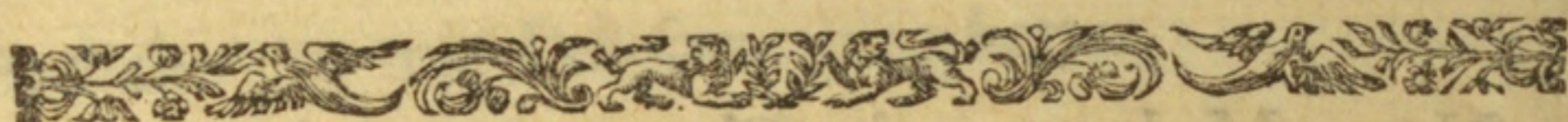


You've Wealth enough 'tis true, but yet
 You want a Friend to manage it.
 Now such a Friend you soon might have,
 By fixing on your humble Slave;
 Not that I mind a stately House,
 Or value Mony of a Louse;
 But your Five hundred Pounds a Year,
 I wou'd secure it for my Dear:
 Then smile upon your Slave, that lies
 Half murder'd by your radiant Eyes;
 Or else this very Moment dies——

Strephon.



TO ARTEMISIA.

Dr. KING's Invitation to BELLVILL: Imitated.

IF *Artemisia's* Soul can dwell
 Four Hours in a tiny Cell,
 (To give that Space of Bliss to me)
 I wait my Happiness at three.

Our

Our *Tommy* in a Jug shall bring
 Clear *Nectar* from the bubbling Spring :
 The Cups shall on the Table stand,
 The Sugar and the Spoons at hand :
 A skilful Hand shall likewise spread
 Soft Butter on the yielding Bread ;
 And (as you eat but mighty little,
 And seem an arrant Foe to Vittle)
 You'll cry perhaps, One Bit may do,
 But I'm resolv'd it shall be two :
 With you and your *Amanda* blest,
 Care flies away from *Mira's* Breast ;
 O'er stubborn Flax no more I grieve,
 But stick the Needle on my Sleeve :
 For let them work on Holiday,
 Who won't be idle when they may :
 If I must fret and labour too,
 Like *Caricus* and *Lumberloo* ;
 As well I might, like *Simoneer*,
 Be plagu'd with fixty Pounds a Year.

What

What Nymph, that's eloquent and gay,
 But owes it chiefly to her Tea?
 With Satire that supplies our Tongues,
 And greatly helps the failing Lungs.
 By that assisted we can spy
 A Fault with microscopick Eye;
 Dissect a Prude with wond'rous Art,
 And read the Care of *Delia's* Heart.

Now to the Company we fall,
 'Tis Me and *Mira* that is all:
 More wou'd you have — Dear Madam, then
 Count me and *Mira* o'er agen.



The A P P A R I T I O N.

F R O M that inevitable Shore,
 Wheer *Styx's* tremendous Waters roar,
 Thus wing'd with Vengeance lo I fly,
 And skim beneath the gloomy Sky,
 To you O false, O faithless Fair,
 (Yet tremble do — and wildly stare)

To