

Then, by the Nymphs no Charms were worn,
 But such as with the Nymphs were born.
 The Shepherd cou'd not, then, complain,
 Nor told his am'rous Tale in vain.
 No Veil the Beauteous Face did hide,
 Nor harmless Freedom was deny'd.
 Then, Innocence and Virtue reign'd
 Pure, unaffected, unconstrain'd.
 Love was their Pleasure, and their Praise,
 The soft Employment of their Days.



To the NIGHTINGALE.

EXert thy Voice, sweet Harbinger of Spring!

This Moment is thy Time to Sing,

This Moment I attend to Praise,

And set my Numbers to thy Layes.

Free as thine shall be my Song;

As thy Musick, short, or long.

Poets,

POEMS.

No Charms were worn,
Nymphs were born.
Not, then, complain,
Tale in vain.

His Face did hide,
He was deny'd.

Virtue reign'd
Unconstrain'd.

Peace, and their Praise,
Of their Days.



WHITINGALE.

Sweet Harbinger of Spring!
Thy Time to Sing,
I attend to Praise,
To thy Layes.
All be my Song;
Short, or long.

poet's

Miscellany POEMS.

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poets, wild as thee, were born,
Pleasing best when unconfin'd,
When to Please is least design'd,
Soothing but their Cares to rest;
Cares do still their Thoughts molest,
And still th' unhappy Poet's Breast,
Like thine, when best he sings, is plac'd against
[a Thorn.

She begins, Let all be still!

Muse, thy Promise now fulfill!

Sweet, oh! sweet, still sweeter yet

Can thy Words such Accents fit,

Canst thou Syllables refine,

Melt a Sense that shall retain

Still some Spirit of the Brain,

Till with Sounds like these it join.

'Twill not be! then change thy Note;

Let Division shake thy Throat.

Hark! Division now she tries;

Yet as far the Muse outflies.

Cease

Cease then, prithee, cease thy Tune;
Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June*?

Till thy Bus'ness all lies waste,
And the Time of Building's past!

Thus we Poets that have Speech,
Unlike what thy Forests teach,

If a fluent Vein be shown
That's transcendent to our own,
Criticize, reform, or preach,
Or censure what we cannot reach.

The ATHEIST and the ACORN,

MEthinks this World is oddly made,
And ev'ry thing's amiss,
A dull presuming Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a Shade;
And instanced in this:

Behold,

Behold, quoth

A *Pum*

Is held but by

Which upward

Or bea

Whilst on this

So disp

That, who wi

This universal

Its ill

My better Ju

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And left this M

Mongst things

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