

**B**  
0  
0  
0  
0  
0  
0  
0  
7  
6  
0  
9



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS





1875  
1876  
1877  
1878  
1879  
1880  
1881  
1882  
1883  
1884  
1885  
1886  
1887  
1888  
1889  
1890  
1891  
1892  
1893  
1894  
1895  
1896  
1897  
1898  
1899  
1900

THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK  
AND  
THE  
MUSEUM OF  
THE  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





*Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sulp.*



The SIXTH PART of  
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

---

*By the Most Eminent Hands.*

---

Publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's*  
*Head* over-against *Katharine-Street* in  
the *Strand*. M DCC XVI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

1871

1871

1871

1871

1871

1871

1871

1871

THE  
CONTENTS.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| <b>P</b> ASTORALS, by Mr. Philips.               | Page 1 |
| <i>True Greatness.</i>                           | p. 24  |
| <i>The Ninth Book of Lucan. Translated</i>       | }      |
| <i>from the Latin by Mr. Rowe.</i>               |        |
| <i>Paraphrase upon Psalm CIV. By Mr.</i>         | }      |
| <i>J. Trapp.</i>                                 |        |
| <i>January and May; Or the Merchant's</i>        | }      |
| <i>Tale: From Chaucer. By Mr. A-</i>             |        |
| <i>lexander Pope.</i>                            | p. 81  |
| <i>A Pastoral Dialogue between two Shep-</i>     | }      |
| <i>herdesses. By the Author of the</i>           |        |
| <i>Poem on the Spleen.</i>                       | p. 103 |
| <i>Adam Pos'd. By the same Hand.</i>             | p. 105 |
| <i>Alcidor. By the same Hand.</i>                | p. 106 |
| <i>Baucis and Philemon: Imitated from</i>        | }      |
| <i>Ovid.</i>                                     |        |
| <i>On Mrs. Biddy Floyd.</i>                      | p. 113 |
| <i>A Translation of the foregoing Verses. By</i> | }      |
| <i>another Hand.</i>                             |        |
| <i>Translations of the Sortes Virgilianæ.</i>    | }      |
| <i>King Charles the First's.</i>                 |        |
| <i>The Lord Falkland's.</i>                      | ibid.  |
| <i>To my Friend, Mr. Pope, on his Pasto-</i>     | }      |
| <i>ral's. By Mr. Wycherly.</i>                   |        |

# The CONTENTS.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| To Mr. Pope. <i>By another Hand.</i>   | p. 116   |
| Horace, Ode III. Book III.   | p. 118   |
| <i>The Story of Erminia, translated from<br/>Taffo's Jerusalem, Book VII. In-<br/>scrib'd to the Right Honourable the<br/>Lady Viscountess Weymouth.</i> | } p. 122 |
| Song.  | p. 126   |
| Song. <i>By the same Hand.</i>   | ibid.    |
| Anacreon, Ode XXXIV. <i>By the same<br/>Hand.</i>  | } p. 127 |
| Anacreontique. <i>By the same Hand.</i>  | ibid.    |
| <i>In Answer to the Question, What is<br/>Thought? By the same Hand.</i>   | } p. 128 |
| <i>Half Masking her Self when she Smil'd.<br/>By the same Hand.</i>  | } ibid.  |
| <i>Lying at her Feet. By the same Hand.</i>  | ibid.    |
| <i>Reading Mr. Waller. By the same<br/>Hand.</i>   | } p. 129 |
| <i>Occasion'd by the early Singing of a Lark.<br/>By the same Hand.</i>  | } ibid.  |
| <i>A Midnight Thought. By the same Hand.</i>   | p. 130   |
| <i>An Ode, for St. Cecilia's Day, 1699.</i>  | ibid.    |
| Song. <i>To the Fickle Sylvia.</i>   | p. 133   |
| <i>Written by the Earl of Mulgrave, now<br/>Marquess of Normanby.</i>  | } ibid.  |
| <i>The Episode of Sarpedon, translated<br/>from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books<br/>of Homer's Iliads. By Mr. Alexan-<br/>der Pope.</i>                  | } p. 134 |
| <i>To the Lady Lovisa Lenos: With Ovid's<br/>Epistles. By Dr. Garth.</i>   | } p. 145 |
| <i>To a Person who was Designing to retire<br/>into a Monastery. Written by the E. of<br/>M——, now D. of B——.</i>  | } p. 146 |
| <i>Woman.</i>  | p. 147   |

# The CONTENTS.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| <i>Translations from Lucan.</i>  | p. 160 |
| <i>Gallus: Eleg. I.</i>  | p. 162 |
| <i>The Love of Gallus: Translated from Virgil's Tenth Eclogue. By J. Trapp.</i>  | p. 165 |
| <i>The Description of the Prodigies which attended the Death of Julius Cæsar. Translated into Blank Verse, from the latter End of the First Book of Virgil's Georgicks. By J. Trapp.</i> | p. 168 |
| <i>The Story of Phaeton. Translated from the Conclusion of the First, and the Beginning of the Second Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. By J. Trapp.</i>                                     | p. 170 |
| <i>To Apollo making Love. From Monsieur Fontenelle. By Mr. Tickell.</i>  | p. 182 |
| <i>The Fatal Curiosity. By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 183 |
| <i>To the Author of Rosamond, an Opera. By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 184 |
| <i>To a Lady; with the Description of the Phoenix. By the same Hand.</i>   | p. 186 |
| <i>A Description of the Phoenix: Translated from Claudian. By the same Hand.</i>   | ibid.  |
| <i>Verses sent to the Hon. Mrs. Margaret Lowther on her Marriage. Translated from Menage. By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 191 |
| <i>To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers. By the same Hand.</i>   | ibid.  |
| <i>On a Lady's Picture: To Gilfred Lawson, Esq; By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 192 |
| <i>Written at Bath.</i>  | p. 193 |
| <i>Love and Folly.</i>   | p. 194 |
| <i>Part of the Sixth Book of Lucan. Translated from the Latin by Mr. Rowe.</i>   | p. 195 |
| <i>Part of the Cento of Ausonius, imitated in English Verse.</i>   | p. 207 |

# The CONTENTS.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| <i>The Husband. By a Lady.</i>   | p. 211 |
| <i>An Imitation of the First Satyr of the<br/>First Book of Horace. By a Young<br/>Gentleman at Cambridge.</i>   | p. 212 |
| <i>To a Lady; to whom the Author sent a<br/>Book of his own Composing.</i>   | p. 221 |
| <i>To Chloe Mask'd.</i>  | p. 222 |
| <i>Horace's Otium Divos. &amp;c. Lib. II.<br/>Ode XVI. to his Friend Grosphus.<br/>Imitated in Paraphrase. By Mr.<br/>J. Hughes.</i>   | p. 223 |
| <i>A Thought on Death. By Mr. Grove.</i>   | p. 225 |
| <i>A Hymn on Sight. By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 226 |
| <i>Of a Lady at the Opera, dress'd in White.</i>   | p. 227 |
| <i>The Celebrated Beauties. A Poem, oc-<br/>casioned upon being suspected of writing<br/>The British Court.</i>  | p. 228 |
| <i>On the Countess of B———'s Recovery.</i>   | p. 238 |
| <i>Prisca's Advice to Novinda.</i>   | p. 239 |
| <i>Novinda's Answer to Prisca.</i>   | p. 240 |
| <i>Of a Dwarf Courting a Bright Lady.</i>  | p. 242 |
| <i>To the Queen, upon the Death of His<br/>Royal Highness.</i>   | p. 243 |
| <i>To the Right Honourable the Lord Vil-<br/>liers, on his taking his Master of Arts<br/>Degree at Cambridge, in the Year<br/>1700. By Mr. William Worts of<br/>Cambridge.</i> | p. 244 |
| <i>To a Witty and Genteel Lady. By the<br/>same Hand.</i>  | p. 245 |
| <i>Presenting A Father's Advice to his<br/>Daughter. By the same Hand.</i>   | ibid.  |
| <i>Written in the Blank Leaf of a Lady's<br/>Prior. By the same Hand.</i>  | p. 246 |

# The CONTENTS.

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| <i>On Her Majesty's Grant of Woodstock Park, &amp;c. to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 1704. In a Letter to Signior Antonio Verrio at Hampton-Court.</i> | } p. 246       |
| <i>Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, at her Playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr Betterton. By Mr. Rowe.</i>                  | } p. 248       |
| <i>On the King of Spain.</i>   | } p. 249       |
| <i>A Ballad: On the Victory at Audenard.</i>   | } p. 250       |
| <i>Idem Canticum Latinè Redditum.</i>  | } p. 251       |
| <i>Design'd to be Written on Blenheim-Castle Gate.</i>   | } p. 256       |
| <i>To Mr. W — on Reading his Poems By Mr. Joseph Standen.</i>  | } <i>ibid.</i> |
| <i>On the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Audenard, just after the Loss of Ghent and Bruges. By L. Eusden, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.</i>               | } p. 260       |
| <i>To the Reverend Dr. Bentley, on the Opening of Trinity-College Chapel, Cambridge. By the same Hand.</i>   | } p. 263       |
| <i>Part of the last Chorus of the Fourth Act of Medea. Imitated from the Greek of Euripides. By the same Hand.</i>   | } p. 265       |
| <i>Hero and Leander: A Poem, translated from the Greek. By the same Hand.</i>  | } p. 266       |
| <i>Verses on the Death of the Duke of Gloucester.</i>  | } p. 278       |
| <i>To Mrs. E. C. on her Birth Day Decemb. 11. To be Sung to Musick.</i>  | } p. 282       |

# The CONTENTS.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| <i>To Mrs. M. M. with a Bough of an Orange-Tree. By Mr. Harrison, of New-College, Oxon.</i>                | } p. 283 |
| <i>To the Spring: An Invocation. Written in the Person of Anacreon. By J. L.</i>                           | } p. 284 |
| <i>The Philosopher's Disquisition directed to the Dying Christian. By Sir W. Davenant, Knight</i>          | } p. 285 |
| <i>The Christian's Reply to the Philosopher. By the same Hand.</i>   | } p. 298 |
| <i>An Imitation of Uxor vade foras. In Mart. L. ii. Ep. 105. By Captain H —</i>                            | } p. 299 |
| <i>The Campaign, a Poem. to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. By Mr. Addison.</i>                         | } p. 301 |
| <i>The Dedication of Ovid's Art of Love, to the Right Honourable Richard, Earl of Burlington.</i>          | } p. 316 |
| <i>To the Queen, entertain'd at Night by the Countess of Anglesey. By Sir William Davenant, Knight.</i>    | } p. 317 |
| <i>In Remembrance of Master William Shakespear. By the same Hand.</i>                                      | } p. 318 |
| <i>Claremont. Address'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of Clare, now Duke of Newcastle.</i>              | } p. 319 |
| <i>The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore Governour of Warwick Castle, and the fair Maid of Dunsmore.</i> | } p. 331 |
| <i>The Shepherd's Resolution.</i>  | } p. 335 |
| <i>A Pleasant Song.</i>  | } p. 336 |
| <i>The Shepherds Dialogue.</i>   | } p. 337 |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>  | } p. 339 |



# The CONTENTS.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 339   |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 340   |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 341   |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 342   |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 343   |
| <i>An Ancient Song.</i>   | P. 344   |
| <i>The Answer.</i>  | P. 345   |
| <i>A Pastoral Song.</i>   | P. 346   |
| <i>An old Ballad of Bold Robin Hood:<br/>shewing his Parentage, Birth, Breeding,<br/>Valour; and Marriage at Titbury<br/>Bull-running. Calculated for the<br/>Meridian of Staffordshire, but may<br/>serve also for Derbyshire, Kent, &amp;c.<br/>To a Pleasant Tune.</i> | } ibid.  |
| <i>The Cavalier's Complaint.</i>  | P. 352   |
| <i>The Eccho to the Cavalier's Complaint.</i>   | P. 354   |
| <i>On the Preface to Gondibert.</i>   | P. 355   |
| <i>On Gondibert.</i>  | P. 356   |
| <i>In Praise of Ale.</i>  | P. 358   |
| <i>A familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secre-<br/>tary of the Muses. By Mr. Dryden.</i>   | } P. 359 |
| <i>A Journey into France. By Bishop Corbet.</i>   | P. 361   |
| <i>To Parson Weeks. An Invitation to Lon-<br/>don. By Sir John Mennis.</i>  | } P. 365 |
| <i>Iter Boreale. By Bishop Corbet.</i>  | P. 367   |
| <i>Bishop Corbet to his Son Vincent Corbet.</i>   | P. 382   |
| <i>Ben. Johnson to Burlace.</i>   | ibid.    |
| <i>Upon the King's Return to the City of<br/>London, when he came last thither<br/>from Scotland, and was entertained<br/>there by the Lord Mayor.</i>  | } P. 383 |
| <i>Venus Lacrymans.</i>   | P. 386   |

# The CONTENTS.

|   |   |        |
|---|---|--------|
| Metro haud multum dissimili carmina<br>sua scripsit Scaldus ille, auctor libri,<br>cui titulus <i>Hervarer Saga</i> , &c.   | } | p. 387 |
| <i>An Elegy on the Lord William Howard, Baron of Effingham; who died the 10th of Decemb. 1615. By Bishop Corbet.</i>  | } | p. 392 |
| <i>A Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will. By the same Hand.</i>  | } | p. 394 |
| <i>On the Earl of Dorset's Death. By the same Hand.</i>   | } | p. 396 |
| <i>A certain Poem, as it was presented in Latin by Divines and others, before his Majesty in Cambridge, by way of Entertulude, stiled, Liber novus de adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. Faithfully done into English, with some liberal Additions. By the same Hand.</i> | } | p. 397 |
| <i>On the Death of Sir Tho. Pelham.</i>   |   | p. 401 |
| <i>Of Musick.</i>   |   | p. 403 |
| <i>The Catholick.</i>   |   | ibid.  |
| <i>Under Mr. Milton's Picture, before his Paradise Lost. By Mr. Dryden.</i>   | } | p. 404 |
| <i>A Song.</i>  |   | ibid.  |
| <i>Love's Courtship.</i>  |   | p. 405 |
| <i>Pastorals. By Mr. A. Pope.</i>   |   | p. 407 |



PASTO:

# PASTORALS,

B Y

Mr. *P H I L I P S*.

---

*Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

Virg. Ecl. 6.

---



---

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

# P R E F A C E.

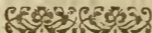
**I**T is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems. Virgil and Spencer made use of it as a Prelude to Heroick Poetry. But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no Sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight: And the Pastoral perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tells us, That Peireskius was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their artless Strains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the same manner that Pastoral gives a sweet and gentle Composure to the Mind; whereas the Epick and Tragick Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.

To see a stately, well-built Palace, strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods and Rivers; I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spencer are the only Writers, that seem to have hit upon the true Nature of Pastoral Poems. So that it will be Honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.





The FIRST  
PASTORAL.

L O B B I N.

**I**F we, O *Dorset*, quit the City Throng  
To meditate in Shades the Rural  
Song  
By your Commands ; be present :  
And, O, bring  
The Muse along ! The Muse to you  
shall sing.

Begin.---- A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,  
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,  
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,  
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent ;  
So pitiful, that all the starry Throng  
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah well a Day ! How long must I endure  
This pining Pain ? Or who shall work my Cure ?  
Fond Love no Cure will have ; seeks no Repose ;  
Delights in Grief ; nor any Measure knows.  
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise ;  
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies ;  
The Winds are hush'd ; the Dews distil ; and Sleep  
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.  
I only, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd  
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,

4      *The SIXTH PART of*

And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:  
 But who in Love can stop the growing Flame?  
 Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,  
 Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,  
 'Mong rustick Routs the chief for wanton Game;  
 Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.  
 Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,  
 To please the Lads and win the Lasses Hearts?  
 How deffly to mine oaten Reed, so sweet,  
 Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet?  
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn  
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn?  
 For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,  
 To chase the lingring Sun adown the Sky.  
 But, ah! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite  
 Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,  
 The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone  
 To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan,  
 Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair!  
 E'er, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.  
 Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,  
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.  
 O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,  
 How flying Years impair our youthful Prime!  
 Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay;  
 And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.  
 The Flow'rs anew returning Seasons bring;  
 But Beauty faded has no second Spring.  
 My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,  
 Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.  
 Like frisking Heifers, loose in flow'ry Meads,  
 She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;  
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chase!  
 While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Embrace.  
 She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,  
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.  
 Ah turn thee then! unthinking Damsel! Why,  
 Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, should'st thou  
 fly?

No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear:  
 'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?  
 What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm!  
 Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

Two Kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear;  
 Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.  
 A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame  
 As my fond Heart could wish my scornful Dame.  
 A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of May,  
 Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,  
 I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?  
 The Gifts alike and Giver the disdain.

Oh would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!  
 Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!  
 How would I wander ev'ry Day to find  
 The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Luce* kind.  
 For glossy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,  
 And of fresh Honey rob the thrifty Bee.  
 Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,  
 Thou *Lobbin's* Flock, and *Lobbin*, shalt possess.  
 Fair is my Flock; nor yet uncomely I,  
 If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why  
 Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet show  
 The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.

O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment  
 The Dams to miik, and little Lambkins wean; [mean,  
 To drive a-field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,  
 E'er the warm Sun drinks up the coolly Dews.  
 How would the Crook beseem thy beauteous Hand!  
 How would my Younglings round thee gazing stand!  
 Ah witlefs Younglings! gaze not on her Eye:  
 Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.  
 Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end;  
 Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.  
 Sleep, sleep, my Flock: For, happy you may take  
 Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.

Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale  
 In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.

The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,  
 Pleas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief:  
 'Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night  
 To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

---

*The Second PASTORAL.*

THENOT. COLINET.

T H E N O T.

**T**H Y cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,  
 Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears?  
 Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,  
 Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?  
 Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly sing!  
 Their Notes soft-warb'ling to the gladsome Spring.

C O L I N E T.

Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate:  
 Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my State.  
 Each Creature to his proper Task is born;  
 As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.  
 Waking, at Midnight, I my Woes renew,  
 And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

T H E N O T.

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain;  
 Or who may then the Weight of Age sustain,  
 When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,  
 The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?  
 Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,  
 As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;  
 My Mind a chearful Temper still retains,  
 Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins:  
 For, why should Man at cross Mishaps repine,  
 Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?  
 But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe  
 To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.



## C O L I N E T.

'Twill idly waste thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,  
Shou'dst thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.  
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs  
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams.

## T H E N O T.

There's *Lightfoot*, he shall tend them close; and I,  
'Twixt whiles, a-cross the Plain will glance mine Eye.

## C O L I N E T.

Where to begin I know not; where to end:  
Scarce does one smiling Hour my Youth attend.  
Tho' few my Days, as my own Lollies show,  
Yet all those Days are clouded o'er with Woe:  
No Glean of happy Sun-shine does appear  
My low'ring Sky, and wintry Days to chear.  
My piteous Plight, in yonder naked Tree,  
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I see:  
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,  
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:  
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,  
Nor any Birds among the Branches sing.  
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng  
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasing Song.  
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!  
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

## T H E N O T.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour wast born,  
When blighting Mil-dews spoil the rising Corn;  
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreshows  
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes.  
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

## C O L I N E T.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

## T H E N O T.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongst our Sheep;  
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:  
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;  
Whether we sleep or wake, it naught avails.

## COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!  
 Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.  
 Unhappy Hour! when first, in youthful Bud,  
 I left the fair *Sabrina's* Silver Flood:  
 Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,  
 Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.  
 Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when shall I once more  
 With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?  
 When, in the Crystal of thy Waters, see  
 My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery?  
 When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode  
 My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sed?  
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,  
 Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

## T H E N O T.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away?  
 From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray?

## C O L I N E T.

A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to know:  
 Ah God! that ever I should covet Woe!  
 With wand'ring Feet unblest'd, and fond of Fame,  
 I fought I know not what, besides a Name.

## T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam  
 In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'dst not find at home?  
 A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;  
 And, to their Cost, green Years old Proverbs cross.

## C O L I N E T.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,  
 To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain  
 To distant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,  
 To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe!  
 My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,  
 And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:  
 Here, on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,  
 And on a bending Willow rest my Head.  
 'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,  
 And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:

But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,  
 To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:  
 Urkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs  
 Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

T H E N O T.

Slander, we Shepherds couzt the greatest Wrong;  
 For, what wounds sorer than an evil Tongue?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward Lads, who Pleasance take in Spite,  
 Make Mock of all the Ditties I endite.  
 In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, so shrill,  
 Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:  
 In vain thou seek'st the Cov'rings of the Grove,  
 In the cool Shade to sing the Heats of Love;  
 No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move. }  
 Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;  
 And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my Vein,  
*Menalcas* seems to like my simple Strain;  
 And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,  
 That to *Menalcas* does of right belong,  
 Nor Night, nor Day, shall my rude Musick cease;  
 I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

T H E N O T.

*Menalcas*, Lord of all the neighb'ring Plains,  
 Preserves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.  
 For him our yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,  
 And chuse the fattest Firstling from the Fold.  
 He, good to all, that good deserve, shall give  
 Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Ease to live;  
 Shall curb the Maice of unbridled Tongues,  
 And with due Praise reward thy rural Songs.

C O L I N E T.

First then shall lighsome Birds forget to fly,  
 The briny Ocean turn to Pastures dry,  
 And ev'ry rapid River cease to flow,  
 E'er I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

## T H E N O T.

This Night thy Cares with me forget ; and fold  
 Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.  
 Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, soft Cheefe and Curd,  
 With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Hoard,  
 Shall be our Ev'ning Fare : And for the Night,  
 Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.  
 And now behold the Sun's departing Ray  
 O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day.  
 With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,  
 And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

---

*The Third* P A S T O R A L.

## A L B I N O.

**W**Hen *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed  
 To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,  
 With young *Augustus*' Name he grac'd his Song ;  
 And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng  
 He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the Flood  
 Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood  
 With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around ;  
*Eliza*'s Name on ev'ry Tree was found.  
 Since then, thro' *Anna*'s Cares at Ease we live,  
 And see our Cattle in full Pastures thrive ;  
 Like them will I my slender Musick raise,  
 And teach the vocal Vallies *Anna*'s Praise.  
 Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,  
 While my Kids brouze, obscure in Shades I play :  
 Yet not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks not scorn  
 To visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both musical, both young,  
 In Friendship's mutual Bonds united long,  
 Retir'd within a mossie Cave, to shun  
 The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,

A melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind :  
 Revolving now the solemn Day they find,  
 When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear  
 Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear ;  
 To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse ;  
 These *Angelot*, those *Palin* did rehearse.

## A N G E L O T.

Thus yearly circling by-past Times return ;  
 And yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn :  
*Albino*'s Fate was early, short his Stay ;  
 How sweet the Rose ! How speedy the decay !

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,  
 And sympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,  
 Prefaging future Woe ; when, for our Crimes,  
 We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times ?  
 The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy  
 Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.  
 No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,  
 Nor Shepherds found upon the grassie Green ;  
 No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,  
 No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,  
 His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,  
 The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,  
 And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd :  
 Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,  
 And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep ;  
 The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd :  
 Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest  
 With what sad Accents and what moving Cries  
 She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,  
 And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,  
 When in her widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,  
 She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this  
 Place in her Darling's Welfare all her Bliss,  
 And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,  
 And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.

As milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do show,  
 And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow ;

As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,  
 So thou to thine an Ornament wast born.  
 Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,  
 Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains;  
 In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,  
 And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat:  
 A thin Increase our woolly Substance yields,  
 And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Fields.

How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!  
 And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.  
 Who now shall teach the pointed Spear to throw,  
 To whirl the Sling, and bend the stubborn Bow?  
 Nor dost thou live to bless thy Mother's Days,  
 And share the sacred Honours of her Praise:  
 In foreign Fields to purchase endless Fame,  
 And add new Glories to the *British* Name.

O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit rest!  
 And flow'ry Turf lye light upon thy Breast;  
 Nor shrieking Owl, nor Bat, fly round thy Tomb,  
 Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

## P A L I N.

No more, mistaken *Angelot*, complain;  
*Albino* lives, and all our Tears are vain.  
 And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns  
 To bless the Fields, and rule the simple Swains,  
 While from above propitious he looks down.  
 For this the golden Skies no longer frown,  
 The Planets shine indulgent on our Isle,  
 And rural Pleasures round about us smile.  
 Hills, Dales and Woods with shrilling Pipes resound;  
 The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,  
 And hail *Albino* blest: The Vallies ring,  
*Albino* blest. O now! if ever, bring  
 The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine,  
 And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,  
 The dewy Cowslip, that in Meadow grows,  
 The Fountain Violet and Garden Rose:  
 Your Hamlets strew, and ev'ry publick Way,  
 And consecrate to Mirth *Albino's* Day.

My self will lavish all my little Store,  
 And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:  
 Old *Moulin* there shall harp, young *M o* sing,  
 And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidst the Ring,  
 And *Hobbinol* his antick Gambols play.  
 To thee these Honours yearly will we pay,  
 When we our shearing Feast and Harvest keep,  
 To speed the Plow, and bless our thriving Sheep.  
 While Mallow Kids, and Endive Lambs pursue;  
 While Bees love Thyme, and Locusts sip the Dew;  
 While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to strain,  
 Thy Name and sweet Memorial shall remain.

---

*The Fourth* PASTORAL.

M I C O. A R G O L.

M I C O.

**T**His Place may seem for Shepherds Leisure made,  
 So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade.  
 Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath  
 Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!  
 The Ground with Grass of cheerful Green bespread,  
 Thro' which the springing Flow'r up-rears its Head.  
 Lo here the King-Cup, of a golden Hue,  
 Medly'd with Daisies white, and Endive blue.  
 Hark how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thrush,  
 With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!  
 In pleasing Consorts all the Birds combine,  
 And tempt us in the various Song to join.  
 Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply  
 Thy mellow Pipe, or vocal Musick try:  
 And, since our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they  
 Lye round and listen, while their Lambkins play.

A R G O L.

The Place indeed gives Pleasance to the Eye;  
 And Pleasance works the Singer's Fancy high:

The Fields breath sweet; and now the gentle Breez  
 Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.  
 So sweet a Scene ill suits my rugged Lay,  
 And better fits the Musick thou canst play.

M I C O.

No Skill of Musick can I, simple Swain,  
 No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;  
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,  
 Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me.  
 Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)  
 My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,  
 And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,  
 And where to sink a Note, and where to swell.

A R G O L.

Ah *Mico*! half my Flock would I bestow,  
 Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning show.  
 So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee, Swain,  
 Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:  
 For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,  
 How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay:  
 The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,  
 And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

M I C O.

Since then thou list, a mournful Song I chuse;  
 A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muse.  
 Fast by the River on a Bank he sat,  
 To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,  
 Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was she,  
 Whose Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express  
 Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

O woful Day, O Day of Woe! quoth he;  
 And woful I, who live the Day to see!  
 That ever she could die! O most unkind,  
 To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind!

And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would she,  
 With dying Arms, have clasp'd her self to me:  
 I clasp'd her too; but Death was all too strong,  
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.



Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep ;  
 Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep ;  
 Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to sigh ;  
 And let my Sorrows teach me how to die :  
 Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve  
 A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake, my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note express  
 Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,  
 With Looks cast down, and with dishevel'd Hair,  
 In bitter Anguish beat your Breasts, and moan  
 Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.  
 Alas ! the fading Glories of your Eyes  
 In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize :  
 For, tho' your Beauty rule the silly Swain,  
 And in his Heart like little Queens you reign ;  
 Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,  
 As ruthless Winds the tender Blossoms spill.  
 If either Musick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,  
 Could make him mild, and stay his lifted Arm ;  
 My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe should save,  
 Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.  
 Ah fruitless Wish ! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm,  
 Nor Musick can persuade ; nor Beauty charm :  
 For see (O baleful Sight !) See where she lyes !  
 The budding Flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake, my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note express  
 Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Unhappy *Colinet* ! What boots thee now  
 To weave fresh Garlands for the Damsel's Brow ?  
 Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Rose ;  
 One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compose,  
 With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-shade dress'd ;  
 A Garland, that may witness thy Unrest.  
 My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,  
 And first taught *Stella's* Virgin Heart to love,  
 Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,  
 Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak :

Nor Lark, nor Linnet shall by Day delight,  
 Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;  
 The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be,  
 Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle Shepherd sing,  
 And heavy Woe within soft Numbers bring:  
 And now that Sheep-hook for my Song I crave,

## A R G O L.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,  
 Of season'd Elm; where Studs of Brass appear,  
 To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year;  
 The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,  
 And richly by-the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O, *Colinet*, how sweet thy Grief to hear!  
 How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear!  
 Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move  
 In drowsie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;  
 Not dropping Waters, that in Grotts distil,  
 And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:  
 So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste  
 Their dying Breath, and waible to the last.  
 And next to thee shall *Mico* bear the Bell,  
 That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see; the Hills increasing Shadows cast:  
 The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:  
 His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,  
 And blueish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

## M I C O.

Then send our Curs to gather up the Sheep;  
 Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes should sleep;  
 For, he that late lyes down, as late will rise,  
 And, Sluggard like, 'till Noon-day snoring lyes;  
 While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,  
 And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.



*The Fifth* PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

**I**N Rural Strains we first our Musick try,  
 And, bashful, into Woods and Thickets fly,  
 Distrustful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time  
 Our Voice improving gain a Pitch sublime;  
 Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, shall engage  
 My riper Verse, and my more settled Age.

The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,  
 Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,  
 When, with the Flocks, their Feeders sought the Shade,  
 A venerable Oak, wide-spreading, made.  
 What should they do to pass the loit'ring Time?  
 As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:  
 And some the Joys, and some the Pains of Love,  
 And some to set out strange Adventures strove;  
 The Trade of Wizzards some, and *Merlin's* Skill,  
 And whence to Charms such Empire o'er the Will.  
 Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel  
 In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* Reign,  
 There liv'd, in great Esteem a jolly Swain,  
 Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and sing,  
 And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.  
 He, as his Custom was, at Leisure laid  
 In silent Shade, without a Rival plaid.  
 Drawn by the Magick of th' enticing Sound,  
 What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!  
 The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures, wild  
 By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.  
 He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,  
 And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the rest, a Nightingale of Fame,  
 Jealous, and fond of Praise, to listen came.

She turn'd her Ear; and emulous, with Pride,  
 Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.  
 The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,  
 To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.  
 To all his various Strain she shapes her Throat,  
 And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.  
 If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,  
 Or brisker Motion to his Measures gives;  
 If gentle Sounds he modulates, or strong,  
 She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:  
 But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd  
 His Pipe and Skill, so much by others priz'd.  
 And, sweetest Songster of the winged Kind,  
 What thanks, said he, what Praises can I find  
 To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee  
 The Rudeness of my rural Fife I see;  
 From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill:

Aloft in Air she sate, provoking still  
 The vanquish'd Swain: Provok'd at last, he strove  
 To shew the little Minstrel of the Grove  
 His utmost Art; if so some small Esteem  
 He might obtain, and Credit lost, redeem.  
 He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill;  
 Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard so shrill.  
 From Note to Note in haste his Fingers fly;  
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply;  
 And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,  
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprise.

Attentive she does scarce the Sounds retain,  
 But to her self first conns the puzzling Strain;  
 And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays  
 The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;  
 Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,  
 And adds in Sweetness, what she wants in Strength.

Then *Colin* threw his Fife disgrac'd aside;  
 While she loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide  
 Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more?  
 A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:

The Harp it self was old, but newly strung,  
 Which usual he a-crofs his Shoulders hung.  
 Now take, delightful Bird, my last Farewel,  
 He said; and learn from hence, thou dost excel  
 No trivial Artist. And at that he wound  
 The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.  
 Then earnest to his Instrument he bends,  
 And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.  
 The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,  
 The lower answ'ring still to those above.  
 His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,  
 And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;  
 Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,  
 Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass,  
 And melting Airs arise at their Command:  
 And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand  
 He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,  
 And gives the swelling Tones a manly Grace:  
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,  
 While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,  
 And pos'd, she does her troubled Spirit vex.  
 She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
 And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.  
 Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.  
 She, with the fatal Love of Glory stung,  
 Hears all in Pain: Her Heart begins to swell;  
 In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell  
 Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies  
 His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher rise.  
 How shall she bear a Conqu'ror, who before  
 No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore?  
 She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,  
 And fetches from her Breast melodious Groans.  
 Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great to quell,  
 Down breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,  
 And unavailing Tears profusely shed,

And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;  
 And, best to make Atonement for the Ill,  
 (If for such Ill Atonement might be made)  
 He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:  
 Then adds a Verse, and sets with Flow'rs the Ground;  
 And makes a Fence of winding Ofiers round:  
 A Verse and Tomb is all I now can give,  
 And here thy Name at least, he said, shall live.  
 Thus ended *Cuddy* with the setting Sun,  
 And by his Tale unenvy'd Praises won.

The Sixth PASTORAL.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the Sea! behold; how calm the Sky!  
 And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly!  
 My Goats, secure from Harm, no Tendance need,  
 While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:  
 And here below, the banky Shore along,  
 Your Heifers graze: And I to hear your Song  
 Dispos'd. As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin;  
 And *Lanquet's* Under-Song by Turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,  
 Or Kid; or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;  
 For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside:  
 And, whose the Praise, let *Geron's* Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:  
 Unbias'd he, to both is equal Friend.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;  
 Nor fear, from *Geron's* upright Sentence, Wrong.  
 A boxen Haut-boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,  
 All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,

To the Victor give: No small Reward,  
If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

H O B B I N O L.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain  
Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;  
Soft balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:  
The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

L A N G U E T.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;  
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;  
The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:  
Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring.

H O B B I N O L.

When Locusts in the feary Bushes cry,  
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;  
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;  
Else shall ye press the spongy Teat in vain.

L A N G U E T.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see  
The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,  
And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,  
Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

H O B B I N O L.

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I praise  
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion's* Golden Days.  
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend;  
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

L A N G U E T.

Thrice happy Shepherds now: For *Dorset* loves  
The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves;  
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may she reign!  
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

H O B B I N O L.

I love in secret all a beautiful Maid,  
And have my Love in secret all repaid.  
This coming Night she does reserve for me,  
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

L A N Q U E T.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmless as the Dove,  
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.  
How we in secret love, I shall not say.  
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

H O B B I N O L.

Soft, on a Cowslip Bank, my Love and I  
Together lay: A Brook ran murm'ring by.  
A thousand tender things to me she said;  
And I a thousand tender Things repaid.

L A N Q U E T.

In Summer Shade, beneath the cocking Hay,  
What soft, endearing Words did she not say?  
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, she kindly spread,  
And stroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

H O B B I N O L.

Breath soft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow;  
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow;  
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by;  
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lye.

L A N Q U E T.

Once *Delia* slept, on easie Moss reclin'd;  
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:  
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss.  
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiss.

H O B B I N O L.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;  
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong Eye:  
Then swift beneath the crystal Wave she try'd  
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

L A N Q U E T.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry Day,  
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.  
The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

H O B B I N O L.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,  
Young *Lyset* lead the Dance on yonder Green;



Intent upon her Beauties as she mov'd,  
 Poor, heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

L A N Q U E T.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swetting Breast,  
 And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest;  
 Unable to refrain my madding Mind,  
 Nor Sheep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.

H O B B I N O L.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For, without thee,  
 What Pleasure can the Country have for me?  
 Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,  
 My snowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine.

L A N Q U E T.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs,  
 Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.  
 Come *Rosalind*: Here ever let us stay,  
 And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

H O B B I N O L.

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,  
 The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow;  
 There is no Herb; no Season, may remove  
 From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

L A N Q U E T.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,  
 And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will:  
 Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay  
 The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

H O B B I N O L.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes:  
 To purchase Credit with succeeding Times!  
 Sweet *Colin Clout*! who never yet had Peer,  
 Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

L A N Q U E T.

Let me like *Wrenock* sing; his Voice had Pow'r  
 To free th' eclipsing Moon at Midnight Hour:  
 And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,  
 In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

Here end your pleasing Strife. Both Victors are;  
 And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.  
 A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,  
 All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,  
 To both I give. A mizling Mist descends  
 Adown that steepy Rock: And this way tends  
 Yon distant Rain. Shore-ward the Vessels strive;  
 And, see, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive.

---

## True GREATNESS.

*Prodesse quam Conspici.*

**G**IVE me a Soul so great, so high,  
 Let her Dimension stretch the Sky:  
 That comprehends within a Thought,  
 The whole extent 'twixt God and Nought.  
 And from the World's first Birth and Date,  
 Its Life and Death can calculate:  
 With all th' Adventures that shall pass,  
 To ev'ry Atom of the Mass.

But let her be as Good as Great,  
 Her highest Throne a Mercy-Seat.  
 Soft and dissolving like a Cloud,  
 Losing her self in doing good.  
 A Cloud that leaves its place above,  
 Rather than dry, and useles move:  
 Falls in a showre upon the Earth,  
 And gives ten thousand Seeds a Birth.  
 Hangs on the Flow'rs, and infant Plants,  
 Sucks not their Sweets, but feeds their Wants.  
 So let this mighty Mind diffuse  
 All that's her own to others use;  
 And free from private Ends, retain  
 Nothing of Self; not a bare Name.

*The Ninth Book of LUCAN.**Translated from the Latin by Mr. ROWE.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short Account of Cato's gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son Sextus of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's Camp, where he meets his elder Brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the Poet describes the Rage of the elder Pompey, and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a Description of the Syrts, and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows Cato's Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march through the Desarts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's Persuasion to Cato to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and Cato's famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon Cato, the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in Aftick; and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Caesar, whom he brings*

into Ægypt, after having shewn him the Ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular. Cæsar, upon his Arrival on the Coast of Ægypt, is met by an Ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's Head. He receives the Present (according to Lucan) with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortunes of so great a Man.

**N**OR in the dying Embers of its Pile  
 Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of Nile,  
 Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts restrain'd,  
 Amidst its wretched Reliques was detain'd;  
 But active, and impatient of delay, [its way,  
 Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upwards urg'd  
 Far in those Azure Regions of the Air  
 Which border on the rowling starry Sphere,  
 Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,  
 Where *Cynthia* drives around her Silver Light;  
 Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods possess,  
 Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Blis;  
 Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,  
 Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace, }  
 Divine, and equal to the glorious Place:  
 There *Pompey's* Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,  
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.  
 New to the blest Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,  
 The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;  
 Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,  
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day, }  
 And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.  
 But when he saw, how on the Shoar forlorn  
 His headless Trunk was cast for publick Scorn;  
 When he beheld, how envious Fortune still  
 Took Pains to use a senseless Carcass ill,  
 He smil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,  
 And pity'd impotent Mankind below.

Then lightly passing o'er *Amathia's* Plain,  
 His flying Navy scatter'd on the Main,  
 And cruel *Cesar's* Tents; he fix'd at last  
 His Residence in *Brutus's* sacred Breast;  
 There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he sate,  
 The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;  
 There mournful *Rome* might still her *Pompey* find,  
 There, and in *Cato's* free unconquer'd Mind.

He, while in deep suspense the World yet lay,  
 Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,  
 Hatred avow'd to *Pompey's* self did bear,  
 Tho' his Companion in the Common War,  
 Tho' by the Senate's just Command they stood  
 Engag'd together for the Publick Good;  
 But dread *Pharsalia* did all Doubts decide,  
 And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side.  
 His helpless Country, like an Orphan left,  
 Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,  
 He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,  
 He comforted, he bad her not to fear; [of War. }  
 And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade }  
 Nor lust of Empire did his Courage sway,  
 Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:  
 Passions and private Int'rest he forgot;  
 Not for himself, but Liberty he fought.  
 Streight to *Corcyra's* Port his way he bent,  
 The swift advancing Victor to prevent;  
 Who marching sudden on, to new Success,  
 The scatter'd Legions might with ease oppress;  
 There, with the Ruins of *Amathia's* Field,  
 The flying Host, a thousand Ships he fill'd.  
 Who that from Land with Wonder had descri'd  
 The Passing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,  
 Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant Ocean spread,  
 Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled?  
*Malea* o'erpass'd, and the *Tanarian* Shore,  
 With swelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore:

Then *Crete* he saw, and with a Northern Wind  
 Soon left the fam'd *Distæan* Isle behind.  
 Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine's* churlish Pride,  
 (Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)  
 The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he pass'd,  
 Laid their unhospitable City waste;  
 Thence wafted forward, to the Coast he came  
 Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.

(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone  
 Can boast, since *Libya's Palinure* has shown  
 Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)  
 From hence they soon descry, with doubtful Pain,  
 Another Navy on the distant Main.

Anxious they stand, and now expect the Foe,  
 Now, their Companions in the publick Woe;  
 The Victor's haste enclines 'em most to fear,  
 Each Vessel seems a hostile Face to wear,  
 And ev'ry sail they 'spy, they fancy *Cesar* there.  
 But oh! Those Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,  
 A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:  
 Sorrows, that might Tears ev'n from *Cato* gain,  
 And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.

When long the sad *Cornelia's* Pray'rs, in vain,  
 Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,  
 With *Sextus* long had strove, and long implor'd,  
 To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;  
 The Waves perchance, might the dear Pledge restore,  
 And waft him bleeding from the faithless Shore:  
 Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inspire,  
 'Till she beholds her *Pompey's* fun'ral Fire,  
 'Till on the Land she sees th' ignoble Flame  
 Ascend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;  
 Then into just Complaints at length she broke,  
 And thus with pious Indignation spoke.

Oh Fortune! dost thou then disdain t' afford  
 My Love's last Office to my dearest Lord?  
 Am I one chaste, one last Embrace deny'd?  
 Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold side,  
 Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?

Am I unworthy the sad Torch to bear,  
 To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?  
 To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,  
 And place it decent on the fatal Pile?  
 Shall not his Bones and sacred Dust be born,  
 In this sad Bosom, to their peaceful Urn?  
 Whate'er the last consuming Flame shall leave,  
 Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,  
 And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?  
 Perhaps, this last Respect which I should show,  
 Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now bestow,  
 Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.  
 Happy, my *Crassus*, were thy Bones, which lay  
 Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beasts o' Prey.  
 Here the last Rites the cruel Gods allow,  
 And for a Curse my *Pompey's* Pile bestow.  
 For ever will the same sad Fate return?  
 Still an unburied Husband must I mourn,  
 And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?  
 But why should Tombs be built, or Urns be made?  
 Does Grieflike mine require their feeble Aid?  
 Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch, within thy Heart,  
 And fix'd in ev'ry dearest vital Part?  
 O'er Monuments surviving Wives may grieve,  
 She ne'er will need 'em, who disdains to live.  
 But oh! behold where yon malignant Flames  
 Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:  
 From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they rise,  
 And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;  
 And now they sink, the languid Lights decay,  
 The cloudy Smoak all Eastward rolls away,  
 And wafts my Heroe to the Rising Day.  
 Me too the Winds demand, with freshning Gales,  
 Envious they call, and stretch the swelling Sails.  
 No Land on Earth seems dear as *Egypt* now,  
 No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did bestow,  
 And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey's* Brow.

That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is lost,  
 He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coast ;  
 He, only he, is all I now demand,  
 For him I linger near this cursed Land :  
 Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,  
 I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.  
 Thou, *Sextus*, thou shalt prove the Chance of War, }  
 And thro' the World thy Father's Ensigns bear, }  
 Then hear his last Command, entrusted to my Care. }  
 " When e'er my last, my fatal Hour shall come,  
 " Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome* ;  
 " While one shall of our Free-born Race remain,  
 " Let him prevent the Tyrant *Cæsar's* Reign.  
 " From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,  
 " Their warlike Aid in *Pompey's* Name demand.  
 " These are the Parties, these the Friends he leaves,  
 " This Legacy your dying Father gives.  
 " If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear, }  
 " A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there, }  
 " Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, shall wage my War. }  
 " Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight,  
 " And, like your Father, still defend the Right.  
 " To *Caro*, if for Liberty he stand, }  
 " Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand, }  
 " Brave, Just, and only worthy to command. }  
 At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Just,  
 I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my Trust ;  
 Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,  
 To follow thee, a willing Shade I go :  
 If longer with a lingring Fate I strive, }  
 'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive, }  
 'Tis to be Curs'd, for daring to survive. }  
 She, who could bear to see thy Wounds, and live,  
 New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief shall give.  
 Nor need she fly for Succour to the Sword,  
 The steepy Precipice, and deadly Cord ;  
 She from her self shall find her own Relief,  
 And scorns to die of any Death but Grief.



So said the Matron; and about her Head  
 Her Veil she draws, her mournful Eyes to shade;  
 Resolv'd to shroud in thickest Shades her Woe,  
 She seeks the Ship's deep darksome Hold below,  
 There lonely left, at leisure to complain,  
 She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;  
 Still with fresh Tears the living Grief does feed,  
 And fondly loves it, in her Husband's stead.  
 In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,  
 And swelling *Eurus* grumbles in the Shroud;  
 Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,  
 Nor all the noisic Cries of Fear can move:  
 In sullen Peace compos'd for Death she lyes,  
 And waiting, longs to hear the Tempest rise;  
 Then hopes the Seamens Vows shall all be crost,  
 Prays for the Storm, and wishes to be lost.

Soon from the *Pharian* Coast the Navy bore,  
 And sought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;  
 Soft Eastern Gales prevailing thence alone,  
 To *Cato's* Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.  
 With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft we know,  
 A sad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)  
*Pompey*, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,  
 Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:  
 Straight to the Beach with headlong haste he flies,  
 Where is our Father, *Sexsus*, where? he cries:  
 Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?  
 Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?  
 Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?  
 And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?  
 He said; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;  
 O happy thou, whom Lands and Seas divide }  
 From Woes, which did to these sad Eyes betide. }  
 These Eyes! which of their Horror still complain,  
 Since they beheld our Godlike Father slain.  
 Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,  
 Nor suffer'd him to fall by *Cesar's* Sword.

Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,  
 He dy'd, oppress'd by vile *Egyptian* odds:  
 By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile's* slimy Wave.  
 He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.  
 Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;  
 These Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:  
 Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my Fear,  
 Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd so greatly dare;  
 But still I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæsar* there. }  
 But oh! not all his Wounds so much did move,  
 Pierc'd my sad Soul, and struck my Filial Love,  
 As that his venerable Head they bear,  
 Their wanton Trophy fix'd upon a Spear;  
 Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis shown the Vulgar's Sport,  
 And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.  
 'Tis said, that *Ptolemy* preserves this Prize,  
 Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.  
 The Body, whether rent or born away,  
 By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey;  
 Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,  
 Or by those wretched Flames, we saw, consum'd;  
 Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive: }  
 That Crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave,  
 'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.  
 Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm  
 With noble Fury, calls aloud to Arm;  
 Nor seeks in Sighs and helpless Tears Relief,  
 But thus in pious Rage express'd his Grief.  
 Hence all aboard, and haste to put to Sea,  
 Urge on against the Winds our adverse way;  
 With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,  
 Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.  
*Pompey's* unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,  
 Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid.  
 Let *Egypt's* Tyrant pour a purple Flood,  
 And sooth the Ghost with his inglorious Blood.  
 Not *Alexander* shall his Priests defend,  
 Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he shall descend:

In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,  
 Deep in the sluggish Waves the Royal Carcass drown.  
 From his proud Pyramid *Amasis* torn,  
 With his long Dynasties my Rage shall mourn,  
 And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.  
 Each stately Tomb and Monumental Stone,  
 For thee, unburied *Pompey*, shall atone.  
*Isis* no more shall draw the cheated Crowd,  
 Nor God *Osiris* in his Linnen Shroud;  
 Stript of their Shrines, with scorn they shall be cast  
 To be by ignominious Hands defac'd:  
 Their holy *Apis* of immortal Breed,  
 To *Pompey's* Dust a Sacrifice shall bleed,  
 While burning Deities the Flame shall feed.  
 Waste shall the Land be laid, and never know  
 The Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow;  
 None shall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:  
 'Till the Gods banish'd, and the People gone,  
*Egypt* to *Pompey* shall be left alone.

He said; then hasty to Revenge he flew,  
 And Seaward out the ready Navy drew,  
 But cooler *Cato* did the Youth assuage,  
 And praising much, compress'd his filial Rage.

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,  
 With mournful Cries for *Pompey's* Death resound,  
 A rare Example have their Sorrows shown,  
 Yet in no Age beside, nor People known,  
 How falling Pow'r did with Compassion meet,  
 And Crowds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.  
 But when the sad *Cornelia* first appear'd,  
 When on the Deck her mournful Head she rear'd,  
 Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,  
 With all the Pomp of Grief's disorder'd Grace;  
 When they beheld her wasted quite with Woe,  
 And spent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,  
 Again they feel their Loss, again complain,  
 And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.

