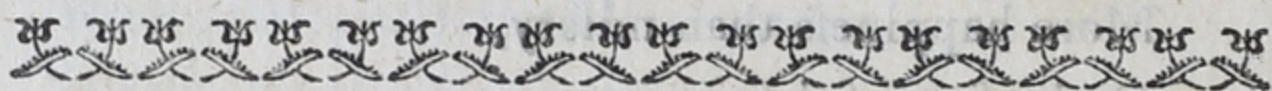


Nor wanting the disperfive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the foul,
 I make (may heav'n propitious fend
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.



An EPIGRAM.

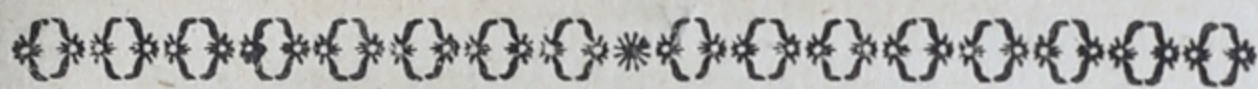
On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and
 Bishop GILBERT BURNET's Histories.

By the Same.

GIL's history appears to me
 Political anatomy,
 A case of skeletons well done,
 And malefactors every one.
 His sharp and strong incision pen
 Historically cuts up men,
 And does with lucid skill impart
 Their inward ails of head and heart.
 LAURENCE proceeds another way,
 And well-dress'd figures doth display:
 His characters are all in flesh,
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;

And

And from his sweet'ning art derive
 A better scent than when alive.
 He wax-work made to please the sons,
 Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.



The SPARROW and DIAMOND.

A S O N G. By the Same.

I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd :
 This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
 On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she cares'd,
 She stroak'd its head and wings ;
 And while it nestled on her breast,
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill set
 He loosen'd from the rest,
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
 The easier to digest.

K 2

V. She