



E N V Y. A S A T I R E.

IN *Y---k*'s detested Isle, that Foe to Fame,
 That Bane of Glory, and a virtuous Name;
 Pale Envy dwells, and ev'ry Breast inspires,
 With mortal Hatred, and destructive Fires;
 Enthron'd She sits, with snaky Honours crown'd,
 And deals her impious Power all around;
 Deceit, on one hand, stands with cruel Smiles,
 Dissembled Truths, and soft successful Wiles;
 But, in her Hand, tho' half conceal'd, is view'd,
 The pointed Dagger, deep in Rage imbru'd:
 Scandal, on t'other hand, like Fame appears,
 Alike her Number both of Tongues and Ears:

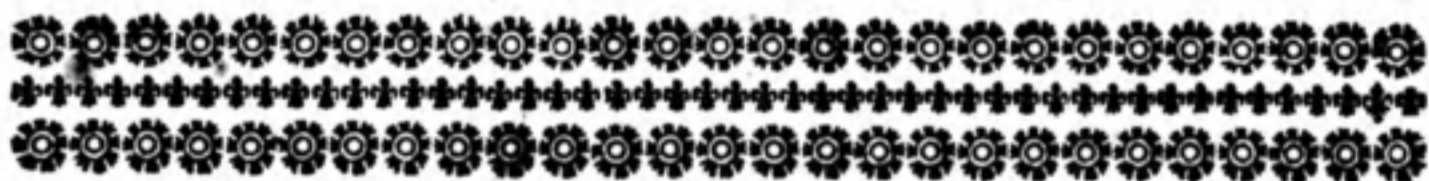
By

By these the fairest Reputation dies,
 And swift, and sure, the spreading Ruin flies,
 Round the fell Pow'r her anxious Votaries throng,
 Vain Age contemn'd, and unreguarded Young:
 These, who to Virtue, Wit, and Beauty lost;
 Here strive to blast the Fame they cannot boast;
 Goddess, they cry, if e'er thy Suppliants please,
 When Crowds they sacrifice to give thee Ease,
 To sooth thy Pains, when some distinguish'd Name,
 Rises to blast thee with an honest Fame;
 If by the happy Force of fraudulent Lies,
 Sunk in Oblivion the bright Merit dies;
 If spotless Chastity to Shame betray'd;
 If charms, when blasted, in the blooming Maid,
 Deserve thy Smile,---the pleasing Mischief aid.
 Still GODDESS, in our Souls thy Pow'r increase,
 And to each pointed Scandal give Success.
 Pleas'd, she assents, and now each lab'ring Breast
 Is with the baneful Fury's Rage possess'd;

Arm'd with deep Malice each reproachful Tongue
 Murders the Fair, the Innocent, and Young ;
 With doubtful Hints a horrid Sense convey,
 And smile a faultless Character away.

But now *Artelia* comes with stealing Pace,
 Gentle her Air, but Anguish clouds her Face ;
 Merit uninjur'd, now demands her Grief,
 But future Scandal gives her Soul relief ;
 Swift thro' the supplicating Crowd she press'd,
 And her bad Pray'r in Whispers is address'd :
 Goddess, who all my anxious Bosom fires,
 Who ev'ry Word and ev'ry Thought inspires ;
 Still while thy potent Influence I feel,
 Let Friendship's soft Disguise my Aims conceal ;
 And while I spread destructive Scandal round,
 Beneath that Masque let me securely wound.
 'Tis done ---- 'tis granted, fly, ye virtuous Few,
 Fly e'er her cruel Arts your Fame pursue ;

See Justice from the foul Infection flies,
 And frighted hence seeks her native Skies.
 Far from the guilty Scene averts her Sight,
 Her own *Philander* can't retard her Flight ;
 Tho' her bright Image, in his Breast he bears,
 And all her Beauties in his Form appears ;
 Tho' in his Soul she lights her heav'nly Flame,
 And finds even here a Votary in him.



T O

M O N E S E S Singing.

BE hush'd as Death, *Moneses* sings,
Moneses strikes the sounding Strings ;
 Let sacred Silence dwell around,
 And nought disturb the Magick Sound ;

Let