
 Lib. XI. Epigr. XCV.

Translated in Dialogue.

A. Friend Giles and I had late a bloody bout.
 B. Eternal Cronies how cou'd you fall out?

A. Faith guess th'Occasion.

B. Some fresh Doxie?

A. No,

Fools as we are, we have more Sense than So.

He that Asserts a modest Lady's Right,
 (Tho soundly Drub'd) is a true Errant Knight;
 But Whelps are they, who for such Carrion Fight.

B. When *Toapt* (which he's of course some twice a
 Day)

He'l rail on's Grandfire's Beard ifr come in's way;

Perhaps mis call'd you then, gave you the Lye,

Or in rude Language damn'd your Poetry.

A. Had *Lillye* to resolve the *Quere* try'd,
 Ev'n *Lilly's* self cou'd not have guesst more wide!

G 3

Don

Don Critick nere cou'd wound my thoughts
 As to beguil me of one minutes sleep; ^(deep)
 Censures I still despise as things of course,
 But th' damage I sustain by *Giles* is worse.
 The Rascal stole——

B. Your Poems?

C. No, my Horse.

Lib. XI. Epigr. XLIII.

THere's not a *drowsie Alderman* i'th'Town,
 But I'll engage more nobly shall require
 Dull hobling Meeter on his *Beard* and *Gown*,
 Than you the most elab'rate lines I write.

And yet your Worship still gives me strict charge
 To write in Honour of your Patronage;
 And that my thoughts upon the Theam be large,
 And sav'ring of the smartness of the Age.

Troob

Troth Sir, you
 To put an hono
 To make *West*

Oft had I f
 But by E
 A length I stro
 And free my
 In a cool Jeff'n
 Where with di
 The grateful S
 Which o're me
 Thrice blest (sa
 That frees me f
 I fled; but foot
 Pursu'd, o're-ta