

Hark in your Ear ('Tis a strange Mystery,
But a grand *Truth*), if *Popular* you'd be,
Faith spare your Pains, and Write *Ex-tempore*.

The Ignorant.

AN *Ignorant* I am,
And Glory in the Name.

I wot not what of yore

Rash *Furioso's* did,

Nor what the dreaming *Sages* said:

I cannot run a List of Old *Rome's* Triumphs ore.

'Twas *Knowledge* first to *Ruin* led us on;

For with this Mortal Itch possess

The happy Pair *Transgress*,

Needs must they *Know*, they *Knew* and were *Undone*!

And to this Hour our Mis'ries sole Relief

Consists in *Ignorance*, of our Grief!

H

Them

POEMS.

Then plodding Mortal cease
 To boast your dear-bought Faculties;
 For since with *Knowledge Sorrow* must encrease
 Let such as on those Terms can Science prize,
 Improve in Science; but for me,
 So I may *Ignorant* and *Happy* be,
 I'll ne'r Repine or look with envious Eyes,
 On the *Unhappy Learn'd*, and *Miserable Wise*.

The Beldam's Song.

A Ppear my *Kib-welkin*, dear Spirit appear
 In the Shape
 Of an Ape,
 A Fire-spitting Dragon, or Clump-footed Bear.
Madge has whoopt me twice from her Ivy-bound Oak,
 And twice have I heard the dull *Night-Raven* croak.
 Let me stride thee my *Welkin*, and post it away
 Ere

For the *A*
 Through

E
 But when

N

Tho *Hecat*

Pitc

To some Q

Bustle, bustl

Thou shalt S