring of the Indian shell.  May still such *Phoenixes* shine on thy *Crest*,  But never burn their *odoriferous Nest*;  But may each Morn thy glorious *twigs* recruit,  With a new *brood* of such *Melodious* fruit.   204  **THE POET's Answer to One, Complaining of their NEGLIGENCE, In not Writing the DUKE OF *BUCKINGHAM*'s ELEGY.**  NOR needs he slender *Verse*, his Mighty *Fame*,  Rais'd above us, do's all our *Praise* disclaim;  Poets have liv'd by him, he cannot live by them.  So great his *Bounty,* we as well might show  The secret Head, whence fertile *Nile* do's flow.  Like *Nilus* he, for with a willing Hand  He gave to all, his *stream* o'er-flow'd the Land.     But still the *Muse* was his peculiar Care;  Now could I ought in Verse! A subject's here  205 Might---But the Mind's ill serv'd by Faculties,  And something still we know, we can't express.  The *Trojan* Shield, which *Maro* once did frame,  With an intent to raise *Augustus* Name,  Should not do more, if (as my *Theme*'s as great)  I could assume his Majesty and State.  But nothing [...]an rehearse his wond'rous Praise,  Unless kind Heaven from his dust should raise  Another matchless mighty *Buckingham*,  Who, like himself, could gloss the glorious Theme.  Two great effects we had from's noble *Mind*,  The *State* and *Theatre* at once refin'd.     When e'er he pleas'd to lash the nauseous Times,  And with just Rules corre[...]t the *Poet*'s Crimes:  Nonsence, and *Bays*, and Bombast took their flight,  Like frighted *Phantoms* from the hated *Light*.  As by the order of this World we guess,  A *God*, not *Chance*, first mov'd the mighty *Mass*:  So whilst we saw, when we made War, Success,  Advantage, when we pleas'd to grant a Peace:  We, by the Beauty, knew, *Villers* was there,  And God-like *Charles* was eas'd of half his care:  206 So in the Realms above 'tis *Iove*'s to will,  Whilst lesser *Powers* his *Commands* fulfill.     Nor was his *Body* inferiour to his *Mind*;  For when he was created, *Fate* design'd  That he should be the wonder of Mankind.  Goodness and Grace did always with him move;  From Men he *Honour* claim'd, from Women *Love*  Some slighted Swain, whom *Celia*'s scorn opprest,  May raise a *Flame* in some less guarded Breast:  But there the Curse do's not intirely fall,  He form'd the Race of Women to enthrall,  Reveng'd upon their Sex the quarrels of us all.  Ten thousand ways soft thoughts he cou'd inspire,  And kindled in all hearts a gen'rous fire,  His Bounty wealth, his Beauty gave desire.  His Iudgment gave us Laws, a Play his Wit;  By him we liv'd, we lov'd, we rul'd, we writ.       207  **These *Thirteen* following COPIES done by Mr. *HOVENDEN WALKER*, sometime of *Trinity-Colledge* in *Dublin*.**  ***PSALM* the *CXXXIX*. *Paraphras'd* from Verse the *7*. to Verse the *13*.**  WHere shall I [...]ind a close conceal'd Abode?  Or how avoid an *Everlasting God*!  Whither, O whither, can a Sinner flee,  *Almighty Lord*, from thy *Ubiquitie!*  How from thy *Omnipresence* can he hide,  Since ev'ry-where thy *Spirit* do's reside?     Would I ascend to *Heaven*, ev'n there  Do's thy Refulgent Glory most appear;  Thy *Light* do's there [...]ill the unbounded space,  And there dost thou thy bright Pavilion place;  At thy right hand, thy dear, thy darling *Son*  Sits, and thy *Spirit* hovers o'er the Throne;  208 While *Hallelujahs* to their God, and King,  *Myriads* of Blessed Saints and Angels sing.  Would I, to shun thee, dive to deepest *Hell*,  Ev'n there thy *Horrours*, and thy *Iudgments* dwell;  Thy Terrours there the wretched Damn'd invade,  No Bed of Rest or Refuge there is made;  For ever there thy Triumphs do remain,  (Which, *Satan* to forget, still strives in vain)  E'er since for Man thou didst Redemption gain,  And by thy Death both *Death* and *Hell* were slain.     Cou'd I with wings fly to the utmost *Sea*,  Swift as the *Light*, which brings approaching day;  Swift as the *Dawn*, which do's it self disperse,  In half a Day, through half the *Universe*.  Ev'n this a vain and fond Design would prove,  Nor from thy just *Protection* could I move;  For the wide World's most large circumference,  Is circumscrib'd by thy vast *Providence*.  Thy *Goodness* me from dang'rous Ills would save,  And lead me safely o'er each angry *Wave*.  Thy right hand would conduct me through all harms,  Thou wouldst protect me in thy mighty Arms.  209 Under thy *Wings* I should in quiet *sleep*,  Though toss'd and threaten'd by the dreadfull *Deep*.     Would I propose to hide me from thy sight,  In an *Egyptian* Darkness, and thick Night?  A glorious Splendour, and a Light divine,  From out of that thou wouldst command to shine;  Thou wouldst that blackest Cov'ring make as bright  As the gay Beams of the *Sun*'s dazling Light;  From thee the *Night* can no concealment be,  For *Night* and *Day* are still the same to thee:  Therefore in vain fond *Men* attempt to run  From thee, and thy Eternal *Presence* shun.  Thou unconfin'd thy self, do'st all confine;  For all is full of thee, and all is thine.     210  **A PASTORAL, In Imitation of *VIRGIL*'s Second ECLOGUE.**  A Lowly *Swain* lov'd a proud *Nymph* in vain,  Who did the *Country* and the *Fields* disdain,  Because the fairest of the *City* Train.  The haughty *She* despis'd his humble *Flame*,  And, soaring, flew at a more noble Game.  Unheard, unseen, he daily came to mourn  Near lonesome streams, and shades, her cruel scorn:  And, while alone, he moan'd his luckless Love,  His griefs ev'n senceless Trees and Rocks did move.  The neighb'ring *Hills* with horrour seem'd to shake,  While to himself [...]hese raving words he spake:     Shall I, as others, to my Flocks complain,  That I a cruel Beauty love in vain?  211 Shall I, with fruitless cries, disturb my *Lambs*,  Or, with my quer'lous *groans*, a[...]right their *Dams*?  Their Dams, that strangers are to Lover's cares,  And can enjoy their Loves without their Fears!  No, let me here in secret pine away,  And in sad objects read my Doom each day.  Lo, through these *Clifts* a trav'lling Current glides,  And little *Rocks* the purling *streams* divides.  Ah! how well this resembles my sad Fate!  My fruitless tears, and her unsoft'ning hate:  For as these *Rocks* hard and unmov'd remain,  And the clear *stream* but washes 'em in vain;  So fall my Tears as unsuccessfully,  Nor her hard stony *Heart* can mollifie:  For still they run, unheeded as this *Brook*,  Nor will *she* stop 'em by one pleasing *look*.  Oh, cruel *Nymph!* why do'st thou thus delight  To torture me? why thus my suff'rings [...]light?  My mournfull *Songs* neglected are by thee,  Thou art regardless of my *Verse*, and me.  Thou canst behold, with an unpittying Eye,  My sorrows, and art pleas'd to see me dye.  212 Lo, now each Creature either rests, or feeds,  And spotted *Lyzards* dance in shady weeds;  All are imploy'd, and bonny *Mall* takes care,  Dinners for weary *Reapers* to prepare:  But I, by sa[...] complaints, at noon am found,  Making, with *Grashoppers*, the Shrubs resound.  And while I trace thy wand'ring *s[...]eps* all day,  Oppress'd wi[...]h heat of *Love*, my spirits decay,  And by the *Sun* scorch't up I faint away.  Had I not better far, contented, born  Brown *Amaryllis* little peevish scorn,  Whose lofty Soul, high Parents, and Descent,  Against my Love had been no Argument?  Or I had better far have lov'd *black Bess*,  What though her *Wealth* and *Beauty* had been less;  What though her *Skin* was of a *tawny* hew,  And though as *fair* as whitest *Lillies* you.  With her so long in vain I had not strove,  But she would have rewarded Love with Love.  Oh, beauteous *Nymph*, do not so much delight,  Nor pride thy self that thou art sair and white;  For whitest *Blossoms* most neglected fall,  While the ripe *Blackberry* is pluck't by all:  213 But I am so despis'd, so scorn'd by thee,  Thou dost not ev'n so much as ask of me,  What stock I do of larger *Cattel* keep,  How stor'd with *Milk*, or how inrich't with *Sheep*.  My thousand *Lambs* wander on yonder *Hills*,  'Tis my large *Flock* th' adjacent *Valley* fills;  Summer nor Winter my *Kine* ne'er are dry,  But with new Milk my little House supply.  If or my *Verse* or *Musick* could but prove,  Of force enough to make my fair one love;  I would oblige her with such *Songs*, such lays,  As those with which *Amphion* in pristine days,  Himself of old the *Theban* Walls did raise.  Nor am I so deform'd to be despis'd,  For I but lately with the *Sea* advis'd.  When the *still Winds* did undisturbed sleep,  Nor with their *Rage* wrinkled the smooth-fac'd *Deep*.  