While the chill'd Blood, that hath forgot to glide,
Steals through its Channels in a lazy Tide:
And how can *Phœbus*, who the Muſe refines,
Smooth the dull Numbers when he ſeldom ſhines.

MIRA *to* OCTAVIA.

FAIR One, to you this Monitor I ſend;
Octavia, pardon your officious Friend:
You think your Conduct merits only Praiſe,
But out-law'd Poets cenſure whom they pleaſe:
Thus we begin — your Servant has been told,
That you, (deſpiſing Settlements and Gold)
Determine *Florio* witty, young and gay,
To have and hold for ever and for ay;
And view that Perſon as your mortal Foe,
Who dares object againſt your charming Beau;
But now to furniſh Metre for my Song,
Let us ſuppoſe *Octavia* may be wrong:
'Tis true, you're lovely; yet the learn'd aver,
That even Beauties like the reſt may err.

I know, to ſhun, you hold it as a Rule,
The arrant Coxcomb and the ſtupid Fool:
No ſuch is *Florio*, he has Wit — 'tis true,
Enough, *Octavia*, to impoſe on you:
Yet ſuch a Wit you'll, by Experience, find
Worſe than a Fool that's complaiſant and kind:
It only ſerves to gild his Vices o'er,
And teach his Malice how to wound the more.

I need not tell you, moſt ingenious Fair,
That hungry Mortals are not fed with Air,
But ſolid Food: And this voracious Clay
Asks Drink and Victuals more than once a Day:
Now cou'd your *Florio* by his Wit inſpire
The chilly Hearth, to blaze with laſting Fire:
Or when his Children round the Table throng,
By an Alluſion or a ſprightly Song,
Adorn the Board, i'th' twinkling of an Eye,
With a hot Paſty or a Warden Pye,
There might be Reaſon on *Octavia*'s Side,
And not a Sage cou'd blame the prudent Bride.

Yet (or ſome Authors often deal in Lies)
Lovers may live on Nuts and Blackberries;
For roving Knights bewilder'd in their way,
Who in black Foreſts half a Seaſon ſtray;
Unleſs they find Proviſion on the Trees,
Muſt ſup on Graſs and breakfaſt on the Breeze.
But as you've long been us'd to nicer Fare,
Your Conſtitution wou'd but hardly bear
Such Food as this: And therefore I adviſe
That you'd conſider (for you're mighty wiſe)
If ſober *Duſterandus* wou'd not make
A better Husband than your darling Rake,
Grave *Duſterandus*: He whoſe ſtedfaſt Mind
Is yet untainted, tho' not much refin'd;
Whoſe Soul ne'er roves beyond his native Fields;
Nor asks for Joys but what his Paſture yields;
On Life's dull Cares with Patience can attend,
A gentle Maſter and a conſtant Friend;
Who in ſoft Quiet ſpends the guiltleſs Days,
His Servants bleſſing and his Neighbours praiſe:
Say, would you, in his happy Manſion, reign,
Toaſt of the Village and the rural Plain?

With

With honeſt Friends your chearful Days beguile,
While Peace and Plenty on your Table ſmile:
Or cold and hungry writhe your tired Jaws,
And dine with *Florio* upon Hips and Haws,
In troth I think there's little room to pauſe.

In ſpite of all romantick Poets ſing;
This Gold, my Deareſt, is an uſeful thing:
Not that I'd have you hoard the precious Store,
For not a Wretch is like the Miſer poor:
Enjoy your Fortune with a chearful Mind,
And let the Bleſſing ſpread amongſt the Kind:
But if there's none but *Florio* that will do,
Write Ballads both, and you may thrive — Adieu.

The SETTING SUN.

To SILVIA.

SEE, *Silvia*, ſee the ſparkling Lamp of Day;
From our fond Eyes he draws the trembling Ray:
The curling Clouds purſue his ſhort'ning Beams,
And catch new Colours from the parting Gleams: