

And now Heav'n calls, and now she is resign'd,
 And only this dear Pledge is left behind.
 But oh her Lord! what sorrow swell'd his heart,
 Too great for numbers, and too high for art!
 Such grief the Muse, when deeper colours fail,
 Must, like *Apelles*, hide beneath a veil.
 Not the pale Merchant on strange billows tost,
 His Goods, his Ship, and all his Comfort lost:
 When unrelenting waves have left no more,
 Than one small plank to bear him safe to shore;
 Half such concern in deepest sadness shows,
 Nor, tho' undone, can he have half the cause.

While nothing now remains but sad despair;
 Strait on the dearest object of his care
 He looks, and sees his *Mariana* there. }
 Then pining grief by slow degrees removes,
 For *Her* he still enjoys, and still he loves.
 So *Troy's* great Heroe, when the flaming Town
 He'd past, and found his dear *Creusa* gone;
Hector and *Priam* he could now forget,
 And thought this crime enough to charge on fate.
 And now he turn'd, and was resolv'd to dare
 The Conqu'ring Foe, and challenge all the War.
 But when behind his weeping eyes were cast,
 And saw the Matron in the Child express:
 Now big with hope, H' embrac't the lovely Boy,
 And fair *Ascanius* was his double Joy.

OXON. C. C. C. July 27.

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