

# *Apollo* Outwitted.

*To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH,*  
*under her Name of Ardelia,*

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Written, 1709.

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**P**HOEBUS now shortning every Shade,  
Up to the Northern Tropic came,  
And thence Beheld a Lovely Maid  
Attending on a Royal Dame.

**T**HE God laid down his Feeble Rays,  
Then lighted from his Glitt'ring Coach,  
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays  
Before he durst the Nymph approach.

UNDER those Sacred Leaves, Secure  
From common Lightning of the Skies,  
He fondly thought he might endure  
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

THE Nymph who oft had read in Books,  
Of that Bright God whom Bards invoke,  
Soon knew *Apollo* by his looks,  
And Guest his Business e're he Spoke.

HE in the old Celestial Cant,  
Confest his Flame, and Swore by *Styx*,  
What e're she would desire, to Grant,  
But Wife *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

*OVID* had warn'd her to beware,  
Of Stroling God's, whose usual Trade is,  
Under pretence of Taking Air,  
To Pick up Sublunary Ladies.

HOW-

**H O W E ' E R**, she gave no flat Denial,  
As having Malice in her Heart,  
And was resolv'd upon a Tryal,  
To Cheat the God in his own Art.

**H E A R** my Request the Virgin said  
Let which I please of all the Nine  
Attend when e'er I want their Aid,  
Obey my Call, and only mine.

**B Y** Vow Oblig'd, By Passion led,  
The God could not refuse her Prayer ;  
He wav'd his Wreath Thrice o'er her Head,  
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

**A N D** now he thought to Seize his due,  
But she the Charm already try'd,  
*Thalia* heard the Call and Flew  
To wait at Bright *Ardelia's* Side.

ON Sight of this Celestial *Prude*,  
    *Apollo* thought it vain to stay,  
Nor in her Presence durst be Rude,  
    But made his Leg and went away.

HE hop'd to find some lucky Hour,  
    When on their Queen the Muses wait;  
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Power,  
    For Vows Divine are kept by Fate.

THEN full of Rage *Apollo* Spoke,  
    Deceitful Nymph I see thy Art,  
And tho' I can't my gift revoke,  
    I'll disappoint its Nobler Part.

LET Stubborn Pride Possess thee long,  
    And be thou Negligent of Fame,  
With ev'ry Muse to Grace thy Song,  
    May'st thou despise a Poets Name.

**O F** Modest Poets thou be first,  
To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,  
**Till** *Fame* and *Eccho* almost burst,  
Yet hardly dare one Line Rehearse.

**A N D** last, my Vengeance to Compleat,  
May you Descend to take Renown,  
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,  
A — and one that wears a Gown.