

VI.

Yet 'midst Her Sighs She Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of Her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANN A's Care:

Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens Thy Anguish: In Her powerful Pray'r
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death.

VIII.

Great as Thou art, Thou canst demand no more,
O Breathe bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n!

An *Extempore* INVITATION

TO THE

E A R L of OXFORD,
Lord High Treasurer. 1712.

My LORD,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW'S Palace, in *Duke-street*;
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine:

b b b b

if

If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN trusts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;
To see Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the sprightly Bowl:
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof—
Tho' DORSET us'd to bless the Roof.

Erle ROBERT's
M I C E.

In CHAUCER'S *Stile*.

TWAY Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beside Erle ROBERT's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast-lyche as Heart of Moufe mote wish.

As Guests fat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftsoons the Lord
Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
Who maketh oft Propos full queint,
Laugh'd