

THE  
BANISH'D  
BEAUTY:

OR, A

Fair FACE in *Disgrace*,

A

POEM.

---

*Is She not Fair, as Painting can express,  
Or Youthful Poets fancy when they love?      Rowe.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *White-Fryers, Fleetstreet*, and by the Bookfellers of  
L O N D O N and W E S T M I N S T E R. 1729.

( Price Sixpence. )



T H E

*B A N I S H ' D*

**B E A U T Y .**



LET jarring Realms, and *Europe's* doubtful State,  
 Of Politicians be the dull Debate;  
*Stocks, languish'd Trade*, let such, their Subject make,  
 And plead, and bellow for their *Country's* Sake;  
 A more important Theme demands the Muse,  
 A Theme, She neither can, nor dares refuse,

A Theme, from whence her fairest Lawrels spring,  
 Which first inspir'd, and taught her first to sing;  
 'Tis Beauty calls her; and in Beauty's Cause,  
 Her Lays are ready, and her Pen she draws;  
 Yet think *Clarissa!* what her Pangs must be,  
 To sing in Sorrow, when she sings of Thee.

In matchless Lustre lately did'st thou shine,  
 Nor knew the *Court* a brighter Name than Thine?  
 Of Wit and Beauty had'st thou ev'ry Grace?  
 (Thy *Mind* the only Rival of thy *Face*;)   
 O'er thy own Sex triumphant did'st thou reign,  
 And bid them put forth all their Charms in vain?  
 Was this thy Empire, till *Lorenzo's* Ire,  
 Mean and inglorious, did thy Fall conspire?  
 To his dread *Liege* thy keen Rebukes convey'd,  
 And gave thy weak despairing Sex his Aid?  
 If so he thinks, *His* Triumph let it be,  
 And still new Cause of just Contempt from *Thee*;  
 Thy Wrongs, *bright Exile!* like thy self endure,  
 And let the Muse thy injur'd Beauty cure;  
 The Muse with faithful Service shall attend,  
 And be, at all Events, *Clarissa's* Friend,  
 With joyful Pains Thy every Merit trace,  
 And shew Thee even bright'ned by *Disgrace*.

Nor think thy Beauty claims her Lays alone,  
 She has a Debt of Gratitude to own,  
 Since in her Cause, you wag'd a generous War,  
 And urg'd your *Stout* Antagonist so far,  
 That, thy superior Arguments to close,  
 He vengeful, made the *Court* and *Beauty*, Foes.

The Task be thine, at large, much envied G—y?  
 Thy own, and every Muse's Debt to pay,  
 Nor let the *Fair*, who rose in the Defence  
 Of *Wit*, *just Satyr*, *Truth*, and *common Sense*,  
 In These her Moments of *Dishonour*, find,  
 Thy *pointed* Numbers, like the C—— unkind.

From bold *MACHEATH* awhile thy Rage withdraw,  
 And let him, still uncensur'd, brave the Law,  
 Attack, Despoil, with a rapacious Hand,  
 And deal to Tools the *Plunder* of a *Land*;  
 Give him, *kind Bard!* the Grace of *thy* Reprieve,  
 And to his own dark *Breast* the *Robber* leave;  
 He'll find, when trembling late with Guilt and Fear,  
 No *Stings*, no *Satire* are excluded *There*.  
*Lorenzo* be thy *Satire's* present View;  
 'Tis a *Repentment* to *Clarissa* due:

Ask him, what Warmth could urge him to despise  
 The brightest *Judgment*, and the brightest *Eyes* ;  
 Could it arraign his *Prudence*, to submit,  
 When *Beauty* soft'ned the Attacks of *Wit* ?  
 Or could it taint his *Honour*, to be meek,  
 And, unrepenting, hear a *Lady* speak ?

When *Greece* and *Troy*, as say Great *Homer's* Straits,  
 With fierce embatt'led Numbers throng'd the Plains,  
 And when their clashing Arms, and Martial Rage  
 Did in their Contests all the *Gods* engage ;  
 Unaw'd, in Slaughter did *Tydides* move,  
 And wound with daring Arm the *Queen of Love* ?  
 Rough was *He* form'd, unfashion'd for a Court,  
*War* was his *Feast*, and *Cruelty* his *Sport* :  
 From Him, *Lorenzo*, would'st Thou Pattern take ?  
 In Courage, first, Thyself an equal make :  
 But 'twas Thy Merit to be train'd *Polite*,  
 And rather taught the Art to *Wooe*, than *Fight*.  
 At *Beauty's* Altar daily did'st thou vow ;  
 Then, whence a Carriage quite so diff'rent, *now* ?  
 Could'st Thou not use, for once, the *Courtier's* Guile,  
 Carest thy Foe, and tho' offended, Smile ?

Rallied

Rallied by Woman, think it no Disgrace?  
 And let her *Tongue* be pardon'd, for her *Face*?  
 Such is the Conduct should *Lorenzo* boast;  
 Were not *Lorenzo* in the *Statesman* lost.  
 Repent of *lovely Woman* thy Disdain,  
 And to thy *former Self* return again:  
 Make Thy Submission to the *Banish'd Fair*,  
 Confess her Beauty, and her Wrongs repair.

No, no, *Lorenzo* is too proud to yield,  
 And when he once has gain'd, to quit the Field;  
 The Sanction of his *Dignity* and *Post*,  
 With Insolence unparallel'd, He'll boast,  
 Facts charg'd upon him, nor deny, nor own,  
 But poorly fly for Shelter to the——

What! by *Lorenzo* is That——abus'd,  
 At which, his *ROYAL MASTER* stood accus'd?  
 Fresh Charges does he still presume to bring,  
 And in the *injur'd PRINCE*, to court the *KING*?  
 Whilst frantick Humours in his Brain prevail,  
 Trots He industrious on each *Gossip's Tale*?  
 Does He at *Empire*, and at *Beauty* strike?  
 And wound his *SOVEREIGN*, and the *Fair* alike?

Once,

Once more, disdain, *Clarissa!* to repine,  
 And let the Muse assure the Conquest Thine;  
 The Lustre of the *Court* impair'd we see,  
 (Impair'd indeed, — — because depriv'd of Thee;)   
 In thy Disgrace the *First* does more than Share;  
 The *Banishment* is *Thine*; The *Loss* is *There*.



F I N I S.

