

ears her at his Door,
us as before;
She her Days had spent
sweet Content,
their Flocks, and Maids
[their Pails,
domineers, or rails?

Why, I that had no shaft
H not the Trollops spare,

vere Sluts — And for
[the Swains,

them still remains;
ir slothful Faults,
dom told 'em all my
[Thoughts,
st them cou'd reside.
gentleman reply'd,
ch their Patience try'd?
d but at Seasons due,
ours their Defects pursue;

How had they shrunk, and justly been afraid,
Had they with me one Curtain-Lecture heard!
Yet enter Madam, and resume your Sway;
Who can't Command, must silently Obey.
In secret here let endless Faults be found,
Till, like Reformers who in States abound,
You all to Ruin bring, and ev'ry Part confound.

Fragment at Tunbridge-Wells.

FOR He, that made, must new create us,
Ere Seneca, or Epictetus,
With all their serious Admonitions,
Can, for the Spleen, prove good Physicians.
The Heart's unruly Palpitation
Will not be laid by a Quotation;
Nor will the Spirits move the lighter
For the most celebrated Writer.
Sweats, Swoonings, and convulsive Motions
Will not be cur'd by Words, and Notions. Then

How

Then live, old *Brown!* with thy Chalybeats,
 Which keep us from becoming Idiots.
 At Tunbridge let us still be Drinking,
 Though 'tis th' *Antipodes* to Thinking:
 Such Hurry, whilst the Spirit's flying,
 Such Stupefaction, when 'tis dying:
 Yet these, and not sententious Papers,
 Must brighten Life, and cure the Vapours, &c.

A Pindarick Poem

Upon the Hurricane in November 1703, referring to this Text in Psalm 148. ver. 8. Winds and Storms fulfilling his Word.

With a HYMN compos'd of the 148th PSALM Paraphras'd.

YOU have obey'd, you WINDS, that [must fulfill
 The Great Disposer's righteous Will;
 Through-