

LINES ON RECEIVING FROM THE

RT. HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

Yes, I beheld the Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take," she said, and smiled serene
"Take at this hand celestial arms :

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the sable well,
The font of fame or infamy.

"What *well*? what *weapon*?" Flavia cries;
"A standish, steel, and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house, (I mean of peers,)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L—— and all about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"Athenian queen! and sober charms!
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in 't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."
