

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 A M O N, 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,

True, no shining Slaves furround me,
 And my Brows with Sorrow bend;
 Fortune left me as she found me,
 Yet let *Damon* own his Friend.

D A M O N.

Sir, your Servant, and all that, Sir;
 But indeed I am in haste;
 Surely (pray keep on your Hat, Sir),
 I have somewhere seen your Face.

L Y C A N D E R.

Am I grown so great a Stranger?
 Yet 'tis hardly half a Year,
 Since you vow'd (in e'ery Danger)
 Not your Life was half so dear.

Sure the Court is mighty lulling,
 (Not the Streams of *Lethe* more)
 E'en the Groom and dirty Scullion
 Know not those they lov'd before.

So.

So on that fatal Day you did
 The Levee of his Grace attend ;
 You of your Memory was rid,
 I of my Fortune and my Friend.

D A M O N.

'Tis Bus'ness, Sir, that fills my Head,
 Believe me now I cannot stay ;
 I'll order half a Pint of Red,
 And if you'll drink it, Sir, you may.



An ODE on MERCY:

In Imitation of Part of the 145th Psalm.

I

TIS Mercy calls---Awake, my grateful String ;
 Ye Worlds of Nature, listen while I sing ;
 'Tis not his dire avenging Rod,
 I sing the Mercies of a God ;
 Hark, ye Warblers of the Sky,
 Rivers glide serenely by ;
 Or rather in the sacred Chorus join,
 Till our united Voices reach the Seats Divine.

Where