

The fatal Top-knot laid aside
 With its destructive Daughter Pride.
 The vain Chimeras all are flown,
 And Reason re-assumes her Throne.

Now, could you find an honest Dealer,
 (As an Attorney or a Taylor)
 Who wants a Muse that's not too dear,
 Send him directly you know where :
 We for a Trifle shall not part,
 Nor from an easy Bargain start,
 And that his Purchase may'nt be hard,
 I'll add of Packthread half a Yard,
 To satisfy the greedy Lout,
 And bind the Papers round about.



SONG to CLOE, *playing on her Spinnet.*

WHEN Cloe strikes the trembling Strings,
 Applauding Cupids round her fly ;
 Exulting clap their little Wings
 Bask'd in the Sun-shine of her Eye.

The

The Graces too,
As others do,
In Raptures stand to hear,
Time stays his flagging Wings, and adds,
One Hour to the rolling Year:

Keep off, ye Beaus,
For who but knows
That *Cloe's* Eyes can wound?
If those you miss ---- yet pray avoid
The Danger of enchanting Sound.

Amphion led the ravish'd Stones
(They say) ---- and as he'd rise or fall,
Bricks, Pebbles, Slats, and Marrow-Bones
Wou'd form a Steeple or a Wall:

But this, you know,
Is long ago:

We fancy 'tis a Whim:
O had they charming *Cloe* heard,
They'd surely not have stir'd for him.

The *Thracian* Bard,
Whose Fate was hard,

(And

(And *Proserpine* severe)

Had brought *Eurydice* back ---- alas!

But *Cloe* was not there.



TO GRAMMATICUS.

S I R,

MIRA wou'd with Tears atone
For all the Mischief she has done;
Sincerely mourns (believe it true)
The sending of her Rhymes to you.

The Wound my Verses gave your Ear,
Was undesign'd it will appear;
Nor in the least the Fault of me,
As by this Sorrow you may see.

And cou'd I in our Meadows find,
Among the vegetable Kind,
A healing Simple, that wou'd cure
Those smarting Pangs which you endure:

Whose