



*To a Lady, who invited the Author into
the Country.*

HOW gladly, Madam, would I go,
To see your Gardens, and *Chateau* ;
From thence the fine Improvements view,
Or walk your verdant Avenue ;
Delighted, hear the Thrushes sing,
Or listen to some bubbling Spring ;
If Fate had giv'n me Leave to roam !
But Citizens must stay at home.

We're lonesome since you went away,
And should be dead — but for our Tea ;
That *Helicon* of female Wits,
Which fills their Heads with rhyming Fits !

This

On several Occasions.

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This Liquor seldom heats the Brain,
But turns it oft, and makes us vain;
With Fumes supplies Imagination,
Which we mistake for Inspiration.
This makes us cramp our Sense in Fetters,
And teaze our Friends with chiming Letters.

I GRIEVE your Brother has the Gout;
Tho' he's so *Stoically* stout,
I've heard him mourn his Loss of Pain,
And wish it in his Feet again.
What Woe poor Mortals must endure,
When Anguish is their only Cure!

STREPHON is ill; and I perceive,
His lov'd *Elvira* grows so grave,
I fear, like *Niobe*, her Moan
Will turn herself and me to Stone.
Have I not Cause to dread this Fate,
Who scarce so much as smile of late?

WHILST

W H I L S T lovely Landscapes you survey,
 And peaceful pass your Hours away,
 Refresh'd with various blooming Sweets; *What on this*
 I'm sick of Smells, and dirty Streets,
 Stifled with Smoke, and stunn'd with Noise
 Of ev'ry thing — but my own Boys;
 Thro' Rounds of *plodding* doom'd to run,
 And very seldom see the Sun: *The*
 Yet sometimes pow'rful Fancy reigns,
 And glads my Eyes with sylvan Scenes;
 Where Time, enamour'd, slack his Pace,
 Enchanted by the warbling Race;
 And, in Atonement for his Stay,
 Thro' Cities hurries on the Day: *He*

O ! w O U L D kind Heav'n reverse my Fate,
 Give me to quit a Life I hate,
 To flow'ry Fields I soon would fly:
 Let others stay — to *cheat* and *lye*.

There,

On Several Occasions.

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There, in some blissful Solitude,
Where eating Care should ne'er intrude,
The Muse should do the Country Right,
And paint the glorious Scenes *you* flight.

To his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

Dublin, 1728.

