

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

When bloody-minded Jephtha swore,
 If he return'd a conqueror,
 He'd offer up in sacrifice
 What from his house first met his eyes ;
 And when his girl and only child
 Hasten'd to welcome from the field
 With pious joy her prosp'rous fire,
 Gaily dancing to the lyre ;
 The holy butcher understood
 His promise's performance good,
 Tho' for a year the virgin stray'd,
 And wept her unlost maidenhead.

Thus, Sir, you see we men of letters
 Can, like Jack Shepherd, cut our fetters ;
 When pinch'd, we file scholastic saw,
 And iron is no more than straw :
 The man is thought to have no brains,
 Who can't break loose, or bind in chains.
 Your *Sykes's* and your *Waterlands*
 Have nothing else upon their hands :
 They stand prepar'd with double tackle
 To fix, or to remove the shackle.

But, my dear boy, we'll only tye
 The filken bands of amity ;
 Or such as hock-tide boys and misses
 With laughter bind, and harmless kisses ;
 Indulge the free poetic measure,
 And mimic discord for more pleasure.

But

But after all these long preambles,
In which our nag, at best, but ambles :
After our plea of mere delay,
'Tis fit we think our debt to pay.
Soon then as business will permit,
We'll fend you up another sheet,
Full fraught with our most learn'd advice,
In which we must be somewhat nice ;
We'll rouse our thoughts, and take due time,
And trifle not in dogrel rhyme ;
But boldly whip the winged steed,
And raise him to a nobler speed.

Quod dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?



By the Same.

AD A M alone cou'd not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an't please ye :
But how did he procure his wife,
To cheer his solitary life ?
Why, from a rib ta'en out his side
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile ?
Pho ! he slept sweetly all the while.

But