EXTEMPORE.

ON A

Drawing of the Counteſs of HERTFORD's, now Ducheſs of SOMERSET.

THIS piece to lateſt times when ſhown,
HERTFORD, ſhall dignify your own;
Where as a viſitor you came,
Juſt ſhew'd yourſelf, and left your name.
So, *Prior* ſays, ſome years ago,
Apelles left his name at *Co.*
Learn hence, ye Nymphs of *Britain*'s iſle,
How HERTFORD writes, and mark her ſtyle.

ANSWER to a LETTER

From the Hon. Miſs LOVELACE.

AS half reſign'd, in CLAYTON's green retreats,
Once more I trod the Muſe's ſacred ſeats,
Pleas'd where the roſe its purple bloom diſplay'd,
And calm'd where poplars ſpread their awful ſhade;

Juſt

Juſt as my heart had beat itſelf to reſt,
Your lines arriv'd: the lyre I ſnatch'd in haſte,
And emulation fir'd my panting breaſt.
Henceforth, I cry'd, let Glory be my aim,
For HERTFORD ſmiles, whoſe very ſmiles are Fame.

The pow'r of ſong invok'd, my voice I raiſe,
And all my ſoul was tun'd to HERTFORD's praiſe:
Whether in verſe melodiouſly ſhe flows,
Or the bold image paints in nervous proſe;
Whether once more the ſiſter arts ſhe joins,
And gives to *Reuben*'s colours, *Titian*'s lines;
Or, ſweetly-ſtudious, bends the thoughtful brow,
Or ſmiles indulgent o'er her yet lov'd *Rowe*;
Or, in the private ſcene, retir'd from view,
(That ſcene ſo oft with pleaſure mark'd by *You*)
Still as ſhe came, my voice grew faint with fear,
So graceful She, ſo amiably ſevere.

What could I more? — Adieu ye tuneful throng!
Farewel the ſounding lyre, and raptur'd ſong!

Preſumptuous notes! whene'er my voice I raiſe,
If nought the Muſe will dictate but her praiſe;
Vain is the ſong, too delicate her ear,
And theſe the very ſounds ſhe will not hear.

To the Prince of ORANGE,

On his MARRIAGE.

Written at the time of the OXFORD Verſes.

TO foreign notes while others tune the lyre,
Me let a free-born *Engliſh* Muſe inſpire:
Unſkill'd in all the graces of her art,
She boaſts of nothing but an honeſt heart;
To *Oxford*'s Sons reſigns the verdant bays,
And neither aſks, nor yet deſpiſes praiſe.

Patrons of Freedom, and their Country's peace,
Inur'd to dangers, and deſpiſing eaſe —
Such were th' illuſtrious Heroes of thy Race!
Such was NASSAU! and we with Pleaſure ſee
Our guardian Genius riſe again in THEE.

THEE