Soon as she landed on the friendly Strand,  
 Her Lord's last Rites employ her pious Hand;  
 To his dear Shade she builds a fun'ral Pile,  
 And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.  
 There shone his Arms with antick Gold inlaid,  
 There the rich Robes which she her self had made,  
 Robes thrice to Capitolian *Jove* display'd: }  
 The Relicks of his past victorious Days }  
 Now this his latest Trophy serve to raise,  
 And in one common Flame together blaze. }  
 Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:  
 The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;  
 To every valiant Friend a Pile they build,  
 That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharfalia's* Field;  
 Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,  
 And, grateful to the wandring Shades, ascend.  
 So when *Appulian* Hinds with Art renew  
 The wintry Pastures to their verdant Hew,  
 That Flow'rs may rise, and springing Grass return,  
 With spreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,  
*Garganius* then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,  
 And draw the distant wondring Swains to gaze;  
 Far are the glitt'ring Fires descri'd by Night,  
 And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd  
 That spoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,  
 That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,  
 And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;  
 Not all the Marks of the wild Peoples Love,  
 The Hero's Soul, like *Caro's* Praise, could move;  
 Few were his Words, but from an honest Heart,  
 Where Faction and where Favour had no part, }  
 But Truth made up for Passion and for Art.

We've lost a *Roman* Citizen (he said)  
 One of the noblest of that Name is dead;  
 Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,  
 Nor by their strictest Rules of Justice bound,

Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,  
 He, for his Country's good, transgress'd her Law }  
 To keep a bold Licentious Age in Awe.

*Rome* held her Freedom still, tho' he was great,  
 He sway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.  
 When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain, }  
 He chose his private Station to retain,  
 That all might free, and equal all remain.

War's boundless Pow'r he never sought to use,  
 Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse :  
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his Store, }  
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,  
 And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor. }

He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to Charm,  
 And lov'd Peace best, when he was forc'd to Arm ;  
 Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,  
 He took with Joy, but laid it down with more ;  
 His chaster Household and his frugal Board, }  
 Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury afford,  
 Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord. }

His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown, }  
 Was venerably round the Nations known, [shone. }  
 And as *Rome's* fairest Light and brightest Glory }  
 When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* tost,  
 The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom lost,  
 Some shadow yet was left, some shew of Pow'r ;  
 Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more :  
 Senate and People all at once are gone,  
 Nor need the Tyrant blush to mount the Throne.

Oh happy *Pompey* ! happy in thy Fate,  
 Happy by falling with the falling State,  
 Thy Death a benefit the Gods did grant, [want.  
 Thou might'st have liv'd those *Pharian* Swords to  
 Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain, }  
 Nor liv'st to see thy *Julia's* Father Reign ; }  
 Free Death is Man's first Bliss, the next is to be slain. }  
 Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,  
 (If Fortune should ordain me *Juba's* Slave)

To *Cesar* let him shew, but shew me dead,  
And keep my Carcase, so he takes my Head.

He said, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,  
More than a thousand Orators could do,  
Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,  
And *Rome's* full *Forum* with his Praise had rung.

But Discord now infects the sullen Crowd,  
And now they tell their Discontents aloud;  
When *Tarchon* first his flying Ensigns bore,  
Call'd out to march and hasten'd to the Shore;  
Him *Cato* thus, pursuing as he mov'd,  
Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.

Oh restless Author of the roving War,  
Dost thou again Piratick Arms prepare?  
*Pompey*, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,  
And now thou hop'st to rule the Seas alone.

He said, and bent his Frown upon the rest,  
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief address'd,  
And thus their weariness of War confess'd.

For *Pompey's* sake (nor thou disdain to hear)  
This Civil War we wage, these Arms we bear;  
Him we prefer'd to Peace: But (*Cato*) now,  
That Cause, that Master of our Arms lyes low.  
Let us no more our absent Country mourn,  
But to our Homes and Household-Gods return;  
To the chaste Arms from whose Embrace we fled,  
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.  
For oh! what Period can the War attend, [end?  
Which nor *Pharsalia's* Field nor *Pompey's* Death can  
The better Times of flying Life are past,  
Let Death come gently on in Peace at last.  
Let Age at length with providential Care  
The necessary Pile and Urn prepare.  
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies,  
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.  
Tho' vanquish'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand  
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,  
Nor are our Necks by Fortune now bespoke,  
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke;

The Victor still a Citizen we own,  
 And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.  
 While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;  
*Cæsar* was next, and him we now obey;  
 With Reverence be the sacred Shade ador'd,  
 But War has giv'n us now another Lord,  
 To *Cæsar* and superior Chance we yield:  
 All was determin'd in *Emathia's* Field.  
 Not shall our Arms on other Leaders wait,  
 Nor for uncertain Hopes molest the State,  
 We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate. }  
 What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,  
 But what the Victor's Mercy shall allow?  
 Once *Pompey's* Presence justify'd the Cause,  
 Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws;  
 With him the Honours of that Cause lye dead,  
 And all the Sanctity of War is fled.  
 If, *Cato*, thou for *Rome* these Arms dost bear,  
 If still, thy Country only be thy Care,  
 Seek we the Legions where *Rome's* Ensigns fly,  
 Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high,  
 No matter who to *Pompey's* Pow'r succeeds,  
 We follow where a *Roman* Consul leads.

Thus said, he leap'd Aboard; the youthful Sort  
 Join in his Flight, and haste to leave the Port;  
 The senseless Crowd their Liberty disdain,  
 And long to wear victorious *Cæsar's* Chain;  
 Tyrannick Pow'r now sudden seem'd to threat  
 The ancient Glories of *Rome's* free-born State, }  
 'Till *Cato* spoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.

Did then your Vows and servile Pray'rs conspire  
 Nought but a haughty Master to desire?  
 Did you, when eager for the Battel, come  
 The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?  
 Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,  
 And idly lay your useles Armour by;  
 Your Hands neglect to wield the shining Sword,  
 Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord,

Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to Sweat;  
 Your selves you know not, or at least forget,  
 And fondly bleed, that others may be great;  
 Meanly you toil to give your selves away,  
 And die to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.  
 The Gods and Fortune do at length afford  
 A Cause most worthy of a *Roman* Sword.  
 At length 'tis safe to conquer. *Pompey* now  
 Cannot by your Success too Potent grow;  
 Yet now ignobly you with-hold your Hands,  
 When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.  
 Of three who durst the sovereign Pow'r invade,  
 Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;  
 And shall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow  
 Do more for Liberty and *Rome* than you?  
 Base as ye are, in vile Subjection go,  
 And scorn what *Ptolemy* did ill bestow.  
 Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,  
 You durst not stain your hardy Hands in Blood;  
 Feebly a while you fought, but soon did yield,  
 And fled the first from dire *Pharsalia's* Field;  
 Go then secure, for *Cesar* will be good,  
 Will pardon those who are with Ease subdu'd;  
 The pitying Victor will in Mercy spare  
 The Wretch, who never durst provoke his War.  
 Go, fordid Slaves; one lordly Master gone,  
 Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son.  
 Still to enhance your servile Merit more,  
 Bear sad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;  
 Meanly for Hire expose the Matron's Life,  
*Metellus* Daughter sell, and *Pompey's* Wife;  
 Take too his Sons: Let *Cesar* find in you  
 Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolemy* out-do.  
 Eut let not my devoted Life be spar'd,  
 The Tyrant greatly shall that Deed reward;  
 Such is the Price of *Caro's* hated Head,  
 That all your former Wars shall well be paid;  
 Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cesar* Right,  
 'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight,



He said, and stopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;  
 Back they return'd repenting to the Shore.  
 As when the Bees their waxen Town forsake,  
 Careless in Air their wandring way they take,  
 No more in clustring Swarms condens'd they fly,  
 But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;  
 No more from Flow'rs they suck the liquid Sweet,  
 But all their Cares and Industry forget:  
 Then if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,  
 With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear;  
 Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,  
 Hang on the Thyme, and sip the balmy Dew.  
 Mean time, secure on *Hybla's* fragrant Plain,  
 With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;  
 Proud that his Art had thus preserv'd his Store,  
 He scorns to think his homely Cottage poor.  
 With such prevailing force did *Caro's* Care  
 The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,  
 To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repose,  
 With busie Toil to exercise he chose;  
 Still with successive Labours are they ply'd,  
 And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.  
 Before *Cyrene's* Walls they now sit down;  
 And here the Victor's Mercy well was shown,  
 He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;  
 Patient he spares, and bids the Vanquish'd live,  
 Since *Caro*, who could conquer, could forgive.  
 Hence, *Libyan Juba's* Realms they mean t' explore,  
*Juba*, who borders on the swarthy Moor;  
 But Nature's Boundaries the Journey stay,  
 The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle way;  
 Yet led by daring Virtue on they press,  
 Scorn Opposition, and still hope Success.

When Nature's Hand the first Formation try'd,  
 When Seas from Lands she did at first divide,  
 The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,  
 A mingled Mass uncertain still she left;

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-spread,  
 Nor sink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,  
 Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.  
 The Site with neither, and with each complies,  
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lyes;  
 Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,  
 Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;  
 Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune's* Rule we find,  
 And there an inland Ocean lags behind.  
 Thus Nature's purpose by her self destroy'd,  
 Is-useless to her self and unemploy'd,  
 And part of her Creation still is void.  
 Perhaps when first the World and Time began,  
 Here swelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran,  
 But long confining on the burning Zone,  
 The sinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun;  
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,  
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of Day,  
 Perhaps, in distant Ages, 'twill be found,  
 When future Suns have run the burning round,  
 These *Syrts* shall all be dry and solid Ground:  
 Small are the Depths their scanty Waves retain,  
 And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.  
 And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars  
 Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores.  
 When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm presage,  
 And *Auster* from the South began to rage,  
 Full from the Land the sounding Tempest roars,  
 Repels the swelling Surge, and sweeps the Shores;  
 The Wind pursues, drives on the rolling Sand,  
 And gives new Limits to the growing Land;  
 'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails,  
 In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,  
 In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em fast,  
 At once it rips and rends 'em from the Mast;  
 At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,  
 Then whirl and whisk it thro' the sportive Air,  
 Some timely for the rising Rage prepar'd,  
 Furl the loose Sheet, and lash it to the Yard:

In vain their Care; sudden the furious Blast  
 Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Mast;  
 Of Tackling, Sails, and Mast, at once bereft,  
 The Ship a naked helpless Hull is left.  
 Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd way;  
 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling Sea.  
 But happier some a steady Course maintain,  
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper Main.  
 Their Masts they cut, and driving with the Tide,  
 Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempest ride;  
 In vain did from the Southern Coast their Foe,  
 All black with Clouds, old stormy *Auster* blow;  
 Lowly secure amidst the Waves they lay,  
 Them did old Ocean 'spight of Winds convey,  
 Heav'd his broad Back, and roll'd 'em on their way.  
 Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand,  
 Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.  
 Now pent amidst the Shoals the Billows roar,  
 Dash on the Banks, and scorn the new-made Shore:  
 Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they swell,  
 The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel:  
 Still with united Force they rage in vain,  
 The sandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,  
 And lift their Heads secure amidst the watry Plain.  
 There'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand,  
 With weeping Eyes the shipwreck'd Seamen stand,  
 And cast ashore, look vainly out for Land.  
 Thus some were lost; but far the greater part  
 Preserv'd from danger by the Pilot's Art,  
 Keep on their Course, a happier Fate partake,  
 And reach in safety the *Tritonian* Lake.  
 These Waters to the tuneful God are dear,  
 Whose vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;  
 These *Pallas* loves, so tells reporting Fame,  
 Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddess came,  
 (Heav'n's Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,  
 And speaks the nearer *Sun's* immediate Rays)

Here her first Footsteps on the brink she staid,  
 Here in the watry Glafs her Form survey'd,  
 And call'd her self, from hence, the chaste *Tri-*  
*tonian* Maid.

Here *Lethe's* Streams from secret Springs below,  
 Rise to the Light; here heavily, and slow,  
 The silent dull forgetful Waters flow;  
 Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,  
*Hesperian* Plants grew rich with living Gold;  
 Long since the Fruit was from the Branches torn,  
 And now the Gardens their lost Honours mourn:  
 Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,  
 Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;  
 Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,  
 Or dare to question, now, the Poet's sacred Song:  
 Then take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood,  
 Here under golden Boughs low bending stood;  
 On some large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,  
 The fair *Hesperian* Virgins watch'd around,  
 And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground;  
 But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,  
 Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;  
 Then back returning sought the *Argive* Shore,  
 And the bright Spoil to proud *Euristheus* bore.

These famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpass,  
 They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coast at last;  
 Here under *Pompey's* Care the Navy lyes,  
 The gentlest Clime beneath the *Libyan* Skies.

But *Cato's* Soul, by Dangers unrestrain'd,  
 Ease and a dull unactive Life disdain'd.  
 His daring Virtue urges to go on  
 Thro' Desert Lands, and Nations yet unknown;  
 To march, and prove th' inhospitable Ground,  
 To shun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.  
 Since now tempestuous Seasons vex the Sea,  
 And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;  
 He sees the cloudy drizzling Winter near,  
 And hopes kind Rains may cool the sultry Air:

So happ'ly may they journey on secure,  
 Nor burning Heats, nor killing Frosts endure ;  
 But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath supplies }  
 With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may rise, }  
 And both may join and temper well the Skies.

But e'er the toilsom March he undertook,  
 The Heroe thus the listning Hoast bespoke :

Fellows in Arms ! whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good  
 Is *Rome's* Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood ;  
 You, who, to die with Liberty, from far  
 Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,  
 Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd,  
 For Labours many, perillous and hard.

Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go, }  
 No leafie Shades the naked Desarts know, }  
 Nor silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.

But Horrors there and various Deaths abound,  
 And Serpents guard th' unhospitable Ground.

Hard is the Way ; but thus our Fate demands ;

*Rome* and her Laws we seek amidst these Sands.

Let those who glowing with their Country's Love,

Resolve with me these dreadful Plains to prove,

Nor of Return nor Safety once debate,

But only dare to go, and leave the rest to Fate.

Think not I mean the Dangers to disguise,

Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes ;

Those, only those, shall in my Fate partake,

Who love the Daring for the Danger's sake,

Those who can suffer all that worst can come,

And think it what they owe themselves and *Rome*.

If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear ;

If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care ;

Here, e'er we journey further, let him stay,

Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey, }  
 And seek a Master in some safer way. }

Foremost, behold, I lead you to the Toil,

My Feet shall foremost print the dusty Soil :

Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day,

First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching Ray ;

Ye living Poisons all, ye snaky Train,  
 Meet me the first upon the fatal Plain.  
 In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,  
 Let me be first, and teach you how to bear.  
 Who sees me pant for Drought, or fainting first,  
 Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirst.  
 If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,  
 Me let him curse, me, for the sultry Sky.  
 If while the weary Soldier marches on,  
 Your Leader by distinguish'd Ease be known,  
 Forsake my Cause, and leave me there alone.  
 The Sands, the Serpents, Thirst, and burning Heat,  
 Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue sweet;  
 Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please,  
 Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;  
 But then she joys, then smiles upon her State,  
 Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,  
 When glorious Danger makes her truly great.  
 So *Libya's* Plains alone shall wipe away  
 The foul Dishonours of *Pharsalia's* Day;  
 So shall your Courage now, transcend that Fear:  
 You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.

He said; and hardy Love of Toil inspir'd;  
 And ev'ry Breast with Godlike Ardor fir'd.  
 Strait, careless of Return, without delay  
 Thro' the wide Waste he took his pathless Way.  
*Libya*, ordain'd to be his last Retreat,  
 Receives the Heroe, fearless of his Fate;  
 Here the good Gods his last of Labours doom,  
 Here shall his Bones and sacred Dust find room,  
 And his great Head be hid within an humble  
 Tomb.

If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,  
 Then one third Part shall sandy *Libya* claim:  
 But if we count, as Sun's descend and rise,  
 If we divide by East and West the Skies,  
 Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* shall combine,  
 And both to make the Western Half shall join,

Whilst wide-extended *Asia* fills the rest,  
 Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* possrest,  
 And reigns sole Empress of the dawning East.  
 Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindliest found  
 Far to the Western Seas extends its Bound;  
 Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,  
 And setting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky:  
 And yet ev'n here no Liquid Fountain's vein  
 Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain:  
 But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,  
 Refreshing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;  
 All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, spreads his Wing,  
 And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.  
 No wicked Wealth infects the simple Soil,  
 Nor golden Ores disclose their shining Spoil:  
 Pure is the Glebe; 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,  
 To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:  
 There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,  
 There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades bestow,  
 And hospitably skreen their Guests below.  
 Safe by their Leafy Office, long they stood  
 O sacred, old, unviolated Wood,  
 'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* past,  
 And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waste.  
 Thus utmost Lands are ransack'd, to afford  
 The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the costly Board.  
 But rude and wasteful all those Regions lye  
 That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh  
 Their sultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.  
 No Harvest, there, the scatter'd Grain repays,  
 But withering dies, and e'er it shoots decays:  
 There never loves to spring the mantling Vine,  
 Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:  
 The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,  
 Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;  
 Thro' secret Veins no temp'ring Moistures pass,  
 To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass;

But Genial *Jove* averse, disdains to smile,  
 Forgets, and curses the neglected Soil.  
 Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,  
 As ev'ry vegetable Sense were dead ;  
 Thence the wide dreary Plains one Visage wear,  
 Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear, }  
 Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.  
 Thin Herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)  
 The *Nasamonian* Hinds collect around ;  
 A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,  
 That live upon the Losses of Mankind :  
 The *Syrts* supply their Wants and Barren Soil,  
 And strow th' un hospitable Shores with Spoil.  
 Trade they have none, but ready still they stand, }  
 Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,  
 And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry distant Land. }  
 Thro' this dire Country *Cato's* Journey lay,  
 Here he pursu'd, while Virtue led the Way.  
 Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,  
 Fearless of Storms and raging Winds, by Land  
 Repeat the Dangers of the swelling Main,  
 And strive with Storms, and raging Winds again :  
 Here all at large, where nought restrains his Force,  
 Impetuous *Auster* runs his rapid Course ;  
 Nor Mountains here, nor steadfast Rocks resist,  
 But free he sweeps along the spacious List.  
 No stable Groves of ancient Oaks arise,  
 To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies ;  
 But wide around the naked Plains appear, }  
 Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air, }  
 Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.  
 The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,  
 Rising aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught ;  
 There hangs a sullen Cloud, nor falls again,  
 Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.  
 Gazing, the poor Inhabitant descries,  
 Where high above his Land and Cottage flies ;



Bereft, he fees his loft Poffeffions there,  
 From Earth transported, and now fix'd in Air.  
 Not rifing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;  
 Like Smoke by rifing Flames unlifted, light  
 The Sands afcend, and ftain the Day with Night.

But now, his utmoft Pow'r and Rage to boaft,  
 The ftormy God invades the *Roman* Hoft;  
 The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,  
 And ftaggers at the Wind's ftupendous Stroke.  
 Amaz'd he fees that Earth, which lowly lay,  
 Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.  
 Oh *Libya*! were thy pliant Surface bound,  
 And form'd a folid, clofe compacted Ground;  
 Or hadft thou Rocks, whofe Hollows deep below,  
 Wou'd draw thofe ranging Winds that loofely blow;  
 Their Fury, by thy firmer Mafs oppos'd,  
 Or in thofe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,  
 Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,  
 Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat;  
 But well thy fitting Plains have learn'd to yield,  
 Thus not contending thou thy place haft held,  
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ft the Field.  
 Helms, Spears and Shields, snatch'd from the war-  
 like Hoft,

Thro' Heaven's wide Regions far away were toft;  
 While diftant Nations, with Religious Fear,  
 Beheld 'em, as fome Prodigy in Air,  
 And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.  
 Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firft did raife  
 The pious Tale, in Priestly *Numa's* Days: [Heav'n,  
 Such were thofe Shields, and thus they came from  
 A facred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;  
 Perhaps long fince to lawlefs Winds a Prey,  
 From far Barbarians were they forc'd away;  
 Thence thro' long airy Journies fafe did come,  
 To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.  
 Thus wide o'er *Libya* rag'd the ftormy South,  
 Thus ev'ry way affail'd the *Latian* Youth:

Each sev'ral Method for Defence they try,  
 Now wrap their Garments tight, now close they lye:  
 Now sinking to the Earth, with weight they press,  
 Now clasp it to 'em with a strong Embrace.  
 Scarce in that Posture safe, the driving Blast  
 Bears hard, and almost heaves 'em off at last.

Mean time a sandy Flood comes rolling on,  
 And swelling Heaps the prostrate Legions drown;  
 New to the sudden Danger, and dismay'd,  
 The frighted Soldier hasty calls for Aid,  
 Heaves at the Hill, and struggling rears his Head.  
 Soon shoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,  
 Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:

High sandy Walls, like Forts, their Passage stay,  
 And rising Mountains intercept their Way:  
 The certain Bounds which should their Journey  
 The moving Earth and dusty Deluge hide; [guide,  
 So Landmarks sink beneath the flowing Tide.

As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,  
 Led only by *Jove's* sacred Lights above:  
 Part ev'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies,  
 Forbids their native Northern Stars to rise,  
 And shades the well-known Lustre from their Eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning Zone,  
 To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.  
 The slackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confess,  
 The Heat strikes fiercer, and the Winds grow less,  
 Whilst parching Thirst and fainting Sweats in-  
 crease.

As forward on the weary Way they went,  
 Panting with Draught, and all with Labour spent,  
 Amidst the Desert, desolate and dry,  
 One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to spy;  
 Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the scanty Store,  
 And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore:  
 Around in Crowds the thirsty Legions stood,  
 Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrew'd,  
 And all with wishful Eyes the liquid Treasure view'd.

Around

Around the Leader cast his careful Look,  
 Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,  
 Held it, and thus the Giver fierce bespoke:  
 And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most!

Am I the meanest of this *Roman* Host!  
 Am I the first soft Coward that complains!  
 That shrinks, unequal to these glorious Pains!  
 Am I in Ease and Infamy the first!

Rather be thou, Base as thou art, Accurs'd,  
 Thou that dar'st Drink, when all beside thee Thirst.  
 He said; and wrathful stretching forth his Hand,  
 Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.  
 Well did the Water thus for all provide,  
 Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,  
 A little thus the gen'ral Want supply'd.

Now to the sacred Temple they draw near,  
 Whose only Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;  
 There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,  
 A Form uncouth, stands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.  
 No regal Ensigns grace his potent Hand,  
 Nor shakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;  
 But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram  
 Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name;  
 There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone,  
 O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;  
 Tho' swarthy *Aethiops* are to him confin'd,  
 With *Araby*, the blest, and wealthy *Inde*;  
 Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are seen,  
 To blaze upon his Shrines with costly Sheen;  
 But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,  
 Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:  
 A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,  
 That keeps his Temple safe from *Roman* Gold.  
 Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya's* Space,  
 Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;  
 Here the loose Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,  
 Knit to a Mass, and moulded into Ground:

Here smiling Nature wears a fertile Dress,  
 And all Things here the present God confess.  
 Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,  
 But from his Zenith vertically shines:  
 Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,  
 Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches shield;  
 The Rays descend direct, all round embrace,  
 And to a central Point the Shadow chace.  
 Here equally the middle Line is found,  
 To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:  
 Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* rise,  
 Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the Skies;  
 Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,  
 Nor bids the *Maid* the *fishy* Sign descend.  
 The *Boys* and *Centaur* justly Time divide,  
 And equally their sev'ral Seasons guide:  
 Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,  
 Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.  
 If any farther Nations yet are known,  
 Beyond the *Libyan* Fires, and scorching Zone;  
 Northward from them the Sun's bright Course is made,  
 And to the Southward strikes the leaning Shade:  
 There flow *Boötes*, with his lazy Wain  
 Descending, seems to reach the wat'ry Main.  
 Of all the Lights which high above they see,  
 No Star whate'er from *Neptune's* Waves is free,  
 The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges  
 in the Sea.

Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,  
 Attending Crowds of Eastern Pilgrims wait:  
 These from the horned God expect Relief;  
 But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.  
 His Host, (as Crowds are Superstitious still)  
 Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill,  
 And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon's* Skill,  
 Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,  
 And from his Oracle *Rome's* Fortunes know:

But *Labiennus* chief the Thought approv'd,  
And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.

Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he said,  
Have brought *Jove's* sacred Counsels to our Aid:  
This Greatest of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,  
In each Distress shall be a sure Relief;  
Shall point the distant Dangers from afar,  
And teach the future Fortunes of the War.  
To thee, Oh *Cato*! Pious! Wise! and Just!  
Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;  
To thee their Fore-determin'd Will shall tell:  
Their Will has been thy Law, and thou hast kept  
it well.

Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought Improve;  
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.  
Inquire betimes, what various Chance shall come  
To Impious *Cæsar*, and thy native *Rome*;  
Try to avert, at least, thy Country's Doom. }  
Ask if these Arms our Freedom shall restore:  
Or else, if Laws and Right shall be no more.  
Be thy great Breast with Sacred Knowledge fraught,  
To lead us in the wandering Maze of Thought:  
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd,  
Learn what it is, how certainly Defin'd, }  
And leave some Perfect Rule to guide Mankind. }

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breast,  
The Hero thus his secret Mind express'd,  
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might  
Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell. [well

Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?  
What Mystic Fate, what Secret wou'dst thou know?  
Is it a Doubt if Death shou'd be my Doom,  
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come, }  
Rather than see a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome*? }  
Or wou'dst thou know if, what we value here,  
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?  
What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,  
More than to lengthen out the Sense of Pain?

Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,  
 The universal Malice of Mankind,  
 Can shake or hurt the brave and honest Mind?  
 If stable Virtue can her Ground maintain,  
 While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?  
 If *Good* in lazy Speculations dwell,  
 And barely be the *Will* of doing well?  
 If *Right* be independent of Success,  
 And Conquest cannot make it more nor less?  
 Are these, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dst know,  
 Those Doubts for which to Oracles we go?  
 'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,  
 And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold:  
 From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,  
 We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:  
 And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,  
 God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.  
 When first we from the teeming Womb were brought,  
 With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,  
 And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.  
 Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,  
 He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then*.  
 Can'st thou believe, the vast eternal Mind  
 Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd?  
 That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground,  
 To teach the thin Inhabitants around,  
 And leave his Truth in Wilds and Desarts drown'd?  
 Is there a Place that God would chuse to love  
 Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon Heav'n above,  
 And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove*?  
 Why seek we farther then? Behold' around,  
 How all thou see'st do's with the God abound,  
*Jove* is alike in all, and always to be found.  
 Let those weak Minds, who live in doubt and fear,  
 To juggling Priests for Oracles repair;  
 One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,  
 My fixt, my certain Soul from doubt has freed:  
 The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;  
 And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all,

So spake the Hero; and to keep his Word,  
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;  
 But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,  
 And take such Answers as the Priest shou'd give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning Sand,  
 Bearing his Arms in his own patient hand;  
 Scorning another's weary Neck to press,  
 Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease;  
 The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,  
 Where no Command, but great Example leads.  
 Sparing of Sleep, still for the Rest he wakes,  
 And at the Fountain last his Thirst he slakes;  
 Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,  
 He stands and sees the cooling Draughts go round,  
 Stays 'till the last and meanest Drudge be past,  
 And 'till his Slaves have Drunk, disdains to taste.

If true good Men deserve immortal Fame,  
 If Virtue; tho' distress'd, be still the same;  
 Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,  
 Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew, }  
 Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due.  
 Whoe'er with Battels fortunately fought,  
 Whoe'er with *Roman* Blood such Honours bought?  
 This Triumph, this on *Libya's* utmost Bound,  
 With Death and Desolation compass'd round,  
 To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,  
 Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car, }  
 To *Marius'* mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* }  
 War.

His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,  
 Worthy thy Temples, Priests, and Shrines of Gold:  
 If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain,  
 If Liberty be e'er restor'd again,  
 Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,  
 Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to those sultry Regions were they past,  
 Which *Jove* to stop enquiring Mortals plac'd, }  
 And as their utmost, Southern, Limits cast,

Thirsty, for Springs they search the Desert round,  
 And only one amidst the Sands they found;  
 Well stor'd it was, but all Access was barr'd;  
 The Stream ten thousand noxious Serpents guard:  
 Dry *Aspics* on the fatal Margin stood,  
 And *Dipsa's* thirsted in the middle Flood;  
 Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,  
 Tho' parch'd, and languishing for Drink, he dies:  
 The Chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,  
 Vainly from safe and healthy Draughts abstain,  
 My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain. }  
 When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,  
 And Venom with our vital Juices mix;  
 The Pest infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,  
 Infects the Mass, and Death is in the Wound.  
 Harmless and safe, no Poison here they shed:  
 He said; and first the doubtful Draught essay'd;  
 He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirst,  
 Demanded here alone to drink the first.

Why Plagues, like these, infest the *Libyan* Air,  
 Why Deaths unknown in various Shapes appear;  
 Why fruitful to destroy the cursed Land  
 Is temper'd thus, by Nature's secret Hand;  
 Dark and obscure the hidden Cause remains,  
 And still deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;  
 Unless a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,  
 And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where Western Waves on farthest *Libya* beat,  
 Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat, }  
 Dreadful *Medusa* fix'd her horrid Seat;  
 No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, shields  
 The rough, the squallid unfrequented Fields;  
 No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,  
 To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:  
 But rude with Rocks, the Region all around,  
 Its Mistress, and her Potent Visage own'd.  
 'Twas from this Monster to afflict Mankind,  
 That Nature first produc'd the Snaky Kind;



On her at first their forked Tongues appear'd ;  
 From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.  
 Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung ;  
 Some backwards to her Waste depended long ;  
 Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck ;  
 Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck :  
 And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,  
 Poison distills around, and Drops of livid Foam.

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain ;  
 So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain :  
 E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,  
 And Motion, Sense and Life were lost in Stone :  
 The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debar'd,  
 Congealing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd.

The Dire *Eumenides* could Rage inspire,  
 But could no more ; the tuneful *Thracian Lyre*  
 Infernal *Cerberus* did soon assuage,  
 Lull'd him to Rest, and sooth'd his triple Rage ;  
*Hydra's* sev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,  
 Safely he saw, and what he saw subdu'd :  
 Of these in various Terrors each excell'd ;  
 But all to this Superior Fury yield.

*Phorcus* and *Ceto*, next to *Neptune* he,  
 Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,  
 This Monster's Parents did their Offspring dread,  
 And from her sight her Sister *Gorgons* fled,  
 Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,  
 The universal World her Pow'r might fear :  
 All Nature's beauteous Works she cou'd invade, }  
 Thro' every Part a lazy Numness shed, }  
 And over all a stony Surface spread. }  
 Birds in their flight were stopt, and pond'rous grown,  
 Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down.  
 Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around  
 Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found.  
 No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear,  
 Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were, }  
 Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away }  
 for fear, D 4

By her a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,  
 And Heav'n by her the Gyants did subdue;  
 Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half dismay'd,  
 'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:  
 The heav'nly Nation laid aside their Fear,  
 For soon she finish'd the Prodigious War;  
 To Mountains turn'd, the Monster Race remains  
 The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegraan* Plains.

To seek this Monster, and her Fate to prove, }  
 The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*, }  
 Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above. }  
 The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes* Aid implor'd;  
 The God assisted with his Wings and Sword,  
 His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,  
 And *Io* from her cruel Keeper freed;  
 Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Sister's Aid;  
 But ask'd, for recompence, *Medusa's* Head.  
 Eastward she warns her Brother bend his flight,  
 And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;  
 Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,  
 And shews how there the Foe might be beheld.  
 Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend possess'd,  
 Such as drew on, and well might seem her last:  
 And yet she slept not whole; one half, her Snakes  
 Watchful, to guard their horrid Mistress, wakes;  
 The rest dishevel'd, loosely, round her Head,  
 And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were spread.  
 Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,  
 But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:  
 His salt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddess guides,  
 And from the Monster's Neck her snaky Head divides.  
 But oh! what Art, what Numbers can express  
 The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon's* Face!  
 What Clouds of Poison from her Lips arise!  
 What Death, what vast Destruction threaten'd in  
 her Eyes!

'Twas somewhat that immortal Gods might fear,  
 More than the warlike Maid her self could bear.

The victor *Perseus* still had been subdu'd,  
 Tho' wary still, with Eyes averse he stood;  
 Had not his heav'nly Sister's timely Care  
 Veil'd the dread Visage with the hissing Hair;  
 Seiz'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,  
 On *Hermes* nimble Wings, he took his Flight.  
 Now thoughtful of his Course, he hung in Air,  
 And meant, thro' *Europe's* happy Clime to steer;  
 'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blast  
 Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waste.  
 For who would not have upwards cast their Sight,  
 Curious to gaze at such a wond'rous Flight?  
 Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,  
 To *Libya's* Coast the Heroe minds to turn:  
 Beneath the sultry Line, expos'd it lyes  
 To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.  
 Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day  
 Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.  
 No Land more high erects its lofty Head,  
 The silver Moon in dim Eclipse to shade;  
 If thro' the Summer Signs direct she run,  
 Nor bends obliquely, North or South, to shun }  
 The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.  
 Yet cou'd this Soil accurst, this barren Field,  
 Increase of Deaths, and pois'nous Harvests yield.  
 Where-e'er sublime in Air the Victor flew,  
 The Monster's Head distill'd a deadly Dew; }  
 The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew. }  
 Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,  
 'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;  
 The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,  
 And broods upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.  
 First of those Plagues the drowzy *Asp* appear'd,  
 Then first her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;  
 A larger drop of black congealing Blood  
 Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly Brood:  
 Of all the Serpent Race are none so fell, [swell;  
 None with so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom

Chill in themselves, our colder Climes they shun,  
 And chuse to bask in *Afric's* warmer Sun;  
 But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound  
 Can for insatiate Avarice be found!

Freighted with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,  
 And pois'nous *Asps* are things of Price at *Rome*.

Her scaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhoids* unbends,  
 And her vast length along the Sands extends;  
 Where-e'er she wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood  
 Gushes resistless in a Crimson flood.

Amphibious some do in the *Syrts* abound,  
 And now on Land, in Waters now are found.

Slimy *Chelyder's* the parch'd Earth distain,  
 And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.

The spotted *Cenchrus*, rich in various Dyes,  
 Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies;  
 Not *Theban* Marbles are so gayly dress'd,  
 Nor with such party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.

Safe in his earthy Hue and dusky Skin,  
 Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unseen:  
 The † *Swimmer* there the crystal Stream pollutes;  
 And swift, thro' Air, the flying † *Favelin* shoots.

The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,  
 There casts her Coat; and there the *Dipsas* burns;  
 The *Amphisbana* doubly arm'd appears,  
 At either end a threat'ning Head she rears.  
 Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* stands,  
 And as he passes, furrows up the Sands.

The *Prester* by his foaming Jaws is known;  
 The *Seps* invades the Flesh and firmer Bone,  
 Dissolves the Mass of Man, and melts his Fabrick  
 down.

The *Basilisk*, with dreadful hissings heard,  
 And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,  
 To distance drives the Vulgar, and remains  
 The lonely Monarch of the desert Plains.

---

† Names of Serpents, *Natrix*, *Jaculum*,

And you, ye Dragons of the scaly Race,  
 Whom glittering Gold and shining Armour's grace,  
 In other Nations harmless are you found  
 Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;  
 In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,  
 On wide-expanded Wings, sublime you rear }  
 Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air. }  
 The lowing Kine in droves you chase, and cull  
 Some Master of the Herd, some mighty Bull:  
 Around his stubborn Sides your Tails you twist,  
 By force compress, and burst his brawny Chest.  
 Not Elephants are by their larger size  
 Secure, but with the rest become your Prize.  
 Resistless in your Might, you all invade,  
 And for Destruction need not Poison's Aid.

Thus, thro' a thousand Plagues around 'em spread, }  
 A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread, }  
 Thro' Thirst, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.  
 Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,  
 Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;  
 Wond'ring, he sees some small, some trivial Wound  
 Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.

*Anlus*, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,  
 Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipsas* trode;  
 Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,  
 And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.  
 Scarce did some little mark of Hurt remain,  
 And scarce he found some little sense of Pain;  
 Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear  
 That Death, with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.  
 When lo! unseen, the secret Venom spreads,  
 And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;  
 Swift Flames consume the Marrow and the Brain,  
 And the scorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;  
 Upon his Heart the thirsty Poisons prey,  
 And drain the sacred Juice of Life away;  
 No kindly floods of Moisture bathe his Tongue,  
 But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;

No trick'ling Drops distil, no dewy Sweat,  
 To ease his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat,  
 Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not supply  
 Streams for the mournful office of his Eye,  
 The never failing source of Tears was dry. }  
 Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand }  
 Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand; [mand: }  
 Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Com- }  
 For Springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,  
 For Springs, in vain, explores the Desert round,  
 For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,  
 And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.  
 Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*, }  
 Or *Nile*, whose wand'ring Streams o'er *Egypt* flow, }  
 Still wou'd he rage, still with the Fever glow. }  
 The scorching Climate to his Fate conspires,  
 And *Libya's* Sun assists the *Dipsa's* Fires.  
 Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain, he pries, }  
 Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies; }  
 The briny Seas delight, but seem not to suffice: }  
 Nor yet he knows what secret Plague he nurs'd,  
 Nor found the Poison, but believ'd it Thirst.  
 Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains,  
 Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins;  
 From ev'ry Vessel drains a Crimson Flood,  
 And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.

This *Cato* saw, and straight without delay,  
 Commands the Legions on to urge their way;  
 Nor give th' enquiring Soldier time to know  
 What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirst cou'd do.

But soon a Fate more sad, with new surprize,  
 From the first Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.  
 Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Sepe* was stung,  
 Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung:  
 Sudden the Soldier shook it from the Wound,  
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.  
 Of all the dire destructive Serpent race,  
 None have so much of Death, tho' none are less,

For straight around the Part the Skin withdrew,  
 The Flesh and shrinking Sinews backward flew,  
 And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.  
 The spreading Poisons all the Parts confound,  
 And the whole Body sinks within the Wound:  
 The brawny Thighs no more their Muscles boast,  
 But melting, all in liquid filth are lost;  
 The well knit Groin above, and Ham below,  
 Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;  
 The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,  
 No more the pressing Entrails cou'd sustain, [main. }  
 It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush a- }  
 Small Reliques of the mould'ring Mass were left,  
 At once of Substance, as of Form bereft;  
 Dissolv'd the whole in liquid Poison ran,  
 And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the Man.  
 Then burst the rigid Nerves, the manly Breast,  
 And all the texture of the heaving Chest;  
 Resistless way the conqu'ring Venom made,  
 And secret Nature was at once display'd;  
 Her sacred Privacies all open lye  
 To each prophane enquiring Vulgar Eye.  
 Then the broad Shoulders did the Pest invade,  
 Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it spread, }  
 Last sunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head. }  
 So Snows dissolv'd by Southern Breezes run,  
 So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.  
 Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known  
 To waste the Flesh, yet still they spare the Bone:  
 Here none were left, no least Remains were seen;  
 No marks to shew, that once the Man had been;  
 Of all the Plagues which curse the *Libyan* Land,  
 (If Death and Mischief may a Crown demand)  
 Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may }  
 Boast of their Pow'r to force the Soul away, }  
 Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey. }  
 A Fate of different kind *Nasidius* found,  
 A burning *Prester* gave the deadly Wound;

And straight a sudden Flame began to spread,  
 And paint his Visage with a glowing Red.  
 With swift Expansion swells the bloated Skin,  
 Nought but an undistinguish'd Mass is seen,  
 While the fair human Form lyes lost within.  
 The puffy Poison spreads, and heaves around,  
 'Till all the Man is in the Monster drown'd.  
 No more the steely Plate his Breast can stay,  
 But yields, and gives the bursting Poison way.  
 Not Waters so, when Fire the Rage supplies,  
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons rise.  
 Nor swells the stretching Canvass half so fast,  
 When the Sails gather all the driving blast,  
 Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Mast.  
 The various Parts no longer now are known,  
 One headless formless heap remains alone;  
 The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feast,  
 And leave it deadly to some hungry Beast;  
 With horror seiz'd, his sad Companions too,  
 In haste from the unbury'd Carcass flew; [grew.  
 Look'd back, but fled again, for still the Monster }  
 But fertile *Libya* still new Plagues supplies,  
 And to more horrid Monsters turns their Eyes;  
 Deeply the fierce *Hamorrhoids* imprest  
 Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus*' valiant Breast.  
 The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inspir'd,  
 Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;  
 Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to share  
 With him, each Chance of that disastrous War,  
 And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet  
 In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,  
 At once by secret Pipes and Channels fed,  
 Rich Tinctures gush from ev'ry Antique Head;  
 At once ten thousand saffron Currents flow,  
 And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:  
 So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part  
 Ran Purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting  
 Heart.



Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face  
 The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace :  
 Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,  
 There streams of Blood, there crimson Rivers stray ;  
 His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood,  
 And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood ;  
 In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,  
 And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.

*Levius*, a Colder *Aspick* bit, and frait  
 His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat ;  
 Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids seem'd to creep,  
 And lock him fast in Everlasting Sleep :  
 No sense of Pain, no Torment did he know,  
 But sunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.

Not swifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,  
 Which dire *Sabaean Aconites* produce.  
 Well may their crafty Priests divine, and well  
 The Fate, which they themselves can cause, foretel ;

Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* shot,  
 (For such, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)  
 And thro' unhappy *Paulus'* Temples flew,  
 Nor Poison, but a Wound, the Soldier flew ;  
 No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,  
 Stones from the sounding Sling, compar'd, are slow, }  
 And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow. }

A *Basilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,  
 And nail'd it dying to the sandy Plain ;  
 Along the Spear the sliding Venom ran,  
 And sudden, from the Weapon, seiz'd the Man :  
 His Hand first touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,  
 Soon he divides it with his shining Blade :  
 The Serpent's force by sad Example taught,  
 With his lost Hand, his ransom'd Life he bought ;

Who that the Scorpion's Insect Form surveys,  
 Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys ?  
 Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high ;  
 The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to dy, }  
 And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky. }

Or cou'd we the *Salpuga's* Anger dread,  
 Or fear upon her little Cave to tread?  
 Yet she the fatal Threads of Life commands,  
 And quickens oft the *Stygian* Sister's hands.

Pursu'd by Dangers, thus they pass'd away  
 The restless Night, and thus the chearless Day;  
 Ev'n Earth it self they fear'd, the common Bed,  
 Where each lay down to rest his weary Head:  
 There no kind Trees their leafy Couches strow,  
 The Sands no Turf nor mossy Beds bestow;  
 But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,  
 Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal Soil.

With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground,  
 And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.  
 While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,  
 To Man's warm Breast his snaky Foes repair,  
 And find, ungrateful Guests, a Shelter there.  
 Thence fresh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return,  
 And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the Soldier said,  
 Restore *Emathia's* Plains, from whence we fled;  
 This Grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford,  
 That we may fall beneath the hostile Sword.

The *Dipsa's* here in *Cesar's* Triumph share,  
 And fell *Cerastra* wage his Civil War.

Or let us haste away, press farther on,  
 Urge our bold Passage to the Burning Zone,  
 And Die by those *Ætherial* Flames alone.

*Africk*, thy Desarts we accuse no more,  
 Nor blame, oh Nature, thy Creating Pow'r;  
 From Man thou wisely didst these Wilds divide,  
 And for thy Monsters here alone provide;  
 A Region waste, and void of all beside.

Thy prudent Care forbad the barren Field,  
 The yellow Harvest's ripe Increase to yield;  
 Man and his Labours well thou didst deny,  
 And bad'st him from the Land of Poisons fly.  
 We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made;  
 We, this the Serpent's World did first invade;

Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,  
 Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed Clime;  
 What God foe'er, that lonely lov'st to Reign,  
 And do'st the Commerce of Mankind disdain;  
 Who, to secure thy horrid Empire's Bound,  
 Hast fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms around;  
 Here the wild Waves, there the Flames scorching  
 Breath,

And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.  
 Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear,  
 And with *Rome's* civil Rage prophane thee Here;  
 Ev'n to thy inmost Seats we strive to go,  
 And seek the Limits of the World to know.  
 Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;  
 New Deaths, new Monsters, still we go to meet.  
 Perhaps to those far Seas our Journey bends,  
 Where to the Waves the burning Sun descends;  
 Where, rushing headlong down Heav'n's Azure Steep,  
 All red he plunges in the hissing Deep.  
 Low sinks the Pole, declining from its Height,  
 And seems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.

Nor farther Lands from Fame her self are known,  
 But *Mauritanian Juba's* Realms alone.

Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,  
 Fate may discover some more dreadful Place;  
 'Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain  
 To see these Serpents, and these Sands again.

One Joy at least do these sad Regions give,  
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to Live;  
 That, by the Native Plagues, we may perceive.

Nor ask we now for *Asia's* gentler Day,  
 Nor now for *European* Suns we pray;  
 Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Absence we deplore,  
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more:  
 Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou lost?

Where have we left *Cyrene's* happy Frost?  
 Cold Skies we felt, and frosty Winter there,  
 While more than Summer Suns are raging here,  
 And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year.

Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we pass'd,  
 And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.  
 Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleasure e'er we dye,  
 Add to our harder Fate this only Joy,  
 That *Cesar* may pursue, and follow where we fly.

Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains,  
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his Pains ;  
 But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief  
 Inspire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief ;  
 All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,  
 On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lies ;  
 In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,  
 Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.  
 Unweary'd still, his common Care attends  
 On ev'ry Fate, and cheers his dying Friends :  
 With ready haste at each sad Call he flies,  
 And more than Health, or Life it self, supplies ;  
 With Virtue's noblest Precepts arms their Souls,  
 And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls :  
 Where-e'er he comes, no signs of Grief are shown ;  
 Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they disown,  
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting Groan.  
 Still urging on his Pious Cares, he strove  
 The sense of outward Evils to remove,  
 And by his Presence, taught 'em to disdain  
 The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain.

But now, so many Toils and Dangers past,  
 Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at last ;  
 Of all who scorching *Africk's* Sun endure,  
 None like the swarthy *Psyllians* are secure.  
 Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms,  
 Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poison harms :  
 Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,  
 But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,  
 And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.  
 With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd,  
 Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd ;  
 Truce with the Dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,  
 And border safely on his Realm, the Grave.

Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,  
 That oft with Asps they prove their doubtful Brood ;  
 When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,  
 The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame :  
 If subject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,  
 The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found ;  
 But if unhurt, the fearless Infant laugh ;  
 The Wife is honest, and the Husband safe.  
 So when *Jove's* Bird on some tall Cedar's head,  
 Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,  
 While yet unplum'd, within the Nest they lye,  
 Wary she turns them to the Eastern Sky :  
 Then if unequal to the God of Day,  
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray, }  
 She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away. }  
 But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,  
 Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze ;  
 Tender she broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,  
 The future Servants of her Master *Jove*.  
 Nor safe themselves, Alone, the *Psyllians* are,  
 But to their Guests extend their friendly Care.  
 First, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around }  
 Circling they pass, then Chanting, Charm the }  
 Ground, }  
 And chase the Serpents with the Mystick Sound.  
 Beyond the farthest Tents rich Fires they build,  
 That healthy Medicinal Odours yield ;  
 There foreign *Galbanum* dissolving fries,  
 And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* rise,  
 There *Tamarisk*, whom no green Leaf adorns,  
 And there the spicy *Syrian Costos* burns ;  
 There *Centory* supplies the wholesom Flame,  
 That from *Thessalian Chiron* takes its Name.  
 The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapsos* there,  
*Wound-wort* and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.  
 There the large Branches of the Long-liv'd Hart,  
 With *Southern-wood*, their Odours strong impart,

The Monsters of the Land, the Serpents fell,  
 Fly far away, and shun the Hostile Smell.  
 Securely thus they pass the Nights away;  
 And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day, }  
 The *Psyllian* Artists strait their Skill display.  
 Then strives the *Leach* the pow'r of Charms to show,  
 And bravely combats with the deadly Foe;  
 With Spittle, first he marks the Part around,  
 And keeps the Poison Pris'ner in the Wound;  
 Then sudden he begins the Magick Song,  
 And rolls the Numbers hasty o'er his Tongue.  
 Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for Breath,  
 To stop the Progress of approaching Death:  
 He fears the Cure might suffer, by Delay,  
 And Life be lost, but for a Moment's stay.  
 Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,  
 By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Mischief flies:  
 But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,  
 And scorn the Potent Charmer to obey;  
 With forceful Lips he fastens on the Wound,  
 Drains out, and spits the Venom to the Ground:  
 Thus by long Use and oft Experience taught,  
 He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;  
 He proves the Part thro' which the Poison past,  
 And knows each various Serpent, by the taste.

