

Satyr, against the Muses.

With their own Hands, in one just Wreath they
 (twine,

Adorning that victorious Head of thine.

And shall my Female Pen, thy Praise pretend,

When Angels only, can enough commend,

In Songs, which like themselves, can know no
 (End.)

Satyr against the Muses.

BY my abandon'd Muse, I'm not inspir'd,
 Provok'd by Malice, and with Rage I'm
 fir'd.

Fly, fly, my Muse from my distracted Breast,

Who e'er has thee, must be with Plagues possess:

Fool that I was, e'er to sollicite you,

Who make not only Poor, but wretched too.

Happy I liv'd, for almost Eight years time,

Curs'd be your Skill, you taught me then to
 (Rhime:

The Jingling noise, shed its dark Influence,

On my then pleas'd, unwary Innocence,

I scarce have had one happy Moment since.

Here

Here all the Spite and
 Cannot enough advan
 Let Furies too, be in
 Passion, that common
 Call Hell itself, to cur
 Not the calm Author
 But the black Succubu
 There let her sit, with
 And put the Schreik

May their *Parnassus*,
 Their Laurels wither,
 May Stuff like *Hopki*

And none but *Ballad*-
 May they despis'd, fac
 Be never thought upo
 May all the Ills a fond
 Wishes the Man that c
 Light upon him, that
 Of writing any thing,
 Nothing like that, to
 May none be Happy, t
 Curse on the *Whimfica*
 That yielded first, to h

gainst the Muses.

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(twinn
ous Head of thine.

Pen, thy Praise pretend,

in enough commend,
themselves, can know no

(End)

ainst the Muses.

Muse, I'm not inspir'd,
Malice, and with Rage I'm

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oor, but wretched too.

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happy Moment since.

Here

Satyr, against the Muses.

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Here all the Spite and Rage of Womankind,
Cannot enough advance my threatening Mind,
Let Furies too, be in the Comfort join'd.

Passion, that common Rage, I here refuse,
Call Hell itself, to curse my Torturing Muse;

Not the calm Author of blest Poetry,

But the black Succubus of Misery:

There let her sit, with her Infernal Chyme,

And put the Schreiks and Groans of Fiends in

(Rhime.

May their *Parnassus*, like *Vesevius* burn,

Their Laurels wither, or to *Cypris* turn;

May Stuff like *Hopkin's* Rhyme, degrade their

(Fame,

And none but Ballad-makers use their Name:

May they despis'd, sad and neglected sit,

Be never thought upon by Men of Wit.

May all the Ills a fond Imperious Dame,

Wishes the Man that dare reject her Flame,

Light upon him, that does commit the Crime,

Of writing any thing, in jingling Rhime;

Nothing like that, to Dangers can expose,

May none be Happy, but what write in Prose.

Curse on the Whimfical, Romanick Fool,

That yielded first, to his Phantastick Rule;

That

Satyr, against the Muses.

That Wit like Morris-dancers must advance,
 With Bells at Feet, and in nice measures Dance.
 Let pregnant Heads, but think of Poetry,
 And just before the Brain-delivery;
 Fancy shall make a Prodigy of Wit,
 Which soon, as born, shall run upon its Feet:
 Sure, 'tis some Necromantick Ordinance,
 That Sence, beyond the Circle mayn't advance;
 Was all the learned Ancients Courage dead,
 That Wit, in Fetters, is tame Captive led?
 Had Some oppos'd, when Rhyme at first grew
 (bold,
 Then her Defeat, not Triumphs had been told?
 But now the Plague is grown so populous,
 'Tis hard to stop the universal Curse.
 Doubtless, they are mistaken who have told
 Spightful *Pandora's* pregnant Box did hold
 Plurality of Plague, She only hurl'd
 Out Verse alone, and that has damn'd the World
 Curses, in vain, on Poets I bestow;
 I'm sure, the greatest is, that they are so;
 Fate, send worse if thou can'st, but Rescue me
 From trifling torturing wretched Poetry.

MY trembling
 Mong'st I

Since meanest Slav
 With sacred Rites,
 Heaven takes the I
 Freely as if the Gr
 Bless'd with such I

Dare at the Feet o
 You I revere, like
 Not for your Glory
 The radiant Gems,
 Ne'er shone so Brig
 You, who have co
 In you kind Heave
 Greatness and Good
 Your Subjects mod
 Virtue, not Impud
 Goodness like yours
 As makes a Sanctua