

The Breast of Candour, the relenting Ear,  
 The Hand of Bounty, and the Heart sincere :  
 May these the Twilight of my Days attend,  
 And may that Ev'ning never want a Friend  
 To smoothe my Passage to the silent Gloom,  
 And give a Tear to grace the mournful Tomb.



### M I R A's *W I L L*.

**I** M P R I M I S--- My departed Shade I trust  
 To Heav'n--- My Body to the silent Dust ;  
 My Name to publick Censure I submit,  
 To be dispos'd of as the World thinks fit ;  
 My Vice and Folly let Oblivion close,  
 The World already is o'erstock'd with those ;  
 My Wit I give, as Misers give their Store,  
 To those who think they had enough before.  
 Bestow my Patience to compose the Lives  
 Of flighted Virgins and neglected Wives ;  
 To modish Lovers I resign my Truth,  
 My cool Reflexion to unthinking Youth ;

And



And some Good-nature give ('tis my Desire)  
 To surly Husbands, as their Needs require ;  
 And first discharge my Funeral---and then  
 To the small Poets I bequeath my Pen.

Let a small Sprig (true Emblem of my Rhyme)  
 Of blasted Laurel on my Hearse recline ;  
 Let some grave Wight, that struggles for Renown,  
 By chanting Dirges through a Market-Town,  
 With gentle Step precede the solemn Train ;  
 A broken Flute upon his Arm shall lean.  
 Six comick Poets may the Corse surround,  
 And All Free-holders, if they can be found :  
 Then follow next the melancholy Throng,  
 As shrewd Instructors, who themselves are wrong.  
 The Virtuoso, rich in Sun-dry'd Weeds,  
 The Politician, whom no Mortal heeds,  
 The silent Lawyer, chamber'd all the Day,  
 And the stern Soldier that receives no Pay.  
 But stay---- the Mourners shou'd be first our Care,  
 Let the freed Prentice lead the Miser's Heir ;

Let



Let the young Relict wipe her mournful Eye,  
And widow'd Husbands o'er their Garlick cry.

All this let my Executors fulfil,  
And rest assur'd that this is *Mira's* Will,  
Who was, when she these Legacies design'd,  
In Body healthy, and compos'd in Mind.



*The F R I E N D in Disgrace.*

A D I A L O G U E.

L Y C A N D E R.

**D**AMON, why so cold and serious?

Wherefore that reluctant Bow?

Why so haughty and imperious?

Say, have you forgot me now?

Tho array'd in coarse Attire,

You may read *Lycander's* Face;

For 'tis Him (my gentle Squire)

Justled in a homely Case.

True,