

Pursues the Sun, in Summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting Cold:
 Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on Smoke alone.
 From hence she has been held of Heav'nly Line,
 Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd
 Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Nest:
 'Till frowning Skies began to change their Chear,
 And Time turn'd up the wrong Side of the Year;
 The shedding Trees began the Ground to strow
 With yellow Leaves, and bitter Blasts to blow.

Sad Auguries of Winter thence she drew,
 Which by Instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:
 When Prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better Heav'n, and warmer Climes.

Her Sons were summon'd on a Steeple's height,
 And, call'd in common Council, vote a Flight;
 The Day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair:
 All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair,
 They try their flutt'ring Wings, and trust themselves
 in Air.

But whether upward to the Moon they go,
 Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their Flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at Night:
 Next Morn they rose, and set up ev'ry Sail;
 The Wind was fair, but blew a *Mackrel* Gale:
 The sickly Young sat shiv'ring on the Shore,
 Abhor'd Salt-water, never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay
 The Passage, and expect a fairer Day.

With these the *Martin* readily concurr'd,
 A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird;

Of