

*To one that perswades me to leave the Muses.*

**F**Orgo the *charming Muses* ! No, in spite  
Of your ill-natur'd Prophecy I'll write,  
And for the future *paint* my thoughts at large,  
I waste no paper at the *Hunderds* charge :  
I rob no *Neighbouring Geese* of Quills, nor flink  
For a collection to the Church for ink :  
Besides my *Muse* is the most gentle thing  
That ever yet made an attempt to *sing* :  
I call no *Lady Punk*, nor Gallants *Fops*,  
Nor set the *married world* an edge for *Ropes* ;  
Yet I'm so scurvily inclin'd to Rhiming,  
That undesign'd my thoughts *burst out* a chiming ;  
My *active Genius* will by no means sleep,  
And let it then its proper channel keep.  
I've told you, and you may believe me too,  
That I must this, or greater mischief do ;

And

And let the world think me *inspir'd, or mad,*  
I'll surely write whilst paper's to be had;  
Since Heaven to me has a *Retreat assign'd,*  
That would inspire a less *harmonious* mind.

All that a Poet loves I have in view, (too,  
*Delight some Hills, refreshing Shades, and pleasant Valleys*  
Fair spreading Valleys cloath'd with lasting green,  
And Sunny Banks with gilded *streams between,*  
*Gay as Elisium,* in a Lovers Dream,  
Or *Flora's* Mansion, seated by a stream,  
Where free from fullen cares I live at ease,  
Indulge my Muse, and wishes, as I please,  
Exempt from all that looks like want or strife,  
*I smoothly glide along the Plains of Life,*  
Thus Fate conspires, and what can I do to't?  
Besides, I'm *vehemently in love to boot,*  
And that there's not a *Willow Sprig* but knows,  
In whose sad shade I breathe my direful woes.  
But why for these dull Reasons do I pause,  
When I've at hand my genuine *one, because!*

## 8 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And that my Muse may take no counter Spell,  
I fairly bid the *Boarding Schools* farewell:  
No *Young Impertinent*, shall here intrude,  
And vex me from this blisful solitude.  
Spite of her heart, *Old Puffs* shall damn no more  
Great *Sedley's Plays*, and never look 'em o're ;  
Affront my *Novels*, no, nor in a Rage,  
Force *Drydens* lofty Products from the Stage,  
Whilst all the rest of the *melodious crew*,  
With the *whole System of Athenians* too, }  
For Study's sake out of the Window flew.  
But I to Church, shall fill her Train no more,  
And walk as if I sojourn'd by the hour.

To *Stepwel* and his Kit I bid adieu,  
Fall off, and on, be hang'd and *Coopee* too  
Thy self for me, my *dancing days* are o're ;  
I'll act th' inspired *Bachannels* no more.  
*Eight Notes* must for another Treble look,  
In *Burlesque* to make Faces by the book.

Japan, and my esteemed Pencil too,  
And pretty Cupid, in the Glafs adieu,  
And since the dearest friends that be must part,  
Old Governess farewell with all my heart.  
Now welcome all ye peaceful Shades and Springs,  
And welcome all the inspiring tender things ;  
That please my genius, suit my make and years,  
Unburden'd yet with all but lovers cares.

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A

P O E M

Occasioned by the report of the Queens Death.

When fame had blown among the Western swains,  
The saddest news that ever reacht their Plains,  
Like Thunder in my ears the sound did break ;  
The killing accents which I dare not speak.  
Less was I toucht with that pernicious Dart, (Heart,  
That peirc'd through mine to reach my Daplnes

From