

Such fairy Queen thou I'll cans't fit,
 Would't thou Diana's feet adorn!
 You should sprig pearls around her feet
 Nor thus her lovely limbs deform.

Diamond clasps should best inclose,
 Rubies deck her sandals rare,
 Adamant should binds her toes
 Pure and sweet as gessamere.

O, Howell! well I take the odds
 A fairy's foot you'll never grace,
 You'll not make sandals for the gods,
 Nor fit Diana for the chase.

TO AN OYSTER.

Oh thou whose intellects and mind,
 Alike thy body are confined,
 Who in vast ocean loves to dwell,
 Contented in thy lonely shell,
 What accident has brought thee here?
 Thou doth God's messenger appear,
 To prove that pearls are worthless things.
 By oysters worn as wel askings!

THE END