

To my Lady

*C A R T E R E T.*

**T**oo great your Power, and too soft my  
Breast:

The charming Inspiration to resist:  
But Oh in what bold Strain shall I begin,  
To breathe th' unusual Potent Instinct in?  
Such pleasing looks, in midst of Spring, adorn  
The Flowry Fields; *so smiles the Beauteous*  
*Morn.*

But, What are these dull Metaphors to you?  
Or, What is all, my Fancy has in view?

A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,  
Was ne'r conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought?

*So mild your eyes, so beautiful and bright,*

That lovelier eyes did ne'r salute the Light;

With such a gentle look, and such an air;

So lovely, so exceeding sweet, and fair,

To us, the Heavenly Messengers appear:

}  
Whilst

*Poems on several Occasions.* 15

**Whilst** Man too feeble for their bright extreams,  
*With such soft Smiles as yours they'r forc't to al-  
lay their Beams.*

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*And, though after my Skin, Worms  
destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh  
shall I see God, Job 19. 26.*

**W**Hat tho my Soul rent from the close  
imbrace

Of this *material consort*, take its flight,

( *Exil'd the Confines of her Native place* )

And leave these eyes clos'd in a Dismal Night :

*She shall agen resume the dear abode,*

*And, cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.*

II.

**Tho** in the Gloomy Regions of the Grave,

Forgotten, and insensible I lye ;

That tedious night shall a bright morning have,

The welcome datunings of Eternity.

*My*