

Jest's shew a Wit, if Modestly they come,
 But such as bluntly and too high presume,
 Make Learning & good Manners quit the Room.
 Yet you all laugh, and in as pleas'd a Fit,
 As if your Panegyrick had been writ.
 So in a Village have I seen a Clown
 With broken Noddle lay the Cudgels down,
 And Sneer to feel his bloody mangled Scull,
 As if the Blow had dignify'd the Fool.
 Jockeys; Joke on then, without fear or awe,
 Cheat on, be Friends, do any thing but draw,
 Crimp is no Treason, by *New Market Law*.

Epithalamy on the Marriage of the
Right Honourable the Lady Essex
 Roberts.

I.

RUN Lovers, run before her,
 Kneel once more and adore her,

The

The hour is posting on
 When all your Joy
 Below the Sky,
 Will be for ever gone.
 Though Sighs inflame the Air,
 And thousand Eyes are Raining,
 No Art nor no Complaining
 Can now retrieve the Fair;
 She's gone, alas, she's gone,
 Then welcome sad Despair.

II.

See, *Hymen* there attending,
 The God of Love descending
 In *Sylvia's* Fetters lies,
 Not all his Art,
 Could guard his Heart
 From her victorious Eyes:
 Whose fair, but cruel Breast,
 Refus'd each Shepherd's Passion,
 A Torment like Damnation,

To make P
 Whilst he t
 Of Heaven

Hail the
 Thou blest,

Of a

Land

The

The

The Choice

Is thrown

Such Beaut

Ner deck'd

Nor could

To bless a

To make *Philander* blest,
Whilst he the happy be,
Of Heaven is sole possessor.

VI.

Hayl then belov'd *Philander*,

Thou blest, thou glad Commander

Of all the World holds rare,

Innobled Blood,

The Wise the Good,

The Virtuous and the Fair.

The Choice of Heavens store

Is thrown to thy Embraces;

Such Beauty, Wit, and Graces,

Ne'r deck'd our Plains before,

Nor could Fate study how

To bless a Mortal more.