

Against the Laws of Nature upward climb,  
 And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the Prime:  
 For which two Proofs in sacred Story lay,  
 Of *Abaz'* Dial, and of *Joshua's* Day.  
 In Expectation of such Times as these,  
 A Chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease:  
 For *Martin* much Devotion did not ask;  
 They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their Task.

It happen'd (as beyond the Reach of Wit  
 Blind Prophecies may have a lucky Hit)  
 That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,  
 Gave great Repute to their new *Merlin's* Art.  
 Some \**Swifts*, the Giants of the *Swallow* Kind, }  
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid Mind,  
 (For *Swiffes*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,) }  
 These Lubbers, peeping through a broken Pane,  
 To suck fresh Air, survey'd the neighbouring Plain;  
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their Eyes)  
 New Blossoms flourish, and new Flow'rs arise;  
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,  
 Had left his Foot-steps, and reform'd the Year:  
 The Sunny Hills from far were seen to glow }  
 With glitt'ring Beams, and in the Meads below [flow. }  
 The burnish'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to }  
 At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,  
 Whose Note proclaim'd the Holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,  
 And repose their Patrimonial Sky.  
 The *Priest* before 'em did his Wings display;  
 And, that good Omens might attend their way,  
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martin's* Day. }

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone?  
 The Canopy of Heaven is all her own:

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Otherwise call'd Martlets.

Her