

*To Mr. Tate, &c.*

But sadly sink into her mournful Cell,  
 In subteranean Murmurs haft to tell,  
 At *Neptune's* Court how his great Master fell,  
 Each *Neried* strait her Sea green Trestestares,  
 And swells the Ocean with their flowing Tears:  
 The *Trytons*

Unfinisht.

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*To N. Tate, Esq; on his Poem on the  
 Queen's Picture, Drawn by Closter-  
 man.*

**H**Ail mighty Poet, mighty Painter too,  
 Since to thy strokes, his equal Lines we owe;  
 The sister Arts, are now a Mistry  
 And Painture here, has brought forth Poetry.  
 Th' inspiring Shade, seems life itself refin'd,  
 And all Heavens goodness copy'd in her Mind;  
 So justly each performs his nicer Part,  
 As speaks their Skill, yet Beauties without Art:  
 The emulative Ink, bright as the Paint,  
 This shows the Queen and that describes the Saint.

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We prize in others still the lasting Soul,  
But ye have Here, immortaliz'd the whole:  
Speak great *Apollo* thou alone can'ft tell,  
Whether the Pencil or the Pen excell.

Brib'd by the native Ardour of my Breast,  
My Muse no longer will their worth contest:  
But must to *Tate* yeild the superior Crown,  
Who has compleated *Closterman's* Renown,  
And in his Praise reverberates his own.

But oh! what Trophies of immortal Fame,  
Are justly rais'd to sacred *Anna's* Name.

*Britannia* knew not she was half so blest,  
Till the Diviner Raptures of my Breast,  
Declar'd what else could ne'er have been exprest.

Her Glory shines in thy Pathetick Lays,  
So *Colin* once Sung fam'd *Elizia* Praise;  
Long may thy *Astrea Albion's* Scepter bear,  
Whilst she the Crown may you the Laurel wear.

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