He *Soaring* fell, I flag Below,
Where with damp Wings disabled to pursue
I yield me Lost, and plunging down
In deep *Oblivion* Drown.

The Banquet.

DIspatch, and to the Myrtle Grove convey
What-ever with the natural Pallat suits,
The *Dayrie's* Store with Sallads, Roots & Fruits;
I mean to play the *Epicure* to Day!
Let nought be wanting to compleat
Our Bloodless Treat;
But *Bloodless* let it be, for I've Decreed
The *Grape* Alone for this Repast shall *Bleed.*
Sit worthy Friends——But ere we Feed,
Let *Love* b'expell'd the Company;

Let no mans Mirth Here interrupted be
With Thought of any Scornful Little *She*!
Fall too my Friends. Truſt me the Cheer is good!
Ah! (if our Bliſs we Underſtood)
How ſhou'd we Bleſs th' Indulgent Fates!
Indulgent Fates, that with *Content* have ſtor'd
Our Rural Board,
A *Rarity* nere found amongſt the *Cates*
Of moſt Voluptuous Potentates.

The Match.

BY what wild Frenzy was I Led,
That with a *Muſe* I needs muſt Wed;
Whoſe *Dow'r* conſiſts of pop'lar Fame,
The ſhort Poſſeſſion of a Name!
Yet with what Trouble and Debate
The owner holds this poor Eſtate;