The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their Pains,  
 Held on their Passage thro' the Desert Plains:  
 And now the silver Empress of the Night  
 Had lost, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,  
 While *Cato*, wandring o'er the wasteful Field,  
 Patient in all his Labours, she beheld;  
 At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,  
 And shew a better Soil and Country near:  
 Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees arise,  
 And scattering Cottages delight their Eyes,  
 But when the Soldier once beheld again  
 The raging Lion shake his horrid Mane,

What hopes of better Lands his Soul possess!  
 What Joys he felt, to view the Dreadful Beast!  
*Leptis* at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,  
 There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,  
 At Ease they pass'd the Wintry Year away. }  
 }

When sated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,  
 Retiring *Cesar* left *Emathia's* Field;  
 His other Cares laid by, he sought alone  
 To trace the Footsteps of his flying Son.  
 Led by the Guidance of Reporting Fame,  
 First to the *Thracian Hellespont* he came.  
 Here Young *Leander* perish'd in the Flood,  
 And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* stood:  
 Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide,  
*Europe*, from wealthy *Asia*, do's divide.  
 From hence the Curious Victor passing o'er,  
 Admiring, sought the fam'd *Sigean* Shore.  
 There might he Tombs of *Gracian* Chiefs behold,  
 Renown'd in Sacred Verse by Bards of Old.  
 There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,  
 Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:  
 There stood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;  
 For ever Consecrate to Deathless Fame.  
 Now blasted mossy Trunks with Branches fear,  
 Brambles and Weeds, a loathsom Forest rear;  
 Where once in Palaces of Regal State,  
 Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, sate.  
 Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,  
 Majestick did the wealthy Town adorn,  
 All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,  
 And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.  
 Here *Cesar* did each Story'd Place survey,  
 Here saw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,  
*Hesione* was bound the Monster's Prey. }  
 }  
 Here, in the Covert of a secret Grove,  
 The blest *Anchises* clasp'd the Queen of Love.  
 Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here stood the Cave  
 Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;

Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born ;  
 Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn,  
 Here all that does of *Xanthus'* Stream remain,  
 Creeps a small Brook along the dusty Plain.  
 Whilst careless and securely on they pass,  
 The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to press the Grass ;  
 This Place, he said, for ever sacred keep,  
 For here the sacred Bones of *Hector* sleep.  
 Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,  
 Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:  
 Here his last Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove ;  
 Here, on this Altar of *Hercean* Jove.

O Poësie Divine! Oh sacred Song!  
 To thee, bright Fame and length of Days belong ;  
 Thou, Goddess! Thou Eternity can't give,  
 And bid secure the Mortal Heroe live.  
 Nor, *Cesar*, thou disdain, that I rehearse  
 Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verse ;  
 Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muse excel,  
 My Name, and thine Immortal, I foretel ;  
 Eternity our Labours shall reward,  
 And *Lucan* flourish, like the *Grecian* Bard ;  
 My Numbers shall to latest Times convey  
 The Tyrant *Cesar*, and *Pharsalia's* Day.

When long the Chief his wondring Eyes had cast  
 On ancient Monuments of Ages past ;  
 Of living Turf an Altar strait he made,  
 Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incense laid,  
 And thus, successful in his Vows, he pray'd. }  
 Ye Shades Divine, who keep this sacred Place,  
 And thou, *Aeneas*, Author of my Race,  
 Ye Pow'rs, who'er from burning *Troy* did come,  
 Domestick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,  
 Who still preserve your ruin'd Country's Name,  
 And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:  
 And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd ; }  
*Pallas*, who do'st thy sacred Pledge confide  
 To *Rome*, and in her inmost Temple hide ; }



Hear, and auspicious to my Vows incline,  
 To me, the greatest of the *Julian* Line:  
 Prosper my future Ways; and lo! I vow  
 Your ancient State and Honours to bestow;  
*Ansonian* Hands shall *Phrygian* Walls restore,  
 And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.  
 He said; and hasted to his Fleet away,  
 Swift to repair the Loss of this delay.  
 Up sprung the Wind, and with a fresh'ning Gale,  
 The kind North-West fill'd ev'ry swelling Sail;  
 Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew,  
 'Till *Asia's* Shores and *Rhodes* no more they view.  
 Six times the Night her Sable Round had made,  
 The seventh now passing on, the Chief survey'd }  
 High *Pharos* shining through the gloomy Shade; }  
 The Coast descry'd, he waits the rising Day,  
 Then safely to the Port directs his Way.  
 There wide with Crouds o'er-spread he sees the Shoar,  
 And Ecchoing, hears the loud tumultuous Roar.  
 Distrustful of his Fate, he gives Command  
 To stand Aloof, nor trust the doubted Land;  
 When lo! a Messenger appears, to bring  
 A fatal Pledge of Peace from *Egypt's* King:  
 Hid in a Veil, and closely cover'd o'er,  
*Pompey's* pale Visage in his Hand he bore.  
 An impious Orator the Tyrant sends,  
 Who thus, with fitting Words, the Monstrous Gift  
 commends.

Hail, first and greatest of the *Roman* Name;  
 In Pow'r most mighty, most renown'd in Fame:  
 Hail, rightly now the World's unrival'd Lord;  
 That Benefit thy *Pharian* Friends afford.  
 My King bestows the Prize thy Arms have fought,  
 For which *Pharsalia's* Field, in vain, was fought.  
 No Task remains for future Labours now;  
 Thy Civil Wars are finish'd at a Blow.  
 To heal *Thessalia's* Ruins, *Pompey* fled  
 To us for Succour, and by us lyes Dead.

Thee, *Cesar*, with this costly Pledge we buy,  
 Thee to our Friendship, with this Victim tye.  
*Egypt's* proud Scepter freely then receive,  
 Whate'er the fertile flowing *Nile* can give:  
 Accept the Treasures which this Deed has spar'd;  
 Accept the Benefit, without Reward.

Deign, *Cesar*! Deign to think my Royal Lord  
 Worthy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword.  
 In the first Rank of Greatness shall he stand;  
 He, who could *Pompey's* Destiny command:  
 Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,  
 Because not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;  
 But think, oh think, what sacred Ties were broke,  
 How Friendship pleaded, and how Nature spoke;  
 That *Pompey*, who restor'd *Aulete's* Crown,  
 The Father's antient Guest, was murder'd by the Son.  
 Then judge thy self, or ask the World and Fame,  
 If Services, like these, deserve a Name.  
 If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,  
 Think, for that Reason, *Cesar* owes the more;  
 This Blood for thee, tho' not by thee, was spilt;  
 Thou hast the Benefit, and we the Guilt.

He said, and strait the horrid Gift unveil'd,  
 And stedfast to the gazing Victor held;  
 Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all  
 o'er,  
 Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted Gore,  
 Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cesar* knew before;  
 He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal Boon,  
 Nor started from the dreadful Sight too soon;  
 A while his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,  
 Doubting they view, but shun it, when secure,  
 At length he stood convinc'd, the Deed was done;  
 He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless Son:  
 And strait the ready Tears, that stay'd 'till now,  
 Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow,  
 As if detesting, from the Sight he turns,  
 And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.

He

He fears his impious Thought should be descry'd,  
 And seeks in Tears the swelling Joy to hide.  
 Thus the curst *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were crost,  
 Thus all the Merit of his Gift was lost;  
 Thus for the Murder *Cæsar's* Thanks were spar'd,  
 He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.  
 He who, relentless, thro' *Pharsalia* rode,  
 And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;  
 He who, without one pitying Sigh, beheld  
 The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;  
 Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthless see,  
 But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.  
 Oh Mystery of Fortune, and of Fate!  
 Oh ill consoled Piety and Hate!  
 And can'st thou, *Cæsar*, then thy Tears afford,  
 To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?  
 Didst thou, for this, devote his Hostile Head  
 Pursue him Living, to bewail him Dead?  
 Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?  
 Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad *Julia's* Love?  
 And weep'st thou now? Dost thou these Tears pro-  
 To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side? [vide  
 Perhaps, with secret Rage thou do'st repine,  
 That he should fall by any Hand but thine.  
 Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolemy* has done  
 A Murder, due to *Cæsar's* hand alone.  
 What secret Springs soe'er these Currents know,  
 They ne'er by Piety were taught to flow.  
 Or didst thou kindly, like a careful Friend,  
 Pursue him Flying, only to Defend?  
 Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!  
 Well was he snatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!  
 Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,  
 Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and spar'd the *Roman*  
 Shame.

Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud,  
 And artful, thus, deceives the easie Crowd,

Hence from my Sight, nor let me see thee more;  
Haste, to thy King his fatal Gift restore.

At *Cæsar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,  
And wounded *Cæsar* worse than *Pompey* now;  
The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,  
Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,  
That noblest Prize this Civil War cou'd give,  
The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquish'd live.

Then tell your King, his Gift should be repay'd;  
I would have sent him *Cleopatra's* Head;  
But that he wishes to behold her Dead.

How has he dar'd, this *Egypt's* petty Lord,  
To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?

Did I, for this, in heat of War, distain  
With noblest Blood *Emathia's* purple Plain,  
To licence *Ptolemy's* pernicious Reign?

Did I with *Pompey* scorn the World to share?  
And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?

In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound  
Has rous'd to War the Universe around;

Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,  
Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.

If hither to your impious Shores I came,  
'Twas to assert, at once, my Power and Fame;

Lest the pale Fury *Envy* should have said,  
Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled:  
Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;

I know the Welcome you prepare to give.

*Theffalia's* Field preserves me from your Hate,  
And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey's* Fate.

What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,  
What Dangers unforeseen! What waiting Harms!

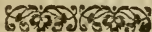
*Pompey*, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;  
See yet a Fourth, See *Ptolemy* appear;

The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear:

But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know  
Pardon and Life's the most we can bestow:

For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine,  
 And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head in shrine:  
 Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,  
 And let his Ashes in their Urn be laid;  
 Pleas'd, let his Ghost lamenting *Cæsar* know, [low.  
 And feel my Presence here, ev'n in the Realms be-  
 Ok, what a Day of Joy was lost to *Rome*,  
 When hapless *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!  
 When, to a Father and a Friend unjust,  
 He rather chose the *Pharian* Boy to trust:  
 The wretched World that Loss of Peace shall rue,  
 Of Peace, which from our Friendship might ensue:  
 But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;  
 In vain, for Peace, and for Repose I pray'd;  
 In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,  
 That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend, }  
 Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.  
 Then had my Labours met their just Reward,  
 And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories shar'd;  
 Then, Jars and Enmities all past and gone,  
 In Pleasure had the peaceful Years roll'd on;  
 All should forgive, to make the Joy compleat;  
 Thou shou'dst thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars  
 forget.

Fast falling still the Tears, thus spoke the Chief,  
 But found no Partner in the specious Grief.  
 Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all shall dare  
 A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!  
 Each in his Breast the rising Sorrow kept,  
 And thought it safe to laugh, tho' *Cæsar* wept,



## Paraphrase upon P S A L M CIV.

By Mr. J. TRAPP.

**B**EGIN, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praise,  
 Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,  
 Majestick shines; unutterably bright,  
 With dazling Robes of uncreated Light:  
 Who spacious Sheets of *Aether* spreads on high,  
 And, like a Curtain smooth'd, unfolds the Sky.  
 Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Mists, support  
 The ample Floor of his Aëreal Court:  
 Who, born in Triumph o'er the Heav'nly Plains,  
 Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;  
 Flies on the Wings of the Sonorous Wind, [behind,  
 While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars  
 That no incumbring Flesh may clog the Flight  
 Of his fleet Messengers, or quell their Might:  
 Them pure unbody'd Essences He frames,  
 Swift of Dispatch, more active than the Flames.  
 He fix'd the steady Basis of the Earth,  
 And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.  
 Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he spread,  
 And the dull Mass with pregnant Moisture fed:  
 Above the Rocks th' aspiring Surges swell'd,  
 And Floods the tallest Mountain-Tops conceal'd.  
 But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,  
 And in loud Thunder bid the Waves subside;  
 The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall,  
 Drew off its Forces, and disclos'd the Ball.  
 They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,  
 To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea;  
 Where, roaring, they in endless Wars engage,  
 And beat against those Shores that bound their Rage.  
 Hence straggling Waters unperceiv'd got loose,  
 And genial Moisture thro' the Globe diffuse;

Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,  
 They run, and on high Hills in Fountains rise:  
 Or bubling out in Springs, they gently slide  
 Down by the craggy Mountain's sloping side,  
 And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide. }  
 'Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come  
 To their appointed universal Home;  
 Which God has destin'd for the Mustring-place  
 And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,  
 And in due Bounds confines the raging Tide;  
 That it may ne'er again with Licence roll  
 O'er all the Universe, and drown the Ball:  
 Yet nought restrains its kinder Influence,  
 Nor stops those Blessings which its Streams dispense.  
 By subterraneous Sluices he conveys  
 The Rivers out, which, in an endless Maze,  
 Thro' Oozy Channels draw a winding Train,  
 To roll back large Additions to the Main;  
 Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills,  
 Creep thro' the Vales, and shine between the Hills.  
 Whither the Savage Beasts which roam abroad,  
 Owing no Master, and no fix'd Abode;  
 And those which under galling Harness bow,  
 Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough;  
 Repair, when scorch'd with Summer's scalding Beams,  
 To slake their Thirst, and drink the cooling Streams.  
 Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,  
 Adorn the Bands, and shade the Brooks below.  
 Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raise,  
 And in soft Musick sing their Maker's Praise.

Who from his airy Chambers Rain distills,  
 And with new Verdure cloaths th' unsightly Hills:  
 The thirsty Glebe, refresh'd with soft'ning Drops,  
 Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.  
 The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,  
 And Flocks and Herds with grassy Fodder feeds.

At his Command, the Spring, for Human Use,  
 The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.  
 Then rip'ning Fruits, and waving Ears of Corn,  
 In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.  
 Succeeding Autumn, from the clustring Vine  
 Gives luscious Juice, and glads the World with Wine:  
 Which with its brisk reviving Flavour cheers  
 The drooping Spirit, and dispels its Cares.  
 Then the fat Olive, in a richer Soil,  
 Yields the Year's Product, and resigns its Oil;  
 Which adds a Lustre, and a smoother Grace,  
 To wrinkled Skin, and sleeks the shining Face.

With circulating Sap the Trees are fed;  
 Refresh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,  
 And lofty Firs their thriving Branches spread:  
 Which, moisten'd with invigorating Juice,  
 A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuse.  
 These to the Birds convenient Mansions yield,  
 Which in th'intangling Boughs their tow'ring Houses  
 build.

The stately Stork here plants her Nest on high,  
 Disdains the lower Air, and seeks the Sky.  
 The shaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,  
 Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.  
 O'er stony Rocks the sportive Conies play,  
 And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.

Appointed by his Providential Care,  
 The changing Moon divides the circling Year;  
 Distinguishes the Seasons, rules the Night,  
 And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.  
 The Sun with Glory, fearless of Decay,  
 Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.  
 By turns He, entering, gilds the rosie East;  
 By turns, with setting Rays, He paints the West:  
 Then gloomy Night involves the Hemisphere,  
 And spreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.  
 Then the wild Tenants of the desert Woods  
 Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:



For Prey the yawning Bears forsake their Holds,  
 And prouling Wolves explore th'unguarded Folds,  
 With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,  
 Expand their Jaws, and range the Forest o'er :  
 Dreadfully suppliant, for their Meat they pray  
 To Heav'n, and Savage Adoration pay.

But soon as Streaks of Light the East adorn,  
 And flying Mists confess the dawning Morn ;  
 Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters speed  
 With their raw Booty, and at Leisure feed.

But when the Lion to his Rest repairs,  
 Laborious Mortals wake, and rise from theirs ;  
 To Care and Bus'ness they themselves address,  
 Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning cease.

How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raise  
 Our Admiration, and transcend our Praise !

Wisely the World's great Fabrick was design'd,  
 And boundless Wisdom ev'ry Atom join'd.

With thy rich Bounty fill'd, the Earth appears,  
 Which Food, and Physick, on its Surface bears ;  
 And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store ;  
 Bright Veins of Gold, and Cakes of silver Ore.

Profuse of Blessings, with a lavish Hand,  
 Thou pour'st thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.  
 The vast unmeasur'd Kingdoms of the Main,  
 Copious Materials for thy Praise contain.  
 There scaly Monsters of enormous Size  
 Flounce in the Waves, and dash with Foam the Skies  
 While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry  
 Of smaller Fish, glide unregarded by.

Others, enchas'd in shelly Armour creep  
 Upon the Rocks, or seek the slimy Deep.  
 Here big with War, or Traffick, Vessels ride,  
 Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.  
 There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,  
 Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breaths a Storm ;  
 He sucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,  
 And his vast Maw with finny Nations fills ;

Then laves the Clouds with salt, ascending Rain,  
And with his spouting Trunk refunds the Main.

These all dependent on his Bounty live,  
And from his Providence their Meat receive.  
His open'd Hand profusely scatters Food,  
Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.  
But when his Hand is shut, the Creatures mourn,  
'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.

When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,  
They moulder to the Dust, from whence they came;  
Then to repair the Loss sustain'd by Death,  
He gives new Life, with his inspiring Breath,  
To Forms, which from the vast Material Mass  
Are still wrought off, and so renews the Race.  
Thus a successive Offspring He supplies,  
And th' undecaying Species never dies.

No Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can restrain,  
Nor Time's Dimensions terminate his Reign.  
From his bright Regions of celestial Day,  
He with Complacence shall his Works survey.  
At his Reproof convulsive Nature shakes,  
And shuddring Earth from its Foundation quakes:  
His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,  
And curling Smoke in spiry Clouds ascends.  
For me, while unextinguish'd Life maintains  
Heat in my Blood, and Pulses in my Veins,  
His wond'rous Works shall animate my Song,  
Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue.  
While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd,  
Confounds their Pride, and sweeps them from the  
His Glory shall my ravish'd Soul inspire, [World;  
And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre;  
That imitates, in various-sounding Lays,  
Th' harmonious Discord which it strives to praise.



JANUARY and MAY; Or the  
MERCHANT'S TALE: From  
Chaucer.

By Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,  
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;  
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,  
Blest with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace.  
Yet led astray by *Venus* soft Delights,  
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;  
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,  
Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood.

But in due Time, when sixty Years were o'er,  
He vow'd to lead that vicious Life no more.  
Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind,  
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;  
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.  
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,  
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his constant Pray'r,  
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life  
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.

These Thoughts he fortify'd with Reasons still,  
(For none want Reasons to confirm their Will)  
Grave Authors say, and witty Poets sing,  
That honest Wedlock is a glorious Thing:  
But Depth of Judgment most in him appears,  
Who wisely weds in his mature Years.  
Then let him chuse a Damsel young and fair,  
To bless his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;  
To sooth his Cares, and free from Noise and Strife  
Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.  
Let sinful Batchelors their Woes deplore;  
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:

Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,  
 Like Birds and Beasts, promiscuously they join :  
 Nor know to make the present Blessing last,  
 To hope the future, or esteem the past ;  
 But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,  
 And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.  
 The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,  
 Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please ;  
 And pass his inoffensive Hours away,  
 In Bliss all Night, and Innocence all Day :  
 Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,  
 Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will spare ?  
 Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair :  
 With matchless Impudence, they stile a Wife  
 The-dear-bought Curse and lawful Plague of Life :  
 A Besome Serpent, a Domestick Evil,  
 A Night-Invasion, and a Mid-day Devil.  
 Let not the Wise these slanderous Words regard,  
 But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,  
 A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n :  
 Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,  
 Like sitting Shadows, pass, and glide away ;  
 One solid Comfort, our eternal Wife,  
 Abundantly supplies us all our Life :  
 This Blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)  
 As long as Heart can wish-----and longer too.

Our Grandfire *Adam*, e'er of *Eve* possesst,  
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest,  
 With mournful Looks the blisful Scenes survey'd,  
 And wander'd in the solitary Shade :  
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
 Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.  
 O Wife ! ah gentle Deities, can he  
 That has a Wife, e'er feel Adversity ?  
 Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex advise,  
 All things wou'd prosper, all the World grow wise,

'Twas by *Rebecca's* Aid that *Jacob* won  
 His Father's Blessing from an elder Son :  
 Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life  
 To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife :  
 Heroick *Judith*, as the Scriptures show,  
 Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Assyrian* Foe :  
 At *Hester's* Suit, the Persecuting Sword  
 Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty Motives *January* the Sage  
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age ;  
 And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and sober Life,  
 Wou'd try that Christian Comfort, call'd a Wife :  
 His Friends were summon'd, on a Point so nice,  
 To pass their Judgment, and to give Advice ;  
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,  
 (As Men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My Friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful Look  
 Around the Room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)  
 Beneath the Weight of threescore Years I bend,  
 And worn with Cares, am hastning to my End ;  
 How I have liv'd, alas you know too well,  
 In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell ;  
 But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at last,  
 With due Regret I view my Vices past,  
 And as the Precept of the Church decrees,  
 Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Ease.  
 But since by Counsel all things shou'd be done,  
 And many Heads are wiser still than one ;  
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content  
 When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent.

One Caution yet is needful to be told,  
 To guide your Choice ; This Wife must not be old,  
 There goes a Saying, and 'twas wisely said,  
 Old Filth at Table, but young Flesh in Bed.  
 My Soul abhors the tasteless, dry Embrace  
 Of a stale Virgin with a Winter Face ;  
 In that cold Season Love but treats his Guest  
 With Beanstraw, and tough Forage, at the best.

No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed,  
 Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed;  
 As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,  
 Twice-marry'd Dames are Mistresses o'th' Trade:  
 But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,  
 We form like Wax, and mold them as we please.

Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss,  
 'Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliss;  
 Since if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,  
 As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?  
 Then shou'd I live in lewd Adultery,  
 And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.  
 Or were I curst with an unfruitful Bed,  
 The righteous End were lost for which I wed,  
 To raise up Seed t'adore the Pow'rs above,  
 And not for Pleasure only, or for Love.  
 Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a Wife,  
 When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life;  
 Those that are blest with Store of Grace Divine  
 May live like Saints, by Heav'ns Consent, and mine.

And since I speak of Wedlock, let me say,  
 As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may,  
 My Limbs are active, still I'm sound at Heart,  
 And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part.  
 Think not my Virtue lost, tho' time has shed  
 These rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head;  
 Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,  
 The Vital Sap then rising from below:  
 Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear  
 Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.  
 Now Sirs you know to what I stand inclin'd,  
 Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent Parts divide,  
 The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side;  
 Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,  
 Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason blam'd,  
 'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,  
 Each wond'rous positive, and wondrous wise;

There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate,  
*Placebo* this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,  
 (Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his Tone)  
 Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,  
 As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years :  
 Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* Advice,  
 To work by Counsel when Affairs are nice :  
 But, with the Wiseman's leave, I must protest,  
 So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,  
 As still I hold your own Advice the best. }

Sir, I have liv'd à Courtier all my Days,  
 And study'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways ;  
 And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,  
 To let my Betters always have their Will.  
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,  
 My Word was this ; *Your Honour's in the right.*  
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise  
 As his mistaken Patron to advise,  
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought ;  
 A noble Fool was never in a Fault.  
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry Word  
 Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord :  
 Your Will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)  
 Pleasing to God, and shou'd be so to Man ;  
 At least, your Courage all the World must praise,  
 Who dare to wed in your declining Days.  
 Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,  
 And let grey Fools be Indolently good ;  
 Who past all Pleasure, damn the Joys of Sense,  
 With rev'rend Dulness, and grave Impotence.

*Justin*, who silent sate, and heard the Man,  
 Thus, with a Philosophick Frown, began.

A Heathen Author, of the first Degree,  
 (Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Sense* as well as we)  
 Bid us be certain our Concerns to trust  
 To those of gen'rous Principles, and just.  
 The Venture's greater, I'll presume to say,  
 To give your Person than your Goods away :

And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Rest,  
 First learn your Lady's Qualities at least:  
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;  
 Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil;  
 Whether an easie, fond, insipid Fool,  
 Or such a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule?  
 'Tis true, Perfection none must hope to find  
 In all this World, much less in Womankind;  
 But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,  
 Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare...  
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a Friend,  
 Who knows too well the State you thus commend:  
 And, spite of all its Praises, must declare,  
 All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care.  
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private Tear,  
 And sigh in Silence, lest the World shou'd hear:  
 While all my Friends applaud my blisful Life,  
 And swear no Mortal's happier in a Wife;  
 Demure and chaste as any Vestal Nun,  
 The meekest Creature that beholds the Sun!  
 But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,  
 And he that smarts has Reason to complain.  
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,  
 And cautious sure; for Wisdom is in Age:  
 But, at these Years, to venture on the Fair!  
 By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,  
 To please a Wife when her Occasions call,  
 Wou'd busie the most Vig'rous of us all.  
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse  
 Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues.  
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,  
 My tedious Sermon here is at an End.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,  
 Most worthy Kinsman, faith, you're mighty wise!  
 We, Sirs, are Fools, and must resign the Cause  
 To heathnish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.  
 He spoke; and turn'd, with Scorn, another way----  
 What does my Friend, my dear *Placelo* say?



I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame;  
Who ventures sacred Marriage to defame.  
At this, the Council broke without delay;  
Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way;  
With full Consent, that all Disputes appeas'd,  
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with Joy?  
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul employ:  
Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind possess't,  
And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast;  
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,  
And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.  
Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,  
A Mirrour shows the Figures moving by;  
Still one by one, in swift Succession, pass  
The gliding Shadows o'er the polish'd Glass.  
This Lady's Charms the Nicest cou'd not blame,  
But vile Suspicions had aspers'd her Fame;  
That was with Sense, but not with Virtue blest;  
And one had Grace, yet wanted all the rest.  
Thus doubting long what Nymph he shou'd obey,  
He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.  
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,  
But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind:  
Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,  
Her easie Motion, her attractive Air,  
Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,  
Her moving Softness, and majestick Grace.

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,  
And thought no Mortal cou'd dispute this Choice:  
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry Friend,  
And told them all, their Pains were at an End.  
Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,  
Provides a Confort worthy of my Bed;  
Let none oppose th' Election, since on this  
Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliss.

A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,  
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and wise;

Chaste tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,  
 Of honest Parents, and may serve my Turn.  
 Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please:  
 To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease:  
 And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone  
 The lovely Prize, and share my Blifs with none!  
 If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,  
 My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure.

One only Doubt remains; Full oft I've heard  
 By Casuists grave, and deep Divines averr'd;  
 That 'tis too much for Human Race to know  
 The Blifs of Heav'n above, and Earth below.  
 Now shou'd the Nuptial Pleasures prove so great,  
 To match the Blessings of the future State,  
 Those endless Joys were ill exchang'd for these;  
 Then clear this Doubt, and set my Mind at ease.

This *Justin* heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul,  
 Touch'd to the Quick, and tickl'd at the Soul.  
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,  
 Heav'n put it past your Doubt whene'er you wed,  
 And to my fervent Pray'rs so far consent,  
 That e'er the Rites are o'er, you may repent!  
 Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,  
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.  
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Despair;  
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair, }  
 One, that may do your Business to a Hair;  
 Not ev'n in Wish, your Happiness delay,  
 But prove the Scourge to lash you on your Way:  
 Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go,  
 Swift as an Arrow soaring from the Bow!  
 Provided still, you moderate your Joy,  
 Nor in your Pleasures all your Might employ,  
 Let Reason's Rule your strong Desires abate,  
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle Mate.  
 Old Wives there are, of Judgment most acute,  
 Who solve these Questions beyond all Dispute;  
 Consult with those, and be of better Chear;  
 Marry, do Penance, and dismiss your Fear,

So said they rose, nor more the Work delay'd;  
 The Match was offer'd, the Proposals made:  
 The Parents, you may think, wou'd soon comply;  
 The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye:  
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind;  
 When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,  
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;  
 Nor will with quaint Impertinence display  
 The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.  
 The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,  
 At once with carnal and devout Intent:  
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient Wife  
 Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:  
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,  
 And made all sure enough with Holiness.

And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,  
 The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,  
 And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride. }  
 Expensive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,  
 The best Luxurious *Italy* affords:  
 The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,  
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound;  
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring,  
 These touch the vocal Stops, and those the trembling  
 Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre, [String.  
 Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion cou'd inspire,  
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain  
 Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial Train.

*Bacchus* himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,  
 (So Poets sing) was present on the Place;  
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight, }  
 Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,  
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:  
 Pleas'd her best Servant wou'd his Courage try,  
 No less in Wedlock than in Liberty.  
 Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd  
 So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.

Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful Throng  
 For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song;  
 Think not your softest Numbers can display  
 The matchless Glories of this blissful Day;  
 The Joys are such as far transcend your Rage,  
 When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.

The beauteous Dame fate smiling at the Board,  
 And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord;  
 Not *Hester's* self, whose Charms the *Hebrews* sing,  
 E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King:  
 Bright as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,  
 And fresh and blooming as the Month of *May*!  
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,  
 Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride:  
 Still as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight  
 Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night;  
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry Pow'r  
 To speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour.  
 Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,  
 And Songs were sung, and Healths went nimbly round;  
 With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,  
 And Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face.

*Damian* alone, of all the Menial Train,  
 Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for Pain;  
*Damian* alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,  
 Consum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire.  
 His lovely Mistress all his Soul possess'd,  
 He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd find no Rest:  
 His Task perform'd, he sadly went his Way,  
 Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day.  
 There let him lye, 'till the relenting Dame  
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal Flame.

The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,  
 Forsook th' *Horizon*, and roll'd down the Light;  
 While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply,  
 And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky.  
 Then rose the Guests; and as the time requir'd,  
 Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight wou'd strait un-  
 So keen he was, and eager to possess: [dress,  
 But first thought fit th' Assistance to receive,  
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;  
*Satyriion* near, with hot *Eringo's* stood,  
*Cantharides*, to fire the boiling Blood,  
 Whose Use old Bards describe in luscious Rhymes,  
 And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times.

By this the Sheets were spread, the Bride undrest,  
 The Room was sprinkled, and the Bed was blest.  
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say:  
 'Tis sung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,  
 Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so light,  
 As all were nothing he had done by Night;  
 And supt his Cordial as he sate upright:  
 He kiss'd his balmy Spouse, with wanton Play,  
 And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay:  
 Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast;  
 For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last.

But anxious Cares the pensive Squire oppress,  
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forsook his Breast;  
 The raging Flames that in his Bosom dwell,  
 He wanted Art to hide and Means to tell.  
 Yet hoping Time th' Occasion might betray,  
 Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;  
 Which writ and folded, with the nicest Art,  
 He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.

When now the fourth revolving Day was run,  
 ('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)  
 Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride,  
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side.  
 High Mass was sung; they feasted in the Hall;  
 The Servants round stood ready at their Call.  
 The Squire alone was absent from the Board,  
 And much his Sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,  
 Who pray'd his Spouse, attended by her Train,  
 To visit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.  
 Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Consent;  
 They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went;

The Female Tribe surround him as he lay,  
 And close beside him fate the gentle *May* :  
 Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew  
 A speaking Sigh, and cast a mournful View ;  
 Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine  
 With secret Vows, to favour his Design.

Who studies now but discontented *May* ?  
 On her soft Couch uneasily she lay :  
 The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night,  
 'Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light,  
 What then he did, I not presume to tell,  
 Nor if she thought her self in Heav'n or Hell.  
 Honest and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,  
 'Till the Bell toll'd, and All arose to Pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,  
 Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,  
 Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love,  
 Shed its selectest Influence from above ;  
 Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame  
 Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame ;  
 She took th' Impressions of the Love-sick Squire,  
 And wasted in the soft, infectious Fire.

Ye Fair draw near, let *May*'s Example move  
 Your gentle Minds to pity those who love !  
 Had some fierce Tyrant in her stead been found,  
 The poor Adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :  
 But she, your Sexes Mirrour, free from Pride,  
 Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd  
 Pleasure the Sov'reign Blifs of Humankind :  
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)  
 Deriv'd this high Philosophy from Those ;  
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence  
 Of lavish Pomp, and proud Magnificence ;  
 His House was stately, his Retinue gay,  
 Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.  
 His spacious Garden, made to yield to none,  
 Was compass'd round with Walls of solid Stone ;

*Priapus* cou'd not half describe the Grace  
 (Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:  
 A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*  
 In long Descriptions, and exceed *Romance*;  
 Enough to shame the boldest Bard that sings  
 Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,  
 A Crystal Fountain spread its Streams around,  
 Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd:  
 About this Spring (if ancient Fame say true)  
 The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports pursue;  
 Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,  
 In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,  
 While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,  
 And Airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the Noble Lord wou'd oft repair  
 (His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)  
 For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore  
 The Silver Key that op'd the Garden Door.  
 To this sweet Place, in Summer's sultry Heat,  
 He us'd from Noise and Business to retreat;  
 And here in Dalliance spend the livelong Day,  
*Solus cum Sola*, with his sprightly *May*.  
 For whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed,  
 In this fair Garden he perform'd and sped.

Thus many a Day, with Ease and Plenty blest,  
 Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame possest:  
 But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure,  
 How short a Space our Worldly Joys endure?  
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,  
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind!  
 O painted Monster form'd Mankind to cheat  
 With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit!  
 This aged *January*, this worthy Knight,  
 Amidst his Ease, Enjoyment and Delight,  
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his Days to Grief,  
 And calls on Death, the Wretches last Relief.

The Rage of Jealousie then seiz'd his Mind,  
 For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.

His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to stray,  
 Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day, }  
 Abridg'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway.  
 Full oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,  
 And sigh'd for Woe, but sigh'd and wept in vain;  
 She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,  
 For oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!  
 Nor less Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,  
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.  
 Watch'd as she was, yet cou'd not he refrain  
 By secret Writing to disclose his Pain,  
 The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,  
 'Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,  
 Tho' they cou'd see as far as Ships can sail?  
 'Tis better sure, when Blind, deceiv'd to be,  
 Than be deluded when a Man can see!

*Argus* himself, so cautious and so wise,  
 Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes:  
 So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known,  
 Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own.

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,  
 Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear;  
 She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,  
 And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire.  
 By means of this, some Wondex shall appear,  
 Which in due Place and Season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid*, in the Days of yore,  
 What Sleight is that, which Love will not explore?  
 And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show  
 The Feats, true Lovers when they list, can do:  
 Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in spite of all,  
 They found the Art of Kissing thro' a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray;  
 It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day, }  
 Our noble Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play:  
 He rais'd his Spouse e'er Matin Bell was rung,  
 And thus his Morning Canticle he sung.



Awake my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes;  
 Arise my Wife, my beauteous Lady rise!  
 Hear how the Doves with pensive Notes complain,  
 And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain;  
 The Winter's past, the Clouds and Tempests fly,  
 The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky,  
 Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part  
 My Bosome wounds, and captivates my Heart,  
 Come, and in mutual Pleasures let's ingage,  
 Joy of my Life, and comfort of my Age!

This heard, to *Damian* strait a Sign she made  
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:  
 Secret, and undescry'd, he took his Way,  
 And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e'er *January* came,  
 And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame;  
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
 He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,  
 Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown:  
 So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,  
 Art far the dearest Solace of my Life;  
 And rather wou'd I chuse, by Heav'n above,  
 To die this Instant, than to lose thy Love.

Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,  
 When Un-endow'd, I took thee for my own, }  
 And sought no Treasure but thy Heart alone. }  
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight, }  
 While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }  
 Nor Age, nor Blindness, rob me of Delight. }  
 Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,  
 The Loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady and my Wife,  
 The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life.  
 As first, the Love of Christ himself you gain;  
 Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain;  
 And lastly that which sure your Mind must move,  
 My whole Estate shall gratifie your Love:

Make your own Terms; and e'er to Morrow's Sun  
 Displays his Light, by Heav'n's it shall be done.  
 I seal the Contract with a holy Kiss,  
 And will perform, by this-----my Dear, and this.-----  
 Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;  
 'Tis Love, not Jealousie, that fires my Mind.  
 For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage,  
 And join'd to that, my own unequal Age;  
 From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,  
 Such secret Transports warm my melting Heart.  
 For who that once possess'those Heav'nly Charms,  
 Cou'd live one Moment, absent from thy Arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with sober Grace reply'd;  
 Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she cry'd.  
 Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh she drew)  
 I have a Soul to save as well as you;  
 And, what no less you to my Charge commend,  
 My dearest Honour, will to Death defend.  
 To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,  
 And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's sacred Band:  
 Yet after this, if you distrust my Care,  
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First may the yawning Earth her Bosome rend,  
 And let me hence to Hell alive descend;  
 Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell,  
 Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well:  
 E'er I my Fame by one lewd Act disgrace,  
 Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.  
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,  
 I loath a Whore, and startle at the Name.  
 But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,  
 And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect:  
 Else why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me?  
 These Doubts and Fears of Female Constancy?  
 This Chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,  
 The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong Glance she cast,  
 Where *Damian* kneeling, rev'renc'd as she pass't.

She

She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,  
 And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh :  
 'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,  
 And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.  
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his Pace,  
 And climbing, in the summit took his Place :  
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,  
 Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun  
 His Heav'nly Progress thro' the *Twins* had run;  
 And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields,  
 To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.  
 Clear was the Day, and *Phœbus* rising bright,  
 Had streak'd the Azure Firmament with Light;  
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams,  
 And warm'd the Womb of Earth with Genial Beams.

It so befel, in that fair Morning-tide,  
 The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,  
 And, in the midst, the Monarch and his Bride.  
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,  
 The Knights so nimbly o'er the Greensword bound,  
 That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the  
 Ground.

The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train  
 For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain;  
 While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green,  
 Thus, with a Frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
 The Treachery you Women use to Man:  
 A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,  
 And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.

Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,  
 A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun :  
 All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree  
 Of Earthly Bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!  
 For sagely hast thou said ; Of all Mankind,  
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find :

But should'st thou search the spacious World around;  
Yet one good Woman were not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness;  
The Son of *Sirach* testifies no less.

So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall,  
Or some devouring Plague consume you all,  
As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,  
And well this Honourable Knight you see:  
But since he's blind and old, (a helpless Case)  
His Squire shall Cuckold him before your Face.

Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,  
And by this awful Scepter which I bear,  
No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.  
I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,  
And, in the very Act, restore his Sight:  
And set the Strumpet here in open View,  
A Warning to these Ladies, and to You,  
And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?  
Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,  
She shall not want an Answer at her Need.  
For her, and for her Daughters I'll engage,  
And all the Sex in each succeeding Age,  
None shall want Arts to varnish an Offence,  
And fortifie their Crimes with Confidence.  
Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,  
Seen with both Eyes, and seiz'd upon the Place,  
They need no more but to protest, and swear,  
Breath a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;  
'Till their wise Husbands, gull'd by Arts like these,  
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this *Solomon*,  
Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?  
The wiser Wits of later Times declare  
How virtuous, chaste, and constant, Women are.  
Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath,  
Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;

And witness next what *Roman* Authors tell,  
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred Leaves to All are free,  
And Men interpret *Texts*, why shou'd not We?  
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,  
That Sovereign Goodness dwells in *Him* alone }  
Who only *Is*, and is but only *One*. }

But grant the worst; shall Women then be weigh'd  
By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has said?

What tho' this King (as *Hebrew* Story boasts)  
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;  
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,  
And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.

Beware what lavish Praises you confer  
On a rank Leacher, and Idolater,  
Whose Reign Indulgent God, says Holy Writ,  
Did but for *David's* Righteous Sake permit;  
*David*, the Monarch after Heav'n's own Mind,  
Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;  
Silence wou'd swell me, and my Heart wou'd break,  
Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities,  
Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lies:  
By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sex's Foes,  
Whom, in our Right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;  
I yield it up; but since I gave my Oath,  
That this much-injur'd Knight again shou'd see;  
It must be done---I am a King, said he,  
And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)---I am a Queen!  
Her Answer she shall have, I undertake;  
And thus an End of all Dispute I make:  
Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,  
It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this Heroick Strair,  
And to the Knight our Story turns again,

That in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,  
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:  
 This was his Song; Oh kind and constant be,  
 Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew  
 By easie Steps, to where the Pear-Tree grew:  
 The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love  
 Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.  
 She stopp'd, and sighing, Oh good Gods, she cry'd,  
 What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side?  
 O for that tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green;  
 Help, for the Love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!  
 Help dearest Lord, and save at once the Life  
 Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!

Sore sigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry,  
 But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh.  
 Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,  
 What cou'd, alas, the helpless Husband do?  
 And must I languish then (she said) and die,  
 Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?  
 At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,  
 Vouchsafe the Bole between your Arms to take;  
 Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree;  
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;  
 I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain.  
 This said, his Back against the Trunk he bent;  
 She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,  
 Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:  
 'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd;  
 Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.  
 What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,  
 I pass, as Gambols never known to you:  
 But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore,  
 Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight  
 Lock'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight.

Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,  
 As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent;  
 But when he saw his Bosom-Wife so drest,  
 His Rage was such, as cannot be exprest:  
 Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,  
 With such loud Clamours rend the vaulted Sky:  
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair;  
 Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost Thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd;  
 I thought your Patience had been better try'd:  
 Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind?  
 Why was I taught to make my Husband see,  
 By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree?  
 Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove?  
 Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love!

If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,  
 'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight:)  
 So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,  
 As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;  
 Whor'd by my Slave---Perfidious Wretch! may Hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,  
 Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way:  
 Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, cou'd you see,  
 You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me.  
 So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,  
 But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain;  
 For, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain---  
 By all those Pow'rs, some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,  
 (Reply'd the Dame :) Are these the Thanks I find? }  
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so Kind! }  
 She said; a rising Sigh exprest'd her Woe,  
 The ready Tears apace began to flow,  
 And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye  
 The Drops, (for Women when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd  
 Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he chear'd:  
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er;  
 Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:  
 Excuse me, Dear, if ought amiss was said,  
 For, on my Soul, amends shall soon be made:  
 Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw,  
 By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)  
 On bare *Suspicion* thus to treat your Bride;  
 But 'till your Sight's establish'd, for a while,  
 Imperfect Objects may your Sense beguile:  
 Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display,  
 The Balls seem wounded with the piercing Ray,  
 And dusky Vapours rise, and intercept the Day:  
 So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,  
 Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,  
 Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before  
 your Sight.

Then Sir be cautious, nor too rashly deem;  
 Heav'n knows, how seldom things are what they seem!  
 Consult your Reason, and you soon shall find,  
 'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind:  
*Jove* ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,  
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,  
 With well-dissembl'd Virtue in her Face:  
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
 Disturb'd with Doubts and Jealousies no more:  
 Both, pleas'd and blest, renew'd their mutual Vows,  
 A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse.

Thus ends our Tale, whose Moral next to make,  
 Let all wise Husbands hence Example take;  
 And pray, to crown the Pleasures of their Lives,  
 To be so well deluded by their Wives.





*A Pastoral* DIALOGUE, *between*  
Two SHEPHERDESSES.

*By the Author of the POEM on the SPLEEN.*

S Y L V I A.

P R E T T Y Nymph, within this Shade,  
Whilst the Flocks to Rest are lay'd,  
Whilst the World dissolves in Heat,  
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat;  
And with pleasing Talk, a while;  
Let us two the Time beguile:  
Tho' thou here no Shepherd see,  
To encline his humble Knee;  
Or, with Melancholy Lays,  
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praise.

D O R I N D A.

Nymph, with thee I here wou'd stay;  
But have heard, that on this Day,  
Near those Beeches, scarce in view,  
All the Swains some Mirth pursue,  
To whose Meeting now I haste:  
Solitude does Life but waste.

S Y L V I A.

Prithee, but a Moment stay.

D O R I N D A.

No, my Chaplet wou'd decay;  
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,  
And wrong the Face they shou'd adorn.

S Y L V I A.

I can tell thee, tho' so fair,  
And dress'd with all that Rural Care;  
Most of the admiring Swains  
Will be absent from the Plains;  
Gay Sylvander, in the Dance,  
Met last Night a shrewd Mischance;

To his Cabin now confin'd  
 By *Mopsus*, who the Strain did bind;  
*Damon* through the Woods does stray,  
 Where his Kids have lost their way;  
 Young *Narcissus*' Iv'ry Brow,  
 Rac'd by a malicious Bough,  
 Keeps the girlish Boy from sight,  
 'Till Time shall do his Beauty right.

D O R I N D A.

Where's *Alexis*?-----

S Y L V I A.

----- He, alas!

Lyes extended on the Grass,  
 Tears his Garland, raves, despairs,  
 Mirth and Harmony forswears;  
 Since he was this Morning shown,  
 That *Delia* must not be his own.

D O R I N D A.

Foolish Swain, such Love to place

S Y L V I A.

On any, but *Dorinda*'s Face.

D O R I N D A.

Hasty Nymph! I said not so:

S Y L V I A.

No; but I thy Meaning know.  
 Ev'ry Shepherd thou would'st have  
 Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;  
 To encrease thy captive Train,  
 Never to be lov'd again;  
 But since all are now away,  
 Prithee but a Moment stay.

D O R I N D A.

No, the Strangers from the Vale,  
 Sure, will not this Meeting fail:  
 Graceful one, the other fair,  
 He too, with the Pensive Air,  
 Told me, e'er he came this way,  
 He was wont to look more gay.

## SYLVIA.

See! how Pride thy Heart inclines  
 To think, for thee that Shepherd pines,  
 When those Words, that reach'd thy Ear,  
*Chloe* was design'd to hear;  
*Chloe*, who did near thee stand,  
 And his more speaking Looks command.

## DORINDA.

Now thy Envy makes me smile.  
 That! indeed, were worth his while:-  
*Chloe*, next thy self, decay'd,  
 And no more a Courted-Maid.

## SYLVIA.

Next my self! Young Nymph, forbear,  
 Still the Swains allow me Fair;  
 Though, not what I was, that Day  
 When *Colin* bore the Prize away.  
 When-----

## DORINDA.

----Oh, hold! that Tale will last  
 'Till all the Evening Sports are pass'd,  
 'Till no streak of Light is seen,  
 Nor Foot-step prints the flow'ry Green;  
 What thou wert, I need not know;  
 What I am, must haste to show:  
 Only this I now discern,  
 From the things thou'dst have me learn,  
 That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys  
 From past, or present Beauties rise.

A D A M Pos'd.

*By the same Hand.*

**C**Ou'd our first Father, at his toilsome Plough,  
 Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his Brow,

Cloath'd only in a rude, unpolish'd Skin;  
 Cou'd he, a vain, fantastick Nymph have seen,  
 In all her Airs, in all her Antick Graces;  
 Her various Fashions, and more various Faces;  
 How had it pos'd that Skill, which late assign'd  
 Just Appellations to each sev'ral Kind,  
 A right Idea of the Sight to frame,  
 To guess from what new Element she came,  
 To hit the wavering Form, or give the Thing a  
 Name. }

---

## A L C I D O R.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**HILE Monarchs in stern Battel strove  
 For proud Imperial Sway,  
 Abandon'd to his Milder Love,  
 Within a silent peaceful Grove,  
*Alcidor careless lay.*

Some term'd it cold unmanly Fear;  
 Some, Nicety of Sense;  
 That Drums and Trumpets cou'd not hear,  
 The sullyng Blasts of Powder bear,  
 Or with foul Camps dispence.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,  
 And each ill-fashion'd Jest,  
 The Youth, who but for Love was born,  
 Remain'd, and thought it vast Return,  
 To reign in *Cloria's* Breast.

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came,  
 In all the Pomp of War;  
 The Gazettes long had spoke his Fame,  
 Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,  
 And draw in Crouds from far.

*Cloria* unhappily wou'd gaze;  
 And as he nearer drew,  
 The Man of Feather, and of Lace,  
 Stopp'd short, and with profound Amaze,  
 Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,  
 And to his Holsters low,  
 Her self, and the Spectators taught,  
 That her the fairest Nymph he thought,  
 Of all that form'd the Row.

Next Day, e'er *Phæbus* cou'd be seen,  
 Or any Gate unbarr'd,  
 At hers, upon th' adjoining Green,  
 From Ranks, with waving Flags between,  
 Were soften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide;  
 In the Pavillion's Shade;  
 The Neighbourhood, and all beside  
 That will attend the amorous Pride,  
 Are Wellcom'd, with the Maid.

Poor *Alcidor*, thy Hopes are cross'd,  
 Go perish on the Ground;  
 Thy Sighs by stronger Notes are tofs'd,  
 Drove back, or in the Passage lost,  
 Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd.

In Womens Hearts, the softest Things  
 Which Nature cou'd devise,  
 Are yet some harsh and jarring Strings,  
 That when loud Fame, or Profit rings,  
 Will answer to the Noise.

