
V----'s HOUSE

*Built from the Ruins of White-
Hall that was Burnt.*

Written, 1703.

IN Times of *Old*, when Time was *Young*,
 And Poets their one Verses Sung,
 A Verse could draw a Stone or Beam
 That now would overload a Team;
 Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,
 Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.
 Each Number had it's diff'rent Pow'r;
 Heroick Strains could build a Tow'r;
 Sonnets, or Elogies to *Chloris*
 Might raise a House about two Stories;

A Lyrick

A Lyrick Ode would Slate ; a Catch
Would Tile ; an Epigram would Thatch.

BUT, to their own, or Landlord's Cost,
Now Poets feel this Art is lost :
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raise a Lodging *for a Song*.
For, *Jove* consider'd well the Case,
Observ'd, they grew a num'rous Race.
And should they *Build* as fast as *Write*,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil, therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their Element :
On Earth, the God of Wealth was made
Sole Patron of the Building Trade,
Leaving the Wits the Spacious Air
With Licence to *build Castles* there :
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old Pretence
To lodge in Garrats, comes from thence.

PREMISING thus in Modern way
 The better Half we had to say ;
 Sing Muse the House of Poet V—
 In higher Strains than we began.

V— (for 'tis fit the Reader know it)
 Is both a Herald and a Poet,
 No wonder then, if nicely skill'd
 In both Capacities, to Build.
 As Herald, he can in a Day
 Repair a *House* gone to Decay,
 Or by *Atchivement, Arms, Device,*
 Erect a new one in a trice.
 And as a Poet, he has Skill
 To build in Speculation still.
 Great *Jove*, he cry'd, the Art restore
 To build by Verse as heretofore,
 And make my Muse the Architect ;
 What Palaces shall we erect !

No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
Lament his old *Whitehall* in Flames,
A Pile shall from its Ashes rise
Fit to Invade or prop the Skies.

JOVE Smil'd, and like a gentle God,
Consenting with the usual Nod,
Told V—— he knew his Talent best,
And left the Choice to his own Breast.
So V—— resolv'd to Write a Farce,
But well perceiving Wit was scarce,
With Cunning that Defect supplies,
Takes a *French* Play as lawful Prize,
Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
Not once suspecting, *Jove* would *Smoak*,
And, (like a Wag) sat down to Write,
Would whisper to himself; *A Bite*,
Then, from the motly mingled Style
Proceeded to erect his Pile:

So, Men of old, to gain Renown, did
 Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded.
Jove saw the Cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the Matter to a Jest ;
 Down from *Olympus* Top he Slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his Sides :
 Ay, thought the God, are these your Tricks ?
 Why then, *old Plays* deserve *old Bricks*,
 And since you're sparing of your Stuff,
 Your Building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and grudging, lent his Ayd ;
 Th' experienc't Bricks that knew their Trade,
 (As being Bricks at Second Hand,)
 Now move, and now in Order Stand.

THE Building, as the Poet Writ,
Rose in proportion to his Wit :
And first the Prologue built a Wall
So wide as to encompass all.

*The Scene, a Wood, produc'd no more
Than a few Scrubby Trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
A Cellar next was dug below:
But this a Work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under Ground.
Two other Acts we may presume
Were spent in Building each a Room;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a Roof with Act the Fift.
The Epilogue behind, did frame
A Place not decent here to name.*

N O W Poets from all Quarters ran
To see the House of Brother V—:
Lookt high and low, walkt often round,
But no such House was to be found;
One asks the Watermen hard by,
Where may the Poets Palace ly?

Another, of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has seen its gilded Spires.
At length they in the Rubbish spy
A Thing resembling a Goose Py,
Farther in haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent Wonder long,
Till one in Raptures thus began
To praise the Pile, and Builder *V—*.

THRICE happy Poet, who may trail
Thy House about thee like a Snail ;
Or Harneſſ'd to a Nag, at eaſe
Take Journies in it like a Chaiſe ;
Or in a Boat when e're thou wilt
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a Tilt.
Capacious Houſe ! 'tis own'd by all
Thou 'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art ſmall ;
For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Iſle
May lodge within thy Spacious Pile.
Like *Bacchus* Thou, as Poets feign,
Thy Mother burnt, art Born again ;

Born

Born like a *Phœnix* from the Flame,
But neither *Bulk*, nor *Shape* the same :
As Animals of largest Size
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms and Flies.
A Type of *Modern Wit* and Style,
The Rubbish of an Antient Pile.
So *Chymists* boast they have a Pow'r
From the dead Ashes of a Flow'r
Some faint Resemblance to produce,
But not the *Virtue*, *Tast* or *Juice.*
So *Modern Rimers* wisely *Blast*
The Poetry of Ages past,
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own.