

Use to Alcander.

see the lewd Abuse,
and Things for your Excuse
sometimes did inspire
it, tho' not lasting Fire;
Cupid can make kind,
Pass which was ne'er design'd
weld'd far, and it might chance
Mode of Complaisance.
amorous Crimes repeat,
u would make mine as great
but languishingly spake,
endeavour'd to mistake:
me, that could make you vain
t, but just Disdain?
not quite so Nice,
Gallantries for Vice;
Charity's misplac'd,
aints can be thought Chast:
an, I scorn your lewd Amour
l, not only cause they're your
et not the World prophane,
thus to Sport, and Entertain
ome small Artifice of's own,
, for all the wanton Town:

To Mr. Norris, 27

I thought my self secure, within these Shades,
But your rude Love, my Privacy invades,
Affronts my Virtue, hazards my just Fame,
Why should I suffer, for your lawless Flame?
For oft 'tis known, through Vanity and Pride,
Men boast those Favours which they are deny'd:
Or others Malice, which can soon discern;
Perhaps may see in you some kind Concern.
So scatter false Suggestions of their own,
That I love too: Oh! Stain to my Renown;
No, I'll be Wise, avoid your Sight in time,
And shun at once the Censure and the Crime.

*To Mr. Norris, on bis Idea of Hap-
piness.*

I.

I F Pythagorick notions would agree,
With sublimated Christianity;
What mighty Soul, shall I allow,
Informs thy Body now;
For when did such appear,
Sure the belov'd Disciple's Soul is here.

Not

Not us'd since then, but kept above,
 And taught a more extatick Love;
 The Understanding more enlarg'd and free,

Each generous Faculty

Refin'd, Improv'd, made more compleat,
 In the seraphick Seat.

The brightest warmest of th' exalted Quire,
 Flaming with Rays of beatifick Fire;
 Such seems thy elevated Soul to be,
 And not the usual sort gave to Mortality.

II.

The great, the Eternal God of Love,
 Took Pity on us from above;

He could no longer see,

Our Souls wrapt in Obscurity:

But sent thee like, a bright celestial Ray,
 To clear our Sight, and to direct the Way;

To the Ethereal Courts of Bliss,

The only great, and lasting Happiness,

The active native Principle of Love,

We found did move

By an internal Influence,

But 'twas toward some object of the Sense:

Eti

We only knew with Joy
 And would with them
 Resolve to fasten them
 In vain we thought

For all those Joys
 With Disappointments
 Our struggling Souls
 Still they desir'd and

Nor found them
 Till thy bright Pen
 Taught us at once

Thou dost discover
 Discover'st the Disadvantages
 Prescrib'st such Remedies
 We shall no longer
 Which long our vi-

But shall have Appearances

We shall no longer

With Trifles

But climb the Hill

And feast our Souls

s Idea of Happiness.

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Principle of Love,

id move

Influence, of the Sense:

El

To Mr. Norris,

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Effects and Causes were not understood,
We only knew we wisht for Good,
And would with Joy each glimpse pursue,
Resolve to fasten there, and think 'twas true.
In vain we thought our Love was fixt,

For all those Joys were intermixt
With Disappointments and Deceit,
Our strugling Souls themselves did cheat:

Still they desir'd and lov'd, but were not blest,
Nor found they Rest,

Till thy bright Pen markt out the happy Prize,
Taught us at once to love and to be wise.

III.

Thou dost diseet our weak distemper'd Soul,
Discover'st the Disease and mak'st us whole;
Prescrib'st such Methods, which if we obey,
We shall no longer doat on Clay,
Which long our vitiated Souls have fed,
But shall have Appetite to Celestial Bread.

We shall no longer fondly play,

With Trifles on the way,

But climb the Hill with a delightful hast,

And feast our Souls at thy divine Repast.

But

To Mr. Norris,

But lest, like doubtful or unthankful Guest,
 We should neglect the Royal Feast;
 Thou, to encourage our appearance there,
 Hast kindly given us a Bill of Fare.

IV.

By powerful Energy of Thoughts divine,
 Thou didst thy Soul raise and refine,
 With strong Impulse it did upward move,
 Mounting on eager Wings of Love;
 Through all th' inferior Courts it made its way,
 To the bright Spring of everlasting day;

Did all the amazing Glories see,
 And what it shou'd hereafter be,
 Saluted by the soft Seraphick Quire,
 Who's Anthems all its Faculties inspire,
 But flash't to mighty Rays of sacred Fire.
 For the refulgent Glories were too great,
 It could not bear such Raptures yet,
 Till Immortality had made it more compleat:
 It could no longer stay, no longer view,

Then down again it flew,
 Did with Angelick Radiance shine,
 Inspir'd with Sapience divine.

It

It doth its bright E
 And in what Blifs d
 All this in pure and
 Plain as Corporeal
 That when we re

Dieu to all th
A Complaifan
 Airy Delights, in
 Fashions, Entertai
 To all the Follies c
 All that's Genteel,
 I'll move no longe
 I've been gaz'd at
 Without Concern
 No, not the softest
 Lest Fate should c
 Pursue me now, a
 In these soft Shades,
 For she will never

Norris,

Unthankful Guest,
My Feast;
My presence there,
My Fare.

Thoughts divine,
And refine,
My upward move,
My Love;
My court it made its way,
My everlasting day;
My sorrows see,
My after be,
My Quire,
My Illcies inspire,
My of sacred Fire.
My were too great,
My tures yet,
My e it more compleat:
My o longer view,
My Hew,
My nce shine,
My ce divine.

The Retreat.

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It doth its bright Ethereal Voyage tell,
And in what Bliss departed Souls do dwell:
All this in pure and pregnant Elegance we hear,
Plain as Corporeal Organs can declare,
That when we read thy Lines we almost think
(we're there.)

The Retreat.

A Dieu to all the splendid Gallantry,
A Complaisant Pleasures, modish Gaiety;
Airy Delights, imaginary Joys,
Fashions, Entertainments, Wit and Noife;
To all the Follies of my former State,
All that's Genteel, or Popular, or Great.
I'll move no longer in this gaudy Sphear,
I've been gaz'd at enough, 'tis time to disappear.
Without Concern, I'll leave the glittering Seat;
No, not the softest Sigh shall sound retreat,
Lest Fate should over-hear, mistrust my Flight,
Pursue me now, and so undo me quite.
In these soft Shades, I no Misfortune fear,
For she will never think to find me here;

My.