

TO THE  
Right HONOURABLE  
THE  
Earl of RADNOR  
ON HIS  
MARRIAGE

**I**F my faint Genius does not reach that height  
It ought, your Fortune to congratulate,  
Be pleas'd, my Lord, to take this for excuse,  
That 'tis the *Inter-regnum* of a Muse.  
*Apollo* frowns upon each drooping Son,  
And Sadness crowns the Bowls of *Hellicon*,  
The Mounting *Pegasus*, that late could fly,  
Trap'd with gay Thought, and fancy through  
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In her swift Course now the bold Soldier dares  
To stop, and back, and manage for the Wars.  
Strange turns of State disturb the peaceful Nine,  
And with the rest of the sad Muses, mine;  
Such solid Grief does all *Parnassus* sway,  
There scarce was Joy the Coronation day,  
Pardon a Homely Genius then ill drest,  
That dares approach without a Nuptial Vest  
To wish you Joy, which though not polish'd here,  
Nor mirthfully, adorn'd is yet sincere;  
Poets, like Plants, flourish when shin'd upon,  
But wither and decay without the Sun.  
So Renown'd *Ovid*, when in Court preferr'd,  
For lofty Verse was by all *Rome* rever'd;  
But when disgrac'd he did to *Pontus* go,  
His Fate was humble, and his *Stile* was low:  
Like him undone, forgotten and distress'd,  
I wander'd when your Theme my Muse possess'd;  
But then, like Atoms, thought did solid grow,  
And Sparks of the old fire began to glow.

Your

Your new-gain'd Happiness inspir'd my Pen  
In spite of all resolves to write agen;  
Your Virtues next inform'd my Memory,  
Your Noble Nature, Love to Poetry,  
That dares encourage Verse you find sublime,  
Unway'd by the Opinion of the time,  
And own, like *Athens* once, in Wit are Charms,  
And Arts should Grace a State as well as Arms,  
There honour'd with a part of publick sway,  
Poets were by the Senate held in pay;  
But here in our Reform'd wise warlike Isle,  
Their choicest Labours are not worth a Smile:  
Another Herd have rush'd into our Fold,  
And our new brood of Wits devour'd the old,  
A decent Praise to mighty worth is due,  
And only such, my Lord, I pay to you.  
To the few Patrons of true Sense I fly,  
And beg a Genius at their Feet may lye,  
More us'd to Satyr than to Flattery:

That slavish Vice I yet ne'r understood,  
Nor can we flatter Merit if we wou'd,  
Because no Praise can ever be too good.

When once Great *Virgil* by *Augustus* fate

To read the Work he was to dedicate,

Though Praises even extravagant did seem

Yet *Cesar* did not think he flatter'd him.

My Muse, though to his height it ought to soar,

Does only greet your Joy, and wish you more:

With grateful thanks for Honours done before,

Be pleas'd to take what Tribute I can pay,

And think, my Lord, this is my only way.