

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-l
 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

Free as Air, but more *Serene*,
 The *Series* of my Life has been;
 But I uncustom'd to the yolk, must now
 In stubborn Harness toil at the dull Plow.

I I.

Then farewell Happiness, Repose farewell!
 You come not where poor *Strepson* must Reside,
 For you like *Halcyons* on calm Waters dwell,
 But *Business* is a rough and troubled Tide.

Few Suns have ris'n since I was Blest,
 Of God-like Liberty possess;
 But Slave t'Employment now without Repose
 I'm (*Ghost-like*) hurry'd where my *Dæmon* goes.

I I I.

But Business to Preferment will direct,
 And 'tis ev'n necessary to be Great.
 Ah have I then no more than *this* t'expect?
 My stinted Hopes will starve on such thin meat.
 Impertinents! *Content* I crave,
 And wildly you of *Grandieur* Rave!

If

POEMS.

If Life's at best a tedious rugged Road,
 What must it be with *Grandieur's* cumbering Load?

IV.

Condemn'd to th' Town-Noise and Impertinence,
 Where *Mode* and *Ceremony* I must view!
 Yet were the sight all *Sirephon* cou'd dispense,
 But He must there be *Ceremonious* too.

I fear my rural Soul's too plain
 To Learn the Towns dissembling strain;
 For whilst I practize the *flie Courtiers Art*,
 I shall forget *my self*, and *Speak my Heart*.

V.

When first th' unwelcome Tidings I receiv'd,
 Summon'd to bid my peaceful Shades Adieu:
 Scarce was I by my Fellow-Swains believ'd,
 'Till streaming Tears prov'd my sad story true.

Then pensive they my Doom resent,
 As 'twere to Death or Banishment;
 But oh my *Panathæa's* passionate moan
 Surpass't her Sexes kindness, and her own.

Thus spake
 Will you
 Then go thy
 But tell me
 This is f
 (Ridicul
 But whilst of
 You wou'd sug
 Thy Love chaff
 When first t
 Nor have I the
 Here, force
 You'l see
 From the
 But rig'rous Fate
 I lean'd my droo
 Oh Floods and G
 I've sat as Hay

VI.

Thus spake She with a forc't frown on her Brow,
Will you be gone? false *Strephon*, will you go?
Then go thy way; go, for I Hate thee now!

But tell me, are you serious Swain, or no?
This is some new-found wile to prove

(Ridiculous Jealousie!) my *Love*:

But whilst of mine this feign'd suspect is shown,
You wou'd suggest that you've renounc'd your *Own*.

VII.

Thy Love chast *Nymph* deep in my Breast I laid,
When first the precious Pledge I did receive,

Nor have I thence the sacred store convey'd,
Here, force the Cabinet ope and you'l believe!

You'l see with what a bleeding Heart,

From these dear Shades and thee I part;

But rig'rous Fate——then on her Virgin Breast

I lean'd my drooping Head, and wept *the Rest*.

VIII.

Oh Floods and Groves, beneath whose sacred shade

I've sat as Happy as first Mortals were; For

POEMS.

For when Distractions did my breast invade
 Some rapt'rous Shepheard's Song redrest my C
 But 'bove the Flights of other Swains
 I priz'd my *Astragon's* soft streins;
 For (*Turtle-like*) my pensive *Astragon*
 Is *sweetly Sad* and *Charming* in his *Moan*.

The Gold-bater.

WELL, I perceive the *Antipathy*
 Is mutual now 'twixt *Gold* and *Me*;
 For that flies me as fast as I
 The false pernicious metall *flie*.
 So wild a *Prey* why shoud I Trace
 That yields no Pleasure in the *Chase*?
 A *Prey* that must with 'Toil be fought,
 And which I prize not when 'tis Caught.
Gold I contemn when rude i'th' *Oar*,
 But in a *Crown* despise if *more*.

No *Crown* ca
 So well, but
 By an *Eternal*
 Vexations still
 Insep'able by
 A *Crown'd-Her*

Dull *Morta*
 Weblefs
 The Author of
 But the Redref
 Yet gentle *Dea*
 Persifts in gene
 And Cure th'Ing
 Ah should he o
 Our *Wishes*, and
 What shoud we
 And Loath each