

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

Laugh'd jocund, and aloud He cry'd,
 To MATTHEW seated on t'oth' side,
 To Thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these Creatures Tweine.
 Come frame Us now some clean Device,
 Or playfant Rhime on yonder Mice:
 They seem, God shield Me, MAT. and CHARLES.

Bad as Sir TOPAZ, or 'Squire QUARLES
 (MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
 At Emblem, or Device am I:

But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as *Dan CHAUCER*, or as Thee;

Ne Verse from Me (so God me thrive)
 On Moufe, or other Beast alive.

Certes, I have these many Days
 Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.

Ne Armed Knight ydrad in War

With Lyon fierce will I compare:

Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,

Harming in Secret Guise the Flocks:

Ne Priest unworth of Goddesf Coat,

To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.

Elk Similè farwell for aye,

From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,

MATTHEW is angered on the Spleen.

Ne so, quoth MAT. ne shall be e'er,

With Wit that falleth all so fair:

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 Laugh I,
 Let that be
 Yea, quoth

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 Eateth

Effsoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by these Creatures Ye have seen,
Pourtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
The rest in Order to explain.

That Cup-board, where the Mice disport,
I liken to St. *STEPHEN'S Court: * Exchequer.
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may Both be fed
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
And when, as these mine Eyeen survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING One, whilst t' other TELLS.

Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whose Mind
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I ferious Pray?
Let that be wrought which MAT. doth say:
Yea, quoth the ERLE; but not to Day.

In the same Style.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine:
E e e e

But