

Phraartes, &c.

All human Kind:
From her common Store,
Universe all 'ore;
Come as she went;
Lies next the Firmament,
The Work began,
Could be more than Man;
Every Charm encrease,
Pleat the Beauteous Piece,
In the liquid Light,
All Gods themselves less bright,
With what was done,
Had thought you was his own
In you we see,
In Epitome.
Sex is charm'd to love,
That the pleasing Object prove
In Court above:
For your Heart contend,
To farther doth pretend;
Scries they commend;
Will remain intire,
If dilated Fire;
For single Power than Love,
That charm to more than Love.

To Marina.

97

They know your Worth; so the deserving three
Will joyn, and be one *Delia* to thee;
Let one *Idea* fill thy grateful Breaſt,
Think they are so, in that Miſtake they're bleſt.

To Marina.

Plague to thy Husband, ſcandal to thy Sex,
Whose wearying Tongue does every Ear
(perplex;
False to thy own falſe Soul, thou doſt declare,
How Luſt and Pride do Reign and Revel there,
Tell the World too, how nicely Chafſt you are.
This dull compulſive Virtues own'd; for who,
With one ſo odious would have ought to do?
But this Miſfortune you too oft condole,
Whilst looſeſt Thoughts debauch your willing Soul
Thy beſt Diſcourſe is but meer Ribaldry,
Telling how fond all that e're ſee you, be:
And loving all thy ſelf, think'ſt all in Love with
With pious Heart thou ſtudiſt Vanity, (thee.
And talk'ſt obſcene by rules of Modeſty.

H

Thus

98 Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse, &c.*

Thus Sins nick-nam'd speak the infernal Saint,
Whose shining Robes are tawdry Cloaths and Paint.
Extravagance and Cheats you mark for Wit,
Thou abstract of Contention, Fraud and Spite.
If *Socrates* could have made choise of thee,
Thou would'st have baffled his Philosophy,
And fear'd his Patience to a Lunacy.

The restless Waters of the raging Sea,
Are a serene and halcion Stream to thee:
They keep their Banks and sometimes can be still,
Thou art all Tempest, know'st no bounds in Ill.
Pride, Lust, Contention, reign and yet repine,
Vesuvius Noise and Flame has less of Hell than thine.

Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse, On the
Dearb of John Dryden, Esq;*

An O D E.

I.

I Soft *Euterpe*, sweetest of the *Nine*,
The most Inspiring, and the most Divine,
By my own Lyre rais'd to extatick Joy

Full

Euterpe

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