

TO THE  
COUNTESS of EXETER,

*Playing on the LUTE.*

WHAT Charms You have, from what high Race  
You sprung,  
Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song:  
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,  
Of CA'NDISH Beauty join'd to CECIL's Wit.  
But when You please to show the lab'ring Muse,  
What greater Theam your Musick can produce;  
My babling Praises I repeat no more,  
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The PERSIANS thus, first gazing on the Sun,  
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;  
But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd;  
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

ELIZA's Glory lives in SPENCER's Song;  
And COWLEY's Verse keeps Fair ORINDA young.  
That as in Birth, in Beauty You excell,  
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:  
Your Art no other Art can speak; and You,  
To show how well you play, must play anew:  
Your Musick's Pow'r your Musick must disclose;  
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.



Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls  
Our Thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our Souls:  
While with its utmost Art your Sex cou'd move  
Our Wonder only, or at best our Love:  
You far above Both these your GOD did place,  
That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts destroy;  
That with your Numbers You our Zeal might raise,  
And, like Himself, communicate your Joy.

When to your Native Heav'n You shall repair,  
And with your Presence crown the Blessings there;  
Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher,  
To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.

Your Art is perfect here; your Numbers do,  
More than our Books, make the rude Atheist know,  
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some Piece, while LUKE his Skill exprest,  
A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest:  
So, when You play, some Godhead does impart  
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;  
Some Cherub finishes what You begun,  
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning ROME when frantick NERO play'd,  
Viewing that Face, no more he had survey'd  
The raging Flames; but struck with strange Surprise,  
Confest them less than those of ANNA'S Eyes:

But



But, had he heard thy Lute, He soon had found  
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:  
 Thine, like AMPHION'S Hand, had wak'd the Stone,  
 And from Destruction call'd the rising Town:  
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;  
 Nor could he Burn so fast, as Thou cou'dst Build.

PICTURE of SENECA *dying in a Bath.*

By JORDAIN.

*At the Right Honourable the EARL of EXETER's at  
 Burleigh-House.*

WHILE cruel NERO only drains  
 The moral SPANIARD'S ebbing Veins,  
 By Study worn, and slack with Age,  
 How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!  
 Heighten'd Revenge He should have took;  
 He should have burnt his Tutor's Book;  
 And long have reign'd supream in Vice:  
 One nobler Wretch can only rise;  
 'Tis he whose Fury shall deface  
 The Stoic's Image in this Piece.  
 For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,  
 Thy Work and SENECA'S remain,  
 He still has Body, still has Soul,  
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

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