The Executor.

A Greedy Heir long waited to fulfill,
As his Executor, a Jewman's Will;
And to himself his Age repeated o'er,
To his Infirmities still adding more;
And nicely kept the Account of the expect'd Vote.

What

A Beau is but an Ais.

Convinc'd, that where a Wit pretends,
There, in himself now seeks amends,
Or makes it to his Glass;
This found, his courthip. Strephon ends,
And mov'd her soft Delire.
As Verle, or Profe became it best,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the Other dress'd,
Strephon with change of Habits pres'd.
Mistellany POEMS.

When Death, at last, to either gave Release,  
Making One's Pains, the Other's Longings cease;  
Ere he Pollution takes the kindred Clay,  
And so his Heart be no more on Earth's Clay.

Rejourns the Noble, who would make the Charge,  
Of one dull tedious Day, so vastly Large.  
He will thus privately to Intern'd,  
Whilst fundy Muilings do his Thoughts employ,

And now, the Luggage moves in solemn State,  
And what the Favourite, now every thing his Own;  
Where his Revenge, or Favour shall be shown,  
Then recollecting, draws a counterfeit Groan.

To

K 3

My POEMS.  

admir'd,  

Dellor drest,  

Strephons end,  

feels amends,  

here a Wits pretends,  

long waited to fulfill,  

Age-repeated derr,  

Account of the expence.
Miscellany POEMS.

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To rainfall secret Draws his Phantasy flies,
Nor can th' appearing Wealth his Mind suffice,
Thus he an Age runs o'er betwixt the Porch
Of his Friend's Houfe, and the adjacent Church.
Whilft the House's Driver, who no reckning kept
Of what was left, indulging Nature, slept;
Till on a Bank, so high, the Wheel was born
That in a Moment All must overturn:
Whilft the rich Heir now finds the giving Dead
Less weighty in his Gold, than in his Lead,
Which falling Jilt on his contriving Bread,
Expell'd the Soul, leaving the Corporeal
In the same Grave, intended for his Friend.
Then why should We our Days in Wishes spend,
Which ere we see fulfilled, are often at an End.