5.

A Soul, which cannot be depreſs'd by Grief,
Nor too much rais'd by the ſublimeſt Joy;
Which can, when troubled, give it ſelf Relief,
And to Advantage all its Thoughts employ.

6.

Then am I happy in my humble State,
Altho' not crown'd with Glory nor with Bays:
A Mind, that triumphs over Vice and Fate,
Eſteems it mean to court the World for Praiſe.

SONG.

Damon.

CEaſe, fair *Caliſtris*, ceaſe diſdaining;
'Tis time to leave that uſeleſs Art:
Your Shepherd's weary of complaining;
Be kind, or he'll reſume his Heart.

Caliſtris.

Damon, be gone; I hate complying;
Go court ſome fond, believing Maid:
I take more Pleaſure in denying,
Than in the Conqueſts I have made.

Damon.

Damon.

Why, cruel Nymph, why, why ſo ſlighting?
Is this the Treatment I muſt have?
Were not your Beauty ſo inviting,
I wou'd no longer be your Slave.

Caliſtris.

Damon, begon, I hate complying,
Your Heart's not worth the having;
Were there Ten thouſand Shepherds dying,
Not one were worth the ſaving.

The Inquiry.

A Dialogue between Cleanthe *and* Mariſſa.

Cle. TELL me, *Mariſſa*, by what Rule
May I judge who's the greateſt Fool?
Is't he, that in purſuit of Wealth,
Neglects his Eaſe, neglects his Health,
And void of Reſt, and full of Care,
Becomes a Slave to his next Heir;
To him, who does his Thrift deſpiſe,
And from him with Abhorrence flies:
And when he's dead, with eager haſte
Will ſoon his ill-got Riches waſte?