



On W I N T E R.

WHAT Pictures now shall wanton Fancy
bring?

Or how the Muse to *Artemisia* sing?

Now shiv'ring Nature mourns her ravish'd Charms,
And sinks supine in Winter's frozen Arms.

No gaudy Banks delight the ravish'd Eye,
But northern Breezes whistle thro' the Sky.

No joyful Choirs hail the rising Day,

But the froze Crystal wraps the leafless Spray:

Brown look the Meadows, that were late so fine,
And cap'd with Ice the distant Mountains shine;

The silent Linnet views the gloomy Sky,

Sculks to his Hawthorn, nor attempts to fly:

Then heavy Clouds send down the feather'd Snow;

Through naked Trees the hollow Tempests blow;

The Shepherd sighs, but not his Sighs prevail;

To the soft Snow succeeds the rushing Hail;

And

And these white Prospects soon resign their room
 To melting Showers or unpleasing Gloom ;
 The Nymphs and Swains their aking Fingers blow,
 Shun the cold Rains and blefs the kinder Snow ;
 While the faint Travellers around them see,
 Here Seas of Mud and there a leafless Tree :
 No budding Leaves nor Honeyfuckles gay,
 No yellow Crow-foots paint the dirty Way ;
 The Lark fits mournful as afraid to rise,
 And the sad Finch his softer Song denies.

Poor daggled *Urs'la* stalks from Cow to Cow,
 Who to her Sighs return a mournful Low ;
 While their full Udders her broad Hands assail,
 And her sharp Nose hangs dropping o'er the Pail.
 With Garments trickling like a shallow Spring,
 And his wet Locks all twisted in a String,
 Afflicted *Cymon* waddles through the Mire,
 And rails at *Win'fred* creeping o'er the Fire.

Say gentle Muses, say, is this a Time
 To sport with Poesy and laugh in Rhyme ;

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While

While the chill'd Blood, that hath forgot to glide,
 Steals through its Channels in a lazy Tide :
 And how can *Phæbus*, who the Muse refines,
 Smooth the dull Numbers when he seldom shines.



M I R A to O C T A V I A.

FAIR One, to you this Monitor I send ;
Octavia, pardon your officious Friend :
 You think your Conduct merits only Praise,
 But out-law'd Poets censure whom they please :
 Thus we begin — your Servant has been told,
 That you, (despising Settlements and Gold)
 Determine *Florio* witty, young and gay,
 To have and hold for ever and for ay ;
 And view that Person as your mortal Foe,
 Who dares object against your charming Beau ;
 But now to furnish Metre for my Song,
 Let us suppose *Octavia* may be wrong :
 'Tis true, you're lovely ; yet the learn'd aver,
 That even Beauties like the rest may err.