



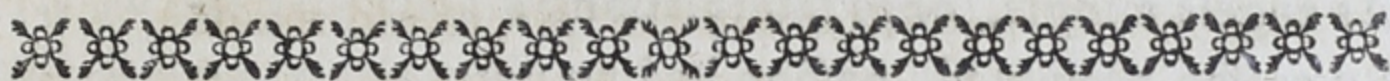
The P O E T's P R A Y E R.

IF e'er in thy fight I found favour, Apollo,
 Defend me from all the disasters which follow :
 From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
 From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme :
 From the pacht-work and toils of the royal sack-bibber,
 Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER :
 From servile attendance on men in high places,
 Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and graces :
 From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
 Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee :
 From being caress'd to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party, in state or in church :
 From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
 And petulant bards who repeat their own works :
 From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
 The sight of a Belle, and the smell of a Beau :
 From busy back-biters, and tatlers, and carpers,
 And scurvy acquaintance of fiddlers and sharpers :
 From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures,
 The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors :
 From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a pension,
 The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign :

From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,
 Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :
 From the constant good fare of another man's board,
 My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord :
 From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,
 And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :
 From waiting, like GAY, whole years at White-hall ;
 From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of small :
 From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
 Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums :
 From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masquerades,
 The snares of young jilts, and the spite of old maids :
 From a faucy dull stage, and submitting to share
 In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :
 From CURL and such Printers as would ha' me curs'd
 To write second parts, let who will write the first :
 From all pious patriots, who would to their best,
 Put on a new tax, and take off an old test :
 From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
 And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :
 From a poor country cure, that living interment,
 With a wife and no prospect of any preferment :
 From scribbling for hire, when my credit is funk,
 To buy a new coat, and to line an old trunk :
 From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their tables,
 Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables :
 From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict league are
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From

From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of schools,
 The censures of wisemen, and praises of fools :
 From criticks who never read Latin or Greek,
 And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :
 From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,
 Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel :
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me,
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
 Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.



An EPISTLE to a LADY.

WHEN the heart akes with anguish, pines with grief,
 And heav'n and you alike deny relief ;
 When ev'n the flatt'rer Hope is no where found,
 'Tis hard to feel the smart, and not lament the wound.
 Permit me then to sigh one last adieu,
 Nor scorn a sorrow friendship owes to you :
 A friendship modesty might well return ;
 A sorrow, cruelty itself might mourn.
 Think how the miser, pierc'd with inward pain,
 Looks down with horror on the troubled main,
 Or wildly roams along the rocky coast,
 T' explore his treasures in the tempest lost ;