Poor *Alcidor*, go Fight, or Die,  
 Let thy fond Notions cease;

Man was not made in Shades to lye,  
 Or his full Blifs at Ease enjoy,  
 To Live, or Love, in Peace.

---

## BAUCIS and PHILEMON:

*Imitated from OVID.*

**I**N ancient Times, as Story tells,  
 The Saints would often leave their Cells,  
 And strole about, but hide their Quality,  
 To try good Peoples Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,  
 As Authors of the Legend write;  
 Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,  
 Taking their Tour in Masquerade;  
 Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went  
 To a small Village down in *Kent*;  
 Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,  
 They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;  
 Try'd ev'ry Tone, might Pity win,  
 But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,  
 Treated at this ungodly Rate,  
 Having thro' all the Village pass'd,  
 To a small Cottage came at last,  
 Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,  
 Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.  
 Who kindly did the Saints invite  
 In his poor Hutt to pass the Night;  
 And then the hospitable Sire  
 Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;  
 While he from out the Chimny took  
 A Flich of Bacon off the Hook;  
 And freely from the fattest Side  
 Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:

Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,  
Fill'd a large Jugg up to the Brink;  
And saw it fairly twice go round;  
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,  
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,  
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.  
The good old Couple was amaz'd,  
And often on each other gaz'd;  
For both were frighted to the Heart,  
And just began to cry;----What art!  
Then softly turn'd aside, to view  
Whether the Light were burning blue.  
The gentle Pilgrims soon aware on't,  
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:  
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,  
We are but Saints, the Hermits said;  
No hurt shall come to you or yours;  
But, for that Pack of Churlish Boors,  
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,  
They and their Houses shall be drown'd;  
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,  
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,  
The Roof began to mount aloft;  
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,  
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew high'r,  
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,  
And there stood fast'ned to a Joist:  
But with the Upside down, to show  
Its Inclination for Below;  
In vain; for a Superior Force  
Apply'd at bottom, stops its Course,  
Doom'd ever in Suspense to dwell,  
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost  
Lost, by disuse, the Art to roast,

A sudden Alteration feels,  
 Encreas'd by new Intestine Wheels :  
 And, what exalts the Wonder more,  
 The Number made the Motion slow'r :  
 The Flyar, tho' 't had leaden Feet,  
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;  
 But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,  
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.  
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,  
 Had never left each others side ;  
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,  
 The Jack would not be left alone,  
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,  
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd :  
 And still its Love to Household Cares  
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,  
 Warning the Cook-maid not to burn  
 That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning Chair began to crawl  
 Like a huge Snail along the Wall ;  
 There stuck aloft in publick View,  
 And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers that in a Row  
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,  
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,  
 Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,  
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,  
 Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,  
 The little Children in the Wood ;  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter ;  
 And high in Order plac'd, describe  
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedsted of the antique Mode,  
 Compact of Timber many a Load,  
 Such as our Ancestors did use.  
 Was Metamorphos'd into Pews,



Which still their ancient Nature keep ;  
By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,  
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,  
The Hermits then desir'd their Host  
To ask for what he fancy'd most :  
*Philemon* having paus'd a while,  
Return'd 'em thanks in homely Stile ;  
Then said ; my House is grown so fine,  
Methinks I still would call it mine :  
I'm old, and fain would live at ease,  
Make me the Parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels  
His Grasiers Coat fall down his Heels ;  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve,  
His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,  
And both assum'd a sable Hue ;  
But being old, continu'd just  
As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.  
His talk was now of Tythes and Dues,  
Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;  
Knew how to Preach old Sermons next,  
Vampt in the Preface and the Text.  
At Christnings well could act his Part,  
And had the Service all by Heart ;  
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,  
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last :  
Against Dissenters would repine,  
And stood up firm for Right Divine.  
Found his Head fill'd with many a System,  
But Classick Authors---he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbisht up a Parson,  
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on ;  
Instead of home-spun Coif, were seen  
Good Pinner's edg'd with Colberteem :  
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,  
Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace,

Plain Goody would no longer down,  
 'Twas Madam in her Grogram Gown.  
*Philemon* was in great Surprise,  
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,  
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim,  
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life  
 Were several Years this Man and Wife ;  
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,  
 Discourfing o'er old Stories past,  
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,  
 To the Church-yard, to take a Walk ;  
 When *Baucis* haftily cry'd out ;  
 My Dear ; I fee your Forehead fprout :  
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us ?  
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous :  
 But yet methinks I feel it true ;  
 And truly, yours is budding too----  
 Nay,-----now I cannot ftir my Foot :  
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.-----

Description would but tire my Muse :  
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to Yews,  
 Old Good-man *Dobfon* of the Green  
 Remembers he the Trees has feen ;  
 He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,  
 And goes with Folks to fhew the Sight :  
 On Sundays after Ev'ning Pray'r,  
 He gathers all the Parifh there ;  
 Points out the Place of either Yew ;  
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew :  
 'Till once, a Parfon of our Town,  
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down ;  
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd  
 How much the other Tree was griev'd :  
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was ftunted ;  
 So, the next Parfon ftub'd and burnt it,



## On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat,  
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,  
*Jove* sent and found far in a Country Scene,  
 Truth, Innocence, good Nature, Look serene,  
 From which Ingredients first, the dextrous Boy  
 Pickt the Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;  
 The Graces from the Court did next provide  
 Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride,  
 These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain  
 Of Nice, Coquett, Affected, Pert, and Vain.  
*Jove* mixt up all, and his blest Clay inploy'd,  
 Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

---

*A Translation of the foregoing VERSES.*

By another Hand.

In L Y D I A M.

O *Rabat precibus Cupido blandis,*  
*Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum*  
*Formosam lege conderet recenti.*  
*Arridens citò, ruris ad recessum*  
*Almus misit avus, Fidemque nudam*  
*Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,*  
*Et vultum placidum, Indolemque suavem:*  
*Dextrâ, qua, facili Puer peritus*  
*Oris à nimio pudore purgat,*  
*Et morum ruditate ineleganti,*  
*Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.*  
*Sacræ Pierides parant deinde*  
*Ex aulâ ingenuam Institutionem,*  
*Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,*

*Cum se non nimis efferente Fastu.  
 Ab his flava Venus removit omnem.  
 Procul mollitiem, & malas dolosa  
 Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiasque  
 Bonum pravè imitantium, levesque  
 Motus, Gloriolæque Inanitatem.  
 Miscet omnia Jupiter, lutoque  
 Temperat meliore, Lydiamque  
 Inde appellat opus, stupens, superbum.*

---

*Translations of the Sortes Virgilianæ.*

King *CHARLES* the First's.

*At bello, &c.*

**B**UT vex'd with Rebels, and a stubborn Race,  
 His Country banish'd, and his Sons embrace,  
 Some foreign Prince for fruitless Succours try,  
 And see his Friends ingloriously die.  
 Nor when he shall to Faithless Terms submit,  
 His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light;  
 But immature a Shameful Death receive,  
 And on the Ground th' unbury'd Body leave.

---

*The Lord FALKLAND's.*

*Non hæc O Palla, &c.*

**O** *Pallas*, this was not thy promis'd Vow,  
 To curb thy Fire, and shun the cruel Foe.  
 Thy Father fear'd thy forward youthful Flame,  
 The sweet Desire of Praise and warlike Fame.  
 O hapless Fruits of Youth! ah fatal Cost  
 Of Neighbour Wars! Ah Vows to Heaven lost!

To my Friend, Mr. POPE, on his  
PASTORALS.

By Mr. WYCHERLEY.

IN these more dull as more censorious Days,  
 When few dare give, and fewer merit Praise;  
 A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,  
 Pays what to Friendship and Desert is due.  
 Young, yet Judicious; in your Verse are found  
 Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound:  
 Unlike those Wits, whose Numbers glide along  
 So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song;  
 Laboriously enervate they appear,  
 And write not to the Head, but to the Ear:  
 Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull,  
 And are, at best, most Musically dull.  
 So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,  
 And hush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.  
 As smoothest Speech is most deceitful found,  
 The smoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,  
 And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-ground. }  
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,  
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:  
 Your Strains are regularly Bold, and please }  
 With unforc'd Care, and unaffected Ease,  
 With proper Thoughts, and lively Images:  
 Such, as by Nature to the Ancients shown,  
 Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own;  
 For great Men's Fashions to be follow'd are,  
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their Clothes to wear,  
 Some in a polish'd Stile write Pastoral,  
*Arcadia* speaks the Language of the *Mall*,  
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the *Sylvan* Muse,  
 Deck't in those Flow'rs her native Fields produce,

With modest Charms wou'd in plain Neatness please;  
 But seems a Dowdy in the Courtly Dress,  
 Whose aukward Finery allures us less. }  
 But the true Measure of the Shepherd's Wit  
 Shou'd, like his Garb, be for the Country fit ;  
 Yet must his pure and unaffected Thought  
 More nicely than the common Swain's be wrought,  
 So, with becoming Art, the Players dress  
 In Silks, the Shepherd and the Shepherdess;  
 Yet still unchang'd the Form and Mode remain,  
 Shap'd like the homely Ruffet of the Swain.  
 Your Rural Muse appears, to justify  
 The long-lost Graces of Simplicity ;  
 So Rural Beauties captivate our Sense,  
 With Virgin Charms, and Nature's Excellence.  
 Yet long her Modesty those Charms conceal'd,  
 'Till by Men's Envy to the World reveal'd ;  
 For Wits Industrious to their Trouble seem,  
 And needs will Envy what they must Esteem.

Live, and enjoy their Spite ! nor mourn that Fate  
 Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait ;  
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in Plains delight ;  
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher Flight ;  
 So Larks which first from lowly Fields arise,  
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the Skies.

---

## To Mr. P O P E.

By another Hand.

**I**N *Tempe's* Shades, thus, to the list'ning Throng  
 Thy own *Apollo* taught the Rural Song ;  
 That rough *Deucalion*-Race he cou'd assuage  
 With Verse like thine, and sooth their savage Rage ;  
 The Use of Reason Verse cou'd first Inspire, [Fire ;  
 First strike their flinty Breasts, and light th' *Ethereal*

Their stupid Souls to Sense and Thought improve,  
To Pity soften'd, and refin'd to Love.

The melting Sounds convey'd Love's gentle Dart,  
Thus Arm'd, the God subdu'd each stubborn Heart,  
And fix'd his Empire by the Poet's Art. }

And as the Pow'r of Verse did Love infuse,  
To nobler Flights Love wing'd the Infant Muse ;  
Soon in fierce Strife the tuneful Swains were found,  
The Victor's Brow with Rural Honours crown'd ;  
Each grateful Nymph her Shepherd's Wreath prepar'd,  
And Beauty was the Theam, and the Reward.  
Hearts then were pair'd by Love, the mutual Flame  
Bright, and unchang'd, to Age and Death the same.

Thus happy Mortals liv'd e'er Vice had Birth,  
When good Old *Saturn* rul'd the peaceful Earth :  
E'er the hoarse Drum had kindl'd fierce Debate,  
Or tuneful Trumpets sooth'd 'em into Fate :  
The guiltless Lawrel then from Blood was free,  
Nor *Mars* usurp'd the *Muses* sacred Tree ;  
While Verse, and Love, their equal Empire sway'd,  
E'er Int'rest had debas'd 'em to a Trade :  
Celestial Beauties did to Groves repair,  
And Gods descending found *Elyzium* there.

Such first were Poets, such the Ancient Wit ;  
Thus *Maro*, and the soft *Sicilian* writ ;  
Thy early Guides, who tun'd thy Infant Voice,  
Refin'd thy Numbers first, and fix'd thy Choice.  
With Art like theirs, thy humble Subject's wrought,  
So smooth the flowing Verse, so turn'd the beauteous  
Where easie Nature every Grace affords, [Thought.  
And charms without an empty Pomp of Words :  
Where the just Thoughts the *Sylvan* Muse supplies,  
Sink without creeping, without soaring Rise.  
So form'd the Whole, so well dispos'd each Part,  
Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* can boast a nobler Art :  
Each *Age* and *Passion*, ev'ry *Rural* Care,  
Attend the *Seasons* of the various Year :  
The Spring of Youth Life's opening Sweets does prove,  
Gay Hopes, and soft Desires, the Bloom of Love :

'Till ripen'd Man his scorching Summer mourns,  
 And kindl'd into Pain, more fiercely burns :  
 The glowing Flame, damp'd with autumnal Storms,  
 Dark Images of Death and Horror forms,  
 Or, when declin'd to Friendship, faintly warms :  
 A Train of Woes, cold Age like Winter bears,  
 Lost Hopes, departed Love, and endless Tears !

The *Sylvan* Song your first Essay you chuse,  
 The hardest, the least known, most moving Muse;  
 But soon on Wing, above your Native Plains,  
 You mount aloft in *Homer's* Godlike Strains;  
 While you Divine *Sarpedon's* Fate deplore,  
 Sublime with *Grecian* Energy you Soar:  
 So just an Art in each Extream you prove,  
 Or sing with Shepherds, or lament with *Jove*.  
 Thus thy bright God with equal Glory gilds  
 Majestick Palaces, and humble Fields:  
 Thus warm in Spring his Youthful Beams appear,  
 Create the Seasons, and adorn the Year;  
 To Flow'rs their Bloom, to Stars their Light supply,  
 Paint all the Vales, and Brighten all the Sky.

## H O R A C E, Ode III. Book III:

*Augustus had a Design to Rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of the Roman Empire; having Closetted several Senators on the Project, Horace is suppos'd to have Written the following Ode on this Occasion.*

**T**HE Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,  
 Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately Just,  
 May the rude Rabbles Insolence despise,  
 Their senseless Clamours and tumultuous Cries;  
 The Tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
 And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,  
 And with Superior Greatness smiles,



Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms  
*Adria's* black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,  
 The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;  
 Not the Red Arm of Angry *Jove*,  
 That flings the Thunder from the Sky,  
 And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him  
 In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd, [break,  
 He, Unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,  
 And stand secure amidst a falling World.

Such were the Godlike Arts that led  
 Bright *Pollux* to the blest Abodes;  
 Such did for great *Alcides* plead,  
 And gain'd a Place among the Gods.  
 Where now *Augustus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies;  
 And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies;  
 His ruddy Lips the Purple Tincture show,  
 And with immortal Stains divinely glow.

By Arts like these did young *Lyæus* rise:  
 His Tigers drew him to the Skies,  
 Wild from the Desert and unbroke:  
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,  
 In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd;  
 He tam'd 'em to the Lash, and bent 'em to the Yoke.

Such were the Paths that *Rome's* great Founder  
 When in a Whirlwind snatch'd on high, [trod,  
 He shook off dull Mortality,  
 And lost the Monarch in the God.  
 Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,  
 And thus th' assembled Deities bespoke.

*Troy*, says the Goddess, perjurd *Troy* has felt  
 The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;  
 The tow'ring Pile and soft Abodes,  
 Wall'd by the Hand of servile Gods,  
 Now spreads its Ruins all around,  
 And lyes inglorious on the Ground.  
 An Umpire, partial and unjust,  
 And a lewd Woman's impious Lust,  
 Lay heavy on her Head, and sunk her to the Dust,

Since false *Laomedon's* Tyrannick Sway,  
 That durst defraud th' Immortals of their Pay,  
 Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage,  
 Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repel ;  
 To my Resentments, and *Minerva's* Rage,  
 The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,  
 The soft Adult'rer shines no more ;  
 No more do's *Hector's* Force the *Trojans* shield,  
 That drove whole Armies back, and singly clear'd  
 the Field.

My Vengéance sated, I at length resign  
 To *Mars* his Offspring of the *Trojan* Line :  
 Advanc'd to God-head let him rise,  
 And take his Station in the Skies ;  
 There entertain his ravish'd Sight  
 With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light ;  
 Quaff with the Gods immortal Wine,  
 And see adoring Nations crowd his Shrine :

The thin Remains of *Troy's* afflicted Host,  
 In distant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,  
 And flourish on a Foreign Coast ;  
 But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,  
 Remov'd by Seas, from the disastrous Shore,  
 May endless Billows rise between, and Storms un-  
 number'd roar.

Still let the curst detested Place,  
 Where *Priam* lyes, and *Priam's* faithless Race, }  
 Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass.  
 There let the wanton Flocks unguarded stray ;  
 Or, while the lonely Shepherd sings,  
 Amidst the mighty Ruins play,  
 And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.

May Tygers there, and all the Savage kind,  
 Sad solitary Haunts, and silent Desarts find ;  
 In gloomy Vaults, and nooks of Palaces,  
 May th' unmolested Lyons

Her brinded Whelps securely lay,  
Or coucht, in dreadful Slumbers waste the Day.

While *Troy* in Heaps of Ruins lyes,  
*Rome* and the *Roman* Capitol shall rise;  
Th' Illustrious Exiles unconfin'd  
Shall Triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.

In vain the Sea's intruding Tide  
*Europe* from *Afric* shall divide,  
And part the sever'd World in two :                   [spread,  
Through *Afric's* Sands their Triumphs they shall  
And the long Train of Victories pursue  
To *Nile's* yet undiscover'd Head.

Riches the hardy Soldier shall despise,  
And look on Gold with un-desiring Eyes,  
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore  
In search of the forbidden Ore;  
Those Glitt'ring Ills conceal'd within the Mine,  
Shall lye untouch'd, and Innocently shine.  
To the last Bounds that Nature sets,  
The piercing Colds and sultry Heats,  
The Godlike Race shall spread their Arms;  
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,  
'Till Storms and Tempests their Pursuits confine,  
Now sweat for Conquest underneath the Line.

This only Law the Victor shall restrain,  
On these Conditions shall he Reign;  
If none his guilty Hand employ,  
To build again a second *Troy*;  
If none the rash Design pursue,  
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted Place,  
That shall the new Foundations raise:  
*Greece* shall in mutual Leagues conspire  
To storm the Rising Town with Fire,  
And at their Armies Head my self will show  
What *Juno*, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.

Thrice shou'd *Apollo's* self the City raise,  
And line it round with Walls of Brass,

Thrice shou'd my fav'rite *Greeks* his Works confound,  
 And hew the shining Fabrick to the Ground ;  
 Thrice shou'd her captive Dames to *Greece* return,  
 And their dead Sons and slaughter'd Husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,  
 Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to Light :  
 In vain wou'd thy presumptuous Verse  
 Th' immortal Rhetoric rehearse ;  
 The mighty Strains, in Lyric Numbers bound,  
 Forget their Majesty, and lose their Sound.

*The Story of ERMINIA, translated from  
 Tasso's Jerusalem, Book VII. Inscrib'd  
 to the Right Honourable the Lady Vis-  
 countess WEYMOUTH.*

**E***rminia*, by the Centinels surpriz'd,  
 Fled all the Night, in burnish'd Arms disguis'd ;  
 And all the Day thro' pathless Woods she stray'd,  
 Of ev'ry whisp'ring Breath of Wind afraid :  
 But now the Sun his shining Progress ends,  
 Deserts the Skies, and to the Sea descends ;  
 The Nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,  
 And on his flow'ry Borders seeks Repose ;  
 Soft Sleep, that wish'd Relief to Mortals brings,  
 Spreads o'er the beauteous Maid his downy Wings ;  
 But restless Love his Empire still maintains,  
 And o'er her Dreams in airy Triumph reigns.  
 At last, the Birds salute the rising Light,  
 And wanton Winds the rosie Morn invite ;  
 They curl the Streams, and dance along the Waves,  
 Glide thro' the Woods, and whisper in the Leaves :  
 Each painted Blossom opens to the Day,  
 With them, *Erminia's* Eyes their Charms display :  
 With pensive Looks, the Prospect round she view'd,  
 The Shepherds Tents, and Rural Solitude ;

Each rustling Noise awakes her former Fears,  
 'Till thro' the Boughs a tuneful Note she hears :  
 The Fields and Floods the chearful Sound retain,  
 And sportive Echo's mock the Jovial Swain ;  
 Who careless near the Banks of *Jordan* fate,  
 Nor fear'd the Stars, nor curs'd relentless Fate :  
 Pleas'd with his honest Art, he Baskets wove ;  
 Three sprightly Boys to imitate him strove.  
 The Princess nearer drew, with wild Affright  
 The Children fled the unaccustom'd Sight,  
 'Till the bright Helmet from her Head she took,  
 Reveal'd a Female Face, and modest Look ;  
 The golden Tresses o'er her Shoulders fell,  
 And all their Fears her Charming Eyes dispel :  
 Her Face no more a Martial Terror boasts,  
 When thus the wond'ring Shepherd she accosts.

Thrice happy Man ! the Gods peculiar Care  
 Protect thee from the wasteful Rage of War :  
 I come not here to offer hostile Wrongs,  
 To interrupt thy Labours, nor thy Songs ;  
 But by what Methods hast thou found Defence,  
 Against the Sword's impartial Violence ;  
 While clashing Arms, and the shrill Trumpets Sound,  
 With endless Jars, perplex the Regions round ?

My humble State, fair Maid, the Swain replies,  
 Beneath the Turns of changing Fortune lies :  
 While Light'ning blasts the Mountain's lofty Brow,  
 The humble Valley smiles secure below.  
 From all the Tumults, which distract the Great,  
 We live exempt, in this obscure Retreat ;  
 The Gods themselves the Rural Life approve,  
 And kindly guard the Innocence they love :  
 In Groves we sleep, from Spoil and Rapine free,  
 Content with Little, blest in Poverty.  
 This Life (which yet Ambitious Men despise)  
 Before a Court's licentious Joys, I prize :  
 Nor Pride, nor sordid Avarice, molest  
 The soft Tranquillity within my Breast,

Unartful Meats supply my frugal Board,  
 And Drink, the pure untainted Springs afford;  
 No Poisons thro' their Channels are convey'd,  
 Nor are we here in golden Cups betray'd:  
 These Youths, my Sons, to Labour us'd, like me,  
 Attend my Flocks with chearful Industry.  
 Nor think these Shades can no Delights afford;  
 With Various harmless Beasts the Woods are stor'd,  
 Among the Boughs melodious Birds reside,  
 And scaly Fish along the Rivers glide.

Yet other Motives did my Youth engage,  
 And wild Ambition fir'd my blooming Age;  
 I scorn'd the Peasant's Care and humble Toils,  
 And left my Native Shores, for Foreign Soils;  
 And in th' *Egyptian* Court my Suit preferr'd:  
 My Suit the condescending Noble heard.  
 The Royal Gardens soon were made my Care;  
 I learn'd the fatal Snares of Greatness there,  
 Its impious Methods, and Unconstant State;  
 But learn'd, alas! the dear Mistake too late:  
 My Prime was past, my airy Wishes cross'd,  
 And all my Dreams of rising Fortune lost.  
 With weeping Eyes, the Country Scenes I view'd,  
 And bless'd my once Inglorious Solitude;  
 The smooth Tranquillity, the gay Content,  
 In which my former happy Days were spent.  
 Resolv'd again those Pleasures to pursue,  
 With just Remorse, I bid the Court Adieu.  
 The Day was doubly fortunate for me,  
 Which set me from its gawdy Bondage free.

His wise Discourse th' attentive Princess pleas'd,  
 And half the Tempest of her Soul appeas'd;  
 She now resolves to try, far from the Strife  
 Of factious Courts, an unambitious Life.  
 She pass'd---and thus, with gentle Words, began  
 T' address the hoary venerable Man.

If, by the Disappointments thou hast prov'd,  
 Thy kind Relief and Pity may be mov'd,

Conduct me to some Hospitable Cell,  
 And let me in these calm Recesses dwell:  
 There quiet Shades, perhaps, will ease my Grief,  
 And give my restless Passions some Relief.  
 By thy Example taught, I shall grow Wise;  
 With that, a Tear grac'd her prevailing Eyes:  
 Some pitying Drops the careful Shepherd shed,  
 And to his Cottage the fair Stranger led.  
 A Father's kind Indulgence fills his Breast;  
 His Wife, with Joy, receives the Royal Guest;  
 Who now her nodding Helmet lays aside,  
 Her gilded Arms, and ornamental Pride;  
 Then in a *Sylvan* Dress, the graceful Maid,  
 All Negligent, her decent Limbs array'd;  
 But nothing Rustick in her careless Meen,  
 The Princess still thro' all Disguise was seen:  
 Majestick Beauty lighten'd in her Face,  
 She mov'd, and spoke, with an Unvulgar Grace;  
 An Air of Grandeur, not to be suppress'd,  
 Her noble Mind and high Descent confess'd.  
 Yet to the Fold her bleating Flocks she drove,  
 And with her Native Delicacy strove:  
 Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd Meads,  
 Her harmless Charge, with gentle Pace she leads;  
 And, oft beneath some Lawrel's Shade reclin'd,  
 With *Tancred's* Name, she wounds the tender Rind:  
 Each Tree that flourish'd in the conscious Grove,  
 The Records bore of her successless Love.  
 And when the Tragick Story she review'd,  
 The sad Description all her Grief renew'd;  
 With Love and melting Sorrow in her Eyes,  
 Ye verdant Plants, the pensive Charmer cries,  
 Ye Pines, and spreading Lawrels, as ye grow,  
 Retain the deep Inscriptions of my Woe;  
 Some wretched Maid, undone by Love, like me,  
 Shall mourn my injur'd Faith, and partial Destiny.

But if my Charming Hero here should stray;  
 As grant, ye Blest Propitious Powers, he may!

And wand'ring, find in ev'ry Shade his Name,  
 My secret Care, and undiscover'd Flame,  
 Long after Death has clos'd my wretched Eyes,  
 And in the Grave this mortal Relick lyes;  
 Some tender Sigh, some grateful Tear, may prove  
 The late Success of my unblemish'd Love.  
 My hov'ring Ghost, pleas'd with that soft Return,  
 The Rigour of my Fate no more should mourn.

With these Complaints, she sooths her fond De-  
 And vainly to the Fields and Shades retires; {sires, }  
 The Fields and Shades indulge her fatal Fires: }  
 While *Tancred*, yet a Stranger to her Charms, }  
 Among the Toils of War, and fierce Alarms, }  
 Pursues a nobler Fate in Military Arms.

## S O N G.

**T**HEN never let me see her more!  
 In vain I sigh, in vain adore.  
 In some lonely Desert Place,  
 Far from Sight of human Race;  
 In some unfrequented Cell,  
 Where neither Joy nor Sorrow dwell,  
 Oh! let me' endeavour to forget  
 At once my self, and *Amoret*.

## S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**HY we Love, and why we Hate,  
 Is not granted us to know;  
 Random Chance, or wilful Fate,  
 Guides the Shaft from *Cupid's* Bow.



## II.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,  
 'Tis Madness all in me to grieve :  
 Since her Will is not her own,  
 Why should I uneasy live?

## III.

If I for *Zelinda* die,  
 Deaf to poor *Mizella's* Cries ;  
 Ask not me the Reason why :  
 Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

## ANACREON, ODE XXXIV.

*By the same Hand.*

WHY so Coy, my lovely Maid?  
 Why of Age so much afraid?  
 Your Cheeks, like Roses, to the Sight ;  
 And my Hair, as Lillies white ;  
 In Love's Garland, we'll suppose  
 Me the Lilly, you the Rose.

## ANACREONTIQUE.

*By the same Hand.*

Beneath the Covert of a Grove,  
 The conscious Scene of all my Love,  
 Careless, and supinely lay'd,  
 I took my Lute, and sung and play'd.  
 Of Love's soft Passion did I sing,  
 And *Cupid*, Love's almighty King ;  
 When lo ! a String, that would have spoke,  
 Beneath my Finger, sighing broke ;  
 It broke, and said, methoughts, to me,  
 Think on thy own Mortality.-----

*In Answer to the Question, What is  
T H O U G H T ?*

*By the same Hand.*

**T**HE Hermit's Solace in his Cell;  
The Fire, that warms the Poet's Brain;  
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;  
The mad Man's Sport, the wise Man's Pain.

---

*Half Masking her Self when she Smil'd.*

*By the same Hand.*

**S**O, when the Sun, with his Meridian Light,  
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight;  
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid  
We view his Glory, lessen'd in a Shade.

---

*Lying at her F E E T.*

*By the same Hand.*

**T**HIS Posture, and these Tears, that Heav'n  
might move,  
In vain I use in Favour of my Love:  
And while thus prostrate at her Feet I lye,  
Like some fair Rock she stands, that tow'ring high,  
Seems deaf to those sad Murmurs, which below  
The plaintive Waters utter, as they flow.



*Reading Mr. WALLER:**By the same Hand.*

**I**Nhuman *Saccharissa*! not to love  
 The Man, whose Verse might Rocks to Pity move,  
 Yet, since *Amphion* Sung, they Sense retain;  
 And Verse may soften all things, but Disdain.  
 As he the fatal Glories of your Eyes,  
 His easie Wit, and courtly Pen, I prize.  
 In vain, like him, I sigh, in vain I mourn;  
 For, *Waller's* Muse has *Saccharissa's* Scorn.

---

*Occasion'd by the early Singing of a*  
**L A R K.***By the same Hand.*

**A**Ttend, my Soul! The early Birds inspire  
 My groveling Thoughts with pure, celestial Fire.  
 They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay  
 Their thankful Anthems for the New-born Day.  
 See, how the tuneful Lark is mounted high!  
 And, Poet-like, salutes the Eastern Sky.  
 He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Layes,  
 And seems the Beauties of the Morn to praise.  
 But Man, more void of Gratitude, awakes,  
 And gives no thanks for that sweet Rest he takes:  
 Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,  
 Without one Thought of Him, from whom it came,  
 The Wretch, unhallow'd, does the Day begin;  
 Shakes off his Sleep, but shakes not off his Sin,



## A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**hen Gamesome Youth, and Love's unruly Fire,  
 Are quell'd by Age, that deadens all Desire;  
 When Cheerful Days and Jovial Nights are fled,  
 And drooping Health inclines her sickly Head;  
 When downy Sleep, tho' courted long, denies  
 To bless my Bed, and close my weary Eyes;  
 When Nature sickens, and with fainting Breath,  
 Struggles beneath the bitter Pangs of Death;  
 When helpless Art no hopes of Life can give,  
 Nor Pray'r, nor Tears, the sentenc'd Wretch relieve;  
 When all our Friends, then few, make heavy Moan;  
 And heighten all our Sorrows by their own;  
 Amid the Terrors of this solemn Woe,  
 The fleeting Soul begins her self to know;  
 Turns o'er the Register of Life in haste,  
 Weighs all her Thoughts, her Words and Actions past.  
 Then, if no frightful Images appear,  
 No ghastly Ills awake her conscious Fear;  
 Gently she lays her down in Peace to rest,  
 As Infants sleep upon their Mother's Breast.

---

*An ODE, for St. CECILIA'S Day, 1699.*

**B**lest *Cecilia*! Charming Maid!  
 Where shall Mortals seek for Aid  
 Thee to Sing? Whose tuneful Layes  
 Shall thy Skill in Musick praise?  
 Inspir'd by Thee, thy Sons their Duty show,  
 And imitate below,  
 With pious Love,  
 What Angels sing Above.  
 With Breath the spacious Organ fill;  
 With vital Breath the Trumpet swell;

Inspire the soft'ning Flute with Skill;  
 And let *Cecilia*, Goddess of our Song,  
 In melting Accents ever dwell  
 On ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

## II.

For ever Sacred be the Day,  
 Beyond all others Bright and Fair,  
 Ever Joyous, ever Gay,  
 When first Divine *Cecilia* found  
 The Magick Art to quicken the long silent Air  
 With all the Energy of Sound.  
 Up to the Skies  
 On new fledg'd Wings,  
 From Earth celestial Musick flies,  
 And joins in Concert with the Cherub's Strings.  
 Down from their blissful Bow'rs they came;  
 Came down to listen, and admire.  
 The mighty animated Frame,  
 It self a Quire.

## III.

She smil'd,  
*Cecilia* smil'd, to see  
 The Cherubs mild,  
 With hov'ring Wings descending from on High;  
 Like nimble Lightning, swift and gay,  
 O'er all the Keys her wanton Fingers play;  
 The ready Notes obey her Touch:  
 Dissolv'd in Ecstasie  
 Th' immortal Beings lye;  
 Divine *Cecilia* charms too much,

## IV.

Her sprightly Treble, warbling sweet;  
 Glides thro' the Veins.  
 On Even Feet,  
 And binds the Soul in Silken Chains:  
 The yielding Soul with Softness, it disarms,  
 And, like a Woman, Charms.  
 With manly Grace the Bass stalks high,  
 Array'd in awful Majesty:

Its haughty Bound  
 And pompous Sound  
 The Spirits warm,  
 The Soul alarm,  
 And shake the trembling Air around.  
 Between the two Extreams the Tenor flows  
 In gentle Streams, persuading Union as it goes.  
 And now in perfect Harmony  
 The blended Parts agree,  
 And glut the list'ning Ear with Melody.

## V.

The Treble starts;  
 On swift Division leads the Chase,  
 And quite out-strips the loit'ring Parts.  
 The rumbling Bass  
 With clumsy Pace  
 Pursues the fleeting Fugitive,  
 And all in Triumph does her backward drive:  
 But see!  
 The Friendly Tenor, all for Unity,  
 Does mildly interpose,  
 And joins them in a full compounded Close,

## VI.

She paus'd awhile;  
 For Silence has in Musick Place.  
 The ravish'd Cherubs, with a silent Smile,  
 Disclose Amazement on each Face.  
 Again she plies the loud Machine;  
 Again intranc'd the Cherubs lye;  
 Immortal, yet in Pleasures almost die.  
 Thrice the lovely Maid  
 Paus'd; and thrice she play'd;  
 And thrice she shew'd the Pow'r Divine,  
 And wond'rous Force of modulated Sound,  
 That like a mighty Torrent flows,  
 Victorious as it goes,  
 And Sweeps away the strongest Mound.

## C H O R U S.

*With Breath the spacious Organ fill;  
 With vital Breath the Trumpet swell;  
 Inspire the soft'ning Flute with Skill;  
 And let Cecilia, Goddess of our Song,  
 In melting Accents ever dwell,  
 In ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.*

---

S O N G. *To the Fickle SYLVIA.*

**T**AKE Pity, *Sylvia*, charming Fair,  
 No more my Fate suspend;  
 But solve my Doubts, and ease my Care,  
 Or bid me Hope, or else Despair;  
 And thus my Sufferings end.

## II.

A tedious Month I've been confin'd,  
 (Which is an Age in Love :)  
 Not will you e'er disclose your Mind;  
 One while you're Coy, and then you're Kind;  
 Sometimes you neither prove.  
 Ah! cruel Charmer, let me know my Fate;  
 Whisper your Love, or thunder out your Hate.

---

*Written by the Earl of MULGRAVE,  
 now Marquess of Normanby.*

**S**Afely, perhaps, dull Crouds admire;  
 But I, alas, am all on Fire.

I durst have sworn I lov'd before,  
 And fancy'd all the Danger o'er;  
 (Like him who thought in Childhood past  
 That dire Disease, which kill'd at last)  
 Had felt the Pangs of jealous Pain,  
 And born the Blasts of cold Disdain;

Then, reap'd at length the mighty Gains,  
That full Reward of all our Pains!

But what was all such Grief, or Joy,  
That did my heedless Years employ?  
Meer Dreams of feign'd fantastick Pow'rs;  
But the Disease of idle Hours;  
Amusement, Humour, Affectation,  
Compar'd with this sublimer Passion,  
Whose Raptures, bright as those above,  
Out-shine the Flames of Zeal, or Love.

Yet think not, Fairest, what I sing  
Does from a Love Platonick spring;  
That formal Softness, false and vain,  
Not of the Heart, but of the Brain.  
Thou art indeed above all Nature;  
But I, a wretched human Creature,  
Wanting thy gentle, generous Aid,  
Of Husband, Rivals, Friends afraid;  
Amidst all this Seraphic Fire,  
Am almost dying with Desire;  
With eager Wishes, ardent Thoughts,  
Prone to commit Love's wildest Faults.  
And, as we are on *Sundays* told  
The lusty Patriarch did of Old,  
Would force a Blessing from those Charms,  
And grasp an Angel in my Arms.

---

*The Episode of SARPEDON, translated from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books of HOMER's Iliads.*

By Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sarpedon, the Son of Jupiter, commanded the Lycians who came to the Aid of Troy. In the first Battel, when Diomed had put the Trojans to flight, he in-



conrag'd Hector to rally, and signaliz'd himself by the Death of Tlepolemus. Afterwards when the Greeks had rais'd a Fortification to cover their Fleet, which the Trojans endeavour'd to overthrow, this Prince was the Occasion of effecting it. He incites Glaucus to second him in this Action by an admirable Speech, which has been render'd in English by Sir John Denham; after whom the Translator had not the Vanity to attempt it for any other reason, than that the Episode must have been very imperfect without so Noble a part of it.

**T**HUS Hector, great in Arms, contends in vain.  
 To fix the Fortune of the fatal Plain,  
 Nor Troy cou'd conquer, nor the Greeks wou'd yield,  
 'Till bold Sarpedon rush'd into the Field;  
 For Mighty Jove inspir'd with Martial Flame  
 His God-like Son, and urg'd him on to Fame.  
 In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
 And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,  
 Within whose Orb the thick Bull-hides were roll'd,  
 Pondrous with Brass, and bound with ductile Gold;  
 And while two pointed Jav'lines arm his Hands,  
 Majestick moves along, and leads his Lycian Bands.  
 So prest with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,  
 Descends a Lion on the Flocks below;  
 So stalks the Lordly Savage o'er the Plain,  
 In sullen Majesty, and stern Disdain:  
 In vain loud Mastives bay him from afar,  
 And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War;  
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;  
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.  
 Resolv'd alike, Divine Sarpedon glows  
 With gen'rous Rage, that drives him on the Foes;  
 He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall;  
 To sure Destruction dooms the Grecian Wall;  
 Then casting on his Friend an ardent Look,  
 Fir'd with the Thirst of Glory, thus he spoke;

Why boast we, *Glaucus*, our extended Reign,  
 Where *Xanthus*' Streams enrich the *Lycian* Plain?  
 Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field,  
 And Hills where Vines their Purple Harvest yield?  
 Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous *Nectar* crown'd,  
 Our Feasts enhanc'd with Musick's sprightly Sound?  
 Why on these Shores are we with Joy survey'd,  
 Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?  
 Unless great Acts superior Merit prove,  
 And Vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above:  
 'Tis ours, the Dignity they give, to grace;  
 The first in Valour, as the first in Place:  
 That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands  
 Behold our Deeds transcending our Commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the Sov'reign State,  
 Whom those that Envy dare not Imitate!  
 Cou'd all our Care elude the greedy Grave,  
 Which claims no less the Fearful than the Brave,  
 For Lust of Fame I shou'd not vainly dare  
 In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War,  
 But since, alas, ignoble Age must come,  
 Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom;  
 The Life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;  
 Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;  
 Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!

He said; his Words the list'ning Chief inspire  
 With equal Warmth, and rouse the Warrior's Fire;  
 The Troops pursue their Leaders with delight,  
 Rush to the Foe, and claim the promis'd fight.  
*Menestheus* from on high the Storm beheld,  
 Threat'ning the Fort, and black'ning in the Field;  
 Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far  
 What Aid appear'd t'avert th' approaching War,  
 And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood,  
 Insatiate of the Fight, and prodigal of Blood.  
 In vain he calls, the Din of Helms and Shields  
 Rings to the Skies, and echoes thro' the Fields.

The Gates resound, the brazen Hinges fly,  
 While each is bent to conquer or to die.  
 Thenthusto *Thoos*; ---Hence with speed (he said)  
 And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our Aid;  
 Their Strength united best may help to bear  
 The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:  
 Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Course,  
 The best and bravest of the *Trojan* Force.  
 But if too fiercely, there, the Foes contend,  
 Let *Telamon* at least our Tow'rs defend,  
 And *Teucer* haste, with his unerring Bow,  
 To share the Danger, and repel the Foe.

Swift as the Word, the Herald speeds along  
 The lofty Ramparts, through the warlike Throng;  
 And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,  
 Oppos'd in Combate on the dusty Shore.  
 Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his Care,  
 And thus bespoke his Brothers of the War:  
 Now valiant *Lycomedes*, exert your Might,  
 And brave *Oileus*, prove your Force in Fight:  
 To you I trust the Fortune of the Field,  
 'Till by this Arm the Foe shall be repell'd;  
 That done, expect me to compleat the Day:  
 Then, with his Sev'nfold Shield, he strode away,  
 With equal Steps bold *Teucer* prest the Shore,  
 Whose fatal Bow the strong *Pandion* bore.  
 High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian* Pow'rs,  
 Like some black Tempest gath'ring round the Tow'rs;  
 The *Greeks* oppress'd, their utmost Force unite,  
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight;  
 The War begins; mix'd Shouts and Groans arise;  
 Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the  
 Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing Host invades, [Skies,  
 And sends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades,  
*Sarpedon's* Friend; across the Warrior's Way,  
 Rent from the Walls, a Rocky Fragment lay;  
 In modern Ages not the strongest Swain  
 Cou'd heave th' unwieldy Burden from the Plain;

He poiz'd, and swung it round; then tost on high;  
 It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;  
 Full on the *Lycian's* Helmet thundring down,  
 The pondrous Ruin crush'd his batter'd Crown,  
 As skilful Divers from some airy Steep  
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the Deep,  
 So falls *Epicles*; then in Groans expires, [retires.  
 And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul

While to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,  
 From *Teucer's* Hand a winged Arrow flew,  
 The bearded Shaft the destin'd Passage found,  
 And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound.  
 The Chief who fear'd some Foe's insulting Boast  
 Might stop the Progress of his warlike Host,  
 Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,  
 Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd Fight.

Divine *Sarpedon* with Regret beheld  
 Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the Field;  
 His beating Breast with gen'rous Ardour glows,  
 He springs to Fight, and flies upon the Foes.  
*Alcmaon* first was doom'd his Force to feel,  
 Deep in his Breast he plung'd the pointed Steel,  
 Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore  
 The Spear, pursu'd by gushing Streams of Gore;  
 Down sinks the Warrior, with a thundring Sound,  
 His brazen Armour rings against the Ground.

Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,  
 Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;  
 It shakes; the pondrous Stones disjointed yield;  
 The rowling Ruins smoak along the Field.  
 A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lye bare,  
 And like a Deluge rushes in the War.  
 At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging Bow,  
 And *Ajax* sends his Jav'lin at the Foe;  
 Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon stood,  
 And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood;  
 But *Jove* was present in the dire Debate,  
 To shield his Off-spring, and avert his Fate,

The Prince gave back ; not meditating Flight,  
 But urging Vengeance and severer Fight ;  
 Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glory's Charms,  
 His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms.  
 O where, ye *Lycians*, is the Strength you boast,  
 Your former Fame, and ancient Virtue lost ?  
 The Breach lyes open, but your Chief in vain  
 Attempts alone the guarded Pass to gain :  
 Unite, and soon that Hostile Fleet shall fall,  
 The Force of pow'rful Union conquers all.

This just Rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* Crew,  
 They join, they thicken, and th' Assault renew ;  
 Unmov'd, th' embody'd *Greeks* their Fury dare,  
 And fix'd support the Weight of all the War :  
 Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* Pow'rs,  
 Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs.  
 As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,  
 Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds ;  
 They tugg, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor yield,  
 One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field :  
 Thus obstinate to Death, they fight, they fall ;  
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the Wall :  
 Their Manly Breasts are pierc'd with many a Wound,  
 Loud Strokes are heard, and ratling Arms resound,  
 The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore,  
 And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore.

As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,  
 From side to side the trembling Balance nods,  
 'Till poiz'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends  
 Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that descends.  
 So Conquest loath for either to declare,  
 Levels her Wings, and hov'ring hangs in Air.  
 'Till *Hector* came, to whose superior Might  
*Jove* ow'd the Glory of the destin'd Fight.  
 Fierce as a Whirlwind, up the Walls he flies,  
 And fires his Host with loud repeated Cries :  
 Advance ye *Trojans*, lend your valiant Hands,  
 Haste to the Fleet, and toss the blazing Brands ;

They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,  
 Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall:  
 Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears  
 Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears,  
 A pondrous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,  
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:  
 Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight cou'd raise,  
 Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days.  
 Yet this, as easie as a Swain wou'd bear  
 The snowy Fleece; he tost, and shook in Air:  
 For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its Load  
 Th' unwieldy Rock, the Labour of a God.  
 Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,  
 Of massy Substance and stupendous Frame,  
 With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges strong,  
 On lofty Beams of solid Timber hung.  
 Then thundring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,  
 Drives the sharp Rock; the solid Beams give way,  
 The Folds are shatter'd, from the crackling Door  
 Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.  
 Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,  
 Gloomy as Night, and shakes two shining Spears;  
 A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,  
 And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame:  
 He moves a God, resistless in his Course,  
 And seems a Match for more than mortal Force.  
 Then pouring after, thro' the gaping Space  
 A Tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the Place;  
 The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly; [Sky.  
 The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends the

Connection of the foregoing with the  
 following Part.

*The Wall being forc'd by Hector, an obstinate Battel  
 was fought before the Ships, one of which was set on  
 fire by the Trojans. Patroclus thereupon obtaining  
 of Achilles to lead out the Myrmidons to the As-*

*stance of the Greeks, made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, 'till he was oppos'd by Sarpedon. The Combate betwixt these Two, and the Death of the latter, with the Grief of Jupiter for his Son, are describ'd in the ensuing Translation, from the Sixteenth Book of the Iliads.*

[held

WHEN now the Chief his valiant Friends be-  
 Grov'ling in Dust, and gasping on the Field,  
 With this Reproach his flying Host he warms,  
 Oh Stain to Honour! oh Disgrace of Arms!  
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended Plain;  
 This Hand unaided shall the War sustain:  
 The Task be mine the Hero's Strength to try,  
 Who mows whole Troops, and makes whole Armies fly;  
 He said, and leap'd from off his lofty Car;  
*Patroclus* lights, and sternly waits the War.  
 As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height  
 Stoop with their sounding Pinions to the Fight;  
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming Cry;  
 The Desert echoes, and the Rocks reply:  
 The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms engage,  
 With equal Valour, and with equal Rage.  
*Jove* view'd the Combate, whose Event foreseen;  
 He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen.  
 The Hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,  
 My God-like Son shall press the *Phrygian* Plain;  
 Already on the Verge of Death he stands,  
 His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus*' Hands.  
 What Passions in a Parent's Breast debate!  
 Say, shall I snatch him from Impending Fate;  
 And send him safe to *Lycia*, distant far  
 From all the Dangers and the Toils of War;  
 Or to his Doom my bravest Off-spring yield,  
 And fatten, with Celestial Blood, the Field?  
 Then thus the Goddess with the radiant Eyes:  
 What Words are these, O Sov'reign of the Skies?

Short is the Date prescrib'd to Mortal Man;  
 Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,  
 Whose Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?  
 How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,  
 Before proud *Iliou* must resign their Breath!  
 Were thine exempt, Debate wou'd rise above,  
 And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*;  
 Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in Fight;  
 And when th' ascending Soul has wing'd her Flight,  
 Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,  
 The breathless Body to his Native Land.  
 His Friends and People, to his future Praise,  
 A Marble Tomb and Pyramid shall raise,  
 And lasting Honours to his Ashes give;  
 His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-Compeller overcome,  
 Assents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.

Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns distill'd  
 A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field.

The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,  
 Laments his Son, predestin'd to be slain,  
 Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy Native Reign.

Now met in Arms the Combatants appear,  
 Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear;  
 From strong *Patroclus*' Hand the Jav'lin fled,  
 And pass'd the Groin of valiant *Thrasymed*,  
 The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk sustain,  
 He falls, and falling, bites the bloody Plain.  
 Two sounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw,  
 The first aloof with erring Fury flew,  
 The next more fatal pierc'd *Achilles*' Steed,  
 The gen'rous *Pedajus*, of *Theban* Breed;  
 Fix'd in the Shoulder's Joint, he reel'd around;  
 Rowl'd in the bloody Dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry  
 Ground.

His sudden Fall th' entangled Harnes broke;  
 Each Axle groan'd; the bounding Chariot shook;



When bold *Automedon*, to disengage  
 The starting Coursers, and restrain their Rage,  
 Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed  
 Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:  
 The rest move on, obedient to the Rein;  
 The Car rolls slowly o'er the dusty Plain.

