

(And *Proserpine* severe)

Had brought *Eurydice* back ---- alas !

But *Cloe* was not there.



## TO GRAMMATICUS.

S I R,

**M**IRA wou'd with Tears atone  
For all the Mischief she has done;  
Sincerely mourns (believe it true)  
The sending of her Rhymes to you.

The Wound my Verses gave your Ear,  
Was undesign'd it will appear;  
Nor in the least the Fault of me,  
As by this Sorrow you may see.

And cou'd I in our Meadows find,  
Among the vegetable Kind,  
A healing Simple, that wou'd cure  
Those smarting Pangs which you endure:

Whose

Whose Juice the Matrons well esteem  
 For Cuts and Bruises that are green,  
 I'd send it with an Heart most willing,  
 Tho' it shou'd cost me half a Shilling:  
 Yet I can serve you but in Will,  
 For I've consulted Doctor *Pill*,  
 Who tells me that a Case like yours  
 Will not admit of common Cures;  
 For that Incisions made by Rhymes  
 Are worse than Ulcers fifty times:  
 He gives a Reason that is clear,  
 Because they always strike the Ear,  
 And give un-utterable Pain  
 To the small Fibres of the Brain:  
 Yet as the Doctor is my Friend,  
 His Worship order'd me to send  
 This grand Receipt which he has known,  
 To serve in Cases like your own:  
 'Tis true, the Drug is something rare,  
 And yet I wou'd not quite despair;  
 But hope the Med'cine may be found  
 Within the Space of *British* Ground:

This

This Balsam then I'd have you seek,  
 No matter for its Name in *Greek*;  
 But sure 'tis call'd (or I am wrong)  
 Good-nature in the *English* Tongue:  
 The Doctor swears by all his Skill,  
 If this don't ease you, nothing will;  
 To either Ear be this apply'd,  
 (The better if 'tis quickly try'd)  
 Then fill the hollow Spaces full  
 With *Aqua-vitæ* drop'd on Wool:  
 And take a special Care be sure,  
 No Poets come about your Door:  
 For you might keep the Bench of Law,  
 Or hear the squeaking of a Saw,  
 More safely by a hundred times,  
 Than half a Page of modern Rhymes:  
 But when you gather Strength a little,  
 Can walk abroad and eat your Vittle?  
 As you are mighty fond of Verse,  
 Let some with gentle Voice rehearse:  
 How Corn grows now where *Troy* Town stood,  
 Or else the Children in the Wood:

These

These gentle Numbers will compose  
Your Spirits and your Eye-lids close !  
Those Slumbers will complete the Cure ;  
Now, Sir, your Servant, and ---- no more.



*The* T E N - P E N N Y N A I L.

**T**WAS past the Date of fav'ry Noon,  
And downwards roll'd the radiant Sun,  
When all (except us rhyming Sinners)  
Had rosted, boil'd, and eat their Dinners ;  
In my great Chair I sat to pout,  
And beat my weary Brains about ;  
About (what did not much avail)  
*Amanda's* Riddle of the Nail \* ;  
When *Somnus* took me by Surprise,  
And put his Finger in my Eyes :  
'Twas He, for Poets never nod  
Without the Influence of a God :

\* *The Question was this, Where was the first Nail struck ?*