

be Queen.

reform'd appear,
were Blooming here;
erior you dispence,
l, your blisful Influence.
lles, with Grandeur move,
Majesty and Love:

o my Monarch's Arms,
storious, as her Charms,
d Foes, their *Salick* Law,
their boasted Greatness aw
or why I Woman made,
right, and to Invade,
ore than my wish for Aid;
t the Lance, or Sword,
m, but speak the Word;
eager loyal Soul,
nkind from Pole to Pole,
in one Empire meet,
at your Imperial Feet.
s, which did their Realms ^{sub}
s, which made them Slaves ^{(duc}
you
ong Rule your Native Land,
of Ambition stand: No

The Liberty.

19

May every Subject you protect; Profess
As much as I, and dare to act no less.

The Liberty.

SHall I be one, of those obsequious Fools,
That square there lives, by Customs scanty
(Rules;
Condemn'd for ever, to the puny Curse,
Of Precepts taught, at Boarding-school, or Nurse,
That all the business of my Life must be,
Foolish, dull Trifling, Formality.

Confin'd to a strict Magick complaisance,
And round a Circle, of nice visits Dance,
Nor for my Life beyond the Chalk advance:
The Devil Censure, stands to guard the same,
One step awry, he tears my ventrous Fame.
So when my Friends, in a facetious Vein,
With Mirth and Wit, a while can entertain;
Tho' ne'er so pleasant, yet I must not stay,
If a commanding Clock, bids me away:
But with a sudden start, as in a Fright,
I must be gone indeed, 'tis after Eight.

C 2

Sure

The Liberty.

Sure these restraints, with such regret we bear,
 That dreaded Censure, can't be more severe,
 Which has no Terror, if we did not fear;
 But let the Bug-bear, timorous Infants fright,
 I'll not be scar'd, from Innocent delight:
 Whatever is not vicious, I dare do,
 I'll never to the Idol Custom bow,
 Unless it suits with my own Humour too.
 Some boast their Fetters, of Formality,
 Fancy they ornamental Bracelets be,
 I'm sure their Gyves, and Manacles to me.
 To their dull fulsome Rules, I'd not be ty'd,
 For all the Flattery that exalts their Pride:
 My Sexs forbids, I should my Silence break,
 I lose my Jest, cause Women must not speak.
 Mysteries must not be, with my searcho Prophan'd,
 My Closet not with Books, but Sweat-meats
 (cram'd
 A little *China*, to advance the Show,
 My *Prayer Book*, and seven *Champions*, or so.
 My Pen if ever us'd imploy'd must be,
 In lofty Themes of useful Houfifery,
 Transcribing old Receipts of Cookery:

And

To the

And what is necessary
 Good Cures for A
 But I can't here,
 My daring Pen, v
 And like my self, a
 Not chain'd to the
 And with restraint
 I'll blush at Sin, a
 Secure my Virtue
 This Courage spea
 To keep those Rul
 And I'll appeal, to
 With what reluct

To the Lady C

G O, fatal Book
 Since in so

(That such a Trifle,
 But your Desires, w
 Can charm what e'e

The Liberty.

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sure, can't be more severe,
ror, if we did not fear;
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rom Innocent delight:
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ol Custom bow,
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with Books, but Sweat-meat
(cramp'd
advance the Show,
and seven *Champions*, or so.
s'd employ'd must be,
of useful Houfifery,
d Receipts of Cookery:

And

To the Lady Cambell,

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And what is necessary 'mongst the rest,
Good Cures for Agues, and a cancer'd Breast,
But I can't here, write my *Probatum est*.
My daring Pen, will bolder Sallies make,
And like my self, an uncheck'd freedom take;
Not chain'd to the nice Order of my Sex,
And with restraints my wishing Soul perplex:
I'll blush at Sin, and not what some call Shame,
Secure my Virtue, slight precarious Fame.
This Courage speaks me, Brave, 'tis surely worse,
To keep those Rules, which privately we Curse:
And I'll appeal, to all the formal Saints,
With what reluctance they indure restraints.

To the Lady Cambell, with a Female Advocate.

GO, fatal Book, yet happy at the last,
Since in so fair, so kind a Hand thou'rt
(plac'd,
(That such a Trifle, e'er should be so grac'd.)
But your Desires, which are to me Commands,
Can charm what e'er you please out of my Hands;

C 3

I ra-