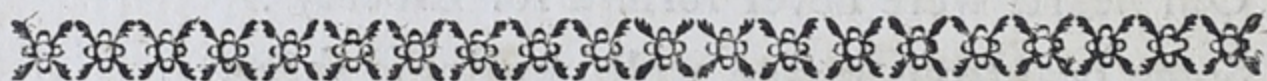


Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heav'n shall ratify what they reveal.

A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer drefs :
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care :
Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That Happiness is near allied to Love.



VERSES to be written under a Picture
of Mr. POYNTZ.

By the Same.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind ?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
Tho' firm, yet pliant ; active, tho' sedate ;
With all the richest stores of Learning fraught,
Yet better still by native Prudence taught ;

That,

That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That, when Misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
 That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.



An Epistle to Mr. POPE.

From ROME, 1730. By the Same.

Immortal bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more.
 After so many stars extinct in night
 The darken'd ages last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From Tyrants and from Priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty: