

COUNTESSES of DORSET.

Written in her MILTON.

By Mr. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born Virgin shone,
And how the first fond Lover was undone.

Such charming Words our beauteous Mother spoke,
As MILTON wrote, and such as Yours Her Look.
Yours, the best Copy of th' Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race:
Such Chains no Author cou'd escape but He;
There's no Way to be safe, but not to See.

TO THE

LADY DORSET,

On the same Subject.

HERE reading how fond ADAM was betray'd,
And how by Sin EVE's blasted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loss unjustly You complain;
Howe'er mine, I will not say, but not to See.
So small that Part of it, which You sustain.

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race:

Kind

Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and EVE's Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly EDEN lost.

With Virtue strong as Yours had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote.

T O

My LORD BUCKHURST,

Very Young,

Playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Desire,
How'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a blushing Maid;
And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.