No more on me ſhall theſe fair Signs prevail,
Some other Novice may be won to Sail,
Give me a certain Fate in the obſcureſt Vale.

The LORD *and the* BRAMBLE.

TO view his ſtately Walks and Groves,
A Man of Pow'r and Place
Was haſt'ning on; but as he roves,
His Foe the ſlighted *Bramble* proves,
And ſtops his eager Pace.

That Shrub was qualify'd to Bite;
And now there went a Tale,
That this injurious partial Wight
Had bid his Gard'ner rid it quite;
And throw it o'er the Pail.

Often the *Bry'r* had wiſh'd to ſpeak,
That this might not be done;
But from the Abject and the Weak,
Who no important Figure make,
What Stateſman does not run?

heſe fair Signs prevail,
y be won to Sail,
in the obſcureſt Vale.

the BRAMBLE.

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But clinging now about his Waſte,
Ere he had time to fly,
My Lord (quoth he) for all your haſte,
I'll know why I muſt be diſplac'd,
And 'mongſt the Rubbiſh lie.

Muſt none but buffle-headed Trees
Within your Ground be ſeen?
Or tap'ring Yews here court the Breeze,
That, like ſome *Beaux* whom Time does freeze,
At once look Old and Green?

I ſnarl, 'tis true, and ſometimes ſcratch
A tender-footed Squire;
Who does a rugged *Tartar* catch,
When me he thinks to over-match,
And jeers for my Attire.

As to Yourſelf, who 'gainſt me fret,
E'en give this Project o'er:
For know, where'er my Root is ſet,
Theſe rambling Twigs will Paſſage get,
And vex you more and more.

No Wants, no Threatnings, nor the Jail
Will curb an angry Wit:
Then think not to chaſtiſe, or rail;
Appeaſe the Man, if you'd prevail,
Who ſome ſharp Satire writ.

The CAUTIOUS LOVERS.

Silvia, let's from the Croud retire;
For, What to you and me
(Who but each other do deſire)
Is all that here we ſee?

Apart