

But, had he heard thy Lute, He soon had found  
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:  
 Thine, like AMPHION'S Hand, had wak'd the Stone,  
 And from Destruction call'd the rising Town:  
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;  
 Nor could he Burn so fast, as Thou cou'dst Build.

PICTURE of SENECA *dying in a Bath.*

By JORDAIN.

*At the Right Honourable the EARL of EXETER's at  
 Burleigh-House.*

WHILE cruel NERO only drains  
 The moral SPANIARD'S ebbing Veins,  
 By Study worn, and slack with Age,  
 How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!  
 Heighten'd Revenge He should have took;  
 He should have burnt his Tutor's Book;  
 And long have reign'd supream in Vice:  
 One nobler Wretch can only rise;  
 'Tis he whose Fury shall deface  
 The Stoic's Image in this Piece.  
 For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,  
 Thy Work and SENECA'S remain,  
 He still has Body, still has Soul,  
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

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