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 mettal flie.
So wild a *Prey* why shou'd I Trace
That yields no Pleasure in the *Chase*?
A Prey that must with Toil be sought,
And which I prize not when 'tis *Caught*.
Gold I contemn when rude i'th'*Oar*,
But in a *Crown* despise it *more*.

No Crown can any Temples fit
So well, but 'twill uneaſie ſit.
By an Eternal Law of Fate,
Vexations ſtill attend on State;
Inſep'rable by Humane Art,
A *Crown'd-Head* and an *Aking-Heart.*

The Ingrates.

DUll Mortals with the ſame prepoſt'rous breath
We bleſs *Love*'s Darts, and Curſe the ſhafts of *Death.*
The Author of our Ills, a God we ſtile;
But the Redreſſer of thoſe wrongs Revile.
Yet gentle *Death* (tho rudely treated) ſtill
Perſiſts in generous Charity to *Kill*
And Cure th'Ingrateful ev'n againſt their Will!
Ah ſhould he once in juſt Reſentment give
Our Wiſhes, and permit us ever Live,
What ſhou'd we do when *Soul* and *Body* jar
And Loath each other like an *Ill-wed Pair?*

Can