

My Heart no respite to her Woes shall have,
 For when remembering thee, I idly rave,
 To think no Worth can charm, no Virtue scape
 the Grave.

EPICGRAM

*On the Sacred Memory of that glorious
 Patron of P O E T S, greatest and
 best of Monarchs, K I N G
 CHARLES the Second.*

Written 1686.

IF Sacred Worth, which high as Heaven does raise
 His Fame, were low enough for mortal Praise,
 The mighty Theme would crack each studious
 Brain,
 No Tongue be still, nor unemploy'd no Pen;
 But since no Planet can for *Phæbus* shine,
 And all Applause is vain of things Divine,
 To

To Court a Tomb let every Muse be taught,
And perish with the sad extremes of Thought;
The impoverish'd Land is by his loss undone,
As each Muse dull'd now its Inspirer's gone:
Blest by his Beams the learn'd in Crowds would
throng,

To hear the Oraculous Wisdom of his Tongue
Mute as the Grave, when he a Story told,
England was then as *Athens* was of old,
Or *Rome*, where Arms with Science flourish'd
long,

Augustus smil'd at honour'd *Virgil's* Song,
But now our Harps are on the Willows hung:
For since the Sovereign of all Arts could die,
There is no farther use of Poetry;
Hot *Pegasus* no middle Tract will go,
Charles, is a Theme too high, and all besides too low.

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