MARIANA,

On the death of the very excellent Lady, the Lady GLYNNE.

Hile rifing tears our willing tongue prevent, We only can in tears be eloquent. The Mule now speaks, that has so long forbore, She pays the debt, when grief can give no more. She pays the debt to Mariana's grave, And mourns her fate, the would have died to fave. Ah cruel powers! that can fo foon receive Such matchless worth, as You so feldom give. Could She whole Ages dwell with us below, Eternity would still be left for You. But oh! You think, while fhe unkindly ftays, Your joys imperfect, and your Heav'n the lefs. I fee, I fee, the fatal meffage come ! The absent Saint is to be fummon'd home. In her fair breaft, fuch godlike paffions move, She rob's the Skies, and makes a dearth above. Yet oh! how vain, how groundlefs was your fear! You yet enjoy'd Her, when the bleft us here: You were the fubject of her facred flame, Paid gratefully to Heaven, from whence it came: While wond'ring Angels modeftly look'd down, And bluffit, with generous fhame to be outdone.

Inferior virtues were not worth our boaft, Thofe leffer ftreams in this great tide are loft. O! fhould I fing her hofpitable door, Her fweetnefs, prudence, and her charming power; New praife would ever load my joyful tongue, Eternal as the Theme, would be the Song.

But once, kind Mule, once more thy Votary blefs, And *Phæbus* ever crown thee with fuccefs : Since only tears can paint the fatal fcene, Tell the fad Tale, and weep at every line. Tell, how the Saint in doubtful flumbers lay, Too kind to leave us, yet too good to ftay. Tell how concern'd her noble Lover fate, And Heav'n invok'd, and urg'd remorflefs fate. While the dear fruit and object of their joys, With tears uncommon, ftain'd his beauteous eyes. So wounded *Venus* lay in *Jove's* abodes, Such care, fuch horrour, feiz'd the deathlefs gods; When *Mars* grown tender, mourn'd the fatal blow, And *Cupid* wept, and broke his Golden Bow.

And