

*On a Gentleman and his Wife visiting a
Lady. He sleeping the while. Extempore.
Spoke by Morpheus.*

Pardon, fair Nymph, I durst exert my Power,
Invade your Rights in a facetious Hour;
With gentle Slumbers seal those wondring Eyes,
That might, unweary'd on such Beauties gaze:
My Strength had fail'd had not your Forces joynd,
And your own conquering Charms first struck him
Your softer Graces did his Soul in trance, (blind,
Or I in vain should to the Sence advance.
All the Mysterious One I did not seize,
But spar'd that part which was most like to please;
She whose diverting Tongue could entertain,
With choice Collections from each Poet's Brain:
But see my Fetters could not bind him long,
He humbly sues for Pardon and a Song,
From your soft Voice which turns the Soul to Ear,
And drousie as I am, I'll stay to hear:
If I with Nods should to the Tune keep time,
It is at worst, but a complaisant Crime:
Oh with what Joy! my Godhead I'd forsake,
Might you for ever Sing, and I for ever Wake.

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