*To the Right Honourable the Lady Dowager* Torrington, *with ſome Verſes her Ladyſhip commanded me to ſend Her.*

WHEN You command, the Muſe obeys,
Proud to preſent her humble Lays.
Of Writing I'll no more repent,
Nor think my Time unwiſely ſpent;
If Verſe the Happineſs procures,
Of pleaſing ſuch a Soul as Yours.

ENDLESS Anxiety, I find,
Hath dire Effects upon the Mind:
A Life of unſucceſsful Care
Too often ſinks us to Deſpair.

From ſuch a Life as this, I chuſe
To ſnatch ſome Moments for the Muſe;
To ſlight Mortality, and ſoar
To Worlds, where Anguiſh is no more;
Forget IERNE's wretched State,
Tho' doom'd to ſhare her cruel Fate;
Deſtin'd to paſs my joyleſs Days,
Where Poverty, relentleſs, preys;
And form'd, unhappily, to grieve
For Miſeries I can't relieve.

FROM giving Wealth, my Hands are ty'd;
That great Felicity's deny'd.
Yet have I, ſometimes, the Delight,
To help a Wretch, by what I write;
To make ſome happier Boſoms melt,
And heal the Woes, they never felt.

TO TORRINGTON, whoſe gen'rous Breaſt
Delights in raiſing the Diſtreſs'd,

Adding

Adding new Honour to her Blood,
By all the ways of doing Good,
How needleſs is the Poet's Art,
Since He, that made, enlarg'd her Heart?