

Of little Body, but of lofty Mind,
 Round-belly'd, for a Dignity design'd,
 And much a Dunce, as *Martins* are by Kind.
 Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and *Code*,
 And Fathers which he never understood :
 But little Learning needs in noble Blood.
 For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
 Her Household Chaplain, and her next of Kin :
 In Superstition filly to Excess,
 And casting Schemes, by Planetary Guefs :
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His Fear foretold foul Weather in the Sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
 Left of their Lodging, was observ'd to croak.
 That Omen lik'd him not ; so his Advice
 Was present Safety, bought at any Price ;
 A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.
 To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,
 Of rising Waters, and a troubled Stream,
 Sure Signs of Anguish, Dangers and Distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express :
 By which he filly seem'd to intimate
 Some secret Revelation of their Fate.
 For he concluded, once upon a time,
 He found a Leaf inscrib'd with sacred Rhime,
 Whose antique Characters did well denote
 The *Sibyl's* Hand of the *Cumæan* Grot :
 The mad Diviners had plainly writ,
 A time should come (but many Ages yet)
 In which, sinister Destinies ordain,
 A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,
 And Seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* Main.
 At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.
 'Tis true, some Stagers of the wiser Sort
 Made all these idle Wonderments their Sport : They