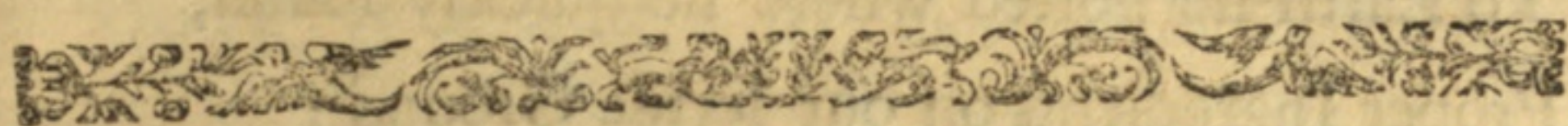


While these wan Eyes with lasting Sorrows run,
 Lost to the World, and Strangers to the Sun;
 Let milder Songs attend his noon-tide Ray,
 For mine will best become the closing Day,
 While round my Lyre afflicted Fathers throng,
 And Orphans listen to the mournful Song.



PROSERPINE'S RAGOUT.

AS once grave *Pluto* drove his royal Wheels,
 O'er the large Confines of the *Stygian* Fields:
 With kingly Port he sat, and by his Side,
 Rode his fair Captive, now his awful Bride;
 But from the Lakes a sulph'rous Mist invades,
 And strikes the fainting Empress of the Shades.
 The trembling Queen is seiz'd with sickly Yawns,
 With griping Colicks and with feverish Qualms.
 Back to the Palace was the general Cry,
 Before the Lash her fable Coursers fly:
 There rests the Dame, and fought her Royal Bed,
 Where the soft Pillows rais'd her drooping Head:

Restoring Lenitives were fought in vain,
 To cool her Vitals and assuage her Pain.
 On nothing would the peevish Matron feed ;
 Then useful *Mercury* was call'd with speed,
 And sent on Earth some curious Dish to frame,
 Of light Digestion for the sickly Dame.
 To Earth he posted where he quickly found,
 Proper Ingredients on our fertile Ground ;
 Here first he seiz'd as nonsubstantial Foods,
 The Courtiers Friendship and the Zeal of Prudes ;
 The Sighs of Widowers, and blends with those
 The Vows of Lovers and the Brains of Beaux ;
 The Miser's Charity, the Drunkard's Cares ;
 The Wealth of Poets, and the Tears of Heirs ;
Philander's Patience, when his Lord denies
 The Frowns of *Celia*, when her Heart complies :
 Then with a Breath along the Air he drives
 The Love of Husbands, and the Charms of Wives ;
 Where Trifles dwell sagacious *Hermes* knew,
 The winged Youth to lordly Senates flew ;
 From thence Debates and long Harangues to cull,
 And steep'd them softly in a Statesman's Skull.

And

And now the frothy Dish began to seem,
A proper Viand for his sickly Queen :
To crown the rest, he met by lucky Chance
The Wit of *England*, and the Truth of *France*.



The CHARMS of ANTHONY.

YE Swains, attend ; let ev'ry Nymph be near ;
Be still, ye Rivers, that the Swains may hear :
Ye Winds, be calm, and brush with softer Wing ;
We mean the Charms of *Anthony* to sing ;
See all around the list'ning Shepherds throng ;
O help, ye Sisters of immortal Song.

LUCY.

Sing, *Phebe*, sing what Shepherd rules the Plain,
Young *Colin's* Envy, and *Aminda's* Pain :
Whom none can rival when he mows the Field,
And to whose Flute the Nightingale must yield.

PHEBE.

'Tis *Anthony* — 'tis he deserves the Lay,
As mild as Ev'ning, and as Morning gay ;

Not