The towering Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,  
 And first *Sarpedon* tost his weighty Lance,  
 Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Course,  
 And spent, in empty Air, its dying Force.  
 Not so *Patroclus* never-erring Dart;  
 Aim'd at his Breast, it pierc'd the mortal Part  
 Where the strong Fibres bind the solid Heart. }  
 Then as the stately Pine, or Poplar tall,  
 Hewn for the Mast of some great Admiral,  
 Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a crackling Sound  
 It sinks, and spreads its Honours on the Ground;  
 Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth Supine,  
 Before his Chariot stretch'd his Form divine:  
 He grasp'd the Dust, distain'd with streaming Gore,  
 And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.  
 So lyes a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,  
 While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws  
 The trembling Limbs, and sucks the smoking Blood;  
 Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the

Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band, [Wood,  
 The dying Chief address'd his last Command.  
*Glaucus*, be bold, Thy Task be first to dare  
 The glorious Dangers of destructive War,  
 To lead my Troops, to combat at their Head,  
 Incite the Living, and supply the Dead.  
 Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest Breath,  
 Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon's* Death.  
 What Grief, what Shame must *Glaucus* undergo,  
 If these spoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?  
 Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;  
 Defend my Corps, and conquer in my Right;  
 That taught by great Examples, All may try  
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress his lab'ring Breath,  
 And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:  
 Th' insulting Victor with Disdain bestrode  
 The prostrate Prince, and on his Bosom trod;  
 Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,  
 The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;  
 From the wide Wound gush'd out a Stream of Blood,  
 And the Soul issu'd in the Purple Flood.

Then thus to *Phæbus*, in the Realms above,  
 Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*;  
 Descend my *Phæbus*, on the *Phrygian* Plain,  
 And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* slain;  
 Then bathe his Body in the crystal Flood,  
 With Dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with Blood:  
 O'er all his Limbs *Ambrosial* Odours shed,  
 And with Celestial Robes adorn the mighty Dead,  
 Those Honours paid, his sacred Corps bequeath  
 To the soft Arms of silent *Sleep* and *Death*;  
 They to his Friends the mournful Charge shall bear;  
 His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid shall rear;  
 These unavailing Rites he may receive,  
 These, after Death, are All a God can give!

*Apollo* bows, and from Mount *Ida's* Height  
 Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;  
 Thence, from the War, the breathless Hero bore,  
 Veil'd in a Cloud, to silver *Simois* Shore:  
 There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and drest  
 His Manly Members in th' Immortal Vest,  
 And with Perfumes of sweet *Ambrosial* Dews  
 Restores his Freshness, and his Form renews.  
 Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two Twins of winged Race,  
 Of matchless Swiftmess, but of silent Pace,  
 Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,  
 And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;  
 The Corps amidst his weeping Friends they laid,  
 Where endless Honours wait the Sacred Shade.



To the Lady **LOVISA LENOS** :  
*With OVID's Epistles.*

By Dr. GARTH.

**I**N moving Lines these few Epistles tell  
 What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well :  
 How faintly the successful Lovers burn ;  
 And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn,  
 The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,  
 Assert their uncontested Right, and Rail.  
 Too soon they listen, and resent too late ;  
 'Tis sure they Love, when e'er they strive to Hate.  
 Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves ;  
 Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow !  
 Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.  
 The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,  
 And breaks but out, as Appetite returns :  
 But yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees,  
 And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, excell ;  
 And ours in Patience, and persuading well,  
 Impartial Nature equally decrees ;  
 You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.  
 Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you fall  
 By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years  
 Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.  
 Tho' Infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours, [Flow'rs ;  
 More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing  
 Let rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear ;  
 'Tis Bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,  
 Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.  
 All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,  
 And not a Lover languish but for you.

The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,  
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,  
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;  
But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,  
In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise;  
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies. }  
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;  
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.

---

*To a Person who was Designing to re-  
tire into a Monastery.*

*Written by the E. of M. ——. now D. of B. ——.*

**W**Hat Heart, but yours, could hold this double  
Fire

Of Blind Devotion, and of kind Desire!  
Love would shine out, were not your Zeal so bright,  
Whose glaring Flames o'ercome his gentler Light.  
Less seems that Faith which Mountains can remove,  
Than this, which Triumphs over Youth and Love.

But Heav'n our Passions sees with Pity still,  
And they who Love well, can do nothing ill.  
Or does the dread of Worldly Ills divide  
Our Loves? Alas, there is no Ill beside:  
So with a Fright some are depriv'd of Breath,  
And poorly die, only for fear of Death.  
While to us nothing but our selves is Dear,  
Who e'er shall frown, yet what have we to fear? [Fate,  
Fame, Wealth, and Power, those high-priz'd Gifts of  
The low Concerns of a less happy State,  
Are beneath ours; and Fortune's self may take  
Her aim at us, yet no Impression make:  
We can lye safe, lock'd in each others Arms,  
And neither ask her help, nor fear her harms;

But rest contented, like the blest above,  
And slight those Storms that underneath us move.

Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit,  
I see my Ruin, and I must submit ;  
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,  
How sad a Wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Ill-natur'd Envy, when provok'd by Fear,  
Revenge for Wrongs too burdensome to bear,  
Nay, Zeal it self, from whence all Mischiefs spring,  
Has never done so barbarous a thing.

Just such a dismal Fate is said to vex  
*Armida* once, tho' of the fairer Sex ;  
*Rinaldo* she had charm'd with so much Art,  
Hers was his Power, his Person, and his Heart ;  
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could  
move,

She sooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love ;  
When straight a Gust of fierce Devotion blows,  
And in a moment all her Joys o'erthrows ;  
The poor *Armida* tears her Golden Hair,  
Matchless 'till now, for Love, or for Despair.  
Who is not mov'd while the sad Nymph complains ?  
Yet you perform what *Tasso* only feigns :  
And, after all my Vows, my Sighs, my Tears,  
With which at length I overcame your Fears ;  
So many Doubts, so many Dangers past,  
Visions of Zeal now vanquish me at last.

So in great *Homer's* War, throughout the Field,  
Some Leader still made all before him yield ;  
But when a God would take the conquer'd side,  
The Weak prevail'd, and the Victorious dy'd.

W O M A N.

I N fruitful *Lombardy*, of Yore,  
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore ;

A Prince, that never fail'd to move  
 Each Heart with Envy, or with Love.  
 As in the Glafs he did one Day  
 From Head to Foot himself survey,  
 Can any Man alive, said he,  
 For Shape and Face compare with me!  
 Whoe'er shall such a Person bring,  
 Upon the Honour of a King,  
 May claim my Favour, and depend  
 I'll make the charming Guest my Friend.

A *Roman* Knight was standing by,  
 And made the Monarch this Reply:  
 Your Majesty, as I perceive,  
 Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave  
 To fetch my Brother, and you'll see  
 None, but your self, has more than he.  
 But that may easily be try'd  
 By what the Ladies Hearts decide.  
 If you think fit, he'll gladly share  
 The Pains you take to please the Fair;  
 And may, while you pursue new Game,  
 Solace the poor forsaken Dame.

*Astolpho* answer'd thereupon;  
 (For so they call'd the Royal Don)  
 Your Talk has made me much desire  
 To know this Brother; bring the Squire.

The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;  
 We *Cynthia* will his Name suppose.  
 He in the Country liv'd retir'd,  
 Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;  
 Wed to a young and charming Spouse:  
 But, whether blest'd in wedlock Vows  
 With such a Mate, he best could tell;  
 ---His Neighbours liked her passing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,  
 That to the Court he needs must go;  
 Where he'd be sure to get a Place,  
 And make his Fortune by his Face.

But then, alas! the charming Wife,  
 Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,  
 Exprest so movingly her Woe,  
 It griev'd his very Soul to go;  
 Protesting against all Relief,  
 She seems to Triumph in her Grief;  
 Puts on her tragic Airs, and tries  
 To draw the Tears from *Cynthia's* Eyes.  
 And can you leave me then? said she,  
 Has *Cynthia* so much Cruelty?  
 Ah! will you to my tender Care  
 The Pageantry of Courts prefer?  
 Can you forget a faithful Wife,  
 And Pleasures of a Rural Life,  
 That calm Repose and Peace of Mind,  
 Which none in Crowds nor Courts can find,  
 These flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams  
 Soften the Soul to pleasing Dreams,  
 These Woods that shelter us from Heat,  
 Where Birds their various Songs repeat;  
 The rising Hills, and winding Vales,  
 And Ev'ning's sweet refreshing Gales,  
 Those coy Recesses o'the Grove,  
 Those Seats of Innocence and Love!  
 But oh! what should engage your Stay,  
 I fear most hastens you away!  
 You scorn in Solitudes to shine,  
 And slight an easie Heart like mine.  
 Go, cruel Man! be vain, and shew  
 Those Charms, which none can boast but you.  
 What *Cynthia* offer'd, to abate  
 Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,  
 Our Story mentions not: We'll say,  
 His Sorrow took his Speech away;  
 A Method that will best excuse  
 The Squire, and disengage my Muse.  
 The Wife, when now with broken Heart  
 She saw him ready to depart,

Reminding him of former Blissés,  
 And stifling him with Tears and Kissés,  
 A Bracelet gave him, as a Charm  
 To keep his precious Life from Harm.  
 Take and wear this, my Dear, said she;  
 And when you see it, think of me.  
 An honest meaning Body might  
 Have thought she would have dy'd that Night.

Well, *Cynthio* went; but on the Road,  
 About two Leagues from his Abode,  
 The Bracelet came into his Head,  
 Which he had left on Spouse's Bed,  
 As having taken there his Leave.  
 This strange Neglect he knew would grieve  
 Her tender Heart, and gallopt back,  
 Not knowing what Excuse to make.  
 To the dear Bed, in haste he flies;  
 And on his Wife's chaste Bosome spies  
 A Lubbard Hind; and both so fast  
 Asleep, as if they slept their last.  
*Cynthio*, at first, resolv'd they shou'd:  
 But having paus'd awhile, thought good  
 To let the scurvy Matter rest:  
 And in my Judgment that was best.  
 For in these nice Affairs, the Wife  
 Make use of neither Ears nor Eyes.

Whether 'twas Wisdom or Compassion  
 With-held the Husband's Indignation;  
 Or that the Poet was unwilling  
 To spoil a Merry Tale, with Killing;  
 Ill Woman live! Poor *Cynthio* said,  
 Let thy own Conscience thee upbraid:  
 Then strait took Horse, and left the Lout  
 In his Wife's Arms, to snore it out.

Still as he rode, he bore in Mind  
 The Couple which he left behind;  
 And fretting, as he scowr'd along,  
 This was the Burthen of his Song:



Had some brisk Wit, or powder'd Beau,  
 Or Coll'nel lac'd from Top to Toe;  
 Or Page been chosen for her use,  
 She might have pleaded some Excuse:  
 But after Swooning, Sighing, Sobbing,  
 Zoon's! to debauch that Booby *Robin*!  
 Then spurr'd his Horse with Indignation,  
 In hopes to leave behind his Passion.

Such keen Reflections on his Case  
 Had giv'n the Squire a dismal Face.  
 The Ladies, when they saw him, said,  
 Lord! Is the Man alive, or dead!  
 Is this the Beautiful *Narcissus*,  
 Was sent for in Post-haste, to kiss us!  
 Heav'ns! did you ever see a Fellow,  
 With Sides so lank, and Face so yellow!  
 The King was pleas'd, the Knight was blam'd,  
 The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire asham'd.

*Cynthia*, tho' worn to Skin and Bone,  
 Was yet a comely Skeleton;  
 And still one easily might trace  
 Remains of Beauty in his Face:  
 But wanting Life, and Force, to fire  
 The Ladies Bosomes with Desire.

Saunt'ring, one Day, about the Court,  
 In places of the least Resort,  
 A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,  
 That open'd to a Gallery;  
 And, from a private Closet there,  
 These tender Words did over-hear.  
 My Life, my Love, my only Joy,  
 My dear *Courtade*, my Charming Boy!  
 Must I then still my Vows apply  
 To one, so Lovely and so Shy?  
 A Thousand glitt'ring Beaux would fain  
 Do what you may, yet wish in vain.  
 When *Floramel* the Message brought,  
 You curst her, call'd her all to naught;

And heedless of my am'rous Rage,  
 Would play at Cribbage with a Page,  
 Rather than ease the fond Desires  
 Of her, that for your Love expires.

*Cynthia* was puzzell'd, and one may  
 Give any one at least a Day  
 To guess the Nymph that humbly su'd,  
 And Swain so stubborn to be woo'd.  
 Now who shou'd this *Adonis* be,  
 But the King's ugly Dwarf! and she,  
 In whose Embraces he was seen,  
 The bright *Astolpho's* haughty Queen!  
 The crazy Wainscot was but slight,  
 And at a Chink let in the Light;  
 Where *Cynthia* with Amazement saw  
 These tender Lovers, thro' the Flaw.  
 Both did on *Floramel* rely,  
 To be secure of Privacy;  
 But, warm'd by watching at the Door,  
 She too, perhaps, had her Amour.  
 Which took up all her Thought and Care;  
 So, mindful of her own Affair,  
 Forgot th' Importance of her Post,  
 And heedlessly the Key had lost;  
 Which *Cynthia* kept for future Use,  
 And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuse.

I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes  
 Among the better Sort of Folks:  
 A Royal Dame for Love may pine,  
 And give a Monarch Brows like mine.  
 Since such a Princess flights the King,  
 For such an ugly, little thing,  
 I think my Wife was less to blame,  
 Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.  
 Thus having set his Mind at Peace,  
 His Grievs abate, his Charms increase;  
 His hollow Cheeks begin to rise,  
 Fresh Vigour sparkles in his Eyes,

A second Youth renews his Face, -  
 And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.  
 The Fair with eager Looks pursue  
 The Man, they lately scorn'd to view ;  
 Transported with his sudden Charms,  
 And die to clasp him in their Arms.

When *Cynthia* thus had heard, and seen  
 What past betwixt the Dwarf and Queen,  
 He thought he cou'd, on no Pretence,  
 Hide the Smock-Treason from his Prince,  
 But that he might the less displease,  
 Open'd the Matter by degrees ;  
 And, as it fell in Conversation,  
 Had always ready some Quotation,  
 To shew, that Heroes in all Ages  
 Had worn the Matrimonial Badges.  
 Dread Sir, said he, the proudest Shees  
 Make frequently such Slips as these ;  
 And many Dames of Regal Station  
 Have condescended to the Fashion :  
 Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Sense,  
 Have against Horns found no Defence ;  
 But when they had 'em, always bore  
 Their Fronts as upright as before.  
 The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu  
 To my dear Spouse, to wait on you,  
 I was convinc'd by her Miscarriage,  
 That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.  
 Then did each Circumstance relate,  
 Of his, and of the Monarch's Fate.

The King was fir'd : You seem, said he,  
 A Man of Sense and Probity :  
 Yet, tell me where I may behold,  
 With my own Eyes, what you have told.  
 He did ; and plac'd him, where, unseen,  
 He saw the Dwarf upon the Queen.

Struck with the Baseness of the Crime,  
 He stood astonish'd for a time ;

Then said, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,  
 Have play'd us but an ugly Game:  
 Yet since we can't what's past unravel,  
 Dear *Cynthio*, let us both go Travel;  
 And try what Fortune we shall find  
 Among the rest of Womankind.  
 To put in Practice this Design,  
 Change you your Name, and I'll change mine.  
 Great Equipage would trouble bring;  
 Therefore I'll quit the State of King,  
 Lay dull Formality aside,  
 And all things equally divide.

Bare-foot I round the World would roam,  
 Quoth *Cynthio*, rather than go home.  
 All that your Majesty requires,  
 Is what my injur'd Heart desires.  
 We'll ramble, 'till we have forgot  
 The dire Effects of Nuptial Knot.

It shall be so, the King reply'd;  
 But first, a Table-Book provide,  
 To take the Names of those we find  
 Pliant to our Desires, and kind.  
 It won't be long, I dare engage,  
 Before we fill up ev'ry Page;  
 For she that proves to Beauty cold,  
 Will fall by Flattery, or Gold.

Both thus Equipt their Journey took,  
 And bought a *Folio* Table-Book.  
 The many Favours they receiv'd  
 Were hard to tell, or be believ'd.  
 Each lovely Nymph, when they appear,  
 Puts on her most becoming Air,  
 And ev'ry study'd Grace displays,  
 Happy if she obtain their Praise;  
 But happier she, whose killing Charms  
 Attract the Lover to her Arms.  
 Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,  
 Grow warm, and soften in a trice:

Where-e'er they come they meet fresh Prey,  
 And a new Face for ev'ry Day;  
 Round all the Country strole for Prizes,  
 And sail no *May-pole*, nor *Affizes*.  
 In ev'ry Town take special Care  
 To finish *Alderman*, and *Mayor*.  
 If at the Baths, or at the Wells;  
 Vapours are cur'd, and Belly swells.  
 In *Folio-Book* the nicest Dame  
 Is proud to Register her Name.  
 Your Criticks will object, that I  
 Break thro' the Rules of Decency;  
 That Dames who keep their Days in State,  
 And Wives of City Magistrate,  
 Who know themselves of high Degree,  
 Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.  
 It may be so; but I want time  
 To draw their Courtship out in Rhyme:  
 And grant, I be a little rude;  
 My Tale the sooner will conclude.

When our Gallants had ta'en their Swing,  
 And quencht their Thirst at ev'ry Spring,  
*Astolpho* said, we can subdue  
 What Heart soever we pursue:  
 But, if *Old Galen's* Rule hold good,  
 It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;  
 In which, Variety of Meat  
 Is apt to make one over-eat.  
 We'll have a single Dish in common,  
 That is, between us both, one Woman,  
 Quoth *Cynthio*, what you say is true;  
 The Viscount's pretty Wife will doe.  
 I'm not dispos'd to have a Flame,  
 The King reply'd, for such a Dame:  
 A little Seamstrefs might be found,  
 Fair as a Dutchess, and as Sound.  
 To such we need no Homage pay;  
 Or at the Park, or at the Play;

But without making any Rout,  
To Ogle 'em, or Lead 'em out;  
We do what we Desire with Ease,  
And are in no Constraint to Please.

Said *Cynthia*, what if we shou'd try  
The Daughter of our Landlady?  
She's still a Maid, I dare uphold,  
In ev'ry Point, tho' twelve Years old.  
Your Motion's good, *Astolpho* said,  
If I may have the Maidenhead:  
This Privilege, at which I aim,  
Is but a Fancy; let me claim  
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference;  
Allow me here to play the Prince;  
In this one single Branch I'd strive  
To keep up my Prerogative.

Quoth *Cynthia*, Sir, in such a Case,  
Pray how can Flesh and Blood give place?  
In all things else, I shall be still  
Obedient to your Royal Will;  
But if you please, we'll leave this Cause  
To the Decision of two Straws.  
Draw Lotts they did, with earnest Care,  
For this imaginary Ware;  
Which *Cynthia* claim'd in Point of Law,  
By vertue of the longest Straw.

The little Damsel being come  
(No matter why) into the Room,  
The King and Squire the Girl carest,  
Her Beauty prais'd, and Bubbies prest;  
Then shew'd a Ring, which shin'd so bright,  
That she ingag'd to come that Night.  
She did; for when her Mother slept,  
She softly to their Chamber crept.  
The Lovers in the middle plac'd her,  
And honestly by Turns Embrac'd her,  
To the contenting of all three;  
But *Cynthia* was in Ecstasie,

To think how he had got, with Might,  
Entry and Seisin of his Right.  
I'll Pardon him, for 'tis in vain,  
'To have on that point any Pain,  
In which all Girls, with little Trouble,  
Can the most cunning Wenchers bubble;  
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,  
Doth somewhere, as I'm told, Remark.

Thus all went well; because the Maid  
The Virgin part exactly play'd;  
Tho' she had that fantastick Toy  
Bestow'd upon a Prentice Boy.  
Howe'er that merry Night was spent  
Abundantly to her Content;  
So was the next; and 'tis averr'd  
She past as merrily the third.

The Prentice wonder'd, to behold  
The Damsel grown so very Cold;  
But was not long upon the Scent,  
Before he smelt how Matters went,  
And did in bitter Terms reprove  
The Girl, for being false in Love.  
She whimper'd; but confess'd, at last,  
The Contract she had lately past.  
And to appease him, thus she said;  
*If there be Credit in a Maid,*  
Soon as these naughty Guests are gone,  
I'll Lye with you, and *you alone*.  
A Fig, said he, for any Guest;  
Let me this very Night, you'd best.  
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,  
Which way to do't, can you devise?  
These Folks, to whom I am ingag'd,  
If I should fail, would be inrag'd;  
And keep the Ring, for which, you know,  
What Pains I nightly undergo.  
Let's get the Ring, said he, for you,  
And gratifie my Humour too,

Do they Sleep sound? Yes, when they Sleep,  
 Said she; but I'm oblig'd to keep  
 My Post between 'em both, while one  
 Lyes still, but 'till his Friend has done,  
 So that I seldom want Employ.  
 At their first Snoring, said the Boy,  
 I'll visit you, and ask no more  
 Than that you would not shut the Door.  
 She left it open, and he came  
 To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame;  
 Then sliding up between the Sheets,  
 (Love ever favours these Deceits)  
 There plac'd himself, I know not how;  
 But my good Author does avow,  
 That tho' the Lovers did awake,  
 Soon as the Bed began to shake;  
 Yet all the while the Boy was at her,  
 They neither of 'em smokt the Matter.

What has my Comrade eat to Night,  
 To fire his Blood and force Delight,  
*Astolpho* thought; And still the Squire  
 Lay wondring at the Monarch's Fire.  
 In the mean while, the sturdy Boy  
 His precious Time did well employ:  
 And as the Day began to peep,  
 The Partners being fast asleep,  
 The Lad slipt off, and the *Young Maid*  
 Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When the Knights Errant were awake,  
*Cynthia* the Monarch thus bespake.  
 Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppress'd!  
 Compose your weary Limbs to Rest;  
 And after such unusual Pains,  
 Consult the Welfare of your Reins.  
*Odds-fish*, the merry King reply'd,  
 I waited to get up and ride:  
 'Till, tyr'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame,  
 But, had you sooner quencht your Flame,



I would have made a Post or two ;  
 And that's as much as I could do.  
 Quoth *Cynthia*, there is no Dispute  
 With Kings, that will be Absolute :  
 But for the future, I'll beware  
 How Sov'rains in my Pleasures share.  
 The King was piqu'd at this Retort ;  
 Some Monarchs would have quarrel'd for't :  
 But he, good Prince, reply'd, Dear Mate,  
 Let the Girl judge of the Debate.  
 Then, having call'd her up in haste,  
 To tell 'em how the Matter past,  
 Eager each other to Refute,  
 Both told the Cause of their Dispute ;  
 She blushing, on her Knees did fall,  
 Ask'd Pardon, and discover'd all.  
 They would not treat the Damsel ill ;  
 But, after having laught their fill,  
 Gave her the Ring, and Fifty Crowns,  
 To buy new Top-knots, Gloves, and Gowns ;  
 With which the Baggage soon was Wed :  
 When modestly, in Bridal Bed,  
 She lost, with many an artful Squawl,  
 Her Maiden-head for good and all.

Thus did this Monarch and his Friend  
 To their Adventures put an End ;  
 Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with Lawrels,  
 Which, tho' not gain'd in Warlike Quarrels,  
 Yet shall immortalize their Names,  
 As long as *Cupid's* Altar flames :  
 Lawrels more fair, than those attain'd  
 By Cities won, or Battels gain'd ;  
 More fair, altho' they only cost  
 A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears, at most ;  
 And far from Danger and Alarms,  
 Had been acquir'd by dint of Charms.

Their Table-Book quite full of Names,  
 Of Beauties, that had quench'd their Flames ;

Come, said the Monarch to the Squire,  
 We pretty well have spent our Fire.  
 E'en let us to her Homes resort;  
 You to the Country, I to Court.  
 Our Wives are loose about the Waste;  
 But others are not overchaste.  
 'Tis in Misfortune some Relief,  
 To have Companions in our Grief;  
 Then let us both, like prudent Men,  
 Return, and take our Dames again.  
 That Love, which *Hymen* had subdu'd,  
 Perhaps our Absence has renew'd.

And, as *Astolpho* had divin'd,  
 Their Wives were tenderly inclin'd.  
 After some Chiding, more for Fashion,  
 Our Author says, than out of Passion,  
 They strove lost Pleasures to retrieve,  
 As fast as Love wou'd give 'em leave;  
 Not mentioning, as I can find,  
 The crooked Dwarf, or Lubbard Hind.

Then let us not, with fruitless Care;  
 Expect Perfection in the Fair;  
 But since we cannot live without 'em,  
 Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em;  
 And stedfastly this Truth believe,  
 That ev'ry Woman comes from *Eve*.

*From* L U C A N.

Upon *Cæsar's* looking upon the dead Bodies after  
 the Battel of *Pharsalia*, and not suffering them  
 to be Burnt.

**H**O S, *Cæsar, populos si nunc non ufferit Ignis,  
 Uret cum Terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.  
 Communis mundo superest Rogus, Ossibus astra  
 Misurus. Quocunque Tuam Fortuna uocabit,*

*Ha quoque eunt Anima; non altiùs ibis in auras,  
 Non meliore loco Stygiâ sub nocte jacebis.  
 Libera fortuna Mors est: Capit omnia Tellus  
 Quæ genuit; Cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam.*

Thus English'd :

CÆSAR,

If now these Bodies want their Pile and Urn,  
 At last, with the whole Globe, they're sure to burn.  
 The World expects one general Fire: And thou  
 Must go where these poor Souls are wand'ring now.  
 Thou'lt reach no higher, in th' Ethereal Plain,  
 Nor 'mongst the Shades a better place obtain.  
 Death levels all: And he that has not room  
 To make a Grave, Heaven's Vault shall be his Tomb.

### Alcimus Avitus's Description of PARADISE.

**N**ON hic alterni succedit temporis unquam  
 Bruma, nec æstivi redeunt post frigora Soles;  
 Hic Ver assiduum Cæli clementia servat.  
 Turbidus Auster abest, semperque sub aere sudo  
 Nubila diffugiunt, jugi cessura sereno.  
 Nec poscit Natura loci, quos non habet, imbres,  
 Sed contenta suo dotantur germina rore.  
 Perpetuò vivet omne solum, terraque benigna  
 Blanda nitet facies: Stant semper collibus herba,  
 Arboribûsque coma, &c.

Thus English'd :

No change of Seasons or excess was there,  
 No Winter chill'd, nor Summer scorch'd the Air,  
 But, with a constant Spring, Nature was fresh and }  
 fair. }

Rough Winds or Rains that Region never knew,  
 Water'd with Rivers and the morning Dew;  
 The Heav'ns still clear, the Fields still green and gay,  
 No Clouds above, nor on the Earth decay;  
 Trees kept their Leaves and Verdure all the Year,  
 And Fruits were never out of Season there.

## G A L L U S : E L E G . I .

*Æmula cur cessas finem properare Senectus.*

**M**OVE faster, Life; thou tiresome Guest away,  
 Why in this ruin'd Cottage dost thou stay?  
 Why am I forc'd to drag the heavy Chain  
 Of Life, when nothing but the Dregs remain?  
 My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppress'd,  
 And Death, kind Death alone can give 'em Rest.

While youthful Blood the well fill'd Channels fed,  
 And o'er each Part a sprightly Vigour spread;  
 Wholly resign'd to Nature's boundless Sway,  
 I follow'd still where Pleasure led the Way.  
 Roving from Thought to Thought, with fresh Delight,  
 Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.  
 With Beauty's various Forms my Breast was fir'd;  
 The more I tasted, still the more desir'd.  
 The well-shap'd slender Nymph did Passion move,  
 By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love;  
 If Plump, she charm'd me with a comely Face,  
 And fleshy Plumpness fill'd our soft Embrace;  
 Majestick Stature, with a nervous Strength,  
 (A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at Length,)  
 Struck me with awful Love: Who cou'd withstand  
 The Dart shot from an *Amazonian* Hand?

The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,  
 And pleas'd the Lover with her lively Air.  
 Sometimes my Muse sung fair *Dorinda's* Praise,  
 In Smiles we listen'd to the tuneful Lays;  
 Sometimes, by sprightly Airs to Love betray'd,  
 With antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.  
 When brisk Champaign reliev'd the Lover's Care,  
 (Each Goblet sacred to the absent Fair,)  
 With double Joy I bore the double Load,  
 The wanton Goddess, and the reeling God.

In Pleasure thus my youthful Hours were past,  
 For Love's the greatest Pleasure, and the last.  
 Guarded by inward Heat, my Breast lay bare  
 To Winter Storms, nor felt the Northern Air;  
 On *I/s* Banks oft have I naked stood,  
 And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.-  
 Oft thro' the Woods I chac'd the frighted Prey,  
 Nor sunk beneath the Labour of the Day;  
 But pressing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,  
 And smear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewell the Lover's soft'ning Joys,  
 The warbling Lute, soft Pipe, and mellow Voice.  
 Farewel, *Tho' Musick be the Food of Love,*  
 No tuneful Numbers can my Passion move.  
 The sparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,  
 Are hurtful grown, and must no more go round,  
 Nor artful Measures beat the burthen'd Ground. }

The Savage Game no more Delight can yield,  
 Farewel the manly Pleasures of the Field.

Now by enervate Age I am o'ercome,  
 That universal Conqueror, from whom  
 The first-form'd Matter must receive its doom. }  
 With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,  
 My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death;  
 The thoughts of Pleasure past torment my Breast,  
 For 'tis a dismal Thought to have been Blest.  
 Oh wretched State! in lingring Pain I lye,  
 Robb'd of Life's use, yet not allow'd to die.  
 Th' Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain;  
 Death flies their Courtship with a coy Disdain,  
 While to the Youthful, and the happy Breast  
 He is too oft a bold unwelcome Guest.  
 Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown  
 A frightful Spectre to my self unknown!  
 My Face to livid Shades its Air resigns,  
 And deep-plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.  
 The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleshy Cloathing gone,  
 A shrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone;

My Eyes, when they beheld the Form (afraid  
 To see the dreadful Change which Age had made,)  
 Shrunk back into their Sockets with the Fright,  
 And with a filmy Veil they shroud their Sight.  
 Distilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,  
 Mourn their dead Lustre in a scalding Show'r.  
 Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all serene the Sky,  
 O'ercast they seem, and clouded to my Eye;  
 The Day creeps on with such a gloomy Light,  
 I scarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.  
 No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice,  
 'Tis now become a hollow numbling Noise;  
 The list'ning Ear, on ev'ry Word intent,  
 Catches the Sound, and guesses what is meant.  
 Sour'd with the thoughts of Pleasure past, I praise  
 The good old Times, and blame the present Days;  
 Doating with Age, my ever-babbling Tongue  
 Boasts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when young;  
 Then strait forgetting it was told before,  
 Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.  
 In vain does Age its mighty Wisdom boast,  
 'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Cost,  
 Purchas'd so late, e'er long enjoy'd, 'tis lost. }  
 And by Experience this sad Truth I know,  
 I scarce remember what I did just now.  
 Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am possess'd,  
 And Bags of Gold lye crowd'd in the Chest;  
 Amidst this heap of Riches I am Poor,  
 Since 'tis to me become a useles Store;  
 Like wretched *Tantalus*, within the Flood  
 I stand, but cannot taste the Golden Food.  
 No more erect, no more the Heav'n's I see,  
 That Attribute of Man is lost to me.  
 With down-cast Looks I view my place of Birth,  
 And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth;  
 The mould'ring Clay seeks out its first Abode,  
 While a stiff Plant supports the rott'ring Load,  
 And with repeated Thumps knocks at the Ground,  
 To let the weary Traveller lye down.

Open thy Bosom, Earth, and, in the Womb  
 Of Nature, let me find a second Tomb.  
 To thy cold Breast my colder Limbs receive,  
 They're now that very Clod thou once didst give.  
 Where-e'er I go, when-e'er I walk the Street  
 (With Wonder pointed at by all I meet,  
 Some pity the old Man, while others cry,  
 There goes the Picture of Mortality.

So tender am I grown, I cannot bear  
 The gentle Dew, or the soft Southern Air;  
 Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheums oppress'd,  
 And Ptisick Coughs ne'er cease to tear my Breast,  
 Of Ease they rob the Day, the Night of Rest.  
 Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait  
 With Joy, the last indulgent Blow of Fate.

Happy the Man, whose Life, without allay,  
 In a smooth Stream of Pleasure glides away,  
 And with his Pleasure ends his latest Day.  
 Mine seems to wait on ev'ry Gasp of Breath,  
 'Tis better once to die; *Then welcome Death.*

*The Love of GALLUS: Translated  
 from VIRGIL's Tenth Eclogue.*

By J. TRAPP.

ONE Labour, *Arethusa*, to the past  
 One let us add; this Labour is my last.  
 Something in Verse is to my \* *Gallus* due,  
 Which ev'n *Lycoris* may with Pity view.  
 How can a Verse to *Gallus* be deny'd?  
 So may'st thou safe beneath the Ocean glide,  
 Nor *Doris* mix with thine her brackish Tide.

\* *Gallus was a Man of Quality, an excellent Poet,  
 and a particular Friend of Virgil's.*

Begin ; and, while the browsing Cattle rove,  
 Let us relate how *Gallus* pin'd for Love.  
 Nor sing we to the Deaf ; the Lawns around  
 Answer our Notes, and Echoe to the Sound.

What Woods, or Groves, ye Nymphs did you detain,  
 When *Gallus* dy'd with Love's tormenting Pain ?  
 For neither 'twas the Hill where Poets dream ;  
 Nor *Pindus*'s Top, nor *Aganippe*' Stream.  
 For him the weeping Laurels droop'd in Tears,  
 For him the Shrubs ; and *Menalus* who rears  
 Its Head o'ergrown with Pines ; *Lycæus* mourn'd,  
 And its bleak Cliffs his sweet Complaints return'd :  
 While stretch'd beneath a mossy Rock he lay,  
 Sleepless all Night, and sighing all the Day.  
 The Flocks stand round, and in dumb Pity moan ;  
 Them, divine Poet, blush not thou to own :  
 The fair *Adonis* did not scorn to keep  
 Along the River's Side his grazing Sheep.  
 To comfort him, and ease his restless Care,  
 The tardy Herdsmen, and the Swains repair ;  
*Menalcas* wet with Winter-Acorns came :  
 All ask the Cause of his unhappy Flame.  
*Apollo* too arriv'd ; and why in vain,  
 He cry'd, will *Gallus* hug his fruitless Pain ?  
 Thy lov'd *Lycoris*, Cause of all thy Woes,  
 Follows another, thro' rough Camps and Snows.  
*Sylvanus* came, with rural Honours crown'd,  
 With flowry Wreaths, and Lillies nodding round.  
 And *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God, with Berries press'd  
 And red Vermillion painted, join'd the rest.  
 Where will this end, he said ? what fond Disease ?  
 No Tears can unrelenting Love appease ;  
 Love minds them not : As soon shall Flocks refuse  
 To feed, or Grass be satisfy'd with Dews ;  
 As soon shall Bees with flow'ry Sweets be cloy'd,  
 As cruel Love with weeping be allay'd.

Yet pensive, he ; these things you shall relate,  
*Arcadian* Shepherds ; if you sing my Fate,



And in complaining Musick make your Groves  
 And Mountains sound with my unhappy Loves,  
 Ye only skill'd; my Soul its Wish will have,  
 And sweet shall be my Slumbers in the Grave.  
 Oh! had it been my Fate with you to join  
 To tend the Flocks, or prune the clust'ring Vine!  
 With *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* I should spend  
 My Hours; my Lover she, and he my Friend.  
 And what's the Fault, tho' black *Amyntas* be?  
 Violets, and Hyacinths are black as he.  
 Both in their way to me Delight would bring,  
*Phyllis* weave Garlands, and *Amyntas* sing.  
 Behold, my dear *Lycoris*, here are Shades,  
 Cool Groves, refreshing Springs, and flow'ry Meads;  
 Here blest'd, with thee, I could for ever stay,  
 And in soft Fondness languish Life away.  
 Now tyrannizing Love to War's Allarms  
 Confines me, and the rough Fatigue of Arms,  
 While thou (but can I yet believe 'tis so?)  
 Art roving o'er the distant *Alpine* Snow,  
 Ah! cruel! far from me; or wandring near  
 The frozen *Rhine*: Ah! how I die with fear  
 Lest the rough Ice upon the frosty Ground  
 Should bruise thy tender Feet, or that soft Body wound.  
 I'll go; and, to divert my raging Pains,  
 Sing my sweet Numbers in *Sicilian* Strains.  
 It is resolv'd; to Wilds I will repair,  
 To Dens of Beasts, and all those Hardships bear.  
 On ev'ry Tree indent her charming Name  
 With Verse, expressive of my fatal Flame.  
 The tender Bark my Love engrav'd shall show,  
 And with th' increasing Bark my Love shall grow.  
 Mean while, among the Nymphs, I'll ramble o'er  
*Manalian* Cliffs, or hunt the foaming Boar;  
 With Hounds I'll chase the Beasts, and seek their spoils,  
 And round *Parthenian* Thickets pitch my Toils,  
 In spite of Frost; now, now, methinks, I go  
 O'er Rocks, thro' sounding Woods, and twang the  
*Parthian* Bow.

As if those Sports my Frenzy could compose,  
 Or Love could learn to pity human Woes.  
 And now again the Nymphs no more can ease  
 My Soul, nor ev'n my Verse its Pains appease; }  
 Ye Woods, farewell; your Shades no longer please.  
 No Toils of ours the cruel God can change,  
 Whether thro' parch'd, or frozen Climes we range;  
 Whether of *Heber's* Flood on *Thracian* Coasts  
 We drink, or tread the stiff *Sithonian* Frosts;  
 Or feed our Flocks on *India's* torrid Sands;  
 When scorching *Cancer* burns the thirsty Lands:  
 'Tis still the same; where-ever we remove,  
 Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

---

*The Description of the* PRODIGIES *which*  
*attended the Death of* JULIUS CÆSAR.  
*Translated into Blank Verse, from the*  
*latter End of the First Book of* Virgil's  
*Georgicks.*

By J. TRAPP:

The Poet describing the various Signs, by which  
 the Sun foretels all sorts of Weather, takes Oc-  
 casion from thence to make the following  
 Digression.

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Casare Romam, &c.*

HE too at *Cesar's* Murther, pitying *Rome*,  
 With dusty Scurf obscur'd his beamy Head,  
 And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.  
 Tho' at that Time, Earth too, and spacious Seas,  
 And Dogs obscene, and ill-presaging Birds  
 Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld

O'er-

O'er-boiling *Aetna* with *Volcanos* burst  
 Thunder, and rage into *Cyclopean* Fields,  
 Rolling vast Globes of Flames and melted Stones?  
*Germany* heard Arms clatt'ring in the Sky;  
 The *Alps* with unexampled Shuddrings quak'd:  
 And frequently among the silent Groves  
 Voices were heard, and Spectres wondrous pale  
 Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning: Cattle spoke,  
 (Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams stood still;  
 In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept, and Brass  
 Sweated: *Eridanus*, the King of Floods,  
 With roaring Inundation o'er the Plains  
 Swept Woods away, and Cattle with their Folds.  
 Nor did mean-while th' ill-boding Fibres cease  
 To menace Fate, nor Blood to rise in Wells,  
 Nor Cities loudly to resound with Wolves  
 Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky  
 Did Lightning with more nimble Flashes glare,  
 Nor e'er so thick did baleful Comets blaze.  
 For this, *Philippi* saw the *Roman* Troops  
 Twice in like Arms engage; and Heav'n thought fit  
 That twice *Amathia*, and the spacious Fields  
 Of *Hemus*, should be fruitful with our Blood.  
 Nay, and the Time shall come, when in those Coasts  
 The lab'ring Hind, as with the crooked Share  
 He turns the Glebe, shall plough up Piles consum'd  
 With rugged Rust, and with the pond'rous Rakes  
 Clash against empty Helmets, and admire  
 Big, manly Bones, dig'd from their open'd Graves.

Ye Tutelary Gods, Thou *Romulus*,  
 And Mother *Vesta*, who preserv'ft with Care  
*Etrurian* *Tiber*, and the *Roman* Tow'rs;  
 Permit, at least, this wond'rous Youth to prop  
 The reeling World; already by our Blood  
 Enough We've ru'd the Perjuries of *Troy*.  
 Long since, O *Cesar*, the Celestial Court  
 Has envy'd Us thy Presence, and repines  
 Thou shouldst on Mortal Triumphs be employ'd,

Where Right and Wrong are blended ; o'er the World  
 So many Wars, such various Shapes of Vice :  
 Tillage has lost its due Regard ; the Hinds  
 Press'd into Soldiers, Fields lye waste, and wild ;  
 And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.  
*Euphrates* here, there *Germany* makes War ;  
 The Neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues, and fly  
 To Arms ; *Mars* rages impious o'er the World.  
 As when the Racers from their Barriers start  
 Oft whirling round the Goal ; the Charioteer  
 Holding in vain the Bridles, by the Steeds  
 Is drag'd, nor will their Mouths obey the Rein.

---

### The STORY of PHAETON.

Translated from the Conclusion of the First, and  
 the Beginning of the Second Book of *Ovid's*  
*Metamorphoses.*

By J TRAPP.

Hence \* *Epaphus* th' illustrious Title bears  
 Of Son to *Jove*, Celestial Honour wears,  
 And Temples with his Mother jointly shares.  
 Equal to him in Age and sprightly Fire  
 Was *Phaëton* ; He, boasting of his Sire  
 The Sun, to *Epaphus* refus'd to yield ;  
 Who mortify'd him thus, with Fury fill'd :  
 With a false Father's Name thy Fancy swells,  
 Fool, to believe all true, thy Mother tells.

Confounded, *Phaëton* blush'd ; nor could engage  
 In that Dispute, but Shame suppress'd his Rage.

---

\* From his being born of *Iö*, who was belov'd by *Jupiter* ; as it is related in the preceding Story.

Strait to his Mother *Clymene* he bore  
 Th' opprobrious Words; and said, To grieve you more,  
 I, that fierce Youth, that Spirit full of Flame  
 Abash'd, no Answer made: I die with Shame  
 That such Reproaches, by a Rival mov'd,  
 Could once be urg'd, and could not be disprov'd.  
 But if indeed you don't my Blood bely,  
 Produce some Proof of a Descent so high,  
 And vindicate my Title to the Sky.

Thus having said, about her Neck he flung  
 His twining Arms, and on his Mother hung.  
 Then by his own, and by her Husband's Head,  
 And by each Sister's *Hymeneal* Bed,  
 Conjures her with plain Proof to ease his Fear,  
 And make the Author of his Birth appear.

'Tis doubtful whether *Clymene* were mov'd  
 More by th' Intreaty of the Son she lov'd,  
 Or by her Honour's Stain. She spread abroad  
 Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God;  
 By those bright Beams, she cry'd, thy Mother swears,  
 By him who us, and all Things sees, and hears;  
 That *Phæbus* whom thou seest, who blesses Earth  
 And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave thee Birth.  
 If not, may I his Light for ever lose,  
 And view that God no more, whose Name I use.  
 Nor is't a tedious Task his Court to find,  
 His Morning-Palace to our Coasts is join'd.  
 If so thy Will determine, thither go,  
 And from thy Father's Mouth thy Father know.

At this Advice, by his fond Parent giv'n,  
 The Youth exults, and thinks of nought but Heav'n.  
 Then his own *Athiopia* leaves with haste;  
 And having *India's* torrid Confines pass'd,  
 Which just beneath the burning Axle lay,  
 Strait to his Father's Court with Speed pursues his  
 Way.

*The Beginning of the Second Book.*

**T**Ow'ring on Pillars awful to the Sight  
*Sol's* Palace flood; with golden Splendour  
 bright,  
 And flaming Rubies darting radiant Light.  
 The Roof with finest Iv'ry was o'erlaid;  
 The Silver Folding-Doors a Glory round display'd.  
 The Work its rich Materials did outshine;  
 For there had *Mulciber*, with Art divine,  
 Engrav'd the circling Waves, the solid Ball,  
 And Heav'n's wide Arch expanded over All.  
 Shrill-sounding *Triton* swims the winding Seas,  
 And Mimick *Proteus*, wat'ry Deities;  
*Agaon* clasping round unweildy Whales,  
 And pressing with his Arms their monstrous Scales.  
 With *Doris*, and her Nymphs; some smoothly glide  
 Along the Flood, and some on Fishes ride:  
 Some sit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;  
 Their Locks not unlike, nor the same appear,  
 But, just as Sisters should, a decent Difference bear.  
 The Earth has Men, and Cities, Beasts, and Woods,  
 Rivers, and Nymphs, and other Rural Gods.  
 High above all Heav'n's bright Effigies shines,  
 And on each Door are six refulgent Signs.

Here *Phaeton*, having gain'd the steep Ascent,  
 Strait to his doubted Father's Presence went,  
 And stood at distance; for his mortal Sight  
 Could bear no nearer that Excess of Light.

Attir'd in Purple *Phaebus* on a Throne  
 Was seated, which with dazzling Emeralds shone.  
 Around him stood Days, Months, Years, Ages, Hours;  
 Gay Spring, all fresh, and crown'd with blooming  
 Flow'rs;

Parch'd Summer with her Wheaten Wreath appear'd,  
 Autumn with Juice of trodden Grapes besmear'd,  
 And icy Winter with his hoary Beard.

There *Phœbus*, with his all-beholding Eyes,  
 His youthful Offspring in Confusion spies,  
 Trembling at those Celestial Novelties:  
 When thus; What Bus'ness hither brings my Son,  
 My *Phaëton*, whom I shall ne'er disown?

O thou, whose Influence cheers the World with Day,  
 The Youth reply'd; O Father, if I may  
 Guiltless of Usurpation use that Name,  
 Nor *Clym'ne* with a Falshood hides her Shame;  
 Give sure Credentials which my Birth may prove,  
 And from my Mind these restless Doubts remove.

He spoke; and strait the Father from his Head  
 Flung the bright Rays, which streaming Glory  
 spread,

Bid him draw near, and thus, Embracing, said:

Nor art thou worthy sure to be deny'd,  
 Nor has my *Clymene* thy Birth bely'd.  
 To clear thy Doubts, ask what thy Thoughts suggest,  
 And no Repulse shall baffle thy Request:  
 And may that *Stygian* Lake which Gods revere,  
 But never see, this solemn Promise hear.

Scarce had he ended, when th' aspiring Boy  
 Demands one Journey on th' ethereal Way,  
 To drive his Father's Steeds, and guide the Day.

Fain would th' unwary God his Oath revoke,  
 Thrice shook his radiant Head, and thus he spoke.  
 'Tis true, my Promise from my Lips is flown,  
 And thou hast made my heedless Words thy own.  
 But oh! could I those heedless Words recant,  
 This only I confess I should not grant.

Ev'n now I may dissuade; in Ruin end  
 These wild Attempts; great things thy Thoughts  
 intend,

Which this green Age, and childish Strength tran-  
 Thy State is mortal, Godlike thy Desire;  
 Nay ev'n above the Gods thou dost aspire.

For let them ne'er so daringly confide  
 In their own Might, yet none has Pow'r to ride  
 On my hot Axle, and my Chariot guide,

Not he who darts his Lightning from above [*Jove?*  
 Can rein these Steeds: And what's more great than  
 The first Ascent with Pain my Horses climb,  
 So steep it rises; next thro' Heav'n sublime  
 I'm born; from whence with Horror pale I grow,  
 To see the distant Earth and Seas below:

Prone is the Ev'ning Stage, which gives me Pain  
 In swift Descent, and needs a steady Rein.

Ev'n *Tethys*, who receives me, quakes with Dread,  
 Lest I should headlong plunge into her wavy Bed.

Besides, this globous and ethereal World,  
 With all its Stars, and spinning Orb, is whirl'd:

I drive adverse; and urge my full Career,  
 In opposition to the rapid Sphere.

But couldst thou bear the Force with which it rolls?  
 Or stand the swift Rotation of the Poles?

Perhaps thou there conceiv'st the blest Abodes,  
 And rich with Gifts the Temples of the Gods.

Thro' Snares and Forms of Monsters lies the Way;  
 For granting that on neither hand thou stray,

Close by the *Bull's* stern Horns the Chariot goes,  
 Th' *Aemonian Archer*, and the *Lion's* Paws,

And thro' the *Crab's*, and twisted *Scorpion's* Claws.

Nor is't an equal Task for thee to cool  
 My foaming Steeds, and those mad Heats controul  
 Which glow within their Breasts, and from their  
 Nostrils roll.

Scarce can my Strength their tossing Heads restrain,  
 When struggling, and reluctant to the Rein.

But thou, lest I a fatal Present give,

My Son, correct thy rash Demand, and live.

To prove thee mine, thou fain wouldst have ap-  
 pear

Undoubted Tokens; which I give by Fear,

Am prov'd thy Father by Paternal Care.

