

*Time flies*—the work and pleasure's great;  
 Begin, before it grows too late.  
 Where the *plays* stand the *statutes* lodge;  
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge;  
 Then, tho' you are not half so taper,  
*My Lord*, you'll cut a higher caper.



To the Rev. Mr. J. S. 1731,

By J. H.

S I R,

**P**ROMISES are different cafes  
 At various times, in various places,  
 In crowded street of Arlington,  
 Where slaves of hope to levées run,  
 A promise signifies no more,  
 Than in the chamber of a whore.  
 And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*  
 With *madam* up from Yorkshire dances,  
 To claim the great man's promise given  
 Some six years since, or (some say) seven;  
 No one can blame that curious writer,  
 That says, they'll both return the lighter.

But can we hence affirm that no miss  
 Of all the sex can keep a promise?

Or



Or say, from what our courtier speaks,  
 That all men's faiths are wafer-cakes?  
 That courts make rogues is my belief,  
 As 'tis the mill that makes the thief.  
 But 'cause one limb is none o' th' best,  
 Shall I for that cut off the rest?

Sure it may be with safety said,  
 A parson's promise duely made  
 Beneath a prelate's holy roof,  
 Must stand 'gainst all assaults a proof.  
 Yet he, who thinks the church unshaken,  
 May find himself in time mistaken.  
 I know the man, and grieve to say't,  
 Who so did fail—and that was S——  
 And can we then no more depend on  
 Our good forgetful friend at Findon,  
 Than on a courtier promifeful,  
 Or a whore's oath to cheat her cull?  
 Can S—— no better promise keep?  
 If that were true—I e'en shou'd weep.

In Sarum's town when last we met,  
 I told you 'mongst much other prate,  
 That my design was to withdraw,  
 And leave the craggy paths of *law* :  
 And as the skilful pilot steers  
 Wide of the dreadful rocks he fears,  
 And in the safer ocean rides,  
 Nor fears his vessel's bulging sides ;

So



So I from Coke's and Croke's reports,  
 And special pleadings of the courts,  
 Had veer'd about to bury dead,  
 And 'gainst a pulpit run my head.  
 Didst thou not promise then and there,  
 (But promises are china-ware)  
 Didst thou not promise, as I spoke,  
 That you'd ere long your Muse invoke,  
 And cloath'd in strong harmonious line,  
 Send counsel to the young divine?  
 Where of thy word then is the troth,  
 Which I thought good as any oath?  
 Or where that strong harmonious line,  
 Bless'd by each sister of the Nine?

That whore we speak of i' th' beginning,  
 Hath some excuse to make for sinning:  
 Her tongue and tail are taught deceit  
 From her not knowing where to eat.  
 The courtier too hath some excuse  
 To think word-breaking small abuse:  
 And 'midst the hurry, noise, and bustle,  
 Of crowds, that at his levée jostle,  
 No man can be in such a taking  
 To see a little promise-breaking.

But what indulgence, what excuse  
 Can plead for thee, or for thy Muse?  
 For thee, on whom the sisters wait  
 Pleas'd with the task impos'd by S——;

Whom



Whom at his christ'ning they did dip  
O'er head and ears in Aganip ;  
For thee, at mention of whose strain  
Their winged courser courts the rein,  
Bounds e'en through Suffex-roads along,  
Proud of the burthen of thy song ?



Answer to the foregoing, 1731. By J. S.

— MY dearest boy,  
Apollo's and the prelate's joy ;  
Your sharp rebuke came safe to hand,  
And speedy answer does demand.  
You charge me home—our conscious Muse  
Wou'd fain say something in excuse.  
The promise made must be confes'd,  
But here, Sir — *distinguendum est*.  
A promise *broke* and one *delay'd*  
Differ as much as light and shade.  
By this distinction all your whores  
And courtiers I turn out of doors,  
And, by induction logical  
Prove, they affect not me at all.  
But if my logic be not good,  
I'll prove it from the word of God,  
Which serves to clear all sorts of cases,  
And wears a masquerade of faces.

When