PSALM the 137th, Paraphrased to the 7th Verse.

Proud Babylon! Thou failest us weep;
Engrav'd, as he past it along,
Saw, on his Banks, the Sacred Thron;
A heavy, solemn Mourning keep.
Sad Captives to thy Sons, and Thee,
When nothing but our Tears were Free!

A Song of slow they require,
And from the neighboring Trees to take
Each Man his dumb, neglected Lyre;
But cheerful Sounds the Strings refuse,
How
Nor will their Masters Griefs abate.
Misellaneous POEMS.

How can We, Lord, thy Praie proclaim,
Here in a strange unhallow'd Land!

Leve we provoke them to Blaspheme;
A Name, they do not understand;

And with rent Garments, that deplore
Above whate'er we felt before.

But, Thou, Jerusalem, so Dear!
If thy ly'd Image e'er depart,

Let my right Hand forget her Art;
My Tongue her vocal Gift resign,

And Sacred Verse no more be mine!

The Battle between the Rats and the Weazles,

In dire Contest the Rats and Weazles met,
And Foot to Foot, and Point to Point was set:

An ancient Quarrel had such Hatred wrought,
That for Revenge, as for Renown, they fought.

Now