



To the Right Hon. the Lady MARGARET
CAVENDISH HARLEY, presented with a Col-
lection of POEMS.

By the Same.

TH E tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair,
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muses' queen?
Her smiles have all poetick bosoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;
He to our flighted labours still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,

Form'd

Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
 Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
 Where shou'd poetick homage then be pay'd ?
 Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet be lay'd ?
 A double right you to this empire bear,
 As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd
 Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
 Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
 Without one foible of her sex to hide ;
 Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dies
 Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
 Oh HARLEY ! cou'd but you these lines approve,
 These children sprung from idleness, and love,
 Cou'd they (but ah how vain is the design !)
 Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
 Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critick's blame
 Alike I'd scorn ; your approbation's fame.

