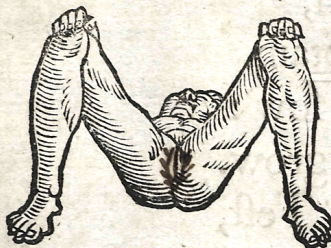




Hy Pineons raise with mystick Fire,
Sometimes 'bove high-roof't Sense aspire.
So draw THEOPH'LA, that each Line,
Centring in HEAV'N, may seem *Divine*.
Her *Voice* soon fits Thee for that *Quire*;
W' are cindred by *intrinsick* Fire.



Agnetick VIRTUE's in her *Brest*
Impregn'd with GRACE, the noblest GUEST.
Who in *LOVES Albo* are enrol'd,
Unutterable Joyes behold.
Geographers Earths Globe survey,
Fancie, HEAVN'S Astrolabe display.



Ix hast thou view'd of *Europs* Courts,
Soon, as *Ideas*, pass'd their Sports.
Sense, canst thou *perse* and *construe* Blisse?
Only SOULS sanctify'd know This.
Then hackney not to *Toyes*, Lifes Span.
The SAINTS Rere tops the *Courtiers* Van.



N *Hopes* Cell holy *Hermit* be:
Let *Ecstacies* transfigure Thee.
There, as *Truths* Champion, strive all Waies,
To storm *LOVES* Towre with Hosts of Praise.
Keep strong *Faiths* Court of Guard. The Stars
March in *Batalia* to these *Wars*.