

Ad Serenissimam

ANNAM,

D. G. Mag. Brit. &c. Reginam, ad
Thermas iter facientem.

AD Thermas graditur *Vixitrix Regina Calentes:*
Plaudentis Populi Clamor ubiq; volat.
Vox Populi ingemnat [vivat Regina serena,
Seraq; longinquâ surgat in Astra viâ.]
Omnes Campana resonant de Turribus altis:
Sernitur æstivis semita quaq; Rosi.
Omnia nunc vident: Tantum neglecta Minerva,
(Vatibus, ah! fors hæc) tristicis inopsq; dolet.

Ad REGINAM Thermas inter
Herodas Celebrantem.

NUminibus sacros Latices cecinere Poeta:
Quis Calidos Fontes Numen habere neget?
Dorida conspicias illic & Naiadas omnes:
Ad Fontes veniunt Juno Venusq; suos.
Tres vidisse simul Nemorosus Montibus Ida
Fertur Priamides Arbitr Ille Deas.
Ipse mihi videor Centum spectare Dianas:
Luminibus, (Superi!) qualia visa meis?
Non Paridi invideo tria Numina Monte videnti:
Occurrunt Oculis Numina mille meis.

Ad Reginam, Carmen Votivum.

PAX, Regina, Tibi: *Vel si fera bella moventur,*
Hostibus à Victis multa Trophæa seras.
Sis tua Regina par Gloria Virginis, & sis
Inter Magnanimos Penthesilea Duces.
Iustitia & Pietas & Virtus floreat omnis,
In solio dum Tu Sceptra Paterna geris.

Ad Juvenes & Puellas Cornubienses.

Milonem referunt Juvenes, Helonamq; Puella:
Viribus hi, Nympha nempe Decore valem.

J. Perkins.

^{To the}
QUEEN'S

Most Excellent MAJESTY,

Resorting to the BATH.

TO Bath the Queen a Golden Charriot draws:
Thick Crowds of People shout with loud Applause.

God save our Gracious Queen, and may the rise
By a late Journey to the Starry Skies.]
Bells from their lofty Pyramids resound,
And ev'ry Street's with fragrant Roses crown'd.
All things rejoyce: Only *Minerva* sits
Poor and Neglected. ('Tis the Fate of Wits.)

To the QUEEN, and the Ladies at the
Bath, last Summer.

OF Consecrated Wells the Poet sings:
And *Deities* frequent these warmer Springs.
Here *Doris* and the *Naiades* appear:
Juno and *Venus*, Love and State are here.
Three Goddesses, they say, at once were spy'd,
By *Paris*, Beauty's Judge, on shady Ide.
Methinks I see an hundred Deities:
O Heavens! What Lustre dazzles now mine Eyes?
Paris I envy not, who saw but three:
A Thousand Goddesses I daily see.

To the QUEEN, the Votive Address.

PEACE to the Queen: If Bloody Wars arise,
May you be Crown'd with frequent Victories.
And emulate the Virgin Queen's Renown,
'Mongst brave Commanders like an Amazon.
May Justice, Piety and Grace increase,
Whilst you your Fathers Diadems possess.

To the Cornish Boys and Girls.

HERE Men like *Milo*, Maids like *Helen* bright:
In Beauty these, and those excel in Might.

J. Perkins.

