

POEMS.

73

And Feast on Joys in every Grove;
Their *Paradise* has no *Forbidden Tree*!

Curst that I am to View this glorious Scene
With a vast *Gulf* of Air *Between*!

So from a *Rock* the Ship-wreckt *Marriner*
Surveys the distant Shore with watry Eyes,
Reflects on the full Meals and Pastimes there,

But having fram'd his fancy'd *Theatre*
Of Sports and rich Varieties,
Sits down *Disconsolate*, and *Starving Dyer*.

Sliding on Skates in very hard Frost.

How well these frozen Floods now Represent
Those *Chrystal Waters* of the Firmament!
Tho *Hurricanes* shou'd rage, they cou'd not now
So much as curl the solid Water's Brow;

Proud

Proud Fleets whose stubborn Cables scarce with-^{stand}
 Th' impetuous shock of the Unstable Flood,
 In warty Ligaments are restrain'd
 More strict than when in binding Ooze detain'd,
 But tho their Services at present fail,
 Our selves without the aid of Tide or Gale
 On Keels of polish'd Steel securely Sail
 From ev'ry creek to ev'ry point we Rove,
 And in our lawless Passage swifter move
 Than Fish beneath us, or than Fowl above,

*Strephon's Complaint on quitting
 Retirement.*

I.

Business! — Oh stay till I recover Breath,
 Th'astounding Word puts my maz'd Spirit
 Business to me sounds terrible as Death,
 As Death to Lovers on their Bridal Night

Free as
 The Sea
 But I uncustom'd
 In stubborn I
 Then farewell
 You come
 For you like
 But *Business*
 Few Suns
 Of God-
 But Slave t'En
 I'm (*Ghost-like*)
 But Business to
 And 'tis ev'n
 Ah have I their
 My flinted H
 Impertinen
 And wildly