

*Nature and Art Conspire to Arm the Fair;
For in the Charming, All things Charming are;
Their Glances Darts, and ev'ry Curl a Snare.*

The Hurricane.

WHat cheer my Mates? Luff ho!—We Toil in Vain!
That Nothern Mist forebodes a Hurricane.

See how th'expecting Ocean Raves,
The Billows Roar before the Fray,

Untimely Night devours the Day,

I th' Dead Eclypse we Nought descry

But Lightnings Wild Capriches in the Skie,
And Scalye Monsters sparkling through the Waves.

Ply! Each a Hand, and furl your Sails.

Port, Hard a'Port——The Tackle fails.

Sound ho!——Five Fathom and the most.

A Dangerous Shelf! Sh'as struck, and we are Lost.

Speak in the Hold——She Leaks amain——Give ore;

The Crazy Boat can Work no more.

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She draws apace, and we approach no shore.

A Ring my Mates: Let's joyn a Ring, and so

Beneath the Deep Embracing Go.

Now to new Worlds we steer, and quickly shall Arrive;

Our Spirits shall *Mount* as fast as our dull Corpses *Dive*.

The Gratefull Shepheard.

WHilst by his grazing Flock a gentle Swain,

His Vacant Hours to entertain,

Perus'd a Volumn whose each Tragick Page

Discours'd of some Intrigue of State,

Of Rebell-Insolence and Rage,

And some unhappy Monarch's Fate:

The Youth into these passionate sounds brake forth

What Virtue of my Ancestours

So much Oblig'd you ye indulgent Pow'rs,

That in these Silent shades you gave me Birth?

You might have made me Fortune's Sport,

Doom'd me to some Corrupted Court, ^{Where}