

70 *On my Wedding Day.*

No, take a Tomb more fitting thy Desert,
Yes, I'll inshrine thee in my generous Heart.
So far for thee a *Niobe*. I'm grown,
That now 'tis fitting for that Use alone.
No Monument more glorious or safe,
Grac'd with a vital crimson Epitaph.
My bleeding Heart shall this Inscription give,
Not here you Lie, but here for ever Live.

On my wedding Day.

A Bandon'd Day, why dost thou now appear?
Thou must no more thy wonted Glories
(wear;
Oh! Rend thy self out of the circling Year.
With me thou'rt stript of all thy pompous Pride,
Art now no festival Cause, I no Bride:
In thee no more must the glad Musick sound,
Nor pleasing Healths in chearful Bowls go round,
But with sad Cypress dress'd, not Mirtle crown'd;
Ne'er grac'd again with joyful Pageantry:
The once glad Youth that did so honour thee
Is now no more; with him thy Triumph's lost,
He always own'd thee worthy of his Boast.

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On my Wedding Day.

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Such Adorations he still thought thy due,
I learn'd at last to celebrate thee too ;
Tho' it was long e're I could be content,
To yield you more than formal Complement ;
If my first Offering had been Free-Will,
I then perhaps might have enjoy'd thee still :
But now thou'rt kept like the first my sick Day,
When my reluctant Soul did Fate obey,
And trembling Tongue with the sad Rites com-

(ply'd,{
With timorous Hand th' amazing Knot I try'd,{
While Vows and Duty check'd the doubting Bride.
At length my reconcil'd and conquer'd Heart,
When 'twas almost too late own'd thy Desert,{
And wishes thou walt still, not that thou never
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Wishes thee still that celebrated Day,
I lately kept with sympathizing Joy.
But Ah ! thou now canst be no more to me,
Than the lad Relick of Solemnyt ;
To my griev'd Soul may'st thou no more appear,
Be blotted out of Fate's strict Calender.
May the Sun's Rays ne'er be to thee allow'd,{
But let him double every thick wrought Cloud,{
And wrap himself in a retiring Shroud ;

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Wedding Day.

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The Fatalit.

Let unmixt Darkness shade the gloomy Air,
 Till all our fable Horizon appear,
 Dismale as I, black as the Weeds I wear ;
 With me thy abdicated State deplore,
 And be like me, that's by thy self no more.

The Fatalit.

COME all ye grand Predestinarians now,
 Your Doctrine to the Height I will allow :
 I who with utmost Force resist my Fate,
 But am to Ills alone predestinate ;
 In vain I strive th' immutable Decree,
 Has pass'd on my unlucky Destiny.
 With Sighs and Tears I did at first begin,
 To conquer Fate as others would their Sin ;
 Each Path I trod I went with Caution on,
 But every Step doth lead to be undone :
 And when a threatening Storm was in my View,
 I from it (wisely as I thought) withdrew ;
 But whilst the approaching Ills with Fear I shun,
 Into some other certain Harms I run ;
 So when some mighty Grief did press my Soul,
 I would th' uneasy Tyranny controul ;

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