

An EPITHALAMUM on the Marriage
of the Lord MORPETH with the Lady
 ANN CAPELL.

I.

WHEN Heaven first fram'd a second Cause,
 And Nature spread her dictates round

All Hearts with Joy obey'd her Laws,

And nothing sad but Man was found;

Adam in shades long pensive sat,

And took no comfort in his Life,

Till he that did the Soul Create,

Gave him the Soul's best Joy, a Wife.

II.

Then o'er the face of Paradise

Was seen a most unusual Joy,

Flowers were more sweet, more green the Trees

Pleas'd with her Master's smiling Eye:

If he were so, how are you blest,

Brave Damon

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Who from

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Brave *Damon*, with an Eve to day,
 Who all her Beauty does possess,
 Without her Mischief to betray.

III.

Gold is a pleasant useful Slave,
 A flattering Dream is loose desire,
 Fame is the frenzy of the Brave,
 Love only is the good intire;
 There's nought worth living for beside,
 Time's hasty Sands in vain would run;
 A noble chaste, and beauteous Bride,
 Are all Earth's Joys sum'd up in one.

IV.

Damon, tho *Silvies* tender Ears,
 Defer your blessing for a time;
 The tract of distant Joy appears
 More full of Rapture, more Sublime:
 Pluck not a Bud, but let it grow
 Till time disclose its sweets to thee,
 Who from a Plant will tear a Bough,
 Destroys his hopes, and spoils the Tree.

V. Of

Oft have I seen two harmless Doves,
Venting their Passions, Kifs and Cooe,

In imitation of their Loves;
Impatient *Damon* so must you.

But joy to know her Heart is yours,
And hopes to meet her in her prime,
Will post away the lazy hours,
And make more swift the wings of Time.

A S O N G.

I.

Forc'd by a Cruel lawless Fate,
I lov'd a Nymph with Passion,
But found alas, I came too late
To sway her Inclination;

Her Heart was given a Coxcomb's Fee,
Whose face had introduc'd him,
Though not one grain of Sense had he,
To know how well she us'd him.

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