

His Noon-tide Gibes, his Evening Tales repeat,
And close each Stanza with some quaint Conceit.
Then in *Pindarick* Lines, of diff'rent Length,
Employ thy Genius, and exert thy Strength,
To sing his restless Labours in the State;
His Speeches, and his Politicks, relate.

These Works compleated, if thy Leisure Time
Permit thy humble Thoughts to dwell on Rhime,
A Dormant Verse for Ormand next prepare,
And store some chosen Couplets up for Mar:
For who can tell but enterprising Spain
May bring the hopeless Fugitives again;
And the Wise Poet's Merit is, you know,
To nick the Time, and watch the Winds that blow.
Thus wakeful Cats surprize unwary Mice;
Thus Men take Trouts, by Tickling in a Trice.

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(Price Twopence.)

In Windfor's Daughter from the Gallic Coaft.

The Waves that thethen and renounce their Salt, That they might mix with honelt flax's Malt.

With open Arms (a Princely Hig !) his Guelt; The Whos impatient with the Worthy back,

Long fince, alis! has Royal Orkanis preft

While all the Facobites cry olf, Alack! Alack! the Brokers in Charge Alicy Cry,

This Task performed, in Linute Numbers lay Itow Addiffin employs the live-long Day;