

No more (did she say) will I trifle with Fate,
 But commit to the Waves both my Love and
 [my Hate,
 And now to comply with that furious Desire,
 Just ready to plunge, and alone to expire,
 Some Reflections on Death, and its Terrors untry'd,
 Some Scorn for the Shepherd, some Flashings of
 [Pride
 At length pull'd her back, and she cry'd, Why
 [this Strife,
 Since the *Snares* are so Many, and I've but
 [*One* Life!

The Owl Describing her Young Ones.

WHY was that baleful Creature made,
 Which seeks our Quiet to invade,
 And screams ill Omens through the Shade?

'Twas, sure, for every Mortals good,
 When, by wrong painting of her Brood,
 She doom'd them for the Eagle's Food:

Who proffer'd
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 With wadling
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 The Fortune-l
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POEMS.

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Miscellany POEMS.

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Who proffer'd Safety to her Tribe,
 Wou'd she but shew them or describe,
 And serving him, his Favour bribe.

When thus she did his Highness tell:

In Looks my Young do all excel,

No rNightingales can sing so well.

You'd joy to see the pretty Souls,

With wadling Steps and frowzy Poles,

Come creeping from their secret Holes.

But I ne'er let them take the Air,

The Fortune-hunters do so stare;

And Heireffes indeed they are.

This ancient Yew three hundred Years,

Has been possess'd by Lineal Heirs:

The Males extinc't, now All is Theirs.

I hope I've done their Beauties right,

Whose Eyes outshine the Stars by Night;

Their Muffs and Tippetts too are White.

The

The King of *Cedars* veil'd his Power,
 And swore he'd fast ev'n from that Hour,
 Ere he'd such Lady Birds devour.

Th' Agreement seal'd, on either part,
 The Owl now promis'd, from her Heart,
 All his Night-Dangers to divert;

As Centinel to stand and whoop,
 If single Fowl, or Shoal, or Troop
 Should at his Palace aim or stoop.

But home, one Evening without Meat,
 The Eagle comes, and takes his Seat,
 Where they did these Conditions treat.

The Mother-Owl was prold away,
 To seek abroad for needful Prey,
 And forth the Misses came to play,

What's here! the hungry Monarch cry'd,
 When near him living Flesh he spy'd,
 With which he hop'd to be supply'd,

But recollec
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But recollecting, 'twas the Place,
 Where he'd so lately promis'd Grace
 To an enchanting, beauteous Race;

He paus'd a while, and kept his Maw,
 With sober Temperance, in awe,
 Till all their Lineaments he saw.

What are these Things, and of what Sex,
 At length he cry'd, with Vultur's Becks,
 And Shoulders higher than their Necks?

These wear no *Palatines*, nor Muffs,
Italian Silks, or *Doyley Stuffs*,
 But motley Callicoes, and Ruffs.

Nor Brightness in their Eyes is seen,
 But through the Film a dusky Green,
 And like old *Margery* is their Mien.

Then for my Supper they're design'd,
 Nor can be of that lovely Kind,
 To whom my Pity was inclin'd.

No more Delays; as soon as spoke,
The Plumes are stripp'd, the Grilles broke,
And near the Feeder was to choak.

When now return'd the grizly Dame,
(Whose Family was out of Frame)
Against League-Breakers does exclaim.

How! quoth the Lord of soaring Fowls,
(Whilst horribly she wails and howls)
Were then your Progeny but Owls?

I thought some *Phoenix* was their Sire,
Who did those charming Looks inspire,
That you'd prepar'd me to admire.

Upon your self the Blame be laid;
My Talons you've to Blood betray'd,
And ly'd in every Word you said.

*Faces or Books, beyond their Worth extoll'd,
Are censur'd most, and thus to pieces pull'd,*

The Phoenix

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