And if that *Image* did not flatter me,  I need not fear, though to be judg'd by thee,  That I less handsome to your sight should prove,  Then happy *Citizens* whom you so lov[...].  Oh that it necessary were for thee,  To live in humble *Cottages* with me;  214 To hunt swift *Deer*, and with a *verdant twig*,  To drive my *Ewes*, which with their young are big.  And while my pretty *Lambs* in Pastures feed,  To imitate our *Pan* upon a Reed:  Nor let it grieve you that you wear away  Your tender Lips upon my *Pipes* to play.  This, if he were but half so blest to know,  What would not the oblig'd *Amyntas* do?  I have that *Pipe* which was bestow'd on me,  By Swain *Dametas*; when he dy'd, said he,  Accept this *Pipe* as the best Legacie.  *Dametas* said it, but *Amyntas* griev'd,  That I so great a present had receiv'd.  But in an unsafe Vale I found besides  Two tender *Kids* with pretty speckled Hides;  They twice a day dreign a full Udder'd Sheep,  And these for you with so much care I keep.  *Mall* would long since have beg'd 'em both [...]rom me,  And she shall have 'em, since contemn'd by thee.     Come here, bright *Maid*, come hither charming fair,  See what for thy reception *Nymphs* prepare;  215 See how they do adorn the shady *Bow'rs*;  See how they gather all the sweetest *Flow'rs*.  To make thee pleasant *Garlands*, see how they  Prepare to crown thee, the bright Queen of *May*.  Lo I my self have search't the *Orchard* round,  To see where the best *Apples* may be found:  Chesnuts and yellow Plums I've gather'd, such  As once my *Amaryllis* lov'd so much.  But here's an *Apple* that can all out-doe,  Which I particularly pluck't for you.  Some twigs of *Lawrel* from yon *Tree* I'll take,  And *Myrtle* mix, the better scents to make;  Which artsully into a *Garland* wove,  With Flowers sweet shall crown my sweeter Love.     But all thy clownish *Gifts* unheeded are,  Nor do's the *Nymph* for such a *Bumpkin* care.  What Gifts of thine canst thou believe will take,  Since City-Youths can so much richer make?  Thy humble Presents fading are, and poor,  Not lasting as their bright and shining *Ore*.    216  Alas, what shall I do? where find out Rest?  Where ease the Burthens of my lab'ring Breast?  I leave expos'd (distracted in my mind)  My choicest *Gardens* to the *Southern Wind*.  My clearest *Fountains* I preserve no more,  From the unruly, and the nasty *Boar*.  My tender *Flocks* by me neglected are,  And are no more as once my only care.  While I to *Passion* am, unguarded they  To the devouring *Wolf* become a prey.  Each day the *Sun* rises upon my Love;  And still as that ascends, this do's improve.  But when to *Thetis* Lap he goes to rest,  I feel no quiet in my Tortur'd Breast.  Unhappy *Nymph*, whom wouldst thou coyl[...] shun?  Ah, whither from a wretched Lover run?  The greatest *Heroes* did of old, nay *Gods*  Have chose to dwell in *Sylvan* Shades and Woods.  *Dardanian Paris* lov'd the Verdant *Plains*,  And liv'd most happy, while amongst the *Swains*.  *Pallas* her self did Fields and Forrests love,  And was delighted with the pleasant *Grove*;  217 And there, for her abode, built shady *Bow'rs*,  And stately Palaces, and lofty Tow'rs.  And therefore I so much prefer above  The smoaky *City*, the delightfull *Grove*;  And in these Shades how happy could I be,  Disdainfull *Nymph*, wer't not for Love of thee:  'Tis that, 'tis that which thus my *Rest* destroys,  'Tis that that ruins all my *rural Ioys*;  To thee I am so prone, so bent to thee,  I cannot tast the least felicitie.  Not [...]lying *Wolves* by the fierce *Lyoness*,  Are hotlier pursu'd; nor are *Kids* less  Follow'd by chasing Wolves, nor can Kids be  More fond of *Cytisus* than I of thee.  All follow that in which they most delight,  But you alone can my Desires invite.     Ah, foolish *Swain*, what [...]renzy haunts thy mind?  Canst thou no ease, no moderation [...]ind?  Will not thy Love one minutes rest allow?  Behold the lab'ring *Ox* has left the Plow[...]  And now the *Sun* hasts to his Ev'ning bed,  By low degrees still doubling ev'ry shade.  218 All Creatures now, with the expiring Light,  Cease from their Toil, to sleep away the *Night*.  Do's *Love* alone a cruel Master prove?  Is there no end of the hard Tasks of Love?  See how yon *Vine* untrim'd neglected lyes;  What wilt thou ne'er repent? wilt ne'er be wise?  Apply thy self to some more usefull thing,  Which may a much more certain profit bring.  Shake off for shame at last this fruitless Love,  And wasting Time to better ends improve:  Or if you needs must love, hereafter chuse  Some gentler *Nymph*, who'll not your Love refuse.     219  **The Fourth ELEGY OF CORNELIUS GALLUS, OF THE Miseries of Old Age. Made English.**  The *Poet* gives an account of his loving a *Young Maid* very *privately* in his *Youth*, but at last how in his *sleep* he discover'd what so carefully he hid *waking*; and concludes the *Elegy* with the consideration of the *inconveniences* he lyes under by being *Old*.  YET let me one more Youthfull *Tale* reherse,  And please my self with my own empty *Verse*;  For idle *Stories* very well agree  With antick *Dotage*, and *stupiditie*.  And as in changing years, Mankind is found  With various *Chances* always turning round:  Ev'n so those *times* which most inverted be,  Seem most obliging to the *Memorie*.    220  A *Virgin* once there was, whom *Heav'n* design'd,  Both by the *Graces* of her Face and Mind,  To be adapted, so, that she became  By Nature *Candid*, as she was by Name.  Her pure white *Hair* around her shoulders spread,  Fell decently in *Ringlets* [...]rom her Head:  But ev'ry *Part* of her was bright, and fair,  And full as *charming* as her *Flaxen Hair*.  The tune[...]ull *Lyre* s[...]e touch't with such a grace,  That it confirm'd the Conquests of her *Face*;  While from the trembling *strings* soft *Tunes* did flow,  With *Love* and *Ioy* my *Heart* did tremble too.  But when she joyn'd thereto some witty *Song*,  How many *Cupids* sate upon her *Tongue!*  Each moving *word*, each *accent* sent a *Dart*,  And ev'ry *Note* did wound my melting *Heart*.  But then she *Danc'd* with such a charming Air,  As made each *Part* appear more killing fair.  No stratagems of *Love* by her e'er mist,  Nor had I pow'r my Ruin to resist:  But did with secret *Pleasure* entertain  The silent and the smooth delightfull pain.    221  Thus one bright *Maid*, but yet assisted well  With such *Auxiliaries*, as nought could quell,  In various ways storm'd my defenceless *Mind;*  Nor did one *Charm* the least resistance find.  And when by down-right *[...]orce* she was possest,  She ne'er forsook my entertaining *Breast*.  Once seen, her beauteous *form* still stay'd with me,  And day and night dwelt in my Memorie.  How o[...]t has my *Imagination* brought  Her absent *Image* present to my Thought.  Fix't, and intent, how oft (though far remov'd)  Have I suppos'd I talk'd with her I lov'd.  How oft with Pleasure would my Fancy bring  Those *Songs* to mind which she was wont to sing;  And how I strove my *Voice*, like hers, to frame,  And bin delighted as it were the same.  Thus I my self, against my self took part,  And, like a *cheat*, play'd booty with my *Heart*.  How oft, alas, have my own Friends believ'd,  That I of *Sense* and *Reason* was depriv'd,  Nor can I think that they were much deceiv'd.  222 For neither was I perfectly compos'd,  Nor altogether with my *Frenzy* doz'd.     But 'tis a mighty trying hardship sure,  A stifled secret *Passion* to endure;  The furious *Rage* no mortal *Breast* can bear,  But in the *Countenance* it will appear,  Though never so reserv'd, though never so severe.  By the *alternate* change of White and Red,  A true Discovery is quickly made.  Th' affected *Face* do's the hid *thoughts* declare,  Blushing bespeaks a *shame*, and Paleness *fear:*  But ev'n my *Dreams* betray'd my *Privacie*,  My Treach'rous *Dreams* did faithless prove to me:  They did my sad *Anxieties* reveal,  Nor cou'd ev'n Death like *sleep*, my *Cares* conceal:  For when my *Senses* all inclin'd to Rest,  And by *oblivious slumbers* were possest,  Ev'n then my conscious *Tongue* my *Guilt* con[...]est.     As on the Grass, sleeping I once was lay'd,  Close by the *Father* of my lovely *Maid*;  223 And while He thoughtless slumber'd by my side,  Thus, in my *Dreams* disturb'd, aloud I cry'd,  Hast, hast, my *Candida*, make no delay,  Our *secret Love* is ruin'd if you stay:  For see, already peeps the prying *Sun*,  If w'are discovered we are both undone;  The envious *Light* will our *stol'n Loves* betray,  Hast, hast, my *Candida*, make hast away.     