



PETRARCH AND LAURA.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC TALE.

DA N Petrarch of old, it has often been said,
 By some Cardinal urg'd, his fair Laura to wed,
 With an offer of fortune (and well-tim'd it was,
 For poets have seldom much rent from Parnass')
 Cried, my lord you'll excuse me, but I have a reason
 Why even this offer becomes out of season ;
 I've a new book of sonnets just ripe for the press,
 Upon the same plan as the last, you may guess ;
 I have there, all along, made my Laura a goddess,
 And Venus, to please me, has lent her the boddice ;
 While Hebe, Minerva, and twenty to boot,
 With gifts all celestial have trick'd me her out.
 Now marriage, my lord, the whole charm would destroy,
 And hurl her divinity quite from the sky,
 To my cost I should find her no more than a woman,
 And my sonnets, alas ! would gain credit with no man.