Naſh repreſents man in the maſs,
Made up of Wrong and Right;
Sometimes a K——, ſometimes an A——;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the buſt between,
Adds to the thought much ſtrength,
Wiſdom, and Wit, are little ſeen,
But Folly's at full length.

ON THE D——SS OF R——D.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT do ſcholars, and bards, and aſtronomers wiſe,
Mean by ſtuffing our heads with nonſenſe and lies;
By telling us Venus muſt always appear
In a car, or a ſhell, or a twinkling ſtar;
Drawn by ſparrows, or ſwans, or dolphins, or doves,
Attended in form by the graces and loves:
That ambroſia and nectar is all ſhe will taſte,
And her paſſport to hearts on a belt round her waiſt?
Without all this buſtle I ſaw the bright dame,
To ſupper laſt night to P—— y's ſhe came
In a good warm ſedan; no fine open car;
Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her ſtar;

No

No nectar ſhe drank, no ambroſia ſhe eat;
Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat:
Nor wanted a ceſtus her boſom to grace,
For R——d, that night, had lent her her face.

ARNO's VALE.

A SONG,

BY THE DUKE OF DORSET.

WHEN here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How briſk the nymphs, the ſwains how gay,
Content inſpir'd each rural lay;
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the ſweets of Arno's vale.

But ſince the good Palemon died,
The chief of ſhepherds, and the pride,
You read diſtreſs in every face,
And joy to ſorrow now gives place:
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more,
The Muſes droop, and tears prevail,
Adieu the ſweets of Arno's vale.

BRI-