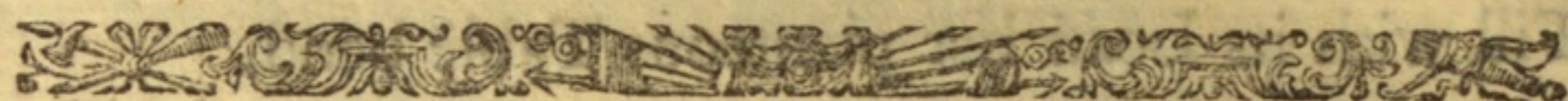


Let *Phillis* ne'er, ah never let her rove
 From her first Virtue and her humble Grove.
 Go seek some Nymph that equals your Degree,
 And leave Content and *Corydon* for me.



An EPISTLE to a LADY.

IN vain, dear Madam, yes in vain you strive;
 Alas! to make your luckless *Mira* thrive,
 For *Tycho* and *Copernicus* agree,
 No golden Planet bent its Rays on me.

'Tis twenty Winters, if it is no more;
 To speak the Truth it may be Twenty four.
 As many Springs their 'pointed Space have run,
 Since *Mira's* Eyes first open'd on the Sun.
 'Twas when the Flocks on flabby Hillocks lye,
 And the cold Fishes rule the watry Sky:
 But tho' these Eyes the learned Page explore,
 And turn the pond'rous Volumes o'er and o'er,

I find no Comfort from their Systems flow,
But am dejected more as more I know.
Hope shines a while, but like a Vapour flies,
(The Fate of all the Curious and the Wise)
For, Ah! cold *Saturn* triumph'd on that Day,
And frowning *Sol* deny'd his golden Ray.

You see I'm learned, and I shew't the more,
That none may wonder when they find me poor.
Yet *Mira* dreams, as slumbring Poets may,
And rolls in Treasures till the breaking Day :
While Books and Pictures in bright Order rise,
And painted Parlours swim before her Eyes :
Till the shrill Clock impertinently rings,
And the soft Visions move their shining Wings :
Then *Mira* wakes,---- her Pictures are no more,
And through her Fingers slides the vanish'd Ore.
Convinc'd too soon, her Eye unwilling falls
On the blue Curtains and the dusty Walls :
She wakes, alas! to Business and to Woes,
To sweep her Kitchen, and to mend her Clothes.

But see pale Sickneſs with her languid Eyes,
 At whoſe Appearance all Deluſion flies :
 The World recedes, its Vanities decline,
Clorinda's Features ſeem as faint as mine :
 Gay Robes no more the aking Sight admires,
 Wit grates the Ear, and melting Muſick tires :
 Its wonted Pleaſures with each Senſe decay,
 Books pleaſe no more, and Paintings fade away :
 The ſliding Joys in miſty Vapours end :
 Yet let me ſtill, Ah ! let me graſp a Friend :
 And when each Joy, when each lov'd Object flies,
 Be you the laſt that leaves my cloſing Eyes.

But how will this diſmantl'd Soul appear,
 When ſtrip'd of all it lately held ſo dear,
 Forc'd from its Priſon of expiring Clay,
 Afraid and ſhiv'ring at the doubtful Way.

Yet did theſe Eyes a dying Parent ſee,
 Loos'd from all Cares except a Thought for me,
 Without a Tear reſign her ſhort'ning Breath,
 And dauntleſs meet the ling'ring Stroke of Death.

Then

Then at th' Almighty's Sentence shall I mourn :
 " Of Dust thou art, to Dust shalt thou return."
 Or shall I wish to stretch the Line of Fate,
 That the dull Years may bear a longer Date,
 To share the Follies of succeeding Times
 With more Vexations and with deeper Crimes :
 Ah no--- tho' Heav'n brings near the final Day,
 For such a Life I will not, dare not pray ;
 But let the Tear for future Mercy flow,
 And fall resign'd beneath the mighty Blow.
 Nor I alone---- for through the spacious Ball,
 With me will Numbers of all Ages fall :
 And the same Day that *Mira* yields her Breath,
 Thousands may enter through the Gates of Death.



The Proclamation of APOLLO.

MAY *Artemisia* hear my Strain,
 I quote the Sages once again :
 And shou'd you ask the Reason why,
 " Old Authors fib, and so may I."

Proceed