

## Delia to Phraartes on his

Since it in learn'd Breasts such Woes create,  
*Thyrsis* taking warning by great *Daphnis* Fate:  
 But to your Charms Caution does needles seem,  
 Fear less Love, on you need not dye like him.  
 For oh! what Nymph could e'er so stupid prove,  
 As not to melt if *Thyrsis* Name but Love?  
 What pity 'twas the learn'd *Daphnis* dy'd,  
 The slighted Victim of a Virgins Pride.  
 Had'st thou been silent, it more Tears had cost,  
 Now half our Grief's in Admiration lost;  
 So well you Mourn the Shepherd's amorous Fate,  
 In such soft strains his sad fond Fall relate.  
*Pan* would himself quit Immortality,  
 To be in Death so sweetly Sung by thee.

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 Delia to Phraartes on his Playing Ca.  
 far Borgia.

**I**F *Cæsar* from his *Stygian* Coast could come,  
 To see you Play, he'd bless his former Doom;  
 Pleas'd with the promis'd Glories which he lost,  
 And in your Form, confess the greater Boast.

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Had he been blest'd by  
 His Love had never k  
 That Godlike Mein  
 Would have compell  
 Had half your Char  
 We ne'er his mourn  
 You'r so Divine, th  
 Would so much Gall  
 In vain Historians an  
 To such brave Men  
 They ne'er seem God  
 Arugged Virtue and  
 Did bless their Hero's  
 The Antiquated Shad  
 And tune the Soul to  
 With artful Notes the  
 But your soft touch gi  
 What pains they take f  
 Transport with that v

Th' Imperial *Cæsars* w  
 In all their gay triumph  
 And more than Royal  
 (Both, prais'd and fear'd)

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Playing Cæsar Borgia. 87

Had he been blest'd but with your soft Address,  
His Love had never known such ill Success;  
That Godlike Mein and that seraphick Voice,  
Would have compell'd nice *Bellamira's* choice.  
Had half your Charms in the true *Borgia* been,  
We ne'er his mourning Tragedy had seen.  
You'r so Divine, that Heavens peculiar care,  
Would so much Gallantry and Sweetness spare.  
In vain Historians and Poets too,  
To such brave Men celestial Honous do,  
They ne'er seem Gods, till personated by you.  
A rugged Virtue and the chance of War,  
Did bless their Hero's with that Character;  
The Antiquated Shade the Poets seize,  
And tune the Soul to what a pitch they please:  
With artful Notes they grace each noble Line,  
But your soft touch gives it an air Divine.  
What pains they take for Praise while you with ease,  
Transport with that which they scarce hop'd could

(please?

Th' Imperial *Cæsars* when with Fortune blest'd,  
In all their gay triumphant splendor drest,  
And more than Royal State thro' *Rome* they rode,  
(Both prais'd and fear'd and thought almost a God,

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When

88 *To Clarona drawing Alexis's*

When fetter'd Kings did grace the Victory,  
Mid'st all their dazling Pomp look'd less than thee,  
If Gods their Glories would expose to view,  
To joy Mankind they'd look and speak like you.

---

*To Clarona drawing Alexis's Picture  
and presenting it to me.*

**T**H E curious noble Present which you make,  
I with surprize and conscious Blushes take,  
Why was the gay *Alexis* made your choice,  
Has he my private or my publick Voice?  
My nicer Temper cannot that allow,  
Tho' you have gone the way to make him so;  
Some other Friend would equal Thanks command,  
Tho' he was fittest for your skilful Hand:  
As the best Poets who's Art Rivals thine,  
Should always choose a Subject that's Divine.  
I must confesse th' obligingness of Fate,  
'To let you see him tho' he never fate;  
A fair Idea form'd in your great Mind,  
You ventur'd on, and 'twas as you design'd:

'Twas

*Picture*

'Twas the gay Y  
As might seduce  
His Smiles, his  
All that our Sex  
It was exactly h  
An Art which a  
Should Nature  
And would ano  
'T would be less  
She'd blushing  
Nay, you blest  
Beyond what i  
With sublimate  
Draw Charms  
Now fam'd Ap  
And see a femal  
The Piece whic  
The just Despai  
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The mighty Ta  
Who so exactly  
I with proud Jo  
Both for *Alexis*  
My two best Fri  
A pleasing Form