

Envy it self may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a Vail.
But if she once advance to Light,
Her Charms are lost in *Envy's* Sight,
And *Vertue* is the Mark of Universal Spight.

T O

John Hartopp Esq;

T H E

Disdain of Sensual Joys.

1704.

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
Tread the Temptations of his Years
Beneath his Youthful Feet :

FLEETWOOD and all thy Heavenly Line
Look thro' the Stars, and Smile Divine
Upon an Heir so Great.

Young *HARTOPP* knows this Noble Theme,
 That the wild Scenes of Busie Life,
 The Noife, th' Amusements, and the Strife
 Are but the Visions of the Night,
 Gay Phantoms of delusive Light,
 Or a Vexatious Dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
 Ingredient of our Frame,
 We're born to live above the Beast,
 Or quit the Manly Name:
 Pleasures of Sence we leave for Boys,
 Be shining Dust the Miser's Food,
 Let Fancy feed on Fame and Noife;
 Souls must pursue Diviner Joys,
 And seize th' Immortal Good.