

Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would over-flow.

III.

But frailty when thy Face I see,
Does modestly retire;
Uncommon must her Graces be,
Whose look can bound desire.

IV.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power
This Constancy is due,
When change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

*A Mock SONG to, When first A M I N T O
su'd for a Kiss, &c.*

I.

A *Minta* one Night had occasion to p—
Joan reach'd her the Pot that stood by her
I in the next Chamber could hear it to hiss;
The Sluce was small, but Stream was strong,
My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
And raving I lay with desire;

But no

For ala

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Joan n

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And puff,

Says *Joan*

I guess tha

For when

To clear th

Ye nasty C

That Temp

And thougl

The troubl

Says *Joan*

You have

But nought could be done,

For alas she p——d on,

Nor car'd for Pangs I suffer'd long,

Joan next made haste

In th' self same Cafe,

To fix the Pot close to her own A——

Then Floods did come,

One might have swom,

And puff, a Whirl-wind flew from her B—

II.

Says *Joan*, by these strange Blasts that do rise,

I guess that the Night will grow windy,

For when such Showers do fall from the Skies,

To clear the Air the North-wind blows,

Ye nasty *Quean*, her Lady replies,

That Tempest broke out from behind ye;

And though it was decently kept from my Eyes,

The troubled Air offends my Nose.

Says *Joan*, 'ods heart,

You have p——d a *Quart*,

G

And

Miscellany P O E M S.

And now you make ado for a F—t

'Tis still your mind

To squeeze behind;

But never fell Shower from me without wind.

*Epilogue to the Opera of DIDO and AENEAS
performed at Mr. Preist's Boarding-School at Chel-
sey; Spoken by the Lady Dorothy Burk.*

LL that we know the Angels do above,

AI've read, is that they Sing and that they
Love,

The Vocal part we have to night perform'd,

And if by Love our Hearts not yet are warn'd,

Great Providence has still more bountious been

To save us from those grand Deceivers Men,

Here blest with Innocence, and peace of Mind

Not only bred to Virthe, but inclin'd;

We flourish, and defie all human kind.

Arts curious Garden thus we learn to know,

And here secure from nipping Blasts we grow,