Awak'd at this, and in a strange surprize,  He started up, and scarce believ'd his Eyes:  And for his *Daughter*, search't the place around,  But only I was sleeping on the ground;  Gasping and panting there he saw me lye,  Transported from my self with Ecstasie.  With what vain *Dreams*, said he, art thou possest?  Or has a real *Love* usurp'd thy Breast?  And so thy sleep discovers a true jest.  Some waking *Objects*, I indeed conclude,  Upon thy gentler slumbers may intrude,  And *fleeting Forms* thy *Wishes* do delude.  Astonish't! he my broken Murmurs watch't,  And each imperfect dropping Sentence catch't:  224 Gently his right hand on my *Heart* he lay'd,  And, in soft *Whispers*, more inquiries made:  For so apply'd, the sly Inquirers Hand  From sleeping *Breasts* can any thing command;  And the loos'd *Tongue* do's by that *Charm* impart  The very choicest *secrets* of the *Heart*.     Thus I, who did so long my self behave  So well, and seem'd to all so good, so grave;  And had a sober Reputation kept,  My self, at last, discover'd, as I slept.     And now has my whole wretched *Life* been free  From imipous *actions*, and *impuritie*.  Nor can I say I did these *Crimes* prevent,  So much by *Vertue*, as by *Accident*.  But now I'm *Old*, and want the strength to sin,  It pleases me my *Youth* hath guiltless been.  Yet what just *Praise* deserv'dly due can be  To Aged Men, that they from *Vice* are free,  Since 'tis not *choice*, but meer *necessitie?*  *Strength* only sleeps, but *Inclinations* wake,  And not they *Vice*, but *Vice* do's them forsake:  225 *Pleasure* deserts their unperforming Years,  And leaves them fill'd with painfull toils, and cares:  They are but glad they do no evil fact,  Only because they want the *Pow'r* to act.     'Tis worth our while, if we consider too,  What penalties in *Age* we undergo;  How that, with it, a slow *repentance* brings[...]  For all our youthfull faults, and riotings;  How many sighs, and groans it pays, and tears,  For dear-bought *Luxury* of younger years.  But though *Mankind* will sometimes strive in vain,  Youth's boyling Heats to curb, and to restrain;  Yet oft-times knowingly, and with much skill,  We cunningly persist in doing *Ill*.  W'are oft industrious, studious, wise, and nice,  In the performance of some witty *Vice:*  But *Vice* sometimes bears us by force away,  Yet oft its call more eas'ly we obey.  Oft, though we cannot compass what we will,  We are *Well-wishers* to some pleasing *Ill.*     226  **To my MISTRISS.**  **Translated out of *Tibullus*.**  **Epigraph:**  *Nulla tuum nobis subducet foemina lectum, Hoc primum, &c.*  MY *Love* to thee no *Beauty* shall betray,  For it is firmly *[...]ix't*, and cannot stray.  None, none seems fair methinks in all the *Town*,  But *thee*; thou pleasest, and delight'st alone.  I wish indeed that none thy *Charms* could see,  And they were undiscern'd by *all*, but me;  So might I love with some securitie.  I wish not to be *envy'd*, nor desire  That any should my blessed state *admire*.  The *Wise-man* loves a *secret Happiness*;  For to be *publick*, makes it but the less.  "With *thee* for ever I in *Woods* would rest,  "Where never humane *Foot* the ground has prest.  Thou who forbid'st *Disquiets* to intrude,  "Who from *Nights-shades* the *Darkness* canst ex|clude,  "And from a *Desert* banish *Solitude*.    227  Shou'd *Heav'n* it self conspire to change my *Love*,  And send me down a *Mistriss* from above,  Adorn'd with all the *Beauties* of the *Skies*,  In vain she would attempt to charm my *Eyes*,  Ev'n *Venus* self I would for thee despise.  This I most solemnly by *Iuno* swear,  Whom you to all the other *Gods* prefer.  Hold, Mad-man, hold! what do I do? what say?  But I have sworn, confest, and must obey.  Fool that I was, my *Fear* has led me on  To this grand senceless indiscretion.  Now thou hast conquer'd, and may'st *tyrannize*,  With all the *Pow'rs* of thy resistless *Eyes*;  While I but *dote* the more: Yes, brainless Sot,  This by thy foolish babling *tongue* th'ast got.  But I submit, command me what you will,  I am your most obedient Servant still.  Thy hardest *Mandates* I will ne'er refuse,  But the delightfull well-known *Bondage* chuse.  Only to *Venus* Altars I'll repair,  And there my *Love*, and there my *Faith* declare;  She punishes the *false*, the *just* do's spare.     228  **The Agreement.**  **I.**  CLose by a Silver *Rivulet*,  Grac'd with rich *Willows*, mournfull *Daphne* sate,  Leaning her melancholy *Head*  On the sad Banks o[...] an Enamell'd *Mead*,  O'er-charg'd with *Griefs* her *Heart*,  Her *Eyes* o'er-charg'd with *Tears*,  For an intolerable smart,  For daily *pains*, and nightly *fears*,  For most uncertain *hopes*, and sure *despairs*,  'Gainst Tyrant *Love* a long complaint she made,  Whilst each sad *Object* did her *sorrows* aid.  **II.**  Then Three-heart rending *sighs* she drew,  Deeper than ever Poet's Fiction knew;  And cruel, cruel *Thyrsis* said,  Why thus unkind to an enamour'd *Maid*?  A *Maid* whose *Breast* abounds  With *kindness*, that can move  By dire, and miserable sounds,  229 Compliance from the very *Grove*,  Whilst my *Heart* labours to conceal its *Love:*  But oh in curst *Despair* first let me dye,  E'er he, by loving me, [...]inds *misery*.  **III.**  Then three more dismal *Groans* she took,  Whose cruel noise, like a great Earthquake, shook  The neighbouring *Plebean* Wood,  Which to commiserate her sorrows stood,  I'll tortur'd be no more,  No more I'll grieve in vain;  Inrag'd with furious Heat, she swore,  These silent *streams* shall ease my *pain*,  And I'll no more 'gainst *him*, and *Love* complain:  Witness these lonely *Fields*, how I have lov'd,  And for his sake this fatal Med'cine prov'd.  **IV.**  Iust with thick trouble in her face,  Descending from the miserable place,  *Thyrsis*, to save the *Nymph* appears,  His *Eyes* half drown'd with over-flowing *Tears*.  230 *Thyrsis* (alas) had heard  The *Maid* repeat her *Woe:*  *Thyrsis* the consequence too fear'd;  Ah, why do'st thou my *Passion* know?  (Sad *Daphne* said) loose me, and let me go,  Where at some *rest*, for ever I may be,  And not despis'd by a Triumphing *He*.  **V.**  Ah, *Cruel Nymph* (griev'd *Thyrsis* cries  With dolefull *Face*, and lamentable *Eyes*)  Cou'd you, O cou'd you thus undo  A *Swain*, who secretly has burnt for you?  With joy she stops him here,  Brighter her *Eyes* became,  And her all-clouded *Face* grew clear,  Then (blushing said) I am to blame,  Since you for *Daphne* had a private *flame:*  Pleas'd with this blest *discovery*, both *agree*  Their *Mutual Love* no more *conceal*'d shou'd be.     231  **SONG.**  **I.**  *DAmon* to *Sylvia*, when alone,  Did thus express his *Love*;  Fair *Nymph*, I must a *Passion* own,  Which, else would fatal prove.  Can you a faithfull *Shepherd* see,  Who languishes in pain,  And yet so cruel-hearted be,  To let him *sue* in vain?  **II.**  Then with his *Eyes* all full of *fire*,  And winning phrases, *he*  Intreated her to ease *Desire*,  And grant some *Remedy*.  Allur'd with *Am'rous looks*, the *Maid*,  Fearing he might prevail,  Begg'd that he wou'd no more perswade  A *Virgin* that was frail.    232  **III.**  Fear not, dear *Nymph*, replyes the *Swain*,  There's none can know our *bliss*;  None can relate our *Loves* again,  While this place *silent* is.  Then *Damon*, with a lov'd surprize,  Leap't close into her *Arms*,  With *Ravishing delights* he dyes,  And melts with thousand *charms*.  **The *Innocent Discov'ry*.**  The *Air* was calm, the *Sky* serene and clear,  Kindly the *Lamps* of Heaven did appear.  Faintly their *Light* some weak *Reflexes* made  On the clos'd *Casements*, which to *Eyes* betray'd,  Nought, but a *dying Tapers* glim'ring light,  Befitting well that season of the night.  *Sleep* having welcom'd ev'ry weary'd limb[...]  And gentle silence waiting upon him.  233 Under *Olinda*'s blest Apartment, I  (To ease my never-ceasing *Malady*)  Took up my well-strung *Lute*, some *Ayrs* to play;  *Ayrs* soft as *sleep*, and pleasing as the *day*.     On *silence* I no sooner made a Breach,  Than the joy'd *Sound* her sacred *Ears* did reach;  Willing to know *who* had disturb'd her *Rest*,  Came to the Window like *Aurora* drest,  In splendour; only let this diff'rence be,  That fair *Olinda* brighter was than *she*.  Lest I should see her (Ah, dear Innocence)  Puts out the *Candle*, but th' Impertinence  Of the vain plot did make me wonder more,  For I beheld her plainer than before:  She only had remov'd the *Moon* away,  That hinder'd me of a more perfect *day*:  Th' *Eclipse*, when gone, discover'd to my sight  A better *prospect* of the *Sun*'s strong light.     234  **THE PETITION. A *SONG*.**  **I.