
Against Tears.

The beginning of Ode 23. Book 4. of *Casimire*
Imitated.

Si, quæ flent mala, lugubres
Auferrent Oculi, &c.

T O

Mrs. B. Bendish.

M A D A M, I.

COULD you perswade me Tears were Good
To wash our Mortal Cares away,
These Eyes of mine should weep a Flood,
And Stream into a Briny Sea.

II.

Or if these Orbs are hard and dry,
(These Orbs that never use to Rain)
I'de part with all I'me worth to buy
One Sovereign Drop for all my Pain.

III.

III.

Were both the Golden *Indies* mine,
I'de give both *Indies* for a Tear ;
I'de Barter all but what's Divine,
Nor should I think the Bargain Dear.

IV.

But Tears, alas, are trifling Things,
They rather feed than heal our Woe ;
From trickling Eyes new Sorrow springs,
As Weeds in Rainy Seasons grow.

V.

Thus Weeping urges Weeping on ;
In vain our Miseries hope Relief,
For one Drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in Seas of Grief.

VI.

Then let your streaming Tears be staid,
Wear Native Courage on your Face :
These Vulgar Things were never made
For Souls of a Superior Race.

VII.

If 'tis a Thorny Path you go,
And thousand Foes your Steps furround,
Stamp the Thorns down, Charge thro' the Foe:
The Hardest Fight is Highest Crown'd.

A Word of Warning,

O R

Few Happy Marriages.

August 1721.

I.

SAY, Mighty Love, and teach my Song
To whom thy Sweetest Joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whose Yielding Hearts and Joyning Hands
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands
To soften all their Cares.