

ist the Muses.

ancers must advance,
nice measures Dance,
think of Poetry,
-delivery;

gy of Wit,

ll run upon its Feet:

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Circle mayn't advance

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en Rhyme at first great

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aken who have told

nant Box did hold

only hurld

at has damn'd the World

as I bestow;

that they are so;

u can't, but Rescue

wretched Poetry.

To the Queen.

MY trembling Muse, with awful Duty press,
Mong'st kneeling crouds, with thy un-
(feign'd Address;

Since meanest Slaves, to Altars may repair,

With sacred Rites, of Sacrifice and Prayer.

Heaven takes the Incense, if it is sincere,

Freely as if the Great, had offer'd there,

Bles'd with such hopes, my Muse, with Prostrate
(Zeal,

Dare at the Feet of her great Sovereign kneel;

You I révere, like Heaven, not cause you'r high,

Not for your Glory, but Divinity.

The radiant Gems, that deck *Britannias* Crown,

Néer shone so Bright, till you had put it on;

You, who have condescended to a Throne.

In you kind Heaven, the unusual Blessing brings,

Greatness and Goodness, are consistent Things:

Your Subjects modest Merits your regard,

Virtue, not Impudence, now finds Reward;

Goodness like yours so awes the Bolder sort,

As makes a Sanctuary of your Court.

To the Queen.

All your Retinue, so reſorm'd appear,
 As if the Golden Age, were Blooming here;
 Fix'd like the Sun, ſuperior you diſpence,
 On all the under World, your bliſſful Influence.
 The Graces in your ſmiles, with Grandeur move,
 And form an Air of Maſteſty and Love:
 Heaven be propitious to my Monarch's Arms,
 And make them as Victorious, as her Charms,
 Revenge on your proud Foes, their *Salick* Law,
 With your fair Hand, their boateſt Greatneſs awe.
 Why are we barr'd, or why I Woman made,
 Whoſe Sex forbids to Fight, and to Invade,
 Or give my Queen, more than my wiſh for Aid?
 I ſhall not tremble, at the Launce, or Sword,
 Will ſtrait turn *Amazon*, but ſpeak the Word;
 Scarce can I curb, my eager loyal Soul,
 For you I'd fight, Mankind from Pole to Pole,
 Till all the Kingdoms, in one Empire meet,
 Then lay the Crown at your Imperial Feet.
 They'd bleſs the Arms, which did their Realms ſub-
 And hug the Chains, which made them Slaves to
 May you in Peace, long Rule your Native Land,
 And the juſt Terror, of Ambition ſtand:

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 May every Subject
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The Queen.

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at your Imperial Feet.
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ong Rule your Native Land,
of Ambition stand: No

The Liberty.

May every Subject you protect; Profess
As much as I, and dare to act no less.

The Liberty.

SHall I be one, of those obsequious Fools,
That square there lives, by Customs scanty
(Rules;
Condemn'd for ever, to the puny Curse,
Of Precepts taught, at Boarding-school, or Nurse,
That all the business of my Life must be,
Foolish, dull Trifling, Formality.
Confin'd to a strict Magick complaisance,
And round a Circle, of nice visits Dance,
Nor for my Life beyond the Chalk advance:
The Devil Censure, stands to guard the same,
One step awry, he tears my ventrous Fame.
So when my Friends, in a facetious Vein,
With Mirth and Wit, a while can entertain;
Tho' ne'er so pleasant, yet I must not stay,
If a commanding Clock, bids me away:
But with a sudden start, as in a Fright,
I must be gone indeed, 'tis after Eight.