**  OH use me gently, since I am your slave,  To *Tyranize* o'er Wretches is not brave;  In tort'ring me, what Glory can be found,  Who am *defenceless*, and securely bound?  **II.**  Tempt not your *Conquests*, & your *Strength* too far,  But use your *Captive* with a wiser care;  Such influence will your *kindness* have on me,  That I shall never wish for *libertie*.  **III.**  The wary *Shipwright* can't by *force* reduce  The *sturdy Oak* to his more *pliant* use;  But gently *warms* it by an easie fire,  And then it yields to what he will desire.    235  **IV.**  For *Love* is more commanding far than *Hate*,  And *Cruelty* Rebellion will create.  That King sits always safest on his *Throne*,  Who rules his *Subjects* by his *Love* alone.  **FATE. A *SONG*.**  **I.**  THou know'st (my *Fair*) how much I love,  And that my *flames* do still improve;  That *they* still burn, and still appear,  As bright as thy dear *Eyes* are clear:  Still they are pure as the first Cause,  Nor swerve they from the very *Laws*;  That *Womens practices* impose,  Which [...]irst their *Humors*, since their *Pride* has chose.    236  **II.**  No fault in all my *Love* is found,  And yet you will not heal my *Wound*;  In vain I tell you how I *burn*,  You will vouchsafe me no *return*.  In vain your *pity* I implore,  You *smile* to see my *bleeding sore;*  No, though a *Kiss* wou'd do the *Cure*,  Unkind *Graciana* lets me still endure.  **III.**  For this what *reason* can there be,  Why so *averse* to Love and Me:  Alas, too late, I know too late  The strong necessity of *Fate*.  No *Woman* yet was ever made  To Love aright, but be betray'd:  The *Men*, who *dote* on them, they *shun*,  And to the *Arms* of the *indiff'rent* run.     237  **MY RELIGION.**  **I.**  ME in the *Church,* 'tis true, you often see,  But there I come not with intent  To hear a thick-scull'd *Parson* vent  His phlegmatick *Divinitie*:  No, my *Graciana*, 'tis to look on *thee*;  On *thee* I gaze, and in thy *Eyes* find sence,  Beyond the Gown-man's holy *Eloquence;*  For what has his dull tale of *Doom*,  And horrid things to come,  To doe with *Love*, and *Thee*, which I alone  For my *Established Religion* own?  **II.**  The Croud, nay the more Learn'd, and Wise, for this  Perhaps will me an *Atheist* call,  And say that I believe no *God* at all:  But oh they judge, they judge amiss,  238 And wond'rously themselves deceive;  For I a mighty *Deity* believe,  To whom ten thousand *Sighs*, as many *Tears*,  With painfull *Groans*, and with incessant *Pray'rs*,  As a due *Sacrifice* each day I give,  Which, sometimes, she disdains not to receive;  And one kind thing from her weighs more with me,  Than all their *Bodies of Divinitie*.  **III.**  With much more sence, indeed they may,  Accuse me of *Idolatrie*;  That I to *you* that *Worship* pay,  Which only *Heav'n* shou'd have from me:  But let the *wisest* of them all,  The most precise, and *Pharisaical*,  Tell me, if my *Graciana* wou'd be *kind*;  What holy *indignation* cou'd they find;  What pious *zeal*, what *sanctity* of mind,  To guard them from a *sin* so charming sweet,  But wou'd fall down, and *worship* at thy feet;  Striving, like me, in lasting *Verse*, to raise  Eternal *Trophies* to thy *praise*.    239  **IV.**  For, if to me she once her *Love* wou'd give,  *Graciana*'s Name shou'd then for ever *live*,  And in each proud, and swelling *line*,  *Graciana*'s Name shou'd like rich *Iewels* shine:  Nor wou'd it less avail, to make  My *Verse* immortal, as her *Fame:*  For consecrated with her *Name*,  All Men wou'd read them for *Graciana*'s sake.  **The *KISS*.**  **I.**  OH, take not this sweet *Kiss* so soon away,  But on these *Lips* let me for ever stay,  This Food, *Love*'s *Appetite*, can ne'er destroy,  'Tis too *AEtherial* to cloy:  The *Manna*, from Indulgent *Heav'n*,  Which to the murm'ring *Iews* was giv'n,  Did not so many *Delicates* afford,  As in one *Kiss* of thine are stor'd:  But it resembles something more *Divine*,  Like that *above*, on which bright *Angels* Dine;  240 Where, an Eternal *Meal* by them's enjoy'd,  And yet, with glutted *fullness*, never cloy'd.  **II.**  *Me* therefore do not you deprive  Of my Lifes chief *preservative*;  Though I confess that it affords to me  More than a bare *subsistencie*:  For thy dear *Kiss*, a kind of *tast* do's give,  How all the *blest* above do live;  And I methinks, when e'er I joyn  My happy *Lips* to sacred thine;  Am with the *joy* transported so,  That perfectly I do not know,  Whether my ravish'd *Soul* be fled, or no:  But this I certainly can say, I feel  Pleasures that are unspeakable.  Tell me, *Graciana*, prit[...]ee doe,  For only you the *truth* can know.  If on thy *Lips* dwell such prevailing *Charms*,  And in thy *Kisses* such *delights* abound;  What *Ecstasies*, what *Raptures* will be [...]ound,  Within the *Magick Circle* of thy *Arms*.     241  **The *WRACK*.**  Set by Mr. *G. Hart*.  **I.**  IN vain I strive, with *Buis'ness*, to remove  The pleasing *Tormen[...]s* of incroaching *Love*;  Drest in such beauteous *Forms*, still *He* appears,  With sweet *Delusions*, charming all my *Fears*;  So strongly he *allures*, and do's invite  To follow distant *Pleasures*, scarce in sight;  That his dear *Witchcraft* I want strength to shun,  But yield, with vast *delight*, to be undone.  **II.**  Such strange *Inchantments* the sly *Boy* do's use,  His *Chains*, before my *Liberty*, I chuse.  And though my *Ruin*, I before me spy,  I'd perish, rather than turn back to fly:  So wretched *Sailers*, in an open Sea,  By Treach'rous *Syrens*, led an unknown way,  See the ensuing *Storms*, their *Songs* create,  Yet want the *Pow'r* t' avoid their certain *Fate*.     242  **TO Mr P. Berault UPON HIS *FRENCH* GRAMMAR.**  WHat equal *Thanks*? what *Gratitude* is due,  Industrious Friend from all this *Isle* to you?  For all your Labour, all your Toil, and Care,  In bringing us, from *France*, their *Language* here:  Their Language, which is sure their richest store,  And each Wise man do's prize, and value more,  Than all the Goods that came from thence before.  Their Language, which do's more the *Wit* re[...]ine,  Than all their *Modes*, than all their sparkling *Wine*  And this thou do'st in such a *Method* teach,  As ev'n the least Capacity may reach.  243 By such plain rules, and axiom[...] thou dost show  The *Pronunciation*, none could better know,  Did they to *France* for their Instruction go.  To us, thou mak'st, by this, their *Learning* known,  And in th' Original 'tis all our own:  *Translators* oft unfaithfull, and unjust,  At second-hand we need no longer trust;  But in their prim'tive Beauty we may see  The famous *Boileau*, and Sieur *Scudery*;  Now those two mighty *Wits* we may caress  In their own Elegant, and Native Dress,  And learn from them, bright Ladies how to praise,  In softest Language, and in smoothest Phrase:  For *French* alone so easie is, and free;  So sweetly gentle, that it seems to be  At [...]irst design'd for, and contriv'd by Love,  As th' only *Charm*, a scornfull *Nymph* to move.     Now sur[...] our rambling *Youth* will stay at home,  Nor wantonly so oft to *Paris* roam,  Under pretext to learn the Language there,  Since you instruct them so much better here.  244 They need no more tempt the unfaithfull *Seas*,  For what your *Grammar* teaches (if they please)  With much less charge at home, & much more ease.  This, therefore, from thy care we hope to gain,  That thy Endeavours may those *Sparks* detain,  Whose roving *Minds* lead them to *France* from hence,  Meerly (forsooth, under the slight pretence  Of Courtly Breeding, Carriage, Wit, and Sence,)  To learn the Affectation of the Proud,  The noise, and nonsence of the Vain, and Loud;  Foisting upon some easie Coxcombs here,  Those cast of *Vices* which they pickt up there.     245  **SONG.**  **I.**  *EVadne*, I must tell you so,  You are too *cruel* grown;  No *smiles* nor *pity* you bestow,  But *Death* in ev'ry *frown*.  My *Love*, though *chast* and *cons[...]ant* too,  Yet no *relief* can [...]ind;  Curst be the slave that's *false* to you,  Though you are still *unkind*.  **II.**  Were you as mercifull as fair,  My *wishes* wou'd obtain;  But *love* I must, though I *despair*,  And perish in the pain.  If in an *Age* I can prevail,  I happy then shall be;  And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail  To wait Eternally.     246  **The same *SONG* Inverted.**  By Mr. *Walker*.   *EVadne*, I must let you know,  Your *Cruelty* is vain;  For if you will no *smiles* bestow,  I scorn your proud *disdain*.  And since my *Love*, though pure and true,  No just *relief* can find;  Curst be that *Fool* shall dote on you,  When you are still *unkind*.  **II.**  Were you as *gentle* as you're *fair*,  I'd strive your *Love* to gain;  But I can n[...]ver court *Despair*,  Nor cherish ne[...]dless pain.  If in a *Week* I cou'd prevail,  Then I might happy be;  But *Love* and *Patience*, both will fail,  To wait Eternally.       247  **The Five following Copies done by Mr. *C. G.* of *AEton-Colledge*.**  **A *Paraphrase* on the 23d *Idyll.* of *Theocritus*, from the beginning, to [...], &c.**  **I.**  AN Amorous little *Swain*  Was set to keep  His Father's goodly *Flock* of *Sheep*,  (Fed in a *Common* that belong'd to *Pan*,  About the middle of th' *Arcadian Plain*.)  By chance a noble Youth came by,  Whom when his sparkling *Eyes* did spy  His watchfull *Eyes*,  That there stood *Centinel*,  And did perform their office well;  Stoutly prepar'd for every quick surprize.  Marking the Beauty of his Angel's Face,  Mix't with sweet carriage, and a heavenly grace,  Well satisfy'd, they let him pass;  248 Who having got admittance, did impart  The fatal secret to his wounded heart.  Charm'd with the Youth he was that *Fate* had thither brought,  Whose *Beauty* did surpass desire or thought:  In making whom,  *Nature* for once did thus presume,  To go beyond her *Last*, to place  On a *Man's shoulders* a fair *Womans face*;  Or rather to adorn,  With more than heav'nly beauty a *Terrestial Form*.  **II.**  But ah! his *Mind*,  Not like his Angel Face, proud, scornfull, & unkind,  Despising those whom *Passion*,  Whom unresisted Passion mov'd  To highest admiration;  Those who disdain'd him most, he greatly lov'd:  He knew not, nor did he desire to know  What *Cupid* meant, his Arrows, or his Bow,  How oft, how usually he throws  A Golden *Dart*,  To wound the *Heart*  Of those  249 Who most unconquerable seem,  Iear at his *Godship*, and his *Power* contemn.  Cruel in deed and word,  Who never the least comfort would discover,  Or one cool drop of ease afford  To a despairing, burning, dying *Lover*.  Choler and anger in his Entrails boils,  No pleasant smiles,  No *rosie Lips*, nor *blushing Cheeks*,  Nor languish't *Eyes* that might betray  An inward fondness, and might seem to say,  I will thy mutual love repay.  No comfortable words he speaks;  Nor suffers me to ravish one kind kiss,  That entrance to a future, and more perfect bliss:  But as a *Chased Boar*  With Vengeance looks upon his *Hunter's Spear*;  Sets up his *Bristles* on his back,  And roaring makes  The *Forrest* all around, and every *Creature* quake;  So he beholds the *Swain*  With desp'rate fury and disdain,  Adding more fuel to his never-dying *flame*.    250  **III.**  *Disdain* did make his *Countenance* turn pale,  And all his other *Charms* begin to fail;  *Anger* did banish every *Grace*  From the dominions of his lovely *Face*,  VVhilst cruel *Eyes*, and harder *Heart* took place.  Yet still the *Shepherd* finds no *Arms*  Fit to resist these languishing, these fainting *Charms*,  His Angel sweetness he must still adore,  Troubled that he could manifest his *Love* no more.  Alas! how vain and useless all things prove,  VVhen enter'd in Damn'd *Cupid*'s School,  VVe learn his Precepts, and his Rules,  VVhen shackled in the chains of *Love*,  Turn [...]ashionable fools;  VVe scarce can call our selves our own,  And our *affections* pay obeisance to anothers Crown.  **IV.**  No longer able to contain,  Though all was needless, all in vain;  *Tears*, like a mighty *Flood*,  Did over-flow their Banks, and drown'd  Th' adjacent *Barren*, fruitless, famish'd *Ground*.  251 Trembling with fear,  At last he ventur'd to draw near,  VVhere all in Glory stood,  The object of his *Love*, the cause of his *Despair*.  First he presumes to kiss  The sacred ground whereon he trod,  In hopes of [...]uture happiness,  But all wou'd do no good.  Then strove to speak,  But ah! *Disdain* and *Fear* his forwardness did check,  And made his half-out lisping *words* draw back.  Forcing himself at last, stutters such words as these:  **V.**  O cruel, inexorable, stony *Saint*,  Blind to my *Tears*, and Dea[...] to my *Complaint*;  Sure of some *Lyoness*, or *Tyger* born,  Unworthy of my *Love*, as I unworthy of your *scorn*.  A gratefull *Gift* to you I bring,  The welcomest the only thing  That now at present do's remain,  To ease me of my pain;  To ease me of my *Love*, and you of your *Disdain*.  252 And lo,  How willingly I go;  How willingly I go, where you  By your unkindness, destin me unto;  I go where every *Love-sick Mind*  Is us'd, an universal *Remedy* to find;  The place is call'd *Oblivion's Land*,  A Lake call'd *Lethe* in th' midst do's stand:  VVhich were it possible that I could dry,  In *flames* unquenchable I still should fry;  Nor cou'd I yet forget thy *Name*,  So oft have I repeated o'er the same,  But find, alas! no liquor that can quench my flame.  **V.**  *Adieu!* lov'd Youth, eternally *adieu!*  But scornfull fair first know what doom,  Undoubtedly shall on your *Beauty* come,  And from my dying mouth believe it true.  The pleasant *Day*, alas! is quickly gon,  Flowers in th' *Morning* fresh cut down by *Noon*;  The blushing *Rose* do's fade, and wither soon,  253 White *Snow* do's melt before the scorching *Sun*;  So youthfull *Beauty*'s full of charms, but all are quick|ly gon,  The time will come when you your self will prove  How great a *Deity* is *Love*.  Charm'd by some beauteous *she*,  You'll offer up your sacrifice of *Tears*,  And weary her with your continual *Prayers*;  By *Night* you'll sigh, and pine, by *Day* you'll woo,  But all's in vain that you can doe,  No greater *pity* will you find, than I from you.  Then will your *Conscience* bring Me into mind,  Not to delight, but serve you in your kind;  My restless *Ghost* shall come,  Not to cry Ah! but Io! at your doom.  **VI.**  However grant me this, ev'n this at least;  I'll ask no more, but grant me this request:  That when thou passest by,  Thou woul'st not let me unregarded lye,  Seeing the fatal *Dagger* in my *Breast*.  But come, and grieve, and weep a while,  I ask not (what I once so much desir'd) one *smile*;  254 But pull the Dagger from the *Wound*,  And close, and close embrace me round;  Thy *Mantle* o'er my liveless *Body* spread,  Give me one *kiss*, one *kiss*, when I am dead:  I ask no more, O grant me this,  That thou may'st joyn  Thy *Lips* to mine,  And seal them with a meeting, *parting kiss*.  When forc'd by thy *unkindness* I am fled,  Thou need'st not fear that I can then revive,  Though such a *kiss* cou'd almost raise to life.  Hew me a stately *Tomb* to be my Bed,  Where Love and I may lay our head.  Then leave me, after thou hast three times said,  My *Friend*, my *dearest Friend* on Earth is dead;  O *cruel Death*, that canst us two divide;  My friend, my friend, would God that I [...]or thee had dy'd.  Write this *Inscription* (since they are in fashion)  To show how base your *scorn*, how excellent my *pas|sion*.  Here lyes a *Lover*, kill'd by Deep *Despair*;  Stay, Reader, stay,  And only be so kind to say,  Alas, He lov'd; Alas, He lov'd a *Cruel Fair*.     255  **CHORUS I. Of *Seneca*'s *Agamemnon*.**  *FOrtune*, thou setter up of *Kings*,  Upon whose smiles or frowns  Depends the standing, or the fall of *Crowns*.  What various Chances *Fortune* brings?  Mounting on deceitfull Wings,  She lifteth *Kings* on high,  On Wings of Dignity.  Then leaves them all alone,  Tells them she must be gone;  So let them stand, or [...]all, or rise,  With Wings spread out, away she flies.  *Fortune*, how canst thou cheat us so  With naughty Goods, yet make a show  Of honest Ware; thou do'st desire  Thy Goods shou'd rich, and gay appear,  Though they be truly little worth, and truly very dear.  **II.**  'Tis not the *Scepter*, or the bearing sway,  Can cares and troubles drive away:  256 One trouble on anothers neck do's come;  The first retreats, another takes his room.  The raging *Sea* contends  For passage through the *Sands*;  The skipping *Waves* do beat and roar,  Falling from a lofty shoar;  So *Fortune* head-long throws,  Chances of Kings, and those  That are exalted unto dignitie.  Kings wou'd be feared, yet we see,  They fear, lest they that fear them shou'd use treacherie.  **III.**  'Tis not the *Night* can give them rest,  Whose *Hearts* with slavish *fear* are prest;  Nor can sweet *sleep* expell the care  Of them, whose *Minds* unquiet are.  What *Pallace* is not quickly brought,  By Prince's Wickedness, to nought?  VVhat *Tower* do's not impious Arms  VVeary, with continual harms?  All Law and Modesty is fled the Court,  No ties of sacred *Wedlock* there resort.    257  **IV.