

VI.

And as to Shrines when Pilgrims go,

Such awful Reverence I feel,

That though I'm sure 'tis only show,

I scarcely can forbear to kneel.

TO CLORIS: *An ODE set to the New*
RIGGADON.

I Love thee well,

But not so well to wed thee,

Left blood rebel,

And Appetite should cloy;

Whilst free and kind,

Each hour I long to bed thee:

But if confin'd,

Should scarce believ't a Joy.

Second Movement.

In Earth and Air

All Creatures else possess

Their pleasing Liberty;

Then why should Man,

The Lord of all the Universe

Less happy be.

Third Movement.

Bring Musick then and Wine still,

And every one his Dear,

That friendship most Divine still,

That treats with *Cher entier*.

Fourth Movement.

The wise think all those very dull,

To marriage yokes incline;

But if e'er I do play the Fool,

Dear *Cloris* I am thine.

An ELEGY on the Death of the Great
Duke of ORMOND.

L Ate in a lonely Melancholly Shade,
Whilst all my Cares victorious Sleepobey'd;
A Vision suddenly possess'd my Brain,
And tortur'd Nature labor'd with the pain.

M 3

My