Behold my Looks; and could my Thoughts be seen,  
 Thou might'st perceive the Pain that cleaves my  
 Breast within.



In fine, of all that in th' ethereal Sky,  
 Or Earth, or Seas (look round) thou canst espy, }  
 Demand some Gift, and nothing I'll deny.  
 Decline this one; thy longing Fancy raves,  
 And not an Honour, but a Curse it craves.  
 Why round my Neck fond Twainings dost thou make?  
 I've sworn already by the *Stygian* Lake;  
 Doubt not; in vain thou nothing shalt require,  
 But mix more Prudence with thy next Desire.

He ended; but the other still retain'd  
 His firm Resolves, and urg'd his first Demand.  
 The Sire then ling'ring with slow Steps proceeds,  
 And him to *Vulcan's* Work his Chariot leads.  
 Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold;  
 The Wheels with silver Spokes, and golden Circles roll'd.  
 Gems set in Rows adverse, and sparkling bright,  
 Reflected on the God the dazzling Light,  
 Which while th' ambitious Youth with wondring Eyes  
 Runs o'er, and all the beauteous Work surveys;  
 Lo! from the rose East her purple Doors  
 The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with blushing Flow'rs:  
 The lessen'd Stars draw off, and disappear,  
 Whose bright Battallions lastly *Lucifer* }  
 Brings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.  
 When *Phœbus* saw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,  
 And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn;  
 He bids the nimble Hours his Steeds array  
 With Harness; strait the Goddesses obey:  
 From their high Mangers with *Ambrosia* fed,  
 And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beasts they lead,  
 And fit the rattling Bridles. Then the Sire,  
 To make his Son endure th' Ethereal Fire,  
 A sacred Ointment o'er him spreads with care,  
 And with the radiant Glory crowns his Hair.  
 When Sighs repeated from his Breast had broke,  
 Those sad Presages of ill Luck, he spoke.

That all my Words may not be spent in vain,  
 Son spare the Lash, and manage well the Rein.

Swift of themselves they scour along the Sky,  
 And Pain it is to check them, as they fly.  
 Nor must thou strait thro' the five Circles ride,  
 A Path oblique do's Heav'n's Convex divide:  
 Which bounded by three Zones, do's in its Line  
 From both the Poles on either hand decline. [made;  
 There drive; thou'lt see the Track the Wheels have  
 That Fire may neither Heav'n nor Earth invade,  
 But both the Heat in just proportion prove,  
 Nor sink below the Road, nor soar above.  
 For if too high, th' ethereal Mansions glow;  
 The Earth is turn'd to Ashes, if too low;  
 Between th' Extremes securest shalt thou go. }  
 On the left, keeping still the middle Track,  
 Avoid the *Altar*; on the right, the *Snake*.  
 The rest I leave to Chance; be she thy Guide,  
 And for thee better than thy self provide.  
 While I am talking, to th' *Hesperian* Strand  
 The Night's advanc'd; I must no longer stand:  
 The Morn' is ris'n, I'm summon'd to appear:  
 Take, take the Bridles; or if prudent Fear  
 Has chang'd thy Mind, my Chariot still refuse,  
 And while thou'rt yet secure, my Counsel chuse;  
 While yet thou dost not on my Axle sit,  
 My proper Province to my self permit:  
 Let me dispense the Day; thou safely live,  
 And view that Light which I alone can give.

Forthwith th' impatient Youth with eager Heat  
 Seizes the Reins, and springs into the Seat;  
 Then stood aloft, with that high Charge o'erjoy'd,  
 And to his Sire unwelcome thanks repaid.

Mean while hot *Pyroeis* with *Eöus* join'd,  
 With *Aethon* fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,  
 The Sun's swift Steeds each others Rage provoke,  
 Neighing aloud, and snorting Fire and Smoke;  
 And hasty to perform Fate's harsh Decree,  
 Insult the Barriers, pawing to get free:

Which, when, not thinking of th' unhappy Boy  
 Her Grandson, *Tefhys* had remov'd away,  
 And all the Heav'nly Tract before 'em lay;  
 Strait, in a moment starting, out they spring  
 Cutting th' opposed Clouds, and born on Wing  
 Outfly the Eastern Winds; so light a Load  
 They could not feel, but miss'd the poising God.  
 As Ships, when no just Ballast is assign'd,  
 Are whiffed thro' the Sea, and dance before the Wind;  
 The Chariot so jump'd, rocking thro' the Air  
 On rattling Wheels, and totter'd here and there.  
 Which when the Steeds perceive, they soon forsake  
 The beaten Road, and wild Excursions make.  
 He's damp'd with Fear, nor do's he know the Way,  
 Nor would the Horses, if he did, obey.  
 Then first the *Bear* grew hot, and wish'd in vain  
 To cool her Head in the forbidden Main.  
 The *Serpent* too, plac'd in the frozen Zone,  
 Benumb'd with Cold at first, and fear'd by none;  
 Rous'd by the Heat, unfurls her tardy Spires, [Fires.  
 Frets with an angry Hiss, and feels th' approaching  
 Thou too *Boötes*, from the Sun so far  
 Remote, fled'st nearer to the Polar Star,  
 Tho' slow, and lagging with thy lazy Car.

But when th' unhappy Youth from highest Sky  
 Saw Earth, which vastly distant down did lye;  
 Struck pale with Fear, he shiver'd at the Sight,  
 Half blinded by th' insufferable Light.  
 Too late he wishes now h' had ne'er desir'd  
 His Father's Steeds, nor his high Birth enquir'd:  
 Wishes his fatal Suit had been deny'd,  
 And would be Mortal by the Father's side.  
 Like some rofs'd Bark, whose Pilot in Despair  
 Turning all fruitless vain Attempts to Pray'r,  
 Abandons all to th' Hazards of the Air;  
 He's driven: What should he do? much Space behind  
 He sees; more onward; measures both in Mind,

Sometimes, which he must never reach, the West  
 He views, sometimes looks back upon the East.  
 Puzzled and lost, He dares not loose the Rein,  
 Tho' weary, faint, and holding it with Pain,  
 Nor do's his Horses Names in Mind retain.

Then scatter'd o'er the Sky strange Forms appear,  
 And monstrous Shapes, which chill his Blood with  
 Fear.

There is a Place, wherein his crooked Paws  
 The *Scorpion* into two bent Arches draws, [Claws.  
 And stretches thro' two Signs his Tail and winding  
 Him when the Youth saw twisted in a Ring  
 Wriggling himself, and threatening with his Sting  
 Fork'd horribly, and sweating pois'nous Black;  
 Quite robb'd of Strength, he let the Bridles slack.  
 Soon as the fiery Steeds perceive the Reins  
 Lie loose and useles on their reeking Mains,  
 They roam at random, and thro' Paths untrod  
 Without Controul they rambling make a Road;  
 Where their impetuous Frolick prompts, they rove,  
 And make IncurSIONS on the Stars above.  
 Now with resistless Force they bound on high,  
 Now thunder down the steepness of the Sky  
 Nearer to Earth: Amazement seiz'd the Moon,  
 To see her Brother's Steeds beneath her own.  
 The Clouds ascend in Smoke; high points of Land  
 First catch the Flame, of all their Juices drain'd.  
 Scorch'd are the Pastures; Trees to Ashes turn, [burn.  
 And o'er ten thousand Fields the crackling Harvests  
 But Trifles these; great Cities were destroy'd,  
 And in the Dust the Fire whole Kingdoms laid.  
 The same did on vast Woods and Mountains seize;  
*Athos, Cilician Taurus, Imolus* blaze;  
*Oete*, and *Ida*, once for Fountains fam'd,  
 And *Virgin Helicon* and *Hamus* flam'd,  
*Hamus*, which yet from *Orpheus* was not nam'd.  
*Ætna*, which long had burnt for many an Age,  
 Now roars and thunders with redoubled Rage,

*Parnassus*, *Eryx*, *Othrys*, *Cynthus* glow,  
*Mimas*, and *Rhodope* now free from Snow.  
*Dyndamae*, *Mic'le*, and *Cytheron*, Seat  
 Of Sacred Rites; nor *Scythia* from the Heat  
 Its Cold secures; *Caucasus* glares with Fire,  
*Ossa*, and *Pindus*, and *Olympus* higher  
 Than both, are wrapp'd in Smoke, or blazing shine,  
 And th' airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.

Now *Phaeton*, ith' rapid Chariot hurl'd,  
 From ev'ry part beholds the flaming World;  
 Involv'd in Smoke, and drag'd he knows not where,  
 As from a Stove he draws the scalding Air,  
 Nor longer can the Coals, and Balls of Ashes bear.  
 Whether on high he's hurry'd, or below,  
 He sees not, but perceives his Chariot glow.  
 Then first 'tis thought the torrid *Indians* Blood  
 Drawn to the Surface of their Bodies flood;  
 From whence their black Complexion has remain'd:  
 Then *Libya* parch'd, and of its Moisture drain'd,  
 Has, ever since, its Drought, and scorching Sands  
 retain'd.

The Nymphs with Hair dishevel'd mourn the loss  
 Of purling Springs, and Fountains edg'd with Moss.  
*Bœotia* doubts where *Dirce's* Brook should stray,  
*Argos* seeks *Amymone* stol'n away,  
 Nor *Corinth* do's *Pirene's* Streams enjoy.  
 Nor in their Channels distant Rivers glide  
 Securely; *Tanais* rolls a smoking Tide,  
*Penens*, *Cæycus*, and *Ismenos's* Bank are dry'd.  
*Lycornas*, *Erymanthus* feel the Heat,  
 And *Xanthus* doom'd to burn again by Fate,  
*Eurotas*, and *Meander*, he who plays  
 Amidst his Labyrinth and watry Maze;  
*Euphrates*, who the Walls of *Ninus* laves,  
 And great *Orontes* flow with scalding Waves.  
*Thermadon*, *Ganges*, *Phasis*, *Ister* burn,  
*Melas's*, and *Sperchius's* Banks to Ashes turn,  
*Alphæus* boil'd; Billows of melted Gold  
 In the rich Stream of yellow *Tazus* roll'd,

Those River-Birds, with whose delightful Song  
*Mæonia's* winding Shores so oft had rung,  
 No cooling Waters find to quench their Fire,  
 But in *Cæyfter's* bubbling Tide expire.

To the World's End affrighted *Nilus* flies,  
 And hides his Head, which still in secret lies;  
 For the sev'n Channels where he drew his Train,  
 Sev'n dry and dusty Vallies now remain.

The same hard Fate each *Thracian* River mourns,  
*Heber* and *Strymon* thirst with empty Urns.

Nor are the *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Po*, or *Tiber* freed,  
*Tiber*, to whom wide Empire was decreed. {Light

The Ground all cleaves, and thro' the Chinks the  
 Strikes into Hell, and scares the Shades of Night;

Th' infernal King was startled as it shone,  
 And, with his Consort, trembled on his Throne.

The Ocean shrinks; and what before was Main,  
 Appears a spacious Waste, and sandy Plain.

Rocks standing high above the shallow Seas,  
 The number of the *Cyclades* increase.

The Fish all dive, and creep into the Mud,  
 Nor dare the Dolphins play above the Flood.

Supine in Death the monstrous *Phoca* sleep,  
 And float upon the Surface of the Deep.

*Nereus* and *Doris* too in rocky Caves  
 Contracted lay beneath the boiling Waves.

Thrice *Neptune* with stern Aspect rais'd his Head,  
 And thrice shrunk back into his Oozy Bed.

But kind, indulgent Earth, whose smoking Sides  
 The Sea embrac'd, and bounded with its Tides,  
 'Midst fuming Rills, and lessen'd Springs that come  
 To seek for shelter in their Mother's Womb;  
 Rears her ill-bearing Head; and from the Blaze  
 Endeavours with her Hand to guard her Face,  
 Then trembling She the whole Creation shakes,  
 And sinking thus with sacred Accent speaks.

If 'tis your Will, and I deserve to die,  
 Great *Jove*, why sleeps th' Artillery of the Sky?

Since 'tis my Fate to perish by the Fire,  
 Let me, Supreme of Gods, by Yours expire;  
 If from your thund'ring Arm the Ruin come,  
 Its mighty Author's Name will ease my Doom.  
 Scarce can my Voice express this feeble Pray'r;  
 (Heat choak'd her Mouth) behold my blazing Hair:  
 How Clouds of Smoke my watry Eyes annoy,  
 And round my Head the crackling Cinders play.  
 Are these the best Rewards you can confer  
 On me, your useful Slave? who all the Year  
 The wounding Strokes of Plow and Spade have born,  
 And with the goring Harrows have been torn?  
 Who have on Men and Cattle wholesome Food,  
 And Incense on your sacred Shrines bestow'd?  
 But grant these Judgments justly light on me;  
 What has your Brother done, or what his Sea?  
 Why do his Waves decrease, nor dare to rise;  
 But keep that modest distance from the Skies?  
 But if nor He, nor I your Favour share,  
 Yet your own Heav'n will sure command your Care,  
 Pity your self; behold the smoking Poles,  
 How round them both the ruddy Vapour rolls.  
 If once they sink, none can your Courts ensure,  
 Nor Fate it self your starry Throne secure.  
 See *Atlas* labours with unusual Pain,  
 And scarce the glowing Axle can sustain.  
 If Sea, if Earth, and Heav'n to Ruin burn,  
 All huddled into Chaos we return.  
 Thou, if Fire's wasteful Fury ought has spar'd,  
 Yet save it, and the main Affair regard.

Thus She; for now she could no longer bear  
 The sultry Smoke, and suffocating Air;  
 Into her self draws back her fainting Head  
 To the dark Caverns bord'ring on the Dead.

But *Jove* appeals to all the Pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 And ev'n to him, who had the Chariot giv'n;  
 Urging that now, without his Succour, all  
 Must run to Ruin, and to nothing fall,

Strait on that lofty Eminence he tow'rs,  
 From whence he usually sends down the Show'rs; }  
 From whence his Thunderbolts abroad he pours : }  
 Thinking the Conflagration to restrain  
 With rushing Tempests, and descending Rain.  
 But now those Magazines were all bereft  
 Of watry Stores, and only Thunder left.  
 That he employs; and launch'd from his right Ear  
 A Bolt he whirls against the Charioteer :  
 With the same fatal Blow transports him hurl'd  
 At once from off the Seat, and from the World ;  
 And quenches Fire with Fire. With furious Bound  
 The Steeds leap diff'rent ways, and flinging round  
 From off their tossing Necks the Harness break,  
 And from their Heads the shatter'd Bridles shake.  
 Here lyes the Beam by those impetuous Shocks  
 Pluck'd off, and there the Shivers of the Spokes ;  
 In Parts remote the Reins and Axle lye,  
 The broken Chariot scatter'd o'er the Sky.  
 But *Phaëton* with his sing'd and shining Hair  
 Shot like a Meteor gliding thro' the Air; }  
 Which, if it fell not, seem'd a falling Star. }  
 Him vastly distant from his native Place  
 The *Po* receiv'd, and wash'd his smoking Face.

To APOLLO making Love. From  
 Monsieur FONTENELLE.

By Mr. TICKELL.

**I** Am (cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd,  
 And panting for Breath, the coy *Virginia* pursu'd,  
 When his Wisdom, in manner most ample, express  
 The long List of the Graces his Godship possess.)



## II.

I'm the God of sweet Song, and Inspirer of Lays;  
 Nor for Lays, nor sweet Song, the fair Fugitive stays:  
 I'm the God of the Harp---stop my Fairest---in vain;  
 Nor the Harp, nor the Harper, could fetch her again.

## III.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,  
 God of Light I'm above, and of Physick below:  
 At the dreadful Word Physick, the Nymph fled more  
 fast;  
 At the fatal Word Physick she doubled her haste.

## IV.

Thou fond God of Wisdom, then alter thy Phrase,  
 Bid her view thy young Bloom, and thy ravishing  
 Rays, [Charms,  
 Tell her less of thy Knowledge, and more of thy  
 And, my Life for't, the Damsel shall fly to thy Arms.

*The* FATAL CURIOSITY.

*By the same Hand.*

**M**UCH had I heard of fair *Francelia's* Name,  
 The lavish Praises of the Babler, Fame;  
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,  
 And trace the Charmer, with a Critick's Eye,  
 Resolv'd to find some Fault, before unspy'd,  
 And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the Vassal Heart, that durst rebel,  
 And where a Judge was meant, a Victim fell:  
 On those dear Eyes, with sweet Perdition gay,  
 I gaz'd, at once, my Pride and Soul away;  
 All o'er I felt the luscious Poison run,  
 And, in a Look, the hasty Conquest won.

Thus the fond Moth around the Taper plays,  
 And sports, and flutters near the treach'rous Blaze;

Ravish'd with Joy he wings his eager Flight,  
 Nor dreams of Ruin, in so clear a Light;  
 He tempts his Fate, and courts a glorious Doom,  
 A bright Destruction, and a shining Tomb.

---

*To the Author of ROSAMOND, an*  
 OPERA.

----- *Ne forte pudori*  
*Sit Tibi Musa Lyra solers, & Cantor Apollo.*

*By the same Hand.*

**T**HE Opera first *Italian* Masters taught,  
 Enrich'd with Songs, but innocent of Thought,  
*Britannia's* learned Theater disdains  
 Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;  
 And blushes, on her injur'd Stage to see  
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet Stupidity.

No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,  
 Soft as *Corelli*, and as *Virgil* strong.  
 From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive,  
 And Musick borrows Helps, she us'd to give.  
 Thy Stile hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,  
 Thy flowing Numbers far exceed the new.  
 Their Cadence in such easie Sound convey'd,  
 That height of Thought may seem superfluous Aid;  
 Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,  
 That needless seem the Sweets of easie Sound.

Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,  
 Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy builds!  
 What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,  
 The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens,  
 The babling Sounds that Mimick *Echo* plays,  
 The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?  
 Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,  
 And all *Elysium* to one View confin'd!

No further could Imagination roam,  
 'Till *Vanbrook* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome,  
 Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,  
 When drown'd in Tears I see th' imploring Fair;  
 When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,  
 A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;  
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,  
 (In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)  
 Each Verse so swells expressive of her Woes,  
 And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;  
 We, spite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,  
 O'erlook her Crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let Joy salute fair *Rosamonda's* Shade,  
 And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid,  
 While now perhaps with *Dido's* Ghost she roves,  
 And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,  
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their Fate,  
 Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em  
 Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan, [great.  
 Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *A-----n*.

Accept, Great Monarch of the *British* Lays,  
 The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.  
 So tries the Artless Lark her early flight,  
 And soars, to hail the God of Verse, and Light.  
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,  
 And thy own Laurels shade thy envy'd Name:  
 Thy Name, the Boast of all the tuneful Quire,  
 Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre,  
 Who reads thy Work, shall own the sweet Surprise;  
 And view thy *Rosamond* with *Henry's* Eyes.



To a Lady; with the Description of  
the PHOENIX.

By the same Hand.

**L**avish of Wit, and bold appear the Lines,  
Where *Claudian's* Genius in the *Phoenix* shines;  
A thousand ways each brilliant Point is turn'd,  
And the gay Poem, like its Theme, adorn'd:  
A Tale more strange ne'er grac'd the Poets Art,  
Nor e'er did Fiction play so wild a Part.

Each fabled Charm in matchless *Celia* meets,  
The heav'nly Colours, and ambrosial Sweets;  
Her Virgin Bosom chaster Fires supplies,  
And Beams more piercing guard her kindred Eyes:  
O'erflowing Wit th' imagin'd Wonder drew,  
But fertile Fancy ne'er can reach the true. [disclose,  
Now buds your Youth, your Checks their Bloom  
Th' untainted Lilly, and unfolding Rose;  
Ease in your Mien, and Sweetness in your Face,  
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;  
Nor time shall urge these Beauties to decay,  
While Virtue gives, what Years shall steal away:  
The Fair, whose Youth can boast the Worth of Age,  
In Age shall with the Charms of Youth engage;  
In ev'ry Change still lovely, still the same,  
A fairer *Phoenix* in a purer Flame.

---

A Description of the PHOENIX: Trans-  
lated from CLAUDIAN.

By the same Hand.

**I**N utmost Ocean lies a lovely Isle, [smile,  
Where Spring still blooms, and Greens for ever

Which sees the Sun put on his first Array,  
 And hears his panting Steeds bring on the Day;  
 When, from the Deep, they rush with rapid Force,  
 And whirl aloft, to run their glorious Course;  
 When first appear the ruddy Streaks of Light,  
 And glimm'ring Beams dispel the parting Night.

In these soft Shades, unprest by human Feet,  
 The happy *Phœnix* keeps his balmy Seat,  
 Far from the World disjoin'd; he reigns alone,  
 Alike the Empire, and its King unknown.  
 A God-like Bird! whose endless Round of Years  
 Out-lasts the Stars, and tires the circling Spheres;  
 Not us'd like vulgar Birds to eat his Fill,  
 Or drink the Crystal of the murm'ring Rill;  
 But fed by Warmth from *Titan's* purer Ray,  
 And flak'd by Steams which Eastern Seas convey;  
 Still he renews his Life in these Abodes,  
 Contemns the Pow'r of Fate, and mates the Gods.

His fiery Eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring Ray,  
 And round his Head ten thousand Glories play;  
 High on his Crest, a Star celestial bright  
 Divides the Darkness with its piercing Light.  
 His Legs are stain'd with Purple's lively Dye,  
 His azure Wings the fleeting Winds out-fly;  
 Soft Plumes of cheerful Blue his Limbs infold,  
 Enrich'd with Spangles, and bedropt with Gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,  
 Sire of himself he is, and of himself the Son;  
 His Life in fruitful Death renews its Date,  
 And kind Destruction but prolongs his Fate:  
 Ev'n in the Grave new Strength his Limbs receive,  
 And on the Fun'ral Pile begin to live.

For when a thousand times the Summer Sun  
 His bending Race has on the Zodiaque run,  
 And when as oft the Vernal Signs have roll'd,  
 As oft the Wintry brought the numbing Cold;  
 Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged Cares,  
 And bends beneath the mighty Load of Years.

So falls the stately Pine, that proudly grew  
 The Shade, and Glory of the Mountain's Brow,  
 When pierc'd by Blasts, and spouting Clouds o'er-  
 It, slowly sinking, nods its tott'ring Head, [spread,  
 Part dies by Winds, and part by sickly Rains,  
 And wasting Age destroys the poor Remains.

Then, as the silver Empress of the Night  
 O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter Light,  
 So, froz'n with Age, and shut from Light's Supplies,  
 In lazy Rounds scarce roll his feeble Eyes, [nown'd,  
 And those fleet Wings, for Strength and Speed re-  
 Scarce rear th' unactive Lumber from the Ground.

Mysterious Arts a second time create  
 The Bird, prophetick of approaching Fate.  
 Pil'd on an Heap *Sabaean* Herbs he lays,  
 Parch'd by his Sire the Sun's intensest Rays;  
 The Pile design'd to form his Fun'ral Scene  
 He wraps in Covers of a fragrant Green,  
 And bids the spicy Heap at once become  
 A Grave destructive, and a teeming Womb.

On the rich Bed the dying Wonder lies,  
 Imploring *Phœbus* with persuasive Cries,  
 To dart upon him in collected Rays,  
 And new-create him in a deadly Blaze.

The God beholds the Suppliant from afar,  
 And stops the Progress of his heav'nly Carr.

“ O Thou, says he, whom harmless Fires shall burn,  
 “ Thy Age the Flame to second Youth shall turn, }  
 “ An Infant's Cradle is thy Fun'ral Urn.  
 “ Thou, on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous  
 “ To live by Ruin, and by Death to bloom, [Doom  
 “ Thy Life, thy Strength, thy lovely Form renew,  
 “ And with fresh Beauties doubly charm the View.

Thus speaking, 'midst the Aromatick Bed  
 A golden Beam he tosses from his Head:  
 Swift as Desire, the shining Ruin flies,  
 And strait devours the willing Sacrifice.  
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile Fire,  
 Sink into Strength, and into Life expire.

In Flames the circling Odours mount on high,  
 Perfume the Air, and glitter in the Sky,  
 The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their Flight,  
 And Nature startles at the doubtful Sight;  
 For whilst the pregnant Urn with Fury glows,  
 The Goddess labours with a Mother's Throes,  
 Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly Flames,  
 The noblest Product of the Skill she claims.

Th' enliv'ning Dust its Head begins to rear,  
 And on the Ashes sprouting Plumes appear;  
 In the dead Bird reviving Vigour reigns,  
 And Life returning revels in his Veins:  
 A new born *Phoenix* starting from the Flame,  
 Obtains at once a Son's, and Father's Name;  
 And the great Change of double Life displays,  
 In the short Moment of one transient Blaze.

On his new Pinions to the *Nile* he bends,  
 And to the Gods his parent Urn commends,  
 To *Egypt* bearing, with Majestick Pride,  
 The balmy Nest, where first he liv'd, and dy'd.  
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual Sight,  
 And grace the Triumph of his Infant Flight;  
 In Crowds unnumber'd round their Chief they fly,  
 Oppress the Air, and cloud the spacious Sky;  
 Nor dares the fiercest of the winged Race  
 Obstruct his Journey thro' th' æthereal Space,  
 The Hawk and Eagle useless Wars forbear,  
 Forego their Courage, and consent to fear;  
 The feather'd Nations humble Homage bring,  
 And bless the gaudy Flight of their Ambrosial King.

Less glitt'ring Pomp does *Parthia's* Monarch yield,  
 Commanding Legions to the dusty Field;  
 Tho' sparkling Jewels on his Helm abound,  
 And Royal Gold his awful Head surround;  
 Tho' rich Embroid'ry paint his Purple Vest,  
 And his Steed bound in costly Trappings drest,  
 Pleas'd in the Battel's dreadful Van to ride,  
 In graceful Grandeur, and Imperial Pride,

Fam'd for the Worship of the Sun, there stands  
 A sacred Fane in *Egypt's* fruitful Lands,  
 Hew'n from the *Theban* Mountain's rocky Womb  
 An hundred Columns rear the Marble Dome;  
 Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious Load,  
 A grateful Off'ring to the Beamy God;  
 Upon whose Altars consecrated Blaze  
 The Seeds and Reliques of himself he lays,  
 Whence flaming Incense makes the Temple shine,  
 And the glad Altars breath Perfumes divine.  
 The wasted Smell to far *Pelufium* flies,  
 To chear old Ocean, and enrich the Skies,  
 With Nectar's Sweets to make the Nations smile,  
 And scent the sev'n-fold Channels of the *Nile*.

Thrice happy *Phœnix*! Heav'n's peculiar Care  
 Has made thy self thy self's surviving Heir;  
 By Death thy deathless Vigour is supply'd,  
 Which sinks to Ruin all the World beside;  
 Thy Age, not thee, assisting *Phœbus* burns,  
 And Vital Flames light up thy Fun'ral Urns.  
 Whate'er Events have been, thy Eyes survey,  
 And thou art fixt, while Ages roll away;  
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his Bed,  
 O'er-top'd the Mountains, and the Earth o'er-spread,  
 When the rash Youth inflam'd the high Abodes,  
 Scorch'd up the Skies, and scar'd the deathless Gods.  
 When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,  
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless Reign;  
 Fate's Tyrant Laws thy happier Lot shall brave,  
 Baffle Destruction, and elude the Grave.





*Verses sent to the Hon. Mrs. MARGARET LOWTHER on her Marriage.*

Translated from *Menage*.

*By the same Hand.*

[Grove,

**T**HE greatest Swain that treads th' *Arcadian*  
 Our Shepherds Envy, and our Virgins Love,  
 His charming Nymph, his softest Fair obtains,  
 The bright *Diana* of our flow'ry Plains;  
 He, 'midst the graceful, of superior Grace,  
 And she the loveliest of the loveliest Race.

Thy fruitful Influence, Guardian *Juno*, shed,  
 And crown the Pleasures of the genial Bed,  
 Raise thence, their future Joy, a smiling Heir,  
 Brave as the Father, as the Mother fair.  
 Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest Gifts on those,  
 Who boldly rival thy most hated Foes;  
 The vig'rous Bridegroom with *Alcides* vies,  
 And the fair Bride has *Cytherea's* Eyes.

---

*To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.*

*By the same Hand.*

**T**HE fragrant Painting of our flow'ry Fields,  
 The choicest Stores that youthful Summer yields,  
*Strephon* to fair *Elisa* hath convey'd,  
 The sweetest Garland to the sweetest Maid.  
 O cheer the Flow'rs, my Fair, and let them rest  
 On the *Elysium* of thy snowy Breast,  
 And there regale the Smell, and charm the View,  
 With richer Odours, and a lovelier Hue.

Learn hence (nor fear a Flatt'rer in the Flow'r)  
 Thy Form divine, and Beauty's matchless Pow'r:  
 Faint, near thy Cheeks, thy bright Carnation glows,  
 And thy ripe Lips out-blush the op'ning Rose;  
 The Lilly's Snow betrays less pure a Light,  
 Lost in thy Bosom's more un sullied White;  
 And Wreaths of Jess'mine shed Perfumes, beneath  
 Th' ambrosial Incense of thy balmy Breath.

Ten thousand Beauties grace the Rival Pair,  
 How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!  
 But ah! too soon these fleeting Charms decay,  
 The fading Lustre of one hast'ning Day,  
 This Night shall see the gaudy Wreath decline,  
 The Roses wither, and the Lillies pine.

The Garland's Fate to thine shall be apply'd,  
 And what advanc'd thy Form, shall check thy Pride:  
 Be wise, my Fair, the present Hour improve,  
 Let Joy be new, and now a Waste of Love;  
 Each drooping Bloom shall plead thy just Excuse,  
 And that which show'd thy Beauty, show its Use.

*On a Lady's Picture: To GILFRED  
 LAWSON, Esq;*

*By the same Hand.*

**A**S Damon Chloe's painted Form survey'd,  
 He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting Shade,  
 For Cupid taught the artist Hand its Grace,  
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimick Face.

Now he laments a Look so falsely fair,  
 And almost damns; what yet resembles her;  
 Now he devours it, with his longing Eyes;  
 Now sated, from the lovely Phantome flies,  
 Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.

Her Iv'ry Neck his Lips presume to kiss,  
 And his bold Hands the swelling Bosom press;  
 The Swain drinks in deep Draughts of vain Desire,  
 Melts without Heat, and burns in fancy'd Fire.

Strange Pow'r of Paint! thou nice Creator Art!  
 What Love inspires, may Life it self impart.  
 Struck with like Wounds, of old, *Pygmalion* pray'd,  
 And hugg'd to Life his artificial Maid;  
 Clasp, new *Pygmalion*, clasp the seeming Charms,  
 Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning Image warms,  
 Destin'd to crown thy Joys, and revel in thy Arms:  
 Thy Arms, which shall with Fire so fierce invade,  
 That she at once shall be, and cease to be a Maid.

---

*Written at B A T H.*

WITH wish'd Success these min'ral Springs  
 I try'd,  
 Which o'er hot Beds of smoking Sulphur glide;  
 For Health I came, nor was that Health deny'd.  
 But when unwarn'd, and fearless of Surprize,  
 I felt the darted Fire of *Celia's* Eyes;  
 All was undone again: Unusual Pains  
 Heav'd at my Heart, and tingled in my Veins.  
 No Remedy can this Disease remove;  
 But ev'n these wond'rous Waters useles prove  
 To quench the Fire, the raging Fire of Love.  
 Were *Willis*, like his Fame, surviving still,  
 Ev'n *Willis* would in vain employ his Skill.  
 Cur'd of one Sickness, by a worse I die;  
 And meet the Fate, from which I strove to fly.  
 So the sick Deer by ready Instinct goes,  
 To seek the healing Plant which Nature shews;  
 Crops it secure, nor other Danger heeds:  
 But while on that restoring Herb he feeds,  
 Shot by a mortal Shaft he yields his Breath,  
 And where he finds his Med'cine, finds his Death.

## L O V E and F O L L Y.

R E flecting, how ev'n common Sense was gone,  
 When Love had push'd my Reason from the }  
 And how one Error drew another on ; [Throne,  
 How ev'ry Object in false Lights was view'd,  
 And vain Designs with wrong Address pursu'd ;  
 How I expos'd my Weakness to be seen,  
 And wanted Wit to *keep the Fool within* ;  
 Despair'd, yet hop'd ; scarce knew what 'twas I sought,  
 While Sighs and Sonnets serv'd instead of Thought ;  
 New Methods found th' unlucky Fire to nurse,  
 And still repair'd one Folly by a worse.

Amaz'd, enrag'd, I curs'd my fatal Flame,  
 Blush'd ev'n alone, and almost dy'd with Shame ;  
 Resolv'd my native Freedom to regain,  
 And either break my Heart, or break my Chain.

When thus his sage Advice *Apollo* gave ;  
 Wouldst thou be free ? submit to be a Slave.  
 To flounce, and struggle in th' intangling Snare,  
 Hampers the Captive more, and ties him faster there :  
 And he who in a Quicksand floundring lyes,  
 Still deeper sinks, the more he strives to rise.  
 Nor at thy thoughtless Management repine ;  
 The Fair have spoil'd far better Sense than thine.  
 Among their Vassals, patient take thy Place,  
 And be an Idiot with a truer Grace.  
 But thou wouldst needs see clearly with no Eyes,  
 Be mad with Reason, and in Folly wise.  
 Content thy self ; let this thy Care remove,  
 The wisest of Mankind are Fools in Love.



## Part of the Sixth Book of LUCAN.

Translated from the Latin by Mr. ROWE.

Cæsar and Pompey being Encamp'd near each other upon the River Apsus in Illyria, the former, who was prest for want of Provision, laid a Design of surprising Dyrrachium, in order to bring the latter to a Battel; but Pompey having early Notice of his Motion, march'd before him, and Encamp'd so as to cover the Town. Upon this Cæsar resolv'd to draw a Line quite round the Enemy's Camp, which he did with wonderful Expedition. After the Description of these Works, the Poet goes on to tell that Pompey being Enclos'd, and his Horse suffering for want of Forage, he resolv'd to force his Passage thro' Cæsar's Entrenchments; upon the first Attack Cæsar's Soldiers gave way, 'till Scæva a Centurion made up to the Breach, and by his single Valour stop'd Pompey's whole Army.

[Height,

**N**OW, near Encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring  
 The Latian Chiefs prepare for sudden Fight,  
 The Rival Pair seem hither brought by Fate,  
 As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,  
 And here determine of the Roman State. }  
 Cæsar, intent upon his hostile Son,  
 Demands a Conquest here, and here alone;  
 Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,  
 And scorns the Harvest of the Grecian Field.  
 Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,  
 Ordain'd to give Rome's Liberties away, }  
 And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.  
 Eager that last, great Chance of War he waits,  
 Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.  
 Thrice, on the Hills all drawn in dread Array,  
 His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings display;

Thrice, but in vain, his hostile Arms he shew'd,  
His ready Rage, and thirst of *Latian* Blood.

But when he saw how Caurious *Pompey's* Care,  
Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;

Thro' woody Paths he bent his secret Way,

And meant to make *Dyrrachium's* Tow'rs his Prey.

This *Pompey* saw, and swiftly shot before,

With speedy Marches on the Sandy Shore:

'Till on *Taulantian Petra's* Top he stay'd,

Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.

This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boast,

The Works of Labour, and expensive Cost.

Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!

Lost is the lavish'd Wealth, and lost the fruitless Pain!

What Walls, what Tow'rs foe'er they rear sublime,

Must yield to Wars, or more destructive Time;

While Fences like *Dyrrachium's* Fortrefs made,

Where Nature's Hands the sure Foundation laid,

And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,

Shall stand secure against the Warrior's Rage,

Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.

Guarded around by steepy Rocks it lies,

And all Access from Land, but one, denies.

No vent'rous Vessel there in Safety rides;

But foaming Surges break, and swelling Tides

Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy Sides:

Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,

Then mounting o'er the topmost Cliff they flow,

Burst on the lofty Domes, and dash the Town below.

Here *Cesar's* daring Heart vast Hopes conceives,

And high with War's vindictive Pleasures heaves;

Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,

How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,

With ample Lines from Hill to Hill design'd.

Secret and swift he means the Task to try,

And runs each Distance over with his Eye.

Vast Heaps of sod and verdant Turf are brought,

And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;

Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work supplies,  
 And sudden Ramparts from their Ruins rise.  
 With wond'rous Strength the stable Mound they rear,  
 Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear, }  
 Nor hostile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine  
 Thro' Hills, resistless *Cæsar* plains his Way,  
 And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.  
 Here deep beneath the gaping Treaches lye,  
 There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.  
 Around vast Tracts of Land the Labours wind, }  
 Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind,  
 And hold as in a Toil the salvage Kind;  
 Nor ev'n the Foe too strictly pent remains,  
 At large he forages upon the Plains;  
 The vast Enclosure gives free leave around,  
 Oft to Decamp, and shift the various Ground.  
 Here from far Fountains Streams their Channels  
 trace, }  
 And while they wander thro' the tedious space,  
 Run many a Mile their long extended Race:  
 While some, quite worn and weary of the Way,  
 Sink, and are lost before they reach the Sea.  
 Ev'n *Cæsar's* self when thro' the Works he goes,  
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take Repose.  
 Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,  
 Which Gods alone could build, and Gods destroy:  
 Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have seen  
 The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:  
 Behold this large, this spacious Tract of Ground,  
 Like that, which *Tigris* or *Orontes* bound;  
 Behold this Land! which Majesty might bring,  
 And form a Kingdom for an Eastern King;  
 Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land enclose, }  
 Amidst the Tumult of impending Foes,  
 He had the Walls arise, and as he had they rose.  
 But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! Ah! fruitless Boast!  
 Ev'n these, these mighty Labours all are Lost!

A Force like this what Barriers could withstand?  
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to the Land;  
 The Lover's Shores united might have stood,  
 Spight of the *Hellefont's* opposing Flood;  
 While the *Egean* and *Ionian* Tide,  
 Might meeting o'er the vanquisht *Isthmus* ride,  
 And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth's* Walls divide;  
 This Tow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,  
 Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.  
 Here, as if clos'd within a List, the War  
 Does all its Valiant Combatants prepare;  
 Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains  
 To Dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;  
 Here the whole Rage of Civil Discord join'd,  
 Struggles for Room, and scorns to be confin'd.

Nor yet, while *Cesar* his first Labours try'd,  
 The Warlike Toil by *Pompey* was descry'd:  
 So, in mid *Sicily's* delightful Plain,  
 Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain  
 Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.  
 So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar  
 Of Seas that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.  
 Soon as the rising Ramparts hostile Height,  
 And Tow'rs advancing, struck his anxious Sight,  
 Sudden from *Petra's* safer Camp he led,  
 And wide his Legions on the Hills dispread.  
 So *Cesar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,  
 More feebly might each various Strength defend;  
 His Camp far o'er the large Enclosure reach'd,  
 And guarded Lines along the Front were stretch'd,  
 Far as *Rome's* distance from *Arícia's* Groves,  
 (*Arícia* which the Chaste *Diana* loves)  
 Far as from *Rome* Old *Tyber* seeks the Sea,  
 Did he not wander in his winding way.  
 While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,  
 Unbidden, some the Javelin dart from far,  
 And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring War.  
 But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs distress,  
 And move, the Soldier's Ardor to repress.



*Pompey*, with secret anxious Thought, beheld  
 How trampling Hoofs the rising Grass repell'd;  
 Waste lye the ruffet Fields, the gen'rous Steed  
 Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:  
 Loathing, from Racks of husky Straw he turns,  
 And pining, for the verdant Pastures mourns.  
 No more his Limbs their dying Load sustain, }  
 Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,  
 And sinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:  
 Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,  
 Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away.  
 Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,  
 Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:  
 From *Nefis* such the *Stygian* Vapours rise,  
 And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;  
 Such do *Typhæus'* steamy Caves convey,  
 And breath Blue Poisons on the Golden Day:  
 Then liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,  
 And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give:  
 To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease  
 In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize;  
 A rugged Scurf, all loathly to be seen,  
 Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin;  
 Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,  
 And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;  
 Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,  
 And mark, in Crimson Streaks, their burning Way;  
 Low droops his Head, declining from its height,  
 And nods, and totters with the fatal Weight.  
 With winged Haste the swift Destruction flies,  
 And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies:  
 Now falling Crowds at once resign their Breath,  
 And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.  
 Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;  
 And on the Earth, their dank unwholsome Bed, }  
 The Living rest in common with the Dead.  
 Here none the last Funereal Rights receive;  
 To be cast forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.

At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bad to cease,  
 And staid the pestilential Foes increase;  
 Fresh Breezes from the Sea begin to rise,  
 While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies, [Skies: }  
 And sweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted }  
 Arriving Vessels now their Freight unload,  
 And furnish plenteous Harvests from abroad:  
 Now sprightly Strength, now cheerful Health returns,  
 And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But *Cesar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,  
 Feels not the Mischiefs of the sluggish Sky:  
 On Hills sublime he breaths the Purer Air,  
 And drinks no Damps, nor Pois'nous Vapours there;  
 Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found,  
 Famine, and meagre Want besiege him round:  
 The Fields as yet no hopes of Harvest wear,  
 Nor yellow Stems disclose the bearded Ear;  
 The scatter'd Vulgar search around the Fields,  
 And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;  
 Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,  
 And with the Cattle share their grassy Food.  
 Whate'er the soft'ning Flame can pliant make,  
 Whate'er the Teeth or lab'ring Jaws can break;  
 What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs soe'er they get, }  
 Tho' new, and strange to Human Taste as yet, }  
 At once the greedy Soldiers seize, and eat.  
 What Want, what Pain soe'er they undergo,  
 Still they persist in Arms, and close beset the Foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held  
 Within the Bounds of one appointed Field;  
 O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Passage stay,  
*Pompey* resolves to force his warlike Way;  
 Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead,  
 And give his loosen'd Legions Room to spread.  
 Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,  
 Nor steals a Passage, nor declines the Fight;  
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the Foe, [go;  
 Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to

Where shining Spears and crested Helms are seen,  
 Embattell'd thick, to guard the Walls within:  
 Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,  
 There *Pompey* marks a Passage for his Sword.

Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,  
 Close was the Shade, nor did the Greensword Way,  
 With smoky Clouds of Dust, the March betray.

Hence, sudden they appear in dread Array,  
 Sudden their wide extended Ranks display;  
 At once the Foe beholds, with wond'ring Eyes,  
 Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles rise;  
 At once the Warriors Shouts, and Trumpet-sounds  
 surprize.

Scarce was the Sword's Destruction needful here,  
 So swiftly ran before preventing Fear;  
 Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some  
 Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.  
 Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lye the Slain,  
 Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,  
 And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.

Here swift consuming Flames the Victors throw,  
 And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;  
 Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,  
 And the vast Rampart groans beneath the Shock:  
 And now propitious Fortune seem'd to doom  
 Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;  
 High o'er the vanquish'd Works his Eagles tow'r,  
 And vindicate the World from *Cesar's* Pow'r,

But, (what nor *Cesar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)  
 What not ten thousand warlike Hands withstood,  
*Scava* resists alone; repels the Force,  
 And stops the rapid Victor in his Course.

*Scava*! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,  
 And first distinguish'd on the Gallick Rhone;  
 There seen in hardy Deeds of Arms to shine,  
 He reach'd the Honours of the \* *Latian* Vine.

---

\* The Badge or Distinction of the Roman Centurions.

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,  
 Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil  
 The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will ;  
 Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew,  
 But careless of the Right, for hire his Sword he drew,  
 Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,  
 And he that is the Bravest, is the Worst.  
 Soon as he saw his Fellows shun the Fight,  
 And seek their Safety in ignoble Flight,  
 Whence does, he said, this Cowards Terror grow,  
 This shame, unknown to *Cesar's* Arms 'till now ?  
 Can you, ye slavish Herd, thus tamely yield ?  
 Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field ?  
 Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd Heaps on high,  
 Firm to the last, your brave Companions lye ;  
 Then blush to think what wretched Lives you save,  
 From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious  
 Tho' sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear, [Grave :  
 Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.  
 We ! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,  
 To yield a Passage to our scornful Foes !  
 Yet *Pompey*, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,  
 And stain thy Victor's Lawrel deep in Blood.  
 With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I should have dy'd,  
 If haply I had fall'n by *Cesar's* Side,  
 But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd ;  
 'Then *Pompey*, thou, thou on my Fame shalt wait,  
 Do thou be Witness, and applaud my Fate.  
 Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,  
 A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear, [Spear.  
 'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed  
 And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise !  
 Hark how the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies !  
 The distant Legions catch the Sounds from far,  
 And *Cesar* listens to the thund'ring War.  
 He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,  
 Like Light'ning swift the winged Warrior flies :  
 Haste then to Death, to Conquest haste away,  
 Well do we fall, for *Cesar* wins the Day,

He spoke, and strait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,  
 Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breast was found;  
 Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,  
 To mark their daring Fellow-Soldiers Fate,  
 To see if haply Virtue might prevail, [fail.  
 And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly

High on the tot'ring Wall he rears his Head,  
 With slaughter'd Carcasses around him spread;  
 With nervous Arms uplifting these he throws,  
 These Rolls oppressive, on ascending Foes;  
 Each where Materials for his Fury lye,  
 And all the ready Ruins Arms supply;  
 Ev'n his fierce Self he seems to aim below,  
 Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a Blow.  
 Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,  
 And tumbling, drives the bold Assailants back:  
 How Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcass falls,  
 While the clinch'd Fingers gripe the topmost Walls:  
 Here Stones he heaves; the Mass descending full,  
 Crushes the Brain, and shivers the frail Scull.  
 Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;  
 Infix'd, the Flames hiss in the liquid Wound,  
 Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimson }  
 drown'd. }

And now the swelling Heaps of slaughter'd Foes,  
 Sublime and equal to the Fortrefs rose;  
 Whence, forward, with a Leap, at once he sprung,  
 And shot himself amidst the hostile Throng.  
 So daring, fierce with Rage, so void of Fear,  
 Bounds forth the spotted Pard, and scorns the Hun-  
 ter's Spear.

The closing Ranks the Warrior strait enfold,  
 And compass'd in their Steely Circle hold;  
 Undaunted still around the Ring he roams,  
 Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;  
 'Till, clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill  
 The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will.  
 Edgeless it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,  
 Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises sore.

Mean time, on him, the crowding War is bent,  
 And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him, are sent;  
 It look'd, as Fortune did in odds delight,  
 And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight;  
 A wondrous match of War she seem'd to make,  
 Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake;  
 As if on knightly Terms in Lifts they ran,  
 And Armies were but equal to the Man.

A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,  
 A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing;  
 Hard bearing on his Head with many a Blow,  
 His steely Helm is inward taught to bow.  
 The missive Arms, fixt all around, he wears,  
 And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,  
 Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears. }

Cease, cease, *Pompeian* Warriors, cease the Strife,  
 Nor vainly, thus, attempt this single Life;  
 Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside,  
 And other Arms for *Scava's* Death provide;  
 The forceful Ram's resistless Horns prepare,  
 With all the pond'rous vast Machines of War;  
 Let dreadful Flames, let massie Rocks be thrown, }  
 With Engines thunder on, and break him down,  
 And win this *Cesar's* Soldier, like a Town. }

At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,  
 He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,  
 Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,  
 But stands unguarded now on ev'ry side.

Encumbred sore with many a painful Wound,  
 Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile Round;  
 Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd survey,  
 Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey. »

Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compass'd in,  
 The vast unwieldy Elephant is seen:

All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,  
 Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War;  
 In vain the distant Troop the Fight renew,  
 And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue;

Unconquer'd still the mighty Salvage stands,  
 And scorns the Malice of a thousand Hands.  
 Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,  
 Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take:  
 When lo! address't with some successful Vow,  
 A Shaft, sure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,  
 Beneath the Warrior's Brow was seen to light,  
 And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight:  
 But he (so Rage inspir'd and mad Disdain)  
 Remorseless, Fell, and senseless of the Pain,  
 Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,  
 With stringy Nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around,  
 And stamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground. }  
 So in *Pannonian* Woods, the growling Bear  
 Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,  
 Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,  
 And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.  
 Down from his eyles Hollow ran the Blood,  
 And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;  
 Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,  
 And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.  
 The Victors raise their joyful Voices high,  
 And with loud Triumph strike the vaulted Sky:  
 Not *Cesar* thus a general Joy had spread,  
 Tho' *Cesar's* self like *Scava* thus had bled.  
 Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breast,  
 The rising Indignation deep repress't, }  
 And thus in humble vein his haughty Foes address't: }  
 Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, cease, he said,  
 And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid,  
 No more your Darts, nor useless Jav'lins try, }  
 These which I bear, will Deaths enow supply, }  
 Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die:  
 Oh rather bear me hence, and let me meet  
 My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey's* Feet.  
 'Twere Great, 'twere Brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true;  
 But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.  
 Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,  
 And turn from *Cesar*, so I fly from Death,

The wretched *Aulus* listen'd to the Wile,  
 Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;  
 Advancing fondly on, with heedless Ease,  
 He thought the Captive and his Arms to seize;  
 When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword  
 Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scava* gor'd:  
 Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns,  
 And Vigour with the new Success returns.  
 So may they fall (he said) by just Deceit,  
 Such be their Fate, such as this Fool has met,  
 Who dare believe that I am Vanquish't yet.  
 If you would stop the Vengeance of my Sword,  
 From *Cesar's* Mercy be your Peace implor'd,  
 There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own  
 his Lord.

Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me  
 Base, like your selves, and fond of Life to be!  
 But know, not all the Names which grace your Cause,  
 Your Reverend Senate, and your boasted Laws;  
 Not *Pompey's* self, not all for which you fear,  
 Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scava*, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising Dust betray'd,  
*Cæsarean* Legions marching to his Aid.  
 Now *Pompey's* Troops with Prudence seem to yield,  
 And to encreasing Numbers quit the Field;  
 Dissembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,  
 Nor vanquish'd by a single Arm, retreat.  
 Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he stood;  
 His manly Mind supply'd the want of Blood.  
 It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,  
 And Courage to Oppose, from Opposition grew.  
 But now, when none were left him to repel,  
 Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.  
 Strait with officious Haste his Friends draw near,  
 And raising, joy the noble Load to bear:  
 To Rev'rence and religious Awe inclin'd,  
 Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,  
 That God within his mangled Breast enshrin'd,



The wounding Weapons stain'd with *Scava's* Blood,  
 Like sacred Reliques to the Gods are vow'd:  
 Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,  
 And kept to dress the naked God of War.  
 Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,  
 In pious Daring, on thy Country's side!  
 Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battels known,  
 Or Purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown; }  
 How had thy Name in deathless Annals shone! }  
 But now no *Roman Pæan* shalt thou Sing,  
 Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring:  
 Nor loudly blest in solemn Pomp shall move, }  
 Thro' crowding Streets to *Capitolian Jove*, }  
 The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:  
 Oh hapless Victor thou! O vainly Brave!  
 How hast thou Fought to make thy self a Slave!

*Part of the* CENTO of AUSONIUS,  
*imitated in English Verse.*

*Descriptio egredientis Sponse.  
 Tandem progreditur Veneris, &c.*

THE Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears  
 Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years.  
 In wanton Folds her modest Garments flow,  
 And Blushes in her Cheeks, or Wishes, glow.  
 The Youth, with greedy Eyes, her Charms devour;  
 The Lover's Fortune curse, and coming Hour.  
 The Reverend Fathers, and the Matrons stand,  
 In decent Order rank'd on either Hand;  
 They gaze, and ev'ry Glance she darts inspires  
 Forgotten Hopes, and Impotent Desires.  
 In vain, alas, their Youthful Fever burns,  
 For oft the Wish, but ne'er the Joy returns;  
 Still on she moves, and, as she passes by,  
 A Thousand little Loves around her fly:

A Thousand *Zephyrs* crowd the balmy Air,  
 To Curl the Golden Tresses of her Hair:  
 And where she treads the springing Flow'rs appear,  
 Forget the Season, and begin the Year.  
 Thus *Argive Helen* look'd, by *Cupid* led  
 In Nuptial Triumph to the *Spartan's* Bed.  
 Thus the sweet Image of approaching Joys,  
 Play'd in her Breast, and sparkled in her Eyes.  
 And thus, at some Celestial Feast above,  
 The Goddesses proceed to visit *Jove*;  
 Their Beauties, like so many Suns, display,  
 And make, where-e'er they move, a milky Way.  
 The same full Lustre in her Looks appears,  
 Her Beauties brighten'd by her Hopes and Fears.  
 Her Virgin-Hopes produce the blushing Rose;  
 Her Virgin-Fears, the spotless Lilly shews.  
 By Nature Free, by Custom only Coy;  
 She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy.  
 Willing she goes, and strives in vain to hide  
 The silent Raptures of a wishing Bride.

*Descriptio egredientis Sponsi.*

Next, from another Quarter, we behold  
 A Youth in *Tyrian Purple* clad, and Gold.  
 His Hairs to shed their Vernal Down begin,  
 Nor ever had the Razor touch'd his Chin.  
 The Mantle, which his tender Mother wove,  
 Hangs loosely on-----For all his Care is Love.  
 A shining Garment, for the Day design'd,  
 And round its Edge the Gold *Maanders* twin'd;  
 With various Figures wrought, and rich in Art:  
 He scorns it all----The Bride has all his Heart.  
 His lofty Look, and his Majestick Mein  
 Are such, as in dissembled Gods are seen.  
 Thus Nervous are his Limbs, his Shoulders spread,  
 Thus firm his Step, and thus erect his Head.  
 From Ocean rises thus, the Morning Star,  
 Bright with new Rays, e'er *Phœbus* mounts his Carr.

So shines the Bridegroom, and with eager Eyes  
 Surveys the Scene of Joy, and thither flies;  
 There meets the Bride, and round her slender Waste  
 He folds his manly Arm; and thus embrac'd  
 They kiss, and have of future Joys a Taste.

*Obligatio Munerum.*

To these the bidden *Youth* advance by Pairs,  
 And each an Hymeneal Off'ring bears.  
 Their Parents smiling, view the goodly Train,  
 And hope the like for them, nor hope in vain.  
 The first presents a Robe of Orient Die,  
 Where Beasts are seen to walk, and Birds to fly.  
 Some Caskets bring, which *Indian* Diamonds hold,  
 Some polish'd Iv'ry, and some burnish'd Gold.  
 With Talents some enrich the happy Pair,  
 This gives a Goblet, that a gilded Chair.  
 The Gifts in order on the Table set,  
 It bends, unable to sustain the Weight.  
 A Chaplet round the Bridegroom's Temple's bound,  
 And the fair Bride is with a Garland crown'd.  
 The Priests with Myrrh their fragrant Altars load,  
 And the sweet Fumes regale the Nuptial God.  
 Four Youths their Service to the Bridegroom lend,  
 And Four officious Maids the Bride attend;  
 All Shorn alike, and all with Chains of Gold,  
 So Custom bids, their Necks alike enfold.  
 A teeming Wife before the Bride appears,  
 And on her Breasts two sucking Babes she bears:  
 A living Type, to make the Maid reflect  
 On what she's to enjoy, and what expect.

*Epithalamium Utrique.*

The Matrons, in their turn, with equal Care  
 To close and crown the solemn Rites prepare.  
 The Lovers, to the Nuptial Bed they bring,  
 And thus the Virgin Quires, their Spousals sing.

Be blest, ye happy Pair! be ever blest,  
 Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wish possess'd.  
 Let *Venus*, and her Son, profusely spread  
 The Genial Pleasures on the Bridal Bed,  
 Fair as the Field, so fruitful be the Soil,  
 And answer yearly to the Tiller's Toil.  
 Whenthe nine Moons their destin'd Course shall end,  
 Thee, Goddess of the Night, thy Succour lend;  
 And, as the Mother's Labour stronger grows,  
 Assist, *Latona*, and relieve her Throwes.  
 Around her like the Ivy let him twine,  
 And be she pregnant as the branching Vine.  
 The Jolly God, that o'er the Vintage reigns,  
 Restore, with gen'rous Juice, his ebbing Veins.  
 Be all your future Days and Nights like this,  
 And Plenty sweeten and support your Blifs.  
 Your Blessings, may your Sons and Daughters share,  
 Be those as worthy, and be these as Fair.  
 With the same Joy, may you your Children view,  
 As your glad Parents ever lookt on you.  
 They Sung----And all around the joyful Throng,  
 Applauded----And the Fates approv'd the Song.

*Ingressus in Cubiculum.*

The Guests attending still; The beauteous Bride  
 Sits on the Bed, the Bridegroom by her Side.  
 But when alone, their ev'ry Glance imparts  
 The sweet Confusion of their meeting Hearts.  
 They talk, they toy, and as with weeping Eyes  
 She turns aside, and half repenting Sighs,  
 He seizes on her Lilly Hand, and cries,  
 With Kisses intermixt----My Love, my Life,  
 And ev'ry tender Name in One, my Wife,  
 Is it then giv'n me, in my longing Arms.  
 To fold thee, guiltless thus, and taste thy Charms?  
 And canst thou now, my only Wish, my Spouse,  
 Refuse me the Reward of all my Vows?

Look up, and turn thy humid Eyes on mine,  
 They flame, and with their Fires will kindle thine.  
 He said----And could no more his Heat command,  
 But she resists his Rage, and checks his Hand.  
 Downward she looks, and when the Bed she spies,  
 She shuts, so modest Maids affect, her Eyes,  
 And softly, sinking in his Arms, replies: }  
 Oh lovely Youth! If ever to thy Ear,  
 A Father and a Mother's Names were dear;  
 By them let me conjure thee to forbear,  
 And but this Night a suppliant Virgin spare..  
 One Night again she begs, but begs in vain;  
 His Hand she can no more, nor he his Heat restrain:  
 Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find,  
 More Violent he grows, and she more Kind.  
 The rising Raptures break her swelling Sighs,  
 And breathless in the Bridegroom's Arms she lies,  
 Her Fears are flown, she clasps the furious Boy,  
 Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy.

*The H U S B A N D.*

*By a L A D Y.*

**T**HE Poets sing of old, that amorous *Jove*  
 In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love,  
 Chang'd to a Swan, he rifed *Leda's* Charms,  
 And with a Rival Whiteness fill'd her Arms.  
 On *Danae's* Lap he fell a golden Show'r:  
 Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour)  
 Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's grisly Shape,  
 He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.  
 Nor think it strange, that *Jove's* Almighty Pow'r,  
 thro' these base Forms taught Females to adore.  
 Likeness less agreeable he try'd,  
 He came a Husband to *Amphitryon's* Bride:  
 And, in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,  
 Who must not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove*?

An Imitation of the First SATYR of  
the First Book of HORACE.

By a Young Gentleman at Cambridge.

-----*Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus  
Esse opus omnino, qua demant quæque dolorem,  
Delicias quoque uti multas substernere possint, &c.*

-----*Nil nostro in corpore gaze  
Proficiunt, neque nobilitas, neque gloria regni:  
Quod superest animo quoque nil prodesse putandum est.*

Lucret. Lib. 2

**M**Y Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring  
Thought,  
We thus neglect what once with Care we sought?  
That none can ease, none content can live,  
With what their Reason chose, or Fate would give?  
Each brainfick Hum'rist likes his Neighbour's Road,  
And, since he goes it not, perversly thinks it good.  
The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,  
And broke with long Fatigues in constant Wars,  
Curses the starveling Honours he has got,  
And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.  
The Merchant, trembling, whilst the rowling Seas  
Toss the charg'd Barque, and risque his future Ease,  
Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,  
A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;  
Whose Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:  
In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.  
The harrass'd Lawyer thinks the Peasant blest,  
When early Clients interrupt his Rest, [left. }  
And with impert'nent Fears his downy Hours mo- }  
The lab'ring Peasant, whom vexatious Law,  
And dread *Subpœna*'s to the City draw,  
Extols each Pleasure of the gawdy Town, [known.  
Where he no Labours feels, no irksome Toil has

were vain the differing Wishes to rehearse,  
 : sow'r with Discontents each jarring Verse:  
 ot all could be express'd by *Fabius's* Tongue,  
 ho' fam'd for speaking nought, and pleading long.  
 it left, like him, I, with censorious Rhime  
 ould trespass on your Thoughts, or waste your Time,  
 ear to what speedy issue I the Cause  
 ill bring, and try it by impartial Laws.  
 ippose some God, mov'd with our constant Grief,  
 nder'd each Malecontent his wish'd Relief;  
 o thou, who hat'st Campaigns, a Seaman be;  
 nd thou a Soldier, who condemn'st the Sea;  
 he Lawyer to his fancy'd Ease retire;  
 nd the rude Hind to courtly Joys aspire:  
 ence, hence depart with chearful Looks, and bless  
 he pitying Pow'r, that gave your Grievs redress, }  
 hang'd the decrees of Fate, to fix your Happiness. }  
 /hat? Silent? Do you then so soon repeal  
 /hat eager Warmth pursu'd with so much Zeal?  
 an nought your idle Discontents appease? [please?  
 an nought your troubled Souls, your restless Fancies  
 Come, chearful, what the Gods bestow, receive;  
 'tis Man's part to possess, the Gods can only give.  
 /hat? Hum'rists still? And do you thus embrace  
 'he tender Deity's abounding Grace?  
 /hat Arts can skreen this Folly? What shall move  
 'he future Favours of deluded *Jove*?  
 /ell may his slighted Mercy scorn your Pray'rs,  
 augh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;  
 id you be Wretches still, since you refuse [buse.  
 /hat Man could ne'er deserve, what none but you a  
 ut lest you think this writ in sportive mood,  
 'o raise your Fancy, not to make you Good:  
 nd yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth  
 ay not become the gayest Smiles of Youth:  
 'tis thus the Mistress, after fruitless Pains,  
 /ith little Arts the wayward Infant gains;

Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taste,  
 Insinuates the Lesson with the Feast,  
 And makes the Bitter kindly relish, and digest.  
 But to be serious, and these Trifles quit,  
 The easie Offspring of luxuriant Wit ;  
 What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,  
 Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave ?  
 What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts  
 Increase the Juice the bounteous God imparts ;  
 Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her Reign  
 Too narrow for their vast Desires of Gain ?  
 With one consent they make this joint Reply ;  
 'Tis future Care our present Thoughts employ :  
 When trembling Limbs, and stiffen'd Nerves presage  
 The sad Approaches of a helpless Age ;  
 What then shall aid us, if the timely Care  
 Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burden bear,  
 And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year ?  
 Thus with fam'd Providence the slender Ant,  
 The great Example of good Management,  
 Whilst the fair Season lasts, and lavish'd Graia  
 Profusely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,  
 Industriously his little Garner fills,  
 And the Provisions for his Winter steals ;  
 Grateful, he takes what the Occasion grants,  
 And with the present Waste supplies his future Wants.  
 'Tis true ; but when the Winter sharper grows,  
 And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,  
 When Nature's Penury can nought afford,  
 The little Beast lives wanton on his hoard, [stor'd. }  
 And what with anxious Care his prudent Foresight }  
 Not so with thee, whose raging Thirst of Gold,  
 Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,  
 Can e'er abate ; and yet thy only Care  
 Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.  
 Whence then these monstrous Fears, that dare pre- }  
 To violate the common Mother's Womb, [sume }  
 And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treasures }  
 Tomb ?



What Fruit, what Int'rest canst thou thence receive?  
 What kind return should injur'd Nature give?  
 Or change her Course, to make her En'my thrive?  
 But if hard Times should break upon my Hoard,  
 Or Folly squander what my Prudence stor'd;  
 The rest too flies, and mould'ring sinks away,  
 Leaving its Master to deserv'd Decay.

But say, supposing it untouch'd, and whole, [Soul?  
 Whence spring the Charms, that move thy ravish'd  
 What Beauty canst thou in its Grossness find,  
 To please thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?  
 What? tho' thy Barns are full, and Purse commands  
 The various Products of ten thousand Lands?  
 Tho' lusty Nature lavishes her Pow'r  
 To meet thy Wish, and multiply thy Store?  
 Tho' teeming Provinces their Harvests join  
 To swell thy Treasures? Where's the vast Design?  
 Thy Stomach rioting at plenteous Feasts,  
 So more than mine can hold, no more digests.  
 As if amongst the Hinds, with friendly Care,  
 Thou the Provisions of the rest shouldst bear;  
 Thou could'st not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,  
 A greater Portion than thy Fellows eat,  
 Tho' careless walk'd at ease, nor felt the galling  
 Weight:

Or tell me freely, when the easie Mind  
 Can live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;  
 Where is the diff'rence to consid'ring Men,  
 Who plough ten thousand Acres, or but ten?  
 But then 'tis sweet to view the smiling Stores,  
 And crowd the distant Joys of future Hours  
 Into one Moment's Thought, and make them  
 present ours.

'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happiness, [possess:  
 To be possessing still, and know we always shall  
 To take from Heaps that-----" What? thou  
 canst but have

What common Appetites of Nature crave:

And if my earthen Jarr, with measur'd Grain,  
 Can those in Pleasure, and in Health maintain;  
 I would not richer be, I want no more,  
 That *Egypt* is to me, 'tis *Afric's* fruitful Shore.  
 'Twere Madness sure, if thirsty Nature's want,  
 One Glass could ease, one Bottle could content;  
 To cry, the boundless Ocean's Depths explore,  
 To quench my Thirst, nor starve my fancy'd Pow'r,  
 Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store. }  
 Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,  
 And Fancy, not our Reason, holds the Scale;  
 The angry *Ausfidus* swells his foaming Streams,  
 And shows the Moral of the Miser's Dreams;  
 Devouring all, he marks his wasteful Way, [away.  
 And bears the yielding Banks, and thoughtless Wretch  
 When he, whose Thoughts, contented, ne'er aspire,  
 Nor swell beyond what present Wants require;  
 Feels not, reclining o'er the mossy Side,  
 The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide, }  
 Nor spoils himself the Streams, which pure, which  
 peaceful glide. }

He wisely views, how all around him smile,  
 The Plants not wither'd, nor too rank the Soil:  
 How Nature's equal Care does each maintain  
 In proper Beauty, by a frugal Reign;  
 Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,  
 And flourishes alike with Nature's other Cares.

But still, the blinded World with scorn regards  
 That Indolence, which these Results rewards;  
 And ravish'd with a tawdry tinsel'd Dress,  
 For that alone each God they anxious press, }  
 That is their only Wish, that they can only bless:  
 Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,  
 And measure virtuous Worth by great extent of Pow'r,  
 What shall we do then, since no *Hellebore*,  
 No Reason can the willing Mad restore?  
 Ev'n let 'em still continue in their Dreams,  
 Debauch their Fancies with the soothing Themes;

'Twere

'Twere vain and hopeless to presume Success,  
 Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Re-  
 At *Athens* liv'd a Wretch, Sordid and Old, [dress.  
 Possessing nothing, but possess'd by Gold.

Him the insulting Mob, with Taunts assail'd,  
 Jeer'd as he pass'd, or hiss'd, and loudly rail'd,  
 Hence with the hideous Monster's baleful Sight,  
 Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's despight ;  
 Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies reign,  
 And kindred Monsters fill the dismal Scene ;  
 Unfit for us, or Life----By Chance repriev'd,  
 Got home, and from the publick Fury sav'd,  
 He thus reflects---Well Fools, hiss on, and threat,  
 Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate ; }  
 Shall these small Blasts my stiddy Barque o'erfet ? }  
 'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my views,  
 A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought pursues ;  
 Thou, thou, my darling Gold, reign'st Monarch here,  
 The dearest Object of my Hope and Fear :  
 Whilst thou art guarded safe from Insults free,  
 Let them wreak all their Bolts, waste all their Shafts  
 on me ;

Not all their Threats my stedfast Soul shall move,  
 In Death I'll taste thy Sweets, and revel with my Love ;  
 Push my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,  
 Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.  
 Poor *Tantalus* the swelling Flood surveys,  
 That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirst appease.  
 Why smil'st thou, Ignorant ? Thou art that Curst,  
 That Wretch, who dy'st with everlasting Thirst ;  
 And what the Fable draws in short, is near  
 Shewn in full length by thy Example here.  
 Thou art the real *Tantalus*, whose Sleeps,  
 Brokewith distemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps, }  
 Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice }  
 reaps :

Who basely deify'st what bounteous Heav'n  
 Design'd thy useful Slave, a Blessing giv'n ;

Yet thou pervert'st its Use, mak'st it thy Lord,  
 As *Jove* again was to that Form restor'd,  
 Irradiated its Beams, and lighten'd from thy Heard:  
 As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,  
 A tasteless Pleasure, and an empty Shade;  
 Or as the *Delphian* Deities watch'd o'er,  
 And Thunder guarded safe thy hallow'd Store.  
 Know'st thou not, after all thy racking Cares,  
 To raise the Heaps thy niggard Nature spares,  
 The real Value, which thy Treasure bears?  
 What? know'st thou not its Use? let Bread be bought,  
 Let sav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be sought;  
 Let Nature's Cravings meet their just Supplies;  
 And little sure can all her Wants suffice.  
 Restless all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,  
 Lest sudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;  
 Lest sturdy Burglars should besiege thy Pelf,  
 Or faithless Servants rob you of your self:  
 Are these the only Joys thy Wealth can grant,  
 The only Pleasures that thy Soul can want?  
 May I such dang'rous Blessings ever shun,  
 Nor wish prepost'rously to be undone;  
 May I be ever Poor, and 'scape the Snares  
 The treach'rous *Syren* for the Rich prepares.  
 " But should a raging Fever boil your Blood;  
 " Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood:  
 " Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed, [Head:  
 " Gouts rack your Limbs, or shootings split your  
 " This will procure you Aid, secure you Friends  
 " To watch your Wants, and wait your sick Com-  
   mands;  
 " To bath and rub you with obsequious Care,  
 " And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help  
   prepare;  
 " Shall gain the Doctors interposing Pow'r,  
 " To save their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;  
 " Shall make him Med'cines, utmost Arts explore,  
 " By that one happy Cure the Family to restore,

Mistaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife;  
 Dread the Continuance of thy irksome Life;  
 Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,  
 Retards Possession, and their Hope destroys:  
 These are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,  
 A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.  
 And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,  
 Thy only Pleasure was to rake up Wealth;  
 That was thy only Friend, the rest past by  
 Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:  
 Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,  
 All was devoted to that fatal Love;  
 What canst thou in return from Friends expect,  
 But equal Hatred, and deserv'd Neglect?  
 Well may they in thy Miseries make bold,  
 And Sacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.  
 Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,  
 But 'tis your Care must make 'em serve your Ends:  
 'Tis just you buy their Service, as they yours;  
 'Tis mutual Interest Nature's frailer Bond secures:  
 All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,  
 Successless Labour, and unfruitful Pain;  
 As if you'd teach the sluggish Ass the Course,  
 To match th' *Olympian* Racer's noble Force,  
 Or vie with proud *Thessalia's* air-born Horse. }  
 Then let there be an End to all your Cares,  
 And since your Stocks are great, be less your Fears;  
 End all your Labours, since their End is got,  
 And Fortune crowns you with a smiling Lot.  
 Do not like rich *Umidius* (hateful Name,  
 Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame,)  
 Whose Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,  
 Was measur'd out, to ease the tedious Tale;  
 Yet thoughtless Wretch, he dy'd with constant dread  
 Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;  
 Disclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,  
 In Habits suited to his slavish Mind:

And what's the End of all this Treasure spar'd?  
 What proves, for all his Toils, a just Reward?  
 A Fav'rite Slave (if any can be so  
 To joyless Misers, who no Pleasures know)  
 Took pity on her Patron's wretched Case,  
 Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,  
 Eas'd him from Life, and set his Soul at Peace. }

" Well then; What's your Advice? That I should  
 " Like *Navius*, or like *Nomentanus* live? [thrive  
 Strangely perverse! Is that a Vice to shun,  
 To its most distant Opposite to run, }  
 Uneasie to be sav'd, and glad to be undone?  
 Is there no golden *Medium* to be found,  
 A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?  
 I do not griping Avarice reprehend,  
 That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend.  
 Wide is the Diff'rence, and distinct the Fire  
 Which flames in *Tanais*, and exalts' Desire, }  
 From the froz'n Humours of *Visellius's* Sire.  
 In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,  
 Which must be reach'd, and never be transgress'd:  
 In this small Compass Virtue seats her Throne,  
 By most unheeded, tho' to few unknown, [own. }  
 Who leave her real Charms for Monsters of their  
 But to resume the Subject I begun,  
 Nor wildly from my stated Purpose run;  
 Shall, like the Miser, none approve his State,  
 But rather praise the diff'rent Turns of Fate?  
 Shall pine, when others swell with flowing Joy,  
 Fond to amass; yet seeming fonder to destroy:  
 Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,  
 Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;  
 Shall only this or that rich Man regard,  
 Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:  
 Whilst still some richer One appears in view,  
 To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.  
 As, when the Chariots, with applauding cries,  
 Start from the Goal to run *Olympia's* Prize;

With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,  
 All forwards press the eager foaming Sreed :  
 Each bravely pushing only at the best,  
 Drives furious tow' rds it, and neglects the rest.  
 Hence springs the Reason, why so few confess  
 Their Life a real Round of Happiness ;  
 That few are known content to quit the Scene,  
 Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain ;  
 Can leave its Pleasures, like a cheerful Guest,  
 Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feast,  
 Sated with Life, in its last Changes blest'd. }  
 But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,  
 Lest *Crispin's* tedious Rhimes should be reputed mine.

---

*To a Lady; to whom the Author sent  
 a Book of his own Composing.*

**H**IS moving Elegies when *Ovid* wrote,  
 And sung his Exile in the softest Note ;  
 The Bliss he envy'd of the guiltless Lines,  
 Which no harsh Law from his lov'd *Rome* disjoins.  
 They than their Lord a kinder Fortune prove,  
 And, where he dares not go, may safely rove.  
 How does he wish, that \* as his boundless Verse  
 Did various Shapes and rising Forms rehearse,  
 (Where into blushing Flow'rs coy Maidens turn,  
 And weeping Boys in flowing Rivers mourn)  
 So he a like propitious Change might try,  
 And the griev'd Poet be the Elegy ?

To you, fair *Celia*, thus your banish'd Slave  
 That little Pledge of vast Affection gave.  
 Go Book, said I, the happy Freedom prize,  
 Touch'd by those Hands, view'd by those lovely Eyes ;

---

\* *His Metamorphoses.*

An heav'nly Pleasure you securely gain,  
Which your despairing Author sues in vain,  
Condemn'd to Absence, and her cold Disdain.

To CHLOE *Mask'd.*

NAY, you're discover'd, 'spite of your Disguise,  
Mask'd as you are, I know you by your Eyes.  
So richest Diamonds, by an inbred Ray,  
Dart thro' the Gloom, and do themselves display.

But why these pretty Tricks, this double Cheat,  
To put a Vizard on a Counterfeit?

Would you with artful Modesty express  
Beauty's chief Pride in self-denying Dress?  
Things out of Sight, of Price and Value seem,  
And what lyes most conceal'd, we most esteem.  
Were not each Part adorn'd with native Grace,  
Yet thus you'd purchase a reputed Face.

Religious Rites conceal'd from common Eyes,  
Are priz'd as Sacred, and as Mysteries.

Thus Heroes, when of old they disappear'd,  
Ceas'd to be Men, and were for Gods rever'd.

The *Persian* cannot Worship *Phæbus* more,  
Than the fond *Indian* his Eclipse adore.

But there's another Reason for this Skreen:  
You know too well, you're dang'rous to be seen;  
For who can view that Face in open Charms,  
But shews his Fate in Sighs and folded Arms!  
We thank you, *Chloe*, for your tender Care,  
Which, tho' it checks our Joy, prevents Despair.  
But this, alas! will Mischief scarce prevent;  
Do what you can, you can't be Innocent;  
Beauty in Ambuscade the Traitor plays,  
Sends a fly Dart, and unperceiv'd betrays.  
It gives, like Light'ning, Death without controul,  
Spare the gross Shell, and blasts the inmate Soul:  
With surer Fate, when hid it active grows,  
And to Restraint its double Virtue owes.



HORACE'S *Otium Divos, &c.* Lib. II.  
Ode XVI. to his Friend GROSPHUS.  
*Imitated in Paraphrase.*

By Mr. J. HUGHES.

INDULGENT Quiet! Pow'r Serene,  
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!  
O say, thou calm propitious Queen,  
Say, in what solitary Grove,  
Within what hollow Rock, or winding Cell,  
By human Eyes unseen,  
Like some retreated *Druid* dost thou dwell?  
And why, illusive Goddess! why,  
When we thy Mansion would surround,  
Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,  
To mock our vain Research, and from our Wishes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,  
For thee the Gods implore,  
When the tempestuous Sea runs high,  
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,  
No friendly Moon or Stars appear  
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:  
For thee the weary Soldier prays;  
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,  
And *Medes*, that wear majestick by their side  
A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,  
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious Days,  
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praise,  
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold, [Gold.  
With Gems, and Purple Vests, and Stores of plunder'd

III.

But neither boundless Wealth, nor Guards that wait  
Around the Consul's honour'd Gate,

Nor Anti-chambers with Attendants fill'd,  
 The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,  
 Or banish sullen Cares that fly  
 Across the gilded Rooms of State,  
 And their foul Nests, like Swallows, build [Sky.  
 Close to the Palace-Roofs, and Tow'rs that pierce the  
 Much less will Nature's modest Wants supply ;  
 And happier lives the homely Swain,  
 Who, in some Cottage, far from Noise  
 His few Paternal Goods enjoys,  
 Nor knows the sordid Lust of Gain,  
 Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain  
 His hovering Sleeps destroys.

## IV.

Vain Man ! that in a narrow space  
 At endless Game projects the daring Spear !  
 For short is Life's uncertain Race ;  
 Then why, capricious Mortal ! why  
 Dost thou for Happiness repair  
 To distant Climates, and a foreign Air ?  
 Fool ! from thy self thou canst not fly,  
 Thy self, the Source of all thy Care.  
 So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,  
 Bounds o'er the spacious Downs in vain ;  
 The feather'd Torment sticks within his Side,  
 And from the smarting Wound a Purple Tide  
 Marks all his Way with Blood, and dies the grassy Plain.

## V.

But swifter far is execrable Care  
 Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies  
 Thick driving Snows and gather'd Tempests bear ;  
 Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies,  
 Climbs the tall Vessels painted Sides ;  
 Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,  
 But with the marching Horsemen rides,  
 And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes  
 [all Places yield.

## VI.

Then, since no State's compleatly blest,  
 Let's learn the Bitter to allay  
 With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay  
 Enjoy at least the present Day,  
 And leave to Fate the rest.  
 Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come  
 Anticipate th' appointed Doom.  
 Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,  
 The Heroe fell by sudden Death;  
 While *Tithon* to a tedious wasting Age  
 Drew his protracted Breath.  
 And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,  
 Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me  
 Those Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend,  
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

## VII.

Thee smiling Wealth and plenteous Joys surround,  
 And all thy fruitful Fields around  
 Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray.  
 Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice  
 Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice,  
 While smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift  
 [measur'd Way.  
 To me the Stars, with less Profusion kind,  
 An humble Fortune have assign'd,  
 And no untuneful Lyrick Vein,  
 But a sincere contented Mind  
 That can the vile malignant Crowd disdain.

*A Thought on D E A T H.*

By Mr. GROVE.

O Death! What Pow'r is thine, that distant, thus,  
 By Fancy seen, thou call'st up all our Fears,  
 And shed'st a baleful Influence on the Soul!

Mine hangs her drooping Wings, and, downward press'd  
 By foggy Damps, attempts in vain to rise;  
 For still in ken of an untimely Grave,  
 The daily Subject of the pensive Thought,  
 She hovers o'er, and views the sad Recess.  
 If (which is seldom) I converse with Joy,  
 And Nature, lighten'd of her Sorrows, smiles,  
 While pleasing Objects dance before the Sight,  
 A Thought of *Death* comes cross the lovely Scene,  
 And blots it out at once: So have I known  
 The rising Sun dart round his golden Beams,  
 The welcome Promise of a glorious Day,  
 When, lo! scarce have we felt his vital Lamp,  
 But strait some sullen Cloud hangs threat'ning o'er;  
 We Sicken, the Creation seems to Mourn,  
 And all things wear a deep and heavy Gloom.

---

## A HYMN on SIGHT.

*By the same Hand.*

**I** Bless my God for ev'ry Sense,  
 But most for thee, my darling Sight,  
 By whom I learn t' Adore the Pow'r  
 That won this beauteous World from Night;

II.

When thou art not, the glorious Scene  
 In Darkness undistinguish'd lyes,  
 Heav'n, Earth, and Seas are all in vain,  
 Nor can their Wonders move Surprize.

III.

Ev'n Light, of all material Things  
 Best Emblem of the Deity,  
 Spreads to the Blind unheeded Charms,  
 For why? 'Twas made alone for thee.

## IV.

Thou awful Fears, and Thoughts sublime,  
 Dost to the ravish'd Mind convey,  
 Of Him, who rais'd this ample Frame,  
 And o'er the whole extends His Swag.

## V.

With Pleasure now I travel o'er  
 Heav'n's vast Extent; amaz'd to see  
 Numberless Worlds in order roll  
 With rapid Motion thro' the Sky.

## VI.

Infinite Pow'r, and equal Skill  
 In all thy Works, O Lord, I view;  
 Thy Breath first kindled up these Fires,  
 And thou their Wastes dost still renew.

## VII.

The Sun's bright Orb thy Glory fills,  
 The nightly Moon reflects the same,  
 And all the starry Globes diffuse,  
 With their own Light, their Maker's Name.

## VIII.

But ah! how soon my Light is lost,  
 Hopeless to reach the Bounds of Place!  
 Yet where that fails, by Fancy's Aid,  
 Remoter Regions I can trace.

## IX.

'Till, got within the Verge of Stars,  
 Earth's little Ball escapes my ken;  
 The more I wonder thy Delight,  
 O God, is with the Sons of Men.

*Of a Lady at the OPERA; dress'd  
 in White.*

SO would descending Angels charm the Sight;  
 With Form all Spotless, and with Dress all White;

Thus Imitating her, they'd dart such Rays  
Would dazzle all our Eyes, and baffle all our Praise.

Such Virgins seem for Sacrifice design'd;  
Here too a certain Sacrifice we find;  
But, fairest Nymph, you change the Course of Fate,  
No Victim are you made, the Victim you create.

Such pure Attire unbody'd Visions wear,  
Can what resembles you, be said to scare?  
You ravish, not affright, our Souls away,  
So pleasingly they fly, we scarce can wish their stay.

Such Gaib attribute we to perfect Fame,  
Consummate Maid! you well become the same:  
Ador'd by all, you reign by all avow'd  
A Sun without a Stain, a Sky without a Cloud.

Such lovely White on lucky Days appears,  
May this bright Mark distinguish all your Years;  
Thus of a Piece throughout, your Face, your Mind,  
Your ev'ry Hour serene, and ev'ry Blessing join'd.

Such Innocence did Nature's Bloom adorn,  
Nature, where-e'er you come, again looks born;  
Her first untainted Sweets are set to view,  
And all her killing Softness lives in wond'rous you;

Gods! How we rioted at Eye and Ear,  
Thus to see Harmony, as well as hear!  
O the Transporting Blifs! so Fine! so Vast!  
It cuts Description short, and gives of Heav'n a Taste.

## The CELEBRATED BEAUTIES.

*A Poem, occasioned upon being suspected of  
writing The British Court.*

WHY with such Freedom should the Town accuse,  
And charge absurd *Encomiums* on my Muse?  
Celestial Objects by themselves I place,  
Nor with a *Cl--de* a *F--rr--st--r* disgrace;

That Disproportion'd *Piece* offends the View,  
 No Feign'd Perfection should attend the True.  
 Whene'er my Voice attempts the *British* Fair,  
 I sing the Worthy, but th' Unworthy spare ;  
 Respect, when Merit fails, in Silence lies,  
 Praise undeserv'd is Scandal in Disguise.  
 What mod'rate Tongue would vulgar Things rehearse,  
 Where Crowds of wondrous Nymphs invite the Verse ?  
 Charmers in Millions grace this happy Sphere,  
 And ev'ry View presents a Conqu'ror here.  
 Who to mean Subjects can debase his Quill,  
 And waste his scanty Stock of Art so ill,  
 Looks like the Fop that courts a paltry Dame,  
 While faultless Maids contend to meet his Flame ;  
 Poets should still Autumnal Forms omit,  
*Forty* gives small Encouragement to Wit ;  
 The *Genius* flags beneath so stale a Theam,  
 And spritely Fancy sinks to heavy phlegm,  
 When those declining Years our Strains require,  
 And Compliment supplies pretended Fire ;  
 Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,  
 But Beauty's an intolerable Sound :

To Youth alone that Heav'nly Grace belongs,  
 None but the Young are Fair, and truly worthy Songs.

Ye Female Glories, which exalt our Isle,  
 Vouchsafe th' auspicious Influence of your Smile ;  
 To you I call, to you, ye matchless Lights,  
 Inspire my Numbers, and improve my Flights ;  
 Lest I depress your Fame with languid Lines,  
 And pay unhallow'd Vows at sacred Shrines.  
 Would you, ye Pow'rs, but look serenely down,  
 I'd soar aloft, and blazon your Renown ;  
 Then something so Divine might raise my Voice,  
 And make me scarce inferiour to my Choice,  
 What Ancient Story tells, the World should scorn,  
 And ev'ry Goddess deem in glorious *Britain* born.

Begin, my Muse, begin with *M---r/b---g's* Race,  
 When Valour's Sung, the Father claims the Place ;

And sure, when Beauty's Pow'r employs our Flight,  
The shining Daughters challenge foremost Right.

A *S--nd--rl--nd* the coldest Writer warms,  
So turn'd for Conquest, so compleat in Charms,  
There seems Detraction in our highest Praise,  
She leaves the Muse behind, and mocks our distant  
Not thus *Minerva*, tho' a Goddess, shone. [Lays,  
O! had her Eyes such dazzling Lustre thrown,  
Thence the bold Artist had inform'd his Clay,  
Nor sought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vulture's Prey.

Could Nature's self her own first Form express,  
She'd charm the World in bright *M--nth--rm--r's* Dress;  
Gods! what engaging Bloom fits smiling there!  
How languishingly sweet her ev'ry Air!  
Her Shape, her Gesture, all the Nymph, subdues,  
We look our Souls away, and Fate with Transport chuse.  
Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in Charms,  
Rash *Diomed* had dropt his vent'rous Arms;  
No shameful Victory the *Greek* had won,  
But thousand Wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one.

Splendor and Softness in *Br--dgw--t--r* meet,  
There Mild appears an Attribute with Great;  
Such humble Sweetness gives a dawn of Joy,  
She seems, like Heav'n, unwilling to destroy.  
Who would not serve, where such a Victor reigns?  
What Freedom equal to such gentle Chains?  
But soon, too soon, mistaken Mortals know,  
Th' Imagin'd Bliss concludes in Real Woe.  
So from soft Breezes of the Southern Wind,  
Uncumber'd Sweets we fondly hope to find;  
But soon, alas! succeeds immod'rate Rain,  
And sadly renders all the promis'd Pleasure vain.

*G--d--lph--n's* form'd among the first to shine,  
That other Conqu'ror of the conqu'ring Line;  
Nor Pride her Mien, nor Art her Aspect knows,  
Her full Renown from single Nature flows;  
Rich in unpractis'd Charms, she scatters Chains,  
And shunning Empire, certain Empire gains;



Neglectful, yet secure, with Arrows plays,  
 Unmeaning, throws, and undesiring, slays;  
 She stoops to make no Prize her little Aim,  
 But emulates her Sire, and conquers but for Fame;  
*B--lt--n's* Majestick Form invades the Sight  
 With awful Wonder, and sublime Delight;  
 Here Diff'ring Deities conspire our Fate,  
*Venus* with *Juno*, Sweetness dwells with State;  
 High Pines are Emblems of her graceful Size,  
 And bending Officers shew her humble Guise.  
 Disease solicits her with impious Care,  
 And too, too fast her precious Spirits wear,  
 Not thus her Charms: Ev'n yielding, How she reigns,  
 And conquers others, while her self's in Chains?  
 Great, yet Opprest! Were Virtue's Image seen,  
 Virtue could look but equally Serene;  
 In Pain she proves the prowess of her Mind,  
 And only, when she dies, deceives Mankind.  
 Forbid it, Heav'n! that Fate should ever close  
 Such All-commanding Eyes, and plunge the World  
 in Woes.

To *S--ym--r*, daring Muse, thy Numbers raise;  
 Muse, thy best Numbers flag beneath her Praise:  
 Lo! sweetest Youth, disclaiming artful Care,  
 Sports in her Face, and revels in her Air;  
 Briskness and Innocence their Pow'rs unite,  
 And next her spotless Mind, her Skin is White,  
 When radiant Blushes to her Cheeks repair,  
 (Such lovely Stains become the brightest Fair,  
 Gods! How That Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!  
 How Earth's *Aurora* far transcends the Skies!  
 But her high Merit checks the bold Delight,  
 We tremble at the Soul, yet riot at the Sight.

When *T--ft--n* was created, Nature took  
 Such Care to furnish out a conqu'ring Look,  
 Who did not think her Hoard of Lustre spent,  
 And Eyes design'd hereafter Innocent?  
 Nor was she less Extravagant in Bloom, [Loom:  
 As if she meant no future Charms, and beggar'd all her

For beauteous *Helen Troy* in Fires was seen,  
 The World was sacrific'd to *Aegypt's* Queen;  
 Behold in *As-b-nh-m* a Brighter Dame,  
 But Virtue stifles such Destructive Flame.  
 Heav'ns! were she free from *Hymen's* envy'd Chains,  
 Who would not rage with *Cupid's* fiercest Pains?  
 Marriage suspends our Transports, for who dare  
 Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extream Despair?  
 Th' Illustrious Ancients were by halves Divine,  
 The Face and Mind did ne'er together shine:  
 Here all Accomplishments are fully shown,  
 And ev'ry Goddess is compriz'd in One;  
 So Fair; yet Fairness seems her smallest Praise,  
 Her Soul's profuse of Light, and darts immortal Rays.

*P--rp--nt's* in all the Pomp of Youth array'd,  
 Charming as Winter's Shine, or Summer's Shade;  
 Fair as descending Snow, or mounting Light,  
 Born to shame Fancy, and enslave at Sight:  
 What's all our boasted Freedom, when we gaze?  
*Britain's* distinguish'd Blessing flies, and Man in  
 Chains obeys.

The graceful Movement of the Wife of *Jove*,  
 Th' enchanting Aspect of the Queen of Love,  
*Minerva's* Skill, and Excellence in Arts,  
*Apollo's* Rays, and *Cupid's* piercing Darts,  
 Bright *Hebe's* Youth, and chaste *Diana's* Mind,  
 Softness and Sweetness of the *Ch--rch--l* Kind,  
 All blended in one perfect Piece, would shew  
*Pr--by's* consummate Image to the ravish'd View.

If breathing Flow'rs such pleasing Sweets dispense,  
 If Light has Charms, and so allures the Sense,  
 If Musick's Strains have that persuasive Art,  
 O lovely *V--gh'n*! How form'd to strike the Heart!  
 Such a Complexion foils the Pride of *May*,  
 Such Looks add Splendor to the brightest Day,  
 Such tuneful Speech affords so moving Sounds,  
 We fancy Crowns in Chains, and taste Delight in  
 Wounds.

*C--ll--r's* a Subject dear to *British* Lays,  
 Her Shape, her ev'ry Feature's wrought for Praise;  
 What humid Pearls of Sorrow seem to rise,  
 As if she wept the Ravage of her Eyes?  
 Still, still we Bleed, and no Relief is gain'd,  
 Her killing Beauty's true, her saving Pity feign'd.

Thy Rhimes, oh Muse, with young *Louisa* grace,  
 That growing Wonder of the *By--den--ll* Race;  
 Ev'n now her Charms disclose a pleasing Bloom,  
 But promise Riper Sweetness yet to come;  
 Nature, for all her vast Indulgence, fears  
 T' entrust Perfection to those tender Years,  
 But shortly will her choicest Stores display,  
 And give to such a Morn an answerable Day.  
 What mighty Glories shall this Fair adorn,  
 Ally'd to *Myra*, and of *R--chm--nd* born?  
*Myra* so Bright to kindle *Gr--nv--le's* Fire,  
 How did she shine, that could such Warmth inspire!  
*R--chm--nd* so great to give that Title Fame, [came.  
 And more than equal her from whom our Toasting

To *R--yn--lds*, Muse, that Mass of Beauty, rise,  
 Her Mien how charming, and how bright her Eyes!  
 From op'ning East less glorious Lustre breaks;  
 How Nature's curious Pencil paints her Cheeks!  
 The Loves, mistaking her for *Venus*, throng,  
 And feasted thus, continue in the wrong.  
 Seems she not more than Numbers can express? [less?  
 Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make such Wonders  
 Men may with Justice Nature's dealing blame,  
 And charge their Parent with a partial Aim;  
 Who too, too lavish to her Female Race,  
 Bestows fresh Gifts, and springs new Mines of Grace;  
 But ah! to them so sparing, daigns to raise  
 No hidden Stores of Wit to give proportion'd Praise.

*F--rm--r's* a Pattern for the Beauteous Kind,  
 Compos'd to please, and ev'ry way refin'd;  
 Obliging with Reserve, and humbly Great,  
 Tho' Gay, yet Modest, tho' Sublime, yet Sweet;

Fair without Art, and graceful without Pride,  
By Merit and Descent to deathless Fame ally'd.

Seek not the *Venus* Star that gilds the Skies,  
Two brighter Stars are found in *W--lp--le's* Eyes;  
Desire not Nature's Wealth in Fields display'd,  
Far nobler Stores enrich the blooming Maid;  
Rack not your Thought to paint what's sweetly Rare,  
Look but on *W--lp--le's* Form, 'tis all Familiar there.

Thee, *Ch--tw--nd*, all that see thee, strive to praise,  
And with insatiate Longings still must gaze;  
Fresh springing Glories ev'ry Moment rise,  
And in new Raptures hurl us to the Skies.

O! could I reach a Harmony in Sound,  
Like the fam'd Sweetness in her Aspect found,  
To yon bright Sphere I'd raise the glitt'ring Dame,  
And with due Numbers shake the Pattern of her Frame.

Thrice glorious *N--w--ngt--n*! How justly great!  
No Charms are absent, and each Charm's compleat;  
All that have Eyes, thy Beauties must confess,  
All that have Tongues, those Beauties would express;  
They would---But oh! the Language scants the Will,  
Nature's too strong for Art, and baffles utmost Skill.  
Born for Command, yet mov'd from publick View,  
As cloy'd with Pow'r, and weary to subdue;  
To silent Shades I see the Victor run,  
And rest beneath the Myrtles which she won;  
Envy presumes not to disturb her there,  
Envy, wherewith th' Unhandsom teize the Fair.  
Her shining Look exalts the gazing Swain,  
But oh! within he feels consuming Pain.

So sparkling Flames raise Water to a Smile,  
Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and lessens all the while.

Where charming *H--le* appears, she treads on Spoils,  
Our Sex are Vassals, and her own are Foils;  
Such a peculiar Elegance of Face!  
So many Sweetnesses! such lively Grace!  
Oh that becoming Negligence of Air!  
There's something Curious in her want of Care.

Here Love may with Inconstancy agree,  
 For One's Variety, One such as she.  
 Captivity, so caus'd, we proudly bless,  
 Are zealous to be Slaves, nor wish our Fetters less.

Attractive *Sq--re* with endless Pleasure's seen,  
 Oh trifling Grandeur of the *Cyprian* Queen!  
 Only three Graces form'd her highest State,  
 But thousand Graces on this *Venus* wait.  
 Impossible for Eyes to take their fill!  
 There's something eminently winning still;  
 A Novelty of Charms salutes the Sight,  
 More sweet than Blossoms, and more gay than Light;  
 Two pow'riful Passions. when we gaze, we prove,  
 Joy revels in our Locks, and in our Bosoms Love.