**  But desperate *Bellona* stands  With quavering Spear, and bloody hands:  There stands *Erinnys* too, beside,  The Punisher of Courtly *Pride*;  Who always waiteth at the door  Of such as swell in Wealth and Pow'r,  To lay them *level* every hour:  And yet suppose there shou'd be peace,  And th' ills pre-mention'd all shou'd cease.  **V.**  Still things that are so high, and great,  Are over-turn'd by their own weight.  If *Sails* be blown by prosp'rous *Wind*,  We fear those *Gales* shou'd prove unkind:  And *Auster* smites the *Tower* that shrouds  His lofty top among the Clouds.  The little *Shrubs*, in shades that spread,  Do see the tall and ancient *Oak*,  Which blasting *Boreas* oft has shook,  Lie fall'n on th' Ground, wither'd and dead.  258 Flashes of *Lightning* smite the *Mountains* high,  *Great Bodies* open to diseases lie.     Among the Herd's, Kine that are fat, and best,  Are chose for slaughter out from all the rest;  What ever tott'ring Fortune do's exalt,  Has only Crutches lent to learn to halt.  Low, mean, and mod'rate things bear longest date,  That Man is [...]ruly, and is only Great,  Who lives contented with a mean Estate.  Thrice happy is the Man, whose *Means* do lye  Above, or else below curst *Fortune*'s eye;  Too low for *Envy*, for *Contempt* too high.   *C. G.*   259  **THE PENITENT.**  **I.**  BY *Heav'n!* 'tis scarce ten days ago,  Since to my self I made a *Vow*,  That I wou'd never have to do  With *Duserastes* more;  Till Wine, and Love, and Ease complying,  Bore down before 'em all denying,  For having his Perfections, told me,  Made me break the *Oath* I swore;  Threw me head-long to his Arms,  Where tasting of his usual *charms*,  No *Resolution* can with-hold me.  Now, who but *Duserastes* in my eye;  'Tis by his *smiles* I live, and by his *frowns* I dye.  **II.**  Your *Sunny Face*, through *Cloudy Frowns*, in vain  Wou'd make my *Gazing Eyes* abstain,  For I as soon can cease to *be*,  As cease to Love, and gaze on thee;  Here cou'd I take up mine Eternitie.  260 As well one may  Touch *flaming Coals*, or with a *Serpent* play,  And yet receive no harm;  As look on you unmoved by your *Charms*.  For my part, I am forc'd to lay down *Arms*;  Although I'm fain  To be content with nothing but disdain.  And since those things are cheap, we easily obtain,  I am content a while to live upon despair,  Iust as *Chamelions* do on Air.  **III.**  I play and dally on *Hells* brink,  Till I perceive my self begin to sink,  Or scorch my self too near so great a *fire*,  And so am forced to retire.  Anon forgetfull of my former burn,  I must again, I must again return:  So do's the little *Gnat*, by Night,  Fly round, and round, the Candles light,  Untill its busie daring Wing  Too near such heat begins to singe;  Yet still unmindfull of the smart,  She must, she will repeat her former sport.    261  **IV.**  Hence, hence, *Heroick Muse*, adieu,  For I must take my leave of you;  *Love*, that usurps the Rule of my Poetick Vein,  Forbids *Calliope*'s Heroick strain;  Charges me nothing to endite,  Concerning this or t'other fight,  Nor of the *Scythian*, or the *Parthian* War to write,  Unless to beautifie my *Poetry*,  Those stories to my Love I fitly wou'd apply.  And now methinks I feign  My self an honest faithfull *Scythian*,  And he a perfidious flying *Parthian*,  Whose turned *Dart*  Strikes his *Pursuer* swiftly to the Heart:  So the more eager *Phoebus* follow'd on,  The swifter *Daphne* did his Presence shun;  So much the more encreas'd his Passion higher,  As the chast little Virgin, she grew *shier*.  I ask not mutual *Love* in equal weight,  But only give me leave to love thee free from *hate*.     262  **To *DUSERASTES*.**  O Cruel, Proud, and Fair,  Cause of my *Love*, and cause of my *Despair*.  When first a little sprouting *Beard*,  Those lovely Lips, and Cheeks shall guard,  Not soft as Down, but rugged, long, and hard.  When lovely *Locks*, that on your shoulders play,  Shall turn to the cold hoary *Grey*,  Or, wasting *Time* shall eat 'em quite away;  As when too much of working spoils  The very heart of fruitfull *Soils*,  And makes 'em, without *moisture*, hard and dry,  All *Plants* and *Herbs* do wither, fall, and dye.  And when that lovely *Red* and *White*,  That in your charming *Cheeks* do meet,  That make the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,  Their sweetness, and their colour lose,  Shall turn to *Wrinkles*, wan, and pale,  And all your other *Charms* shall fail.  263 Then as you go to gaze  Upon you former Angel's face,  In your too much frequented *Looking-glass*;  Then your own *Presence* will you strive to shun,  And thus complain in a forsaken Lover's tone.  Why was I ever *Young?*  Why was not *Beauty* long?  Why had I ever *Charms*, or why are they so quickly gone?  **The VOW. To the same.**  **I.**  WHy do you vex me with continual *fears*,  And force out needless *Tears?*  Why do you tell me I shall surely dye,  Since Courteous *Heav'n*, and I,  Both in one resolution do comply?  That whensoever you are fled, unkind;  I will not stay, I cannot stay behind.  264 If envious *Fate* must strike the *Heart*,  My better part,  Why shou'd this liveless lump of Clay  Delay  To mount the *Skies* to follow thee away?  Propitious *Fate* has spun  Both threds of *Life* in one;  I've made a *Vow*, yea I have sworn,  Nor will I fail (by Heav'n) to perform;  We'll travel both together to our long, long home.  **II.**  In spite of Hell, to Heav'n we will glide,  And all the heavy World below deride,  Attended by *Iove*'s Messengers on either side:  Not *Charon*'s shabby Barge,  Shall have so great, so glorious a charge:  *Apollo*'s Chariot shall us both transport,  With *Mercury* our Guide,  Above Moon, Stars, and Sun, we'll glide,  Till we arrive to *Iove*'s Eternal Court,  There in Immortal State  Shall I on yours, and you on *Iove*'s left hand be set.  265 Nay, further still our *Glories* shall extend,  You shall be worshipp'd as the *God* of *Beauty*,  To you shall Mortals pay all sacred Duty,  My *Name* shall signifie a *Faithfull Friend*;  Here shall our *love* no quarrels know, our *joys* no end.  **The Six following COPIES done by Mr. *T. B.* of *Cambridge*.**  **An ELEGY on King *CHARLES* the Second, who dyed of an *Apoplexy*.**  NO more, he's gone, with Angel's Wings he fled,  What Mortal Art cou'd keep him from the Dead?  The *Miracles* of *Art* were shewn in vain,  Such as cou'd give a meaner *Life* again;  But *Miracles* were common in his Reign.  A Diet in distress no comfort brings,  Thus are we sure to lose the best of Kings.    266  Great *Charles*, or lov'd or fear'd too much by Death!  Our *Bribes* cou'd get us but a parting breath.  Unusual *Fate* destroy'd our chief design,  And ev'ry *Sister* cut the *Royal Twine*;  Direfull *Solemnities* they us'd below,  And thrice they gave the irrevocable *Blow*.  Thrice on the *Monarch* (for each Nation) seize,  And to his Empire suited the Disease.  So did *Geryon* take his long farewell,  And saw two Heads expire before he fell;  So put *Alcydes* Vict'ry to a stand,  And piece-meal fell by an All-conqu'ring hand.     Say, envious *Stars*, did he deserve your spight;  Say, all ye grand Caballers of the Night,  Did you remember with regret the *Day*,  When his new *Star* drove all your *Beams* away,  When the glad *Sky* did wond'rous smiles dispence,  Fear'd you to lose your ancient *Influence*?     The same good *Omen* gave our *Charles* his Birth,  As usher'd in *Salvation* to the Earth.  267 Under one *Planet* grisly *Death* was slain,  But the same bad him live, and slay again.  O ye, just Pow'rs! That *Death* (by *Faith* o'er-come)  Shou'd lead the *Faith's Defender* to his *Tomb*.     *Britains* lament, inspir'd by sorrow, sing,  Embalm with *Tears* and *Verse* your Gracious *King*;  Where-ever *Death* can come, let it be said,  In mournfull *Elegies*, our Gracious King is Dead.  A *Soul* so large, so generous a *Mind*,  As Heav'n all knowing, and as Heav'n all kind.  Let the sad *News* be born through ev'ry *Sea*,  And the *Winds* groan whilst they the News convey.  Our Peacefull *Ships* will need no Cannon roar,  And with the Tidings terrifie the Shoar.     What *Grief* in Neighb'ring States shall not be known,  Now the soft link of *Amity* is gone?  Love has the *Nat'ral World* to *Peace* confin'd,  But the *Political* by *Charles* was joyn'd.  What Grief shall not the Foreign *Reg[...]ons* shew?  For they have lost their Ioy, and [...]onder too.  *Libyans* shall slash their Bre[...]s, and so [...]eclare  Their outward Grief to *Ch[...]rl[...]* [...] there.  268 One, o'er her Gold, corroding Drops shall shed,  The other *Ind.