

Gown-men which argue, and discuss, and prate,
 And vent dull Notions of a future State;
 Sure of another World, yet do not know
 Whether they shall be fav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been,
 Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

Have a care what you do.

I.

While Men endeavoured to adorn
 The guilded Crest of bloody *Mars*,
 Poor Love met with contempt and scorn,
 Nor had he one Rag to his Arse.

II.

His Wings were clogg'd with melting Snow,
 Hardly supported by his Legs:

He

He had no string left to his Bow,
 His Arrows too had lost their Pegs.

III.

I who had always seen him gay,
 Wondered to find him thus distress'd;
 I told him if with me he'd stay,
 He might be welcom to my Breast.

IV.

With a faint Smile he shew'd his joy,
 And softly to his Lodgings crept,
 Where some design disturb'd the Boy,
 He prattled all the time he slept.

V.

With a large Sigh his Soul I fill'd,
 Which made a rumbling in his Guts;
 Into his mouth I Tears distill'd,
 Tears bigger far than Hazzle Nuts.

His