Troth Sir, you have leſs Conſcience than a *Turk*,
To put an honeſt Muſe on *Conjuring Work*,
To make *Weſphalia Hams* of *Engliſh Pork*.

The Confinement.

OFt had I form'd *Ideas* of *Content*,
But by Experience knew not what it meant.
At length I ſtrove to Counter-plot my Stars,
And free my Soul by Stratagem from Cares.
In a cool Jeſſ'mine ſhade my Lute I ſtrung,
Where with divertive Aires I play'd and Sung;
The grateful Sounds compos'd my Cares to ſleep,
Which o're me now no Watch appear'd to keep.
Thrice bleſt (ſaid I) this long expected Hour,
That frees me from my cruel Goalers Pow'r.
I fled; but ſoon was by my jealous Guard
Purſu'd, o're-tane, and laid again in Ward.

Yet ev'n this Diſappointment I cou'd bear,
Had Fate ſet bounds to my Misfortunes Here;
But ſince my Attempt t'eſcape I ſuffer more,
Than in my Hardeſt Bondage heretofore!
Like a *Deſigning Captive* now I'm us'd,
A Pris'ners *Common Curteſies* refus'd;
Preſt with more Chains, aw'd by a ſtricter Guard,
From *Sleep* (the vileſt *Slaves* Relief) debarr'd.

On Snow fall'n in Autumn, *and diſ-ſolv'd by the Sun.*

I.

NAture now ſtript of all her *Summer-Dreſs*,
And modeſtly ſurmizing, 'twere unmeet
For each rude Eye to view her *Nakedneſs*;
Around her *bare Limbs* wraps this *Snowy Sheet*.

II. Th