

SONG.

Our Language like th' *Agean* Stable lay,
Rude and unclean'd, till thou by Glory mov'd,

Th' *Herculean* Task didst undertake,
And hast with Floods of Wit th' offensive Heaps

That ancient Rubbish of the *Gothick* Times,
When manly Sense was lost in trifling Rhimes,
(remov'd)

Now th' unform'd Mafs is to Perfection wrought;
Thou hast enlarg'd our Knowledge, and refin'd our

Long mayst thou shine within our *British* Sphere,
And may not Age, nor Care,
(Thought)

The sprightly Vigor of thy Mind impair:
Let Envy cease, and all thy Merits own,
And let our due Regards in Praise be ever shown.

And when from hence thou shalt remove
To blest th' harmonious World above,
May thy strong Genius on our Isle descend,
And what it has inspir'd, eternally defend.

SONG.

I.

Why *Damon*, why, why, why, why so pressing?

The Heart you beg's not worth possessing:

Each Look, each Word, each Smile's affected,

And inward Charms are quite neglected:

Then scorn her, scorn her, foolish Swain,

And sigh no more, no more in vain.

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No Passion but
They were too

To Eugenia.

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2.

Beauty's worthless, fading, flying;
Who would for Trifles think of dying?
Who for a Face, a Shape, wou'd languish,
And tell the Brooks, and Groves his Anguish,
Till she, till she thinks fit to prize him,
And all, and all beside despise him?

3.

Fix, fix you Thoughts on what's inviting,
On what will never bear the slighting:
Wit and Virtue claim your Duty,
They're much more worth than Gold and Beauty:
To them, to them, your Heart resign,
And you'll no more, no more repine.

To Eugenia.

MEthinks I see the Golden Age agen,
Drawn to the Life by your ingenious Pen:
Then Kings were Shepherds, and with equal Care
Twixt Men and Sheep, did their Concernments share:
There was no need of Rods and Axes then,
Crooks rul'd the Sheep, and Virtue rul'd the Men:
Then Laws were useless, for they knew no Sin,
From Guilt secur'd by Innocence within:
No Passion but the noblest, fill'd each Brest,
They were too good to entertain the rest:

Love,

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