ilaſter.

ury's Aid intreat,
an amorous Cheat:
e Myſtery tell,
are infallible;
for Death and Wars,
Eyes the only Stars:
ath attracted you,
unction too.

---

iilaſter.

d court what Nymph you
s but a dull Diſeaſe, (pleaſe,
ceive ſome liſt'ning Ear,
'tis and what Men ſwear,
om you; 'cauſe ſo to her.
ne'er can know the Charms
in thy Arms.
vere innocent and gay,
s the new-born day.
with native Sweetneſs flow,
laiſance you now beſtow,
Deſign,
when you were mine,
dSmiles, and Looks divine.
How

How Proud, methinks, thy Miſtriſs does appear
In ſully'd Cloths, which I'd no longer wear;
Her Boſom too with wither'd Flowers dreſt,
Which loſt their Sweets in my firſt choſen Breaſt;
Perjur'd impoſing Youth, cheat who you will,
Supply defect of Truth with amorous Skill;
Yet thy Addreſs muſt needs inſipid be,
Fot the firſt Ardour of thy Soul was all poſſeſs'd
(by me

At my leaving Cambridge Auguſt *the* 14*th*, Extempore.

Cambridge adieu! I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more,
Nor feaſt my Soul at Learning's mighty Store;
Not one freſh Drop of thy ambroſial Senſe,
To quench my Thirſt at learned *Cham*'s Expence;
Apollo's Fountain I muſt ever quit,
Who's only *Nectar* is the ſtreams of Wit;
I thy fair Colleges no more ſhall ſee,
Each *Greece*, *Rome*, *Athens*, in Epitomy;
The antient infant Learning which they taught,
Could only here be to Perfection brought;

To Orabella, *Marry'd*

They've finish'd all, each long hid Spring discern,
The Gods themselves may hover here and learn;
And if in every Grace they would advance,
Let B——give Wit, and G——teach Complaisance;
To th' sacred *Vatican* no more I come,
But grieve like *Ovid* when excluded *Rome*.

To Orabella, *Marry'd to an old Man.*

TEll me fair Nymph who justly had design'd,
A charming Youth to suit your equal Mind;
What did seduce you thus to match with one,
Whom if by Nature made she'll scarcely own?
For form'd so many Centuries ago,
She has forgot if he's her Work or no;
I think the way to do his Reverence right,
Is to suppose him a Pre-Adamite:
Your blooming Youth his Age beyond decay,
Will teach censorious Malice what to say,
Who spite of Virtue will your Fame betray.
What strong Persuasions made you thus to wed,
With such a Carcass scandalize your Bed?
Sure 'twas no earthly Gain that charm'd you to't,
Nothing but hopes of Heaven should make me do't.

But since there's oth
Dispatching Martyr
To be secur'd, coul
The monster Twin

With all the stench
Is a just Emblem of
But Ptisick, Gout a
And did intice you t
Kind amorous Glan
Did your gay Breas
Ah! who can blam
By all these bloomi
Oh! for a vestal's C
The tempting Softn
The bright Idea soo
And in it's room the
A moving Skeleton
Nature's antientest A
Worth Observation,
In *Gresham* College,