

That *Queen*, whose Feast the factious Rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.

Led by those great Examples, may not I
The wanted Organs of their Words supply ?
If Men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then
For Brutes to claim the privilege of Men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
'Till rolling Time is lost in round Eternity ;
Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Because the *Lion's* peace was now proclaim'd :
The wary Savage wou'd not give offence,
To forfeit the Protection of her *Prince* ;
But watch'd the time her Vengeance to compleat,
When all her surly Sons in frequent Senate met.
Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the Flood,
And with a Lenten fallad cool'd her Blood.
Their Commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble Nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of Love,
Did all the honours of her House so well,
No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common Dangers past, a sadly-pleasing Theme ;
Remembring ev'ry Storm which toss'd the State,
When both were Objects of the publick hate,
And dropt a Tear betwixt, for her own Childrens fate. }

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake :
Her lost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,
Her Faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to defy ;
Her choice of honourable Infamy.