



ADVICE to MYRTILLO.

SINCE you, *Myrtillo*, will devote your Time
 To the lean Study of delusive Rhyme :
 Since you're content to slumber out your Days,
 To dream of Dinners, but to feed on Praise ;
 Receive this Counfel, e'er your Flights begin,
 From one long practis'd in the darling Sin.

Now Fame's broad Ocean lies before your Way ;
 Yet, Friend, be careful ; 'tis a dang'rous Sea :
 Where (tho' some few may reach the happy Land)
 Are Numbers wreck'd upon the treach'rous Sand :
 Then guard your Spirits, as you prize your Ease,
 Nor once indulge 'em in a thirst of Praise ;
 For Fame, like Fortune, (proud, yet wanton too)
 Is pleas'd to fly and make the Wretch pursue ;
 Frowns on her Slaves, but to the careless Mind
 That flights her Favours she is always kind.

Would you the Ladies shou'd approve your Song?
 Paint *Sylvia's* Eyes, or praise *Clarinda's* Tongue;
 Describe the Charms of *Cloe's* sprightly Air,
 Or blooming *Daphne* more divinely fair;
 Or *Venus's* Son that hurls the flaming Dart,
 And tag each Stanza with a bleeding Heart:
 Tell them of Rocks where Tears eternal flow,
 Dissolv'd to Fountains by a Lover's Woe:
 Of icy Bosoms that in Summer freeze,
 And Sighs much stronger than a southern Breeze.

Perhaps the Fair, whom for a Theme you choose,
 Must owe her Beauties to your skilful Muse:
 Has erring Nature rais'd her Nose too high,
 Sunk down her Cheeks, or drawn her Lips awry?
 No matter how the twisted Features stand,
 They'll grow divine beneath a *Poet's* Hand:
 Tho' her dim Eye-balls roll within her Head,
 Like two gray Bullets in a Verge of red;
 You like *Prometheus* must their Rays inspire,
 And fill their Orbs with more than mortal Fire.

Do you the Levee of his Grace attend,
 And (like most Poets) shou'd you want a Friend,
 Make not his Worth the Measure of your Song;
 But learn his Humour, and you can't be wrong:
 Perhaps this Maxim may offend the wise;
 But you must flatter, if you mean to rise:
 Observe what Passions in his Bosom roll,
 And watch the secret Motions of his Soul:
 Mind what false Guard has left a Breach within,
 For some choice Folly, or some darling Sin:
 These you must hide ---- but draw his Virtues nigh,
 Lest the rude Picture shock the gazing Eye.

The Heralds-Office you must search with Care;
 And look you find no Pimps nor Taylors there:
 Bring none to light but honourable Knaves;
 Shut up the Peasants in their mouldy Graves:
 If Knights are wanting in the dusky Breed,
Arthur's round Table will supply your Need.

No more ---- for I (as many Teachers do)
 Shew my own Folly by instructing you;

And

And you perhaps disdain my wholsom Rules ;
 So faucy Pupils count their Masters Fools :
 But shou'd your Pride the common Track refuse,
 You'll find small Pensions for your haughty Muse :
 Still you may scribble on ; and in the End
 Be just as rich as — Sir, your humble Friend.



On DISCONTENT.

To STELLA.

SAY, dearest *Stella*, why this pensive Air ?
 Tell me, O tell thy Sorrows and thy Care ;
 Why thy Lips tremble, and thy Cheeks are pale ?
 Why heaves thy Bosom with a mournful Gale ?
 Let not thy Eyes for distant Evils flow,
 Nor rack thy Bosom with prophetick Woe :
 Imagin'd Ills deceive our aking Eyes,
 As lengthen'd Shades appear of monstrous Size,
 When setting *Phæbus* gilds the Ev'ning Skies.

Tho'