* weep Gems for *Iames*'s head;  No Quarter but shall Sighs and Blessings send,  And to a thousand Gods our King shall recommend.     Pardon, Great *Ghost*, your sinfull People spare,  And be our *Genius* with your Princely care.  Smiling, the Story of your *Troubles* tell,  And pity the mean Souls who cou'd *Rebell*.  With joy recount the *Changes* you have known,  And all the shapes attend the *British Crown*.  How faithless, as incircling *Waves*, were We;  How you became the *Proteus* of our Sea:  How on the *Wing* you'd now deceive the *Foe*,  Then vanish't into *Air* unseen you'd go:  How like a stately *Oak* you'd sometimes Reign,  And with long Scepters awe the shrubby Plain.     Such were the forms, Alive, you us'd to have,  Immutable and stiff now in the Grave;  Variously prest, and molded up and down,  You were reserv'd for an Eternal Crown.     269  **A DITHYRAMBIQUE, Made just before the *KING* and *QUEEN* Went to Their CORONATION.**  **I.**  KEep now, my *Muse*, the great *Pindarique* road,  And fly as if to meet a God,  For *Iames* and *Mary* are the same;  Ascend my *Muse*, mount in your Flame,  For oh my *Soul*'s in hast to be abroad;  Our *Souls* of old were stol'n from on high,  And since, as if they fear'd *Discov'ry*,  Sneak here below with dull *Mortality*,  Let *mine* be open, and confess her *Mother-Sky*;  Visit the *Plains* above, and sing  Some worthy *Transports* of a *God-like King:*  270 What *Muse* cannot our *Iames* inspire;  What cannot *Royal Mary* doe,  They give us *Theams* and *Genius* too,  Fewel at once, and Fire.  *Leander* stretcht along, & buffeted the sawcy *Waves*,  That, when he thought of *Life*, and *Ioy*,  Dared the kind *Thoughts* annoy,  And threaten him with *Graves:*  The *Taper* did not only shew his *Pathless Way*,  But made him bold, and strong,  *Leander* stretcht along;  Not only on his *Eye* it play'd,  But follow'd *Love* through all the *Pores* he there had made,  It glitter'd in his *Mind* as well as in the *Sea*.  **II.**  *Heroes*, by Nature, still dispence  Vigour and Sence,  To the most Thoughtless subject-Clay,  Upon the *Machins* still they shine:  The *Machins* feel a warmeth Divine,  And briskly move, and sweetly play.  271 Their Royal sparkling Virtues are  The only *Stars* that have an *Influence*,  And du 'ile as the *Gold* they wear.  This happy *England* knows;  *England* is happy in her Sons at last,  The Days of Prodigality are past;  For *Arms* and *Arts* her Sons grow fit,  They gather *Courage*, and they gather *Wit*;  In vain their *Temper*, and their *Clime* oppose,  And once-insulting *Neighbours* fear,  Those *Lyons* [...]url their *Mains* no more,  No longer tear the ground, and roar,  They see our *Iames* his *England's* shape restore,  And break the *Charms* that made her Beast before;  Those *Lyons* tremble, and reveer,  For *England* once again a *Royal Matron* do's appear.  **III.**  How much indebted must the *Coronation* be,  Heroick *Iames*, to very *Thee*,  Thy *Person* wou'd, unrob'd, add to th' *Solemnity*,  272 Luster to *Thee* thy *Diadem* will owe,  And Flaming Iewels round thy Head,  Like a good *Omen* spread,  Thou do'st on all a noble *Stamp* bestow,  Thy subtile *Beams* thorough thy People go,  And make each *Vulgar look* to show,  Indulgent *Planets* to their Friends, and *Comets* to the Foe:  Thou, with Illustrious Graces, round Thee hurl'd  From Thy own self, do'st Animate the *British* World;  Poetick *Plato*, when he made his *Deitie*,  But fancy'd what in *Iames* wee see,  The *In[...]inite* was plac'd alone,  Amidst his wond'rous *Creation*;  The *Indivisible* the *Center* did possess,  And with Extended *Spirit*, bless  The living *Circles* that his Breath had form'd about his Throne,  His *Spirit* penetrated every-where,  And left no point void of the searching Care,  Large streams of *Inspiration* flow'd,  And taught the *Beings*, that they gave, to praise their God.    273  **IV.**  Io, my *Muse*, the *Triumphs* just begin,  Over our *Nations* vanquish't *sin*,  Our Animosities and Feuds are done,  All those unhealthy *Clouds* are gone;  Fix't is our *Delos* now, nor can th' imbracing *Sea*  Flatter her to her old *Inconstancie*.  Awake, my *Muse*,  The comfortable news  Reherse,  [**Note:** *Most of this Fourth* Stanza *is an Allusion to an Old Poetical Fa[...]le, and parallels the King and Queen, in some respects, to the Heathen Deities*, Apollo *and* Diana. ] And tell it to the *President of Verse*,  If such a President of Verse there be,  And any way a-kin to Memorie;  How will it work on his Harmonious Mind?  How soft will be his strain,  When he shall find  His own strange Story acted o'er again?  He'll smile when e'er You wond'ring tell,  Our *Delos* did become unmoveable;  He'll strike his *Lyre*, when You shall praise  Our crowned *Phoebus*, and describe his Rays.  274 *Diana* too you must recite,  The Three-nam'd Goddess naturally bright,  Whose Native Glories then were seen,  When a vast Tract of Earth was plac'd between,  When she deserv'd alone to be a *Queen*,  Tho', like his *Sister*, say she now but borrows *Light*.  **V.**  Lo, where *Apollo* smiling stands,  And strikes his *Lyre* with his Melodious hands,  Possest with mighty Pleasure; Lo  Where he has left his *Quiver* and his *Bow*;  There are his *Arrows* lay'd aside,  And by the milder *Lyre* supply'd;  The chearfull sound, the chearfull sound methinks I hear;  And lo, how every *Year*  Dances in decent order here,  By the smooth Motion all their Poyson's spent,  And th' *Hieroglyphick Snake* grows *innocent*;  At th' chearfull Sound ill-boding *Spirits* fly,  Charm'd from their best-beloved Cruelty,  And vanish, like sad *Ghosts*, that shun the Morning's Eye.  Ill-boding Spirits on happy Minutes wait,  And boldly vex the *Fortunate*,  275 And Politickly seize a glad unwary State;  A *Coronation* pomp gone by,  Behind the greedy *Vultures* fly,  The rear's brought up with Iudgments, Plagues, Mortality,  And all the poor *Spectators* dye;  Instead of *Medals* to be thrown about,  Malicious Powers  Scatter their Ulcers, and their Sores,  And show'r their Tokens on th'Infected *Rout*,  This former times have known, avert it Heaven from ours.  **VI.**  Close up, my *Muse*, the dismal *Scene*,  Leave the Destroying Angels, or Destroying Men;  Our *Monarch* shall your *Musick* make,  Of honourable *Actions* speak,  Sing of our Present Ioys, and Miseries forsake;  Speak of the *Prince* that aw'd the *Main*,  And in the *Ocean* wide began his *Reign*,  Whose *Prowess* heavy *Flemmings* understood;  Whose *Valour* every-where  Escap'd the Rocks and Shallows of *Despair*,  Who *Noah*'s lawfull Heir  Succeeded in the boundless Empire of the *Flood*.  276 Shew the undaunted Champion on the shore,  Dying his future Robes in *Hostile Gore*;  Shew him in *Peace* how easie, and how free,  And yet beyond the Reach of Mutinie,  Eternal Conquerour! in Peace he gets a Victorie.  He stops not there where other *Warriours* doe,  He do's not always *force* pursue,  He can both Soul and Body too,  Mankind in all Capacities subdue:  He do's not only use the killing Art,  With harmless Skill sometimes he wounds the Heart,  And there plants *Loyal Veins* to quell the trayt'rous part;  The *Vital Flame* he do's not always damp,  But pours a precious *Oyl* into the gloomy *Lamp*;  His former *Vict'ries* are in this o'er-come,  And he's the greatest Conquerour at home.  **VII.**  Illustrious *Prince*, humble and brave,  Head of his Country, and his Countries slave;  A *Souldier's* hardships oft h' endur'd,  And in bold Deeds the *Prince* obscur'd;  As *Iove* to the *Egyptian Beasts* was known,  Oft he retir'd to our Condition,  And thence took Rise to leap into a *Throne*.  277 He ran through every *Task* that *Subjects* bear,  Accomplish't, by degrees, for Royal Care;  With Toil he climb'd the Pinnacle of State,  His Fortune oft was us'd before 'twas great,  [**Note:** *The* Motto *of the King's Medal*. ] *And Lawrels did his Head for the Imperial Crown prepare.*  *Theseus* and *Bacchus* thus *Ambrosia* gain,  And with the Healing *Nectar* calm their former Pain:  Thus *Hercules* upon twelve *Trophies* rose,  He labour'd for, and merited a long *Repose*.  Thus sacred *Charles* ascends,  And visits his Celestial Friends;  Safely he cuts the thund'ring Skies,  Adorn'd with new imperious Ioys;  Young Angels kiss each tender Limb,  And fondly call him *Cherubim*,  His Saviour and his Sire embrace him as he flies.  **VIII.**  *Iames*, thou hast won 'em, & our *Lives* are thine,  *Thousands* of ours vouchsafe receive,  For that *Great One* thou woud'st so often give;  278 That *Life* which weather'd *Storms*, & a more damn'd *Design*,  Which can the Devils various shapes decline,  In Patience Second Brother of the *Stuart*'s Line.  *Patience*, the stay of angry *Fate*,  That pleases *Heav'n* when it's inclin'd to Hate:  *Patience*, that Patience purchases above,  By sacred Sympathy,  The Bar at which the Heav'ns and We  Meet and Agree,  Patience the *Alchymie*,  That turns to *Gold* the Leaden Darts of Love;  By Touch-stone *Patience*, the creating *Counsels* know  If they have fram'd a Master-piece, or no.  In Patience *Thetis* dip't her Boy,  And sent him to defy the Force of *Troy*;  Patience the Shield which *Cyclops* beat,  Compos'd of Cold and Heat,  Struck by the Sword of *Envy*, or of *Spite*,  The more it sparkles, and confounds the fight.  The Icy Sword snaps on the Shield,  *Spite* falls unarm'd, and *Envy* quits the Field.  279 Thus far th' inconstant style betrays my mind,  Wav'ring, as needless, till the *Pole* they find.  But here 'tis fix't, since to the *Queen* 'tis brought,  The *Queen* is the Perfection of our Thought:  Her *Beauty*, which can fire the *So[...]id Iames*,  With ease must put our *[...]inder Breasts* in flames.  Such Beauty Heav'ns in *Modena* misplace,  We lay the justest claim to such a *Face*.  Such radiant *Eyes* our Nation's loss repay,  For the rich *Pearls* that *Caesar* bore away;  As in some *Vital*, where the Scarlet *Blood*  Glides smoothly on, and keeps an equal [...]lood;  The brisker *Soul* rides high, and knows no bound,  Expands it self, and slashes round:  S[...] must our *Queen*, when she shall pass along,  So be distinguish't [...]rom the *Crimson* Throng.  Hail, Gracious Queen of *Beauty*, and of *Wit*,  In whom the two best *Characters* are writ,  From the blest Hills; Oh, Aiding *Goddess!* You  Both warm our *Climate*, and our *Fancies* too.  What *Off'rings* for such Presents cou'd we bring,  If we had not been happy in a *King*.     280  **To Their GRACES, THE *DUKE* and *DUTCHESS* OF ALBEMARLE, Upon Their Voyage for *IAMAICA*.**  Great Sir,  YOur *Presence* still we wou'd implore,  Did not the *Indies* court You to their shore;  Thence rising *Glory* drives our *Grief* away,  And only *Envy* can desire your stay.  Tremble we might, and dread Ano[...]her's Doom,  But Your strange Blessings promise more to come.  We that beheld how *Riches* slow'd to Thee,  Need not suspect a *Tributary Sea*;  Nor can we fear that *Danger's* there design'd,  Where *Providence* has made the *Rocks* so kind:  Prodigious *Fortune* must on him attend,  To whom the *Waves* such pleasing *Monsters* send;  281 Your Father's *Spirit*, sure on th'*Water* mov'd,  Wont to restore the Gallant Men he lov'd.     Go then, lov'd Prince, *Success* your *Actions* crown,  Guarded with vertuous *Honours* there unknown:  How shall your *Star* shine on the *new-found Coast*,  And please the Pride of the *third Edward*'s Ghost,  So far out-doing his Prophetick Boast.  The *George* by him pent up in Lands he knew,  Will make the utmost Conquest under You.  How shall the slaves to Labour born, and Toil,  When Your kind *Person* shall refresh the *Isle*,  Wonder with joy to see each other smile?  The *Spirits* which, to them, You shall dispence,  So much their once-vex't Souls will influence,  That they shall banish all sad sorrows thence.  What ease shall *Natives*, what delight possess,  Who from blest *You* derive their *Happiness?*  New *Kings* at home have *Acts of Grace* bestow'd,  And *Albemarle* gives *Iubilees* abroad.    282  Madam,  'Twas no *desert* in us, we own,  So long detain'd You to our selves alone;  No *Worth* of ours, but *Charity* in You,  Gave more to Us than was by Nature due.  Your Grace for Universal Comfort made,  As the *Day-Beams* are round the *Globe* display'd,  Shou'd equally distribute *Light* and *Shade*.  And Beauties still of *Alexander*'s mind,  In one poor World too narrowly con[...]in'd:  But these two Conqu'rours do this Diff'rence keep,  Fate will not let the charming *Victress* weep.     When Thund'ring Spaniards *Mexico* did seize,  *Indians* surprized, thought 'em *Deities*.  By suff'ring since, taught what the *Furious* are,  Now wisely will adore the soft and fair;  Even from their *Sun* to gentler warmth they'll [...]ly,  And at Your Rays their smother'd Souls supply;  They'll thank the Heav'ns that made their *Herbs* for smoke,  And sacrifice *Plantations*, You t'invoke.  Their teeming *Soil* vast Treasures needs must give,  For *You* can ripen where the *Planets* leave:  283 Your chearfull *Eyes* all sorrow shall destroy,  And fill their Hearts with Plenty, and with joy.  What cannot Greatness, Wit, and Beauty doe,  Such constant Bliss is to Your Presence due,  As if their Spring but Prophesy'd of *You*?  **Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 15. A *Ring* Presented to his Mistress.**  GO, sparkling *Ring*, my Fair one's finger bind,   Shine there, and tell what *Flames* you le[...]t be|hind.  Leap on the tender Ioint with eager Zeal,  And may she smile, and entertain thee well.  Close may her *Finger* be to Thee embrac'd,  As Fate has made my *Arms* to clasp her *Was[...]*.  Thou little *Ring*, how happy must thou be,  Handl'd by Her, and Envy'd ev'n by Me.  Rais'd to my Heav'n, a *Comet* thou wilt prove,  And vex the quiet Government of *Love*.  Now for a *Spell*, that I my *Gift* might grow,  To rifle all the *Charms* my Fair can show.    284  Then as her *naked Skin* she ever prest,  Or hid her hand within her heaving *Breast*;  With joy grown big I'd quit my former hold,  And send to better *Mines* th' enliv'ned *Gold*.     Then when she seals her *Letters* with my *Gem*,  (Let not my *Ruine* be contriv'd in them)  Lest the soft *Wax* refuse to let me go,  What balmy *Kisses* will her *Lips* bestow?     Then, if hence *Betty* with this *Ring* she cries,  And throw it where my other *Plunder* lyes.  Shrunk with the fright, I'll lengthen a *Delay*,  I'll gently squeeze her, and my *Love* betray.  Disgrace from me, my sweetest, never fear,  I am a pretty *Woman's Ring*, my Dear.  Let You and I go to the *Bath's* alone,  And let the *fruitfull Waters* change my *Stone*.  O, Madam, then, Madam, the Blessing then,  *Passion* shall teach your *Ring* the Crimes of Men.     But these are Dreams, my little Gift, *adieu*,  Say I *adore* Her, and have *offer'd* You.     285  **TO AFER. MARTIAL. Epig. 31. lib 4.**  THis for an hundred Pound's engag'd to me,  That *Merchant* owes me *two*, that *Banker* three.  The *Chamberlain* runs deeper in my score,  And the *Exchequer* keeps a thousand more.  The new *Plantations* raise my Treasure much;  Beside a Trade with *Spaniards*, and the *Dutch*.     The same dull Tale *Afer* so oft you tell,  I scarce remember my own Name so well.  *Afer*, I faint, my Patience quite is lost,  I cannot hear your *Gains*, but to your Cost.  Without reward, such Torture who will bear,  Poundage is due for every Summ, I hear.     286  **An Excuse for not *Rhiming* in the Time of the *Rebellion*.**  'TIS true, my Friend, my *Style* is mean and low;  But if you like it, 'tis no longer so.  What to the unkind World do's Humble seem,  Lovers and Friends may raise by their *Esteem*;  E'er since the Image of Immortal *Love*,  Made Dust and Ashes fit for Ioys above.     Yet though I had as clear and smooth a Vain,  And *Sung* as well as any Iovial *Swain*.  Though I cou'd force the Dulness of our Clime,  And aid the *Lab'ring Fancy* with my *Rhime*;  Heighten my *thoughts*, expel the *Clouds* from thence,  Or strike from them Flashes of *Wit* and *Sence*.  *War* wou'd disorder my soft Spirits quite,  And, like a *Plague* infect, and make them fight.  Rebellious *War* all *Melody* destroys,  From *Plow-men's Whistle*, to the *Laureat's Voice*.  Swords fright the *Muses* [...]rom their peacefull seat,  And *Poets* are the first they captivate.  287 *Minerva*'s easie, while her Garment flows,  Dress her in *Armour*, and how stiff she goes?  The *Harps* that drew wild Mortals from the Wood,  And taught the Harmony of Common good,  By just proportion of their tunefull strings,  Rank't People, Gentry, Nobles, and their Kings.  Hence is it when State-Unisons expire,  They barbarously slay their Parent *Lyre*.  *FINIS.*    **BOOKS lately Printed for *Benj. Crayle*, at the *Peacock* and *Bible* at the West-end of St. *Paul*'s.**  I. THE Glory of God's Revenge against the bloody and detestable Sins of *Murther* and *Adultery*, Ex|pressed in Thirty Modern Tragical Histories: To which are annexed the Triumphs of *Friendship* and *Chastity*, in some Illustrious Examples, with several Letters interwo|ven, suitable to each Story. By *Tho. Wright*, M. A. sometime Moderator of St. *Peter*'s Colledge, *Cambridge*. Octavo.  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