Well *L--ngt--n's* Name becomes the Radiant List,  
 Who can her Praise refuse, her Pow'r resist?  
 Was ever Nymph thus exquisitely wrought?  
 Seems she not almost Lovely to a Fault?  
 At once so many crowding Wonders press,  
 Ev'n more she'd Charm us, if she charm'd us less;  
 Have you not seen, on *Anna's* pompous Day,  
 A thousand Objects all profusely Gay?  
 Such Numbers only not oppress'd the Sight,  
 Yet less Variety gives full Delight.  
 See! see! Th' alternate Glories of the Skies  
 Blend in her Form, and all at once surprize;  
 Her rosie Check the blush of Morning shows,  
 Her dazzling Eyes the mid-day Sun disclose;  
 Her Air resembles well the Milky Way, [play.  
 There Stars unnumber'd shine, here Loves unnumber'd  
 O! why did Heav'n, which thus adorn'd the Fair,  
 And made the Workmanship so much its Care,  
 Not with soft Pity temper all the rest,  
 And place this kind Reliever in her Breast?  
 Still poor *Camelions*, we, must live on *Air*, [Fare:  
 She thinks a Look too much---the Lover's smallest

There's no way to be safe from *H--tl--y's* Darts,  
 Nor Light nor Darkness can secure our Hearts;

Both Eyes and Ears are Traitors to Repose,  
 Looking, or list'ning, ends in am'rous Woes;  
 Gods! when we see, we're vanquish'd by her View,  
 And while we hear, her melting Notes subdue.  
 Muse, sing the Nymph that's so compos'd for Fame,  
 Make Heav'n and Earth acquainted with her Name;  
 Thy self, oh Nymph, to teach the Muse incline,  
 For there's no perfect Melody but thine;  
 Then she might haply boast a warbling Air, [Fair.  
 And form her Song as Sweet, as Nature form'd thee  
 Reach distant *M--ndy*, Muse, with sounding Strains,  
 Th' excelling Maid that wastes her Time in Plains;  
 Bid her appear, and bless the longing Sight,  
 Retirement's wrong for Youth, for Age 'tis right;  
 Say, that her Presence to the World is due,  
 Aspects so Brilliant are ordain'd for View.  
 The Sun, whose Glory's but to match her Eyes,  
 Flashes diffusive Beams, and brightens all the Skies.

Certain as Fate, and swift as feather'd Darts,  
 Oh *W--ll--ms--nt* Thy Arrows pierce our Hearts;  
 Once with an equal right to Glory shin'd  
 A signal Charmer of thy own bright Kind;  
 Once---But remorseless Death too quickly seiz'd  
 This finish'd Object, that so vastly pleas'd;  
 No Respite from Concern our Souls could find,  
 Did she not leave thee here, a Wonder still behind.

Like Banks adorn'd with Nature's flow'ry Train,  
*Alst--n*'s sweet Look delights th' admiring Swain,  
 Pleas'd, not content, he lets his Wishes rise,  
 And would regale more Senses than his Eyes,  
 But hid in Bloom, that Serpent, Scorn, destroys  
 The Lover's fondest Hopes, and poisons all his Joys.

The *D--shw--ds* are a Family of Charms,  
 Each Nymph's appointed with resistless Arms,  
 So soft, so sweet, so artless, and so young,  
 Pride of the Sight, and Pleasure of the Tongue.  
 Dearly we pay for such immoderate Light,  
 Beauty's, like Love, severely Exquisite;

Our Souls are wound to that excessive Height,  
We suffer, not enjoy, the vast Delight.

Nor less renown'd in Charms the *H-rv--s* find,  
How fair they seem! How fashion'd for Commend!  
Each of herself might singly challenge Praise,  
One were a tempting Task for endless Lays,  
Did not another, and another shine  
Splendid alike, and equally Divine,  
As if Imperial Beauty meant no more  
To reign at large, and spread her mighty Pow'r,  
But with unequal Favour would confine  
Her num'rous Treasures to that darling Line.

Can *Sm--th* unnoted pass, so fram'd for Praise?  
Ev'n *Britain's* Court grows brighter with her Rays.  
Oh lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!  
Lilly and Rose by grateful turns subdue.  
Promiscuous Charms our ravish'd Senses greet,  
Here *April's* Bloom, and *August's* Ripeness meet;  
Delights, which seem but to salute the Year,  
Eternally reside, and flourish here;  
Who can express which Season cheers him most?  
How gay the Minutes fly, when she's the Toast!  
Bright as the Stone, with which the Glass we wound,  
Inspiring as the Juice, with which the Glass is crown'd.

Oh *W--lk--ns--n!* who can of Beauty Sing,  
And not an Off'ring to thy Altar bring?  
Who can describe the Young, the Sweet, the Fair,  
And not thy Charms, thy wond'rous Charms, declare?  
Unfully'd Lustre dwells upon thy Face,  
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace.

One Pleasure more, indulgent Muse, afford,  
Pleasure supream, when *F--rr--st--r's* the Word!  
Desert so vast commands thy utmost Lays,  
And sure 'tis almost Impious not to praise;  
Praise dare I call it? When each boldest Line  
Shows like weak Twilight to Meridian Shine.  
Lo! Mien, Complexion, Features, Voice, conspire,  
Perfection's Brands, to set the World on Fire;

Oh she's all Wonders! Heav'n's whole Excellence  
 Meets in her Frame, and fills our ev'ry Sense;  
 That Grace, which most ennobles, who can name,  
 Where all's divinely great, entitled all to Fame?  
 As well the Man, who travels all the Day  
 Scorch'd with the Sun, might tell the fiercest Ray,  
 He knows the lucid Author of his Flames, [Beams.  
 But with his parching Heat alike he charges all the  
 Ye num'rous Charmers, who remain unsung,  
 Forgive th' unequal Tribute of my Tongue,  
 Not that your Conquests fail, my Strains expire,  
 I own your Pow'rs, and feel a silent Fire,  
 No more my present Raptures can pursue, [you.  
 But when my Muse takes breath, I'll soar, and sing of

*On the Countess of B--wt--r's Recovery.*

**T**HE Gods at first, in Pity to our Race,  
 Grieving to view the Triumphs of her Face,  
 And num'rous Throngs of hapless Lovers slain  
 By the mix'd Darts of Beauty and Disdain,  
 Gave Sickness leave t' invade the brightest Throne,  
 To nought before, but Loves and Graces, known,  
*Br--wt--r's* Frame: Yet on maturer Thought,  
 Finding meer Mortals easie to be wrought,  
 But such a Workmanship of Nature, lost,  
 Too hard to be retriev'd with all their Cost,  
 Greatly resolv'd to baffle proud Disease,  
 And save *Br--wt--r*, tho' the World should cease.  
 She lives, she lives----Oh gloriously decreed!  
 We Victims either way were doom'd to Bleed,  
 For ev'n her Fall had brought us no Relief,  
 We'd chang'd our Passion, and had dy'd for Grief,





PRISCA'S *Advice* to NOVINDA.

**T**RUST not false Man, th' experienc'd *Prisca* cries,  
 Think on my Fate, and oh! be timely wise.  
 Bright as you are, I shin'd with equal Rays,  
 And ev'ry Tongue seem'd busie in my Praise.  
 Vassals in Crowds attended where I came,  
 Swore Chains and Darts, and talk'd me into Fame.  
 Too much I listen'd, and my Sex confest,  
 Proud to be seen, and pleas'd to be address'd.  
 The Things grew vain, and lessen'd their Respect,  
 Frequent Appearance ends in cold Neglect.  
 Early, yet late, I find the dear-bought Truth,  
 Wither in Blossom, and decay in Youth.  
 My Presence now at best but Pity draws,  
 And Men already point and say---She was.  
 How quickly chang'd! I see without a Train  
 The dear, dear Play-house where I us'd to Reign;  
 No more the false protesting Creatures come  
 From my once pow'rful Look to fetch their Doom;  
 No more they Start at Tragick Scenes, and cry,  
 Ye Gods! If *Prisca* smiles not, oh! we dye.  
 None seek me in the Mall, nor finding, burn,  
 And call out to their Fellows, t'other Turn.  
 No Spark regards my Motions in the Ring,  
 Nor missing me, grows sad, and pulls his String,  
 At *Indian* Houses now I'm forc'd to pay,  
 Else bring, alas! no Fav'rite Toys away.  
 All Marts of Love to me are fruitless now,  
 I hardly get the Trifle of a Bow;  
 In vain I Sparkle, Dress, and Ogle too,  
 And scarce a Country Squire vouchsafes to Woo.  
 Let this Example teach you to beware,  
 Too well I prove, 'tis dang'rous to be Fair;  
 Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone,  
 Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne?

Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd,  
 Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.  
 Believe me, Nymph, so read in Beauty's Bane,  
 Observe these Precepts, and confirm your Reign.  
 Let strict Discretion all your Steps attend,  
 A seeming Tyrant, but a real Friend ;  
 Be sure to Rule with necessary Care,  
 Nor trust your Empire to a faithless Air ;  
 Shun the soft tempting Baits of publick View,  
 And Smile not on each Fop that flatters you ;  
 Glow not with Rapture, when my Lord gets near,  
 And whispers sugar'd Speeches in your Ear,  
 Take not his Tickets still, lest Fame should say,  
 You, *Indian*-like, for Baubles, Gems repay ;  
 All Ranks with due Reserve be sure to treat,  
 All mean our Ruin, and conspire Deceit ;  
 Should one present his Heart, whom you approve,  
 Employ the Priest, before you seem to Love ;  
 Those faintly burn, that see us prone to please,  
 Men naturally slight what comes with Ease.  
 Look without Art, nor labour to enslave ;  
 In this the Beauteous differ from the Brave ;  
 Pow'r, when *We* follow, like a Shadow, flies,  
 But *They* by firm pursuing gain the Prize.

### NOVINDA'S *Answer* to PRISCA.

WHEN Gen'rous *Prisca's* early Counsel came,  
 I frown'd to read, and scarce forbore to  
 Constru'd it rude Impertinence at best, [blame,  
 And kept with Pain the Woman in my Breast ;  
 Now conscious of my Error, pay this Mite,  
 And with a frank Confession greet your Sight ;  
 No Bays by this Attempt I hope to win,  
 Write without Art, and without Form begin ;  
 Know then, and Pardon, when you find the Truth,  
 A Fault I own, but 'twas a Fault of Youth.

Once

Once how Ambition charm'd my easie Age,  
 And publick Places did my Soul engage!  
 Oh! 'twas so Fine to have a num'rous Train  
 Watching my Glance, and crying up my Reign,  
 Swearing, She's Wond'rous, Gods! we're all undone,  
 Her Sex resembles Tapers by the Sun,  
 The Sons of *Mars* dissolv'd in am'rous Fire,  
 Ev'n garter'd Heroes glow'd with soft Desire;  
 'Squires, Knights, and Lords still jostled to appear,  
 And wore my Chains, or seem'd at least to wear;  
 I deem'd my Pow'r proportion'd to my Will,  
 Nor knew I Pleasure, but to Look and Kill.  
 Then Pride, that nat'ral Frailty of our Kind,  
 Presented Titles to my flatter'd Mind,  
 Her Grace, at least my Lady, touch'd my Ear,  
 And Pages did my Train in Fancy bear.  
 How could I less expect from so much Praise?  
 Who could think All but an imagin'd Blaze?  
 Strange sort of Lovers, that pretend to Burn,  
 Yet proudly Sigh, and ask for no Return!  
 Mere Toasting can assuage such Triflers Flame,  
 Their Passion's almost sated with the Name.  
 Had one spoke Marriage, I'd not us'd him ill,  
 'Twas all Romance, and I'm *Novinda* still;  
 Amidst whole Numbers, not a Husband's found,  
 How many Deaths are fancy'd in that Sound!  
 Happy the Nymphs that chuse the honest Shade,  
 Where Truth resides, and Courtship's not a Trade,  
 Where gracious Fate bestows a faithful Swain  
 Who knows to Love, and knows not how to feign,  
 Bear me, kind Pow'rs! to some serene Retreat,  
 There let me live, not wishing to be Great,  
 Far from this dear, deceitful, damning Place,  
 Where all is led by Int'rest, Love's Disgrace.  
 Convinc'd by you, I fly from vain Renown,  
 And leave the false Endearments of the Town;  
 My Bloom, my Fame are hopeless to prevail,  
 Who can succeed where *Prisca's* self did fail?

Howe'er one Thought delights me, that I go  
 While Glory's Season lasts, and Honours flow;  
 Yet dismal Pity wants Pretence to rise,  
 Yet none enjoy the Pleasure to Despise.  
 Oh ! why should Men complain of Female Charms,  
 And count their Sex expos'd to greatest Harms?  
 Our selves are least secure, when form'd so fair,  
 And Beauty's to the Owner most a Snare.  
 The Sun and Beauty gild the World with Rays,  
 Both find no Recompence but barren Praise;  
 Nay, both must oft Retire, if Mortals prize,  
 Ev'n Light offends, still flashing in their Eyes.

---

*Of a DWARF Courting a Bright  
 L A D Y.*

**G**Iants, that durst invade the Sky,  
 By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to Die;  
 Shall better Fate This Pigmy share,  
 Who dares attempt a Heav'nly Fair?

They took a less surprizing Flight,  
 For tow'ring Boldness suits with Height;  
 But, when a Dwarf would strangely Rise,  
 What wretched Figure mocks our Eyes?

Correct His Rashness, Nymph Divine,  
 You want not Light'ning, that so shine;  
 Strike this absurd Assailant Dead,  
 And make the Grave his Bridal Bed.

The lofty Tree to Heav'n aspires;  
 And who can blame his Bold Desires?  
 'Tis for that End he seems so grown,  
 And therefore's wonder'd at by none.

But, if some humble Shrub would soar,  
 Meant for the Ground, and nothing more,  
 All this pretending Folly chide,  
 And laugh at its prepos't'rous Pride.

To the QUEEN; upon the Death of  
His Royal Highness.

WHilst Tears o'erflow the Royal Widow's Bed,  
And gloomy Sadness veils her sacred Head;  
Each Breast doth Sympathetick Anguish feel,  
Our conscions Looks our inward Pains reveal.  
O! cou'd our Sorrows but give yours Relief,  
O! that our Troubles could assuage your Grief,  
The pious Nation should indulge her Woe,  
And pub.ick Tears should to a Deluge flow:  
But since we cannot Cure our Queen's Distress,  
Accept that Wish which strives to make it less.  
When from the Fondness of Your soft Embrace,  
To the bright Regions of th' Angelick Race,  
The Much-lov'd Prince was order'd to remove,  
And quit your Breast, that Paradise of Love;  
Death, that directed the unerring Dart,  
Knew well he pierc'd you in the tend'rest Part;  
But Heav'n decreed it with a wise Design,  
To make your Virtues yet more glorious shine.  
Such are *Jove's* secret and mysterious Ways,  
When he to Glory will his Fav'rites raise.  
Conquests o'er Passions nobler Laurels yield,  
Than all the Triumphs of the best-fought Field;  
You to the Prince must give the Tribute due;  
We beg no more, than that these Tears be few;  
Much to his Mem'ry, we confess, you owe,  
Yet some Compassion to your People show;  
Let the just Motive of your Subjects good,  
Suppress the Torrent of the rising Flood;  
Our Safety, Madam, must depend on yours,  
And the Queen's Life, the World's Repose secures.



To the Right Honourable the Lord  
 VILLIERS, on his taking his Ma-  
 ster of Arts Degree at Cambridge,  
 in the Year 1700.

By Mr. William Worts of Cambridge.

**A** Midst the Joy that flows from ev'ry Tongue,  
 Accept, my Lord, the Muse's humble Song:  
 Now you all Arts and Sciences defend;  
 The Sons of *Phæbus* will your Train attend, }  
 Who on the Smiles of Greatness must depend;  
 It is the Portion of their glorious Fate,  
 To praise the Good, and eternize the Great:  
 Their Fame must die without the Poet's Aid:  
 And Poets cannot live without their Bread:  
 Your noble Birth and Virtues both can give,  
 To make the Poet, and the Poem live.  
 Happy that Pen! whose darling Wit can trace, }  
 The manly Vigour of your lovely Face,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace;  
 That can distinguish both the Great and Good, }  
 From the coarse Figure of the vulgar Crowd:  
 So look'd the feign'd *Illus*, so he charm'd,  
 When ev'ry Feature was by *Cupid* form'd; }  
 And all the God *Eliza's* Bosom warm'd.

But O!

What Pen can write the Beauties of your Mind,  
 Which Heav'n, with all its nicest Care, refin'd;  
 'Tis from those Wonders in your dawning Bloom;  
 We all expect the glorious Man to come:  
 The sprightly Youth, and early Wit, will end  
 In the wise Patriot, his Country's Friend:  
 In the succeeding *William's* Reign you'll stand,  
 The *Jersey* and *Macenas* of our Land,



*To a Witty and Genteel Lady.**By the same Hand.*

**L**ET gawdy *Phyllis* charm the cringing Fools,  
 With due Proportion turn'd by strictest Rules;  
 With a Complexion, like the Lillies Fair,  
 Whose Red may with the blushing Rose compare:  
 Those dying Charms were with the Body born,  
 And when that Moulders, they will prove our Scorn;  
 Old Age or Sicknefs will her Bloom deface,  
 Soil her Complexion, and difarm each Grace.

If there be One, ye Gods! whom you ordain  
 I must obey, and she Superior reign;  
 Let her, like brave *Camilla*, be design'd,  
 The noblest Pattern of a Godlike Mind;  
 Let her bright Soul subdue me from within,  
 Shine in her Sense, and sparkle in her Mien:  
 Those Heav'nly Charms they never can decay,  
 Age may improve 'em, and confirm their Sway,

*Presenting A Father's Advice to his Daughter.**By the same Hand.*

**G**O, happy Book! and let *Mirtilla* see  
 Her own bright Character describ'd in thee:  
 No Feature's wanting; for in her you'll meet  
 The Daughter's Beauty, with the Father's Wit:  
 Thy Precepts drawn thro' ev'ry Part of Life,  
 The modest Virgin, and the prudent Wife:  
 O! may her Virtues equal Fortune find!  
 And Goodness be with happy Greatness join'd;  
 May she want nothing that the Gods can give,  
 But still as Charming, and much Happier live.

*Written in the Blank Leaf of a Lady's*  
P R I O R.

*By the same Hand.*

Cou'd but my Words my real Passion show,  
And, in soft Verse, like *Prior's* Numbers, flow;  
Cou'd I, so fortunately point my Sense,  
To wound like *Dorset*, yet not give Offence;  
Then, in this Page, shou'd *Galatea* read  
My faithful Love, and how I daily bleed:  
Each sawcy Rival should with Blushes see,  
His fond Impertinence expos'd by me:  
But Rough and Heavy must my Verse appear,  
When *Prior's* noble Genius shines so near;  
So droop the Nymphs, when *Galatea's* Eyes,  
In the fair Ring, with brighter Glory rise.

---

*On Her MAJESTY's Grant of Wood-*  
*stock Park, &c. to his Grace the*  
*Duke of MARLBOROUGH, 1704.*

In a Letter to Signior *Antonio Verrio* at *Hamp-*  
*ton Court.*

R Enown'd in Arms, when mighty *Heroes* rise,  
Th' Immortal *Muse* in lasting Numbers tries,  
To future Ages to transmit their Fame,  
And give 'em after Death a living Name.  
The *Fields of Bliss* below, the shady Grove,  
Were the Reward of all their Toils above;  
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the solemn Place,  
With the wreath'd Worthies of his *Roman Race*.  
While greater *Marlborough* disdains to wait,  
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate:



But Reaps that glorious Harvest whilst he lives,  
 Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.  
*Elysian* Shades shall now no more be fought,  
 The Gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought ;  
 The *Royal Gift* displays a nobler View,  
 No feign'd *Elysium* can exceed the true.  
*Woodstock* her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more  
 Laments, when *Marlb'rough* shall her State restore ;  
 She for whom *Chaucer's* tuneful Lyre was strung,  
 And *Wilmot's* Muse in softer Transport sung,  
 From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head shall rear,  
 And chearful, like her conqu'ring *Lord*, appear.  
 Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,  
 Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure Reign :  
 High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,  
 By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell ;  
 Here we behold, by *Verrio's* Pencil wrought,  
 The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conquests brought ;  
 How o'er th' opposing *Schellenberg* he run,  
 Which none before but Great *Gustavus* won.  
 Here, Camps assaulted, and a City storm'd ;  
 There, on expanded Plains the Battel form'd ;  
 Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Coursers fly,  
 And rapid Streams, and thund'ring Brass descie ;  
 While echoing Cliffs and Sylvan Heights around,  
 With Groans and Shouts alternately resound.  
 Surrnd'ring Squadrons with their *Lillies* torn,  
 And haughty Chiefs before his Prowess born ;  
 In Exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,  
 Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in vain.  
 Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artist, draw  
*Albion* Rejoicing, and the World in awe ;  
 Paint in full Splendor, all his Acts that claim  
 Triumphant Laurels and immortal Fame.  
 Make him *Gaul's* glitt'ring *Flowers* in Homage yield,  
 To fix 'em faster in *Britannia's* Shield ;  
 Let *Austria's* sacred Branch in State descend,  
 To view the Victor and applaud the Friend ;

Let your great Genius on the Canvass show,  
 How the swift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,  
 How Eastward *This*, in streaming Purple strays,  
 How *That*, his Captives to our Coast conveys;  
 How *Thus* the Trophies he at once has won,  
 Haste to the Rising and the Setting Sun.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by Mrs. Barry, at  
 her Playing in Love for Love with  
 Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of  
 Mr. Betterton.*

By Mr. ROWE.

[Shield

AS some brave Knight, who once with Spear and  
 Had fought Renown in many a well fought  
 But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd, [Field,  
 Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd ;  
 There, if by Chance disast'rous Tales he hears,  
 Of Matrons Wrongs and Captive Virgins Tears,  
 He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,  
 And Vows once more to succour the Distress'd.  
 Buckled in Mail he sallies on the Plain,  
 And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.  
 So we, to former Leagues of Friendship true, }  
 Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,  
 To aid old *Thomas*, and to pleasure you. }  
 Like errant Damsels boldly we engage,  
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.  
 Time was, when this good Man no help did lack,  
 And scorn'd that any She should hold his Back.  
 But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,  
 By two at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.  
 You see, what failing Nature brings Man to, }  
 And yet let none Insult, for ought we know }  
 She may not wear so well with some of you:

Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean past,  
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the last.

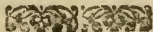
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,  
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;  
What can the youngest of you all do more?  
What he has been, tho' present Praise be dumb,  
Shall haply be a Theme in times to come,  
As now we talk of *Roscius*, and of *Rome*.

Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,  
Old *Shakespear's* Ghost had ris'n to do him Right.  
With Indignation had you seen him frown  
Upon a worthless, witlefs, tasteless Town;  
Griev'd and Repining you had heard him say,  
Why are my famous Labours cast away?  
Why did I only Write what only he could Play?

But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you  
Go on and make the gen'rous Work compleat; [meet,  
Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,  
Find something for him more than bare Applause,  
In just Remembrance of your Pleasures past,  
Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last.  
In Peace and Ease Life's Remnant let him wear,  
And hang his consecrated Buskin here.

*On the KING of SPAIN.*

**P***Allas*, destructive to the Trojan Line, [Divine;  
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands  
But Love's bright Goddess, with propitious Grace  
Preserv'd a Heroe, and restor'd the Race.  
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Tyber* flows,  
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.



*A BALLAD: On the Victory at*  
**AUDENARDE.**

**Y**E Commons and Peers,  
 Pray lend me your Ears,  
 I'll Sing you a Song if I can;  
 How *Louis le Grand*  
 Was put to a Stand,  
 By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

## II.

How his Army so great  
 Had a total Defeat,  
 Not far from the River of *Dender*;  
 Where his Grand-Children twain,  
 For fear of being Slain,  
 Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

## III.

To a Steeple on High  
 The Battel to Spy,  
 Up Mounted these clever Young Men;  
 And when from the Spire  
 They saw so much Fire  
 They cleverly came down again.

## IV.

Then a Horse-Back they got  
 All upon the same Spot,  
 By Advice of their Cousin *Vendome*;  
 O Lord! cry'd out He  
 Unto Young *Burgundy*,  
 Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home,

## V.

Just so did he say,  
 When without more delay  
 Away the Young Gentry Fled;

*Idem CANTICUM Latine Redditum.*

**O** Plebs & Magnates,  
 Vos aures praebeatis,  
 Cantabo Carmen hand inane;  
 Veteris ut amici  
 Milites Ludovici,  
 Turbavit exercitus Anna.

## II.

Dicam ejus ut fortes  
 Vastaque Cohortes,  
 Prope Teneram victa fuerunt;  
 Ubi gallico more,  
 Cum Competitore,  
 Nepotes se fuga dederunt.

## III.

Pyramidem tamen  
 Ut cernant certamen,  
 Cito scandunt tres adolescentes;  
 At citius descendunt  
 Oculos sic offendunt  
 Tot flammæ per æthra fulgentes.

## IV.

Tum Cursores repente  
 Vindicino suadente,  
 Conscendunt, miserum, ait, oh, mi  
 Burgundi, quid statur?  
 Utinam tu & frater  
 Effetis una cum avo domi.

## V.

Hæc illo dicente,  
 Generosa juvenæ  
 Abs aditæ sunt à timore;

Whose Heels for that Work  
 Were much lighter than Cork,  
 But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

## VI.

Not so did behave  
 The Young *Hannover* Brave  
 In this Bloody Field I assure you;  
 When his War-Horse was shot  
 Yet He matter'd it not,  
 But Charg'd still on foot like a Fury.

## VII.

While Death flew about,  
 Aloud He call'd out,  
 Hoh! You Chevalier of *St. George*,  
 If you'll neither stand  
 By Sea nor by Land,  
 Pretender, that Title you Forge.

## VIII.

Thus Boldly he stood  
 As became that High Blood,  
 Which runs in his Veins so Blue;  
 This Gallant Young Man  
 Being Kin to *Queen Anne*,  
 Fought, as were she a Man, she wou'd do,

## IX.

What a Racket was here,  
 (I think 'twas last Year)  
 For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;  
 When by letting 'em Win,  
 We have drawn the Puts in  
 To Lose all they are Worth this Campaign;

## X.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*  
 To *Monsieur* we Lent,  
 With Int'rest he soon shall Re-pay 'em;

*Nam avolat pedibus  
Sicut Cortex levibus,  
Licet Corde plumbo graviore.*

## VI.

*Sed non instar horum  
Medio tot periclorum  
Hannovers audax sese gessit ⁊  
Transfixo bellatore  
Omni expers timore,  
Pulsos pedes acriter pressit.*

## VII.

*Dum Mors circumvolavit  
Altâ voce clamavit  
Hens! tu miles Sti. Georgi,  
Si non audes stare  
Nec terrâ nec mari,  
Jus fictum ne amplius urge.*

## VIII.

*Instabat cum terrore  
Sanguinis pro splendore  
Qui in Caruleis venis turgescit ⁊  
Nam Anne agnatus  
Ita est praliatus  
Ut hac foret, modo vir esset.*

## IX.

*Quas hic turbas excivit  
(Quis credere quivuit)  
Nuperum in Hispaniâ malum ⁊  
Ex hoc lucro suffultos  
Induximus stultos  
Post omnia perdere naulum.*

## X.

*Quas jam Commodavimus,  
Cum fanore rogabimus  
Iterum Brugas & Clarinaam ⁊*

While *Paris* may Sing  
 With her Sorrowful King,  
*De Profundis*, instead of *Te Deum*.

## XI.

From their Dream of Success,  
 They'll awaken, we Guess,  
 At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums;  
 They may think if they will  
 Of *Almanza* still,  
 But 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

## XII.

O *Louis* Perplex'd,  
 What General's next ?  
 Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in Vain :  
 He has Beat 'em all round,  
 If no New ones are found,  
 He shall Beat the Old over again.

## XIII.

We'll let *Tallard* out  
 If he'll take t'other Bout ;  
 And much he's Improv'd, let me tell ye,  
 With *Nottingham* Ale  
 At ev'ry Meal,  
 And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

## XIV.

As Losers at Play  
 Their Dice throw away,  
 While the Winner he still Wins on :  
 Let who will Command,  
 Thou hadst better Disband,  
 For, Old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.





*Canet & Rex, marente  
Parisiâ cum gente,  
De Profundis in loco Te Deum.*

## XI.

*Ex hoc somno Victoria  
Eos tandem Mariboria,  
Excitaverit sonitus tubæ;  
De Almanza licebit  
Cogitent, si lubebit,  
Venit is cum Blenheimii pube.*

## XII.

*Quem ducem Ludovice,  
Mittes proximâ vice?  
Quas hætenus frustra misisti;  
Omnes semel superavit,  
Iterumque profligabit,  
Si novas nusquam reperisti.*

## XIII.

*Si iterum praliabitur,  
Tallardus cito dabitur,  
Auxit & vires Nottinghamensis  
Zythus, Bubulaque,  
Salubris massulaque  
Apposita singulis mensis.*

## XIV.

*Sed ut victos ludendo  
Cubos abjiciendo  
Parum videas promoverè;  
Quemcunque profeceris,  
Consultius destiteris,  
Pseudocubi, Vaser, periere.*



*Design'd to be Written on* **BLLENHEIM-  
CASTLE Gate.**

**F**ROM *Danube's* Banks thy two *Chief Stones* were  
brought ;  
At *Brabant's* Lines thy rising *Base* was wrought :  
Thy lofty *Stories* fair *Ramilia* rear'd :  
The tow'ring *Height* was gain'd at *Oudenard* :  
Thy *Roof* Majestick was, with *Master-Skill*  
Compleatly *Cover'd* at the *Siege of Lisle*.  
The useleſs *Refuse* took a cleansing *Scour*,  
Along the rapid *Scheld's* intrenched *Shore*.  
Such *Furniture*, as *Princely* Rich and Rare is,  
Thy *Lord* shall challenge at the *Gates of Paris*.  
But let their molten *Mome of Triumph* stand,  
And Blush, tho' *Brass*, at *Marlbro's* mighty *Hand* :  
While impious *Art* sustains the *Tyrant's* Name,  
HE's not the *Statue*, but the *Soul of Fame*.

---

To Mr. W———— on Reading his  
P O E M S.

By Mr. JOSEPH STANDEN.

**H**Ail Heav'n-born Muse, that with celestial Flame,  
And high Seraphic Numbers, durst attempt  
To gain thy native Skies.-----No common Theme  
Merits thy Thought, Self-conscious of a Soul  
Superior; though on Earth detain'd a while,  
Like some propitious Angel, that's design'd  
A Resident in this inferior Orb,  
To guide the wandring Souls to heav'nly Blifs,  
Thou seem'st; while Thou their everlasting Songs  
Hast sung to mortal Ears, and down to Earth

Transfer'd the Work of Heav'n. With Thought sublime,  
 And high sonorous Words, Thou sweetly sing'st  
 To thy immortal Lyre: Amaz'd we view  
 The tow'ring Height stupendous, while Thou soar'st  
 Above the reach of vulgar Eyes or Thought,  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: As of old,  
 When first th' Almighty from the dark Abyss  
 Of everlasting Night and Silence call'd  
 The shining Worlds with one creating Word,  
 And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly Hosts,  
 And with eternal Glories fill'd the Void;  
 Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their Golden Harps,  
 And with their chearful Hallelujahs blest'd  
 The bounteous Author of their Happiness:  
 From Orb to Orb th' alternate Musick rang,  
 And from the crystal Arches of the Sky  
 Reach'd our *then* glorious World, the native Seat  
 Of the first happy Pair, who join'd their Songs  
 To the loud Echoes of th' Angelic Choirs,  
 And fill'd with blisful Hymns terrestrial Heav'n,  
 The Paradise of God; where all Delights  
 Abounded, and the pure ambrosial Air,  
 Fann'd by mild *Zephyrs* breath'd ethereal Sweets.  
 Forbidding Death and Sorrow; and bestow'd  
 Fresh heav'nly Bloom, and gay immortal Youth.  
 Not so, alas! the vile Apostate Race,  
 Who in mad Joys their brutal Hours employ'd,  
 Assaulting with their impious Blasphemies  
 The Pow'r supreme that gave'em Life and Breath;  
 Incarnate Fiends! Outragious they defy'd  
 Th' Eternal's Thunder, and Almighty Wrath  
 Fearless provok'd; which all the other Devils  
 Would dread to meet, remembering well the Day,  
 When, driv'n from pure immortal Seats above,  
 A fiery Tempest hurl'd 'em down the Skies,  
 And hung upon their Rear, urging their Fall  
 To the dark, deep, unfathomable Gulph;  
 Where, bound on sulph'rous Lakes to glowing Rocks

With Adamantine Chains, they wail their Woes,  
 And know *Jehovah* Great as well as Good;  
 And, fix'd for ever by eternal Fate,  
 With Horror find his Arm Omnipotent.

Prodigious Madness! That the sacred Muse,  
 First taught in Heav'n to mount immortal Heights,  
 And trace the boundless Glories of the Sky,  
 Should now to ev'ry Idol basely bow,  
 And curse the Deity she once ador'd,  
 Erecting Trophies to each sordid Vice,  
 And celebrating the infernal Praise  
 Of haughty *Lucifer*, the desp'rate Foe  
 Of God and Man; and winning ev'ry Hour  
 New Votaries to Hell; while all the Fiends  
 Hear these accursed Lays, and thus out-done  
 Raging they try to match the human Race,  
 Redoubling all their hellish Blasphemies,  
 And with loud Curses rend the gloomy Vault.

Ungrateful Mortals! Ah! too late you'll find  
 What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at Hell,  
 To dress up Vice in false delusive Charms,  
 And with gay Colours paint her hideous Face,  
 Leading besotted Souls thro' flowry Paths,  
 In gawdy Dreams, and vain fantastic Joys,  
 To dismal Scenes of everlasting Woe;  
 When the great Judge shall rear his awful Throne,  
 And raging Flames surround the trembling Globe;  
 While the loud Thunders roar from Pole to Pole,  
 And the last Trump awakes the sleepy Dead;  
 And guilty Souls, to ghastly Bodies driv'n,  
 Within those dire eternal Prisons shut,  
 Expect their sad inexorable Doom.  
 Say now, ye Men of Wit! what Turn of Thought  
 Will please you then? alas! how dull and poor  
 (Ev'n to your selves) will your lewd Flights appear!  
 How will you envy then the happy Fate  
 Of Idiots! And perhaps in vain you'll wish  
 You'd been as very Fools as once ye thought

Others, for the sublimest Wisdom scorn'd ;  
 When pointed Lightnings from the wrathful Judge  
 Shall singe your impious Laurels, and the Men  
 Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of these tremendous Thoughts,  
 Resume thy more delightful Theme, and sing  
 Th' immortal Man that with immortal Verse  
 Rivals the Hymns of Angels, and like them  
 Despises mortal Criticks idle Rules :  
 While the celestial Flame that warms thy Soul  
 Inspires us, and with holy Transports moves  
 Our lab'ring Minds, and nobler Scenes presents  
 Than all the *Pagan* Poets ever sung,  
*Homer* or *Virgil* ; and far sweeter Notes  
 Than *Horace* ever taught his sounding Lyre,  
 And purer far ; tho' *Martial's* Self might seem  
 A modest Poet in our Christian Days.  
 May these neglected, and forgotten lye :  
 No more let Men be fond of fab'lous Gods,  
 Nor *Heathen* Wit debauch one *Christian* Line ;  
 While with the coarse and daubing Paint we hide  
 The shining Beauties of eternal Truth,  
 Who in her native Dress appears most bright,  
 And charms the Eyes of Angels.----Oh ! like Thee,  
 Let ev'ry nobler Genius tune his Voice  
 To Subjects worthy of their tow'ring Thoughts.  
 Let *Heav'n* and *Anna* then your tuneful Art  
 Improve ; and consecrate your deathless Lays  
 To *Him* who Reigns above, and *Her* who Rules  
 below.



*On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S  
Victory at Audenard, just after the  
Loss of Ghent and Bruges.*

By *L. Eusden*, of *Trinity-College, Cambridge.*

AS in a starry Night, the lonely Swain  
Watching his Flock on the *Sicilian Plain*,  
Upwards oft casts his Eyes; the heav'nly Fires  
Around he sees, and all he sees, admires:  
So I amaz'd, great Man! thy Acts survey,  
And still from Glories to new Glories stray:  
Lost in the sweet Variety of Light,  
I find none brighter in a Train so bright;  
And doubt, which first the grateful Muse should tell,  
For she on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.  
But hear! loud *Paeans* from the *Belgick Strand*  
Resound thy Triumphs, and our Thanks demand!  
Thou art afresh the Burthen of each Song,  
The darling Subject of the tuneful Throng.  
In vain, alas! they string the sprightly Lyre;  
In vain great Actions can great Thoughts inspire:  
*Apollo's Sons*, when all their Wit is shown,  
Reach not thy Merit, but exalt their own.  
Thus num'rous Streams into the Ocean flow,  
New Honours they receive, but none bestow;  
Not raise the Ocean's Height, while they Immor- }  
tal grow. }

Say, wond'rous Man! by what mysterious Charms  
Thou bind'st th' unconstant Goddess to thy Arms!  
Why thus her Love she partially displays?  
Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.  
Fly swift, yet Conquest swifter flies before;  
So flash the Light'nings, e'er the Thunders roar,  
Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim,  
But ev'ry Path with thee can lead to Fame.

No Tow'r so strong, as can create Despair;  
 Nor Cliffs so barren, but can Laurels bear.  
 Dear-gain'd Experience oft has taught the Foe  
 The fatal Progress of thy Arms to know:  
 Too well the usual Marks are understood;  
 A Purple dye still taints the Crystal Flood [Blood. }  
 And ev'ry Field thou fatten'st round with Gallick. }

Here I could boundless rove; thy Virtues praise,  
 Sweetly bewilder'd in the various Maze:  
 I, *Janus*-like, could now with Pleasure trace  
 Of Ages past a worthy, deathless Race:  
 View *Greece* with all its Heroes in the Bloom,  
 And the long Glories of Imperial *Rome*.  
 But thou already hast possess'd the whole;  
 There is no Rival in the shining Roll:  
 Unless their diff'rent Graces were combin'd;  
 Young *Ammon*'s Soul with *Cesar*'s Prudence join'd;  
 But tho' from all we cull'd the Parallel,  
 Yet thou in something still wou'dst all excell.  
 Thus when *Apelles* with nice Labour strove  
 Justly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;  
 The flow'ry Pride of all the Land he chose,  
 And from a thousand wou'd his one compose.  
 Some sweet Embellishment in each was seen,  
 In this the Smile, in that the pleasing Mien.  
 What Art could do, the Pencil had exprest;  
 Not yet entire the Goddess shone confest, }  
 But barely known, and little more than guest. }

Oh! had these Times giv'n to the Heroe Birth,  
 Who once was call'd Lord of the conquer'd Earth:  
 Thy Arms his wild Ambition had defy'd,  
 And wisely check'd the mighty Victor's Pride,  
 Like *Lewis*, he had found a lowlier State;  
 A greater seen, not thought himself so great:  
 And for more Worlds had no Complaints begun,  
 But wept for Grief, he could not conquer One.

Strange! to what height Ingratitude can rise?  
 See! the foul Monster of Gigantick Size!

What virtuous Acts can we secure engage  
 From black Oblivion by malicious Rage?  
 If to this Fiend all *Blenheim's* Honours yield,  
 And the won Trophies of *Ramilia's* Field:  
 If ev'ry Chance with Murm'rings be sustain'd;  
 Two Towns surpriz'd move more, than Countries  
 gain'd.

Laurels in vain safe from some Dangers are;  
 Envy can blast, what *Jove's* own Fires will spare.  
 This fatal Truth the brave *Athenian* prov'd,  
 Whom the wise *Socrates* so dearly lov'd:  
 From that rich Source with Arts divinely stor'd,  
 Early the Youth aloft to Empire soar'd.  
 Too nobly Great, and ruin'd by Success;  
 His Merit still was more, his Glory less.  
 From *Cymè* lost, Suspicions did begin,  
 Not that he could not, but he would not win.

But may green Wreaths for ever thee adorn;  
 Thou under more propitious Stars wast born:  
 Oft may we see revolve such happy Days;  
 Oft be it thine to Conquer, ours to Praise.  
 Soon then the hideous Din of War shall cease,  
 And the long-weary'd *Albion* rest in Peace.  
 Learning and Arts shall crown'd with Plenty smile,  
 And Bays with Olives twin'd, grace the fair, blis-  
 ful Isle.

Mean time, our Thanks, a worthless Gift, receive;  
 'Tis nothing, but 'tis all, that we can give.  
 Let no fantastick Wits thy Conduct blame,  
 Nor Envy blemish e'er thy spotless Fame.  
 Thee *Anna* chose; in thee let all rejoice, [Choice.  
 Since by new Wonders Heav'n confirms the glorious





To the Reverend Dr. BENTLEY,  
on the Opening of Trinity-College  
Chappel, Cambridge.

By the same Hand.

LONG have we, safe, Time's envious Fury scorn'd,  
By Kings first Founded, then by Kings adorn'd;  
If fainting e'er we fear'd a fatal close,  
Some new *Mæcenæ*s with new Life arose.  
Fretted by Age we still the stronger grow,  
And to our Ruins all our Beauties owe.  
So *Cassia* roughly chaf'd the sweeter smells,  
And Silver more consum'd in Brightness more excels.

Rais'd on high Columns the proud Fabrick stands,  
Where *Barrow* Praise from ev'ry Tongue commands:  
Where the vast Treasures of the Learn'd are shown;  
No Works more Rich, more Noble, than his own.  
The Muses soon the stately Seat admir'd,  
And in full-Transports their glad Sons inspir'd:  
Their Sons inspir'd sung loud, and all around  
Echo redoubl'd back the chearful Sound;  
Sweet was the Song, when Lays (if such they give)  
Worthy of Cedar, shall in Cedar live. [Mind,

This sumptuous Pile shew'd the brave Founder's  
But equal Labours still remain behind.

God's sacred House too long neglected lyes,  
And from some other *Jāsh* wants Supplies;  
But none was found, 'till you resolv'd to show  
How far exalted Piety could go:  
From little Funds, so largely to design,  
Yet to make all in full Perfection shine,  
Great is the Glory, and the Glory's thine. }

Of old a Joy in ev'ry Face was seen,  
Flush'd by the Promise of a bounteous Queen:  
She vow'd a Temple, but too soon her Breath  
Vanish'd, and seal'd her pious Vows in Death.

Thus *David* drew the Scheme, but not begun;  
 The Dome was builded by his wiser Son.  
 Not so we far'd. Tho' by *Eliza* lov'd,  
 Her Sister's Thoughts were lost, but not disprov'd.  
 'Till now we Mourn'd our Fate, but Mourn no more;  
 Chas'd are the Mists, which dull'd the Light before,  
 New Golden Censers on new Altars blaze,  
 New Musick sounds the great Creator's Praise.  
 Angels again from Heav'n might list'ning stray,  
 Did but another sweet *Cecilia* play.  
 Here, long conceal'd we view the living Paint;  
 Admire the Picture, not adore the Saint.  
 There, Cherubs with stretch'd Wings deceive the Sight,  
 And bending forwards seem prepar'd for flight;  
 While Flow'rs in pleasing Folds adorn each side,  
 Some droop their sickly Heads, some wanton in their  
 Much more we see, and silent with Surprise, [Fride,  
 Recal Times past, and scarce believe our Eyes;  
 How gloomy once these hallow'd Mansions were,  
 But now, how wondrous lovely, how divinely fair!  
 So quickly, where the fragrant Dust was spread,  
 Riseth the *Phoenix* from his spicy Bed:  
 Or such the Change the witty Poets feign'd,  
 When hoary *Ason* his young Bloom regain'd,  
 He but regain'd what was before his own,  
 While here are Beauties seen, 'till now unknown.

If it so Charms, how can we ever show [owe?  
 Thy matchless Worth, to whom those Charms we  
 Our vain Essays our Weakness may proclaim,  
 But not enlarge the Circle of thy Fame.  
 Praises from some delusive may appear;  
 When Foes extol, we need no Flatt'ries fear.  
 The stubborn Atheist a fierce Shock has felt;  
 Steel'd tho' he was, he now begins to Melt:  
 Since thus he sees all Prejudice remov'd,  
 Thy Acts confess the God thy Learning prov'd.



*Part of the last Chorus of the Fourth  
Act of Medea. Imitated from the  
Greek of Euripides.*

*By the same Hand.*

FROM things consider'd, with a stricter View,  
And deepest Thought, this fatal Truth I drew:  
Sure of Mankind th' unmarry'd Part is blest,  
By Joys too much distinguish'd from the rest.  
Suppose there are ('tis but suppose, I fear)  
Pleasures, which could the nuptial State endear;  
Think, thou may'st wish, and ev'ry Wish enjoy,  
A beauteous Daughter, and a blooming Boy:  
Still where's the mighty Comfort of a Wife,  
Or what is wanting in a single Life?  
Pity not ours, nor thus thy Fate admire;  
The Bliss we know not, we can ne'er desire.  
Yet this Advantage on our side we boast;  
The Good is little, vast the Ill we lost.  
All hush'd, and calm!-----no Grievs our Ease impair,  
Free from the Father's many a griping Care,  
First, how the Child may gen'rously be bred,  
Adorn'd with Arts, and thro' each Virtue led,  
Next, how to crown him with a fair Estate,  
And so, to make him happy, make him great:  
Parents from Labours to new Labours run,  
To hoard up Treasures for the darling Son:  
Yet know not what this darling Son will prove,  
A roving Spend-thrift may reward their Love.  
Not small the Evils which we here behold,  
But far the greatest still remain untold.  
Just when with utmost Pain the drudging Sire  
Has rais'd a Fortune, answ'ring his Desire;  
Already the first Scene of Life is done,  
Whom once he call'd his Child, he calls his Son, }  
The Boy forgotten, and the Man begun,

Large Promises and Hopes the Youth incite,  
 His Father's Glory, and his Friends delight :  
 But sullen Clouds involve the brightest Day,  
 While all look on, to some Disease a Prey, }  
 The lov'd, the wondrous Youth untimely pines a- }  
 Too well, alas! too well, ye Gods, we knew  
 Our Troubles many, and our Pleasures few :  
 Why needed this fresh Plague be added more  
 To the rich, boundless, miserable Store ?  
 The Old, as cloy'd with Life, to Death belong,  
 But must it rudely seize the Brave, the Young ?  
 In vain we strive; the cruel Doom is read,  
 The Blossom's wither'd, and our Hopes are fled.

HERO and LEANDER: *A Poem,*  
*Translated from the Greek.*

*By the same Hand.*

[Flame,

SING, Muse, the conscious Torch, whose nightly  
 (The shining Signal of a brighter Dame,)  
 Thro' trackless Waves the bold *Leander* led,  
 To taste the dang'rous Joys of *Hero's* Bed :  
 Sing the stol'n Bliss in gloomy Shades conceal'd,  
 And never to the blushing Morn reveal'd.  
 I see the lovely Youth triumphant ride  
 O'er the proud Billows of th' insulting Tide ;  
 And lo! a Light shoots glimm'ring from afar,  
 Of nuptial Sweets the kind-presaging Star :  
 A Light! which (would propitious *Jove* encline)  
 In brighter Glory should for ever shine ;  
 And mix'd among its kindred Fires above,  
 Be call'd the gentle Harbinger of Love.  
 For sure it did on Earth this Office bear,  
 And *Hymen's* Pleasures were its nightly Care;

'Till envious Winds with boist'rous Fury rose:  
 But Goddess! Thou the mournful Tale disclose;  
 At once from high the sacred Torch was tost,  
 Its Flame extinguish'd, and the Lover lost.

Where *Neptune* stretcheth out an Arm, to bound  
 Fair *Europe's* Confines from the *Asian* Ground,  
 A rising Town on either Shore commands  
 The distant Sea, and awes the Neighb'ring Lands;  
 Here the *Idalian* Boy his Sport begun,  
 And with one Dart a double Conquest won:  
 To equal Breasts an equal Flame convey'd,  
 The lovely'st Youth ador'd the lovely'st Maid.  
 He sure must never have convers'd with Fame,  
 Who knows not *Hero* and *Leander's* Name:  
 Alike both Glories of their native Place;  
*Abydos* one, and one did *Sestos* grace.

Who e'er thou art, that hither bend'st thy way,  
 Oh! for a while the pleasing Coast survey! [guide  
 This, this the Tow'r, whence the kind Light did  
 The swimming Lover to his *Sestian* Bride:  
 That the fam'd *Hellepont*, he nightly cross,  
 Which still in Murmurs groans *Leander* lost.

But haste we Love's soft Triumphs to relate,  
 From the first Dawnings to its ripen'd State:  
 And whence the Youth so Passionate became,  
 And how the Nymph glow'd with as fierce a Flame.

*Hero* from noble Blood her Line did trace,  
 Her Looks confess'd the Glories of her Race:  
 Priestess of *Venus* too, but chose to Reign  
 In noiseless Ease, and shunn'd the Nuptial Chain.  
 Far from her Parents early she retir'd,  
 And the safe Covert of a Tow'r desir'd:  
 The Tow'r was high, and near the Water stood;  
 She seem'd a new-sprung *Venus* from the Flood.  
 Discreet withal, nor lov'd to Dance, and Play,  
 And waste in vain Impertinence the Day:  
 Secure in Innocence, she liv'd unknown,  
 And balk'd the witty Censures of the Town.

There is an inborn Pride, which taints the Race;  
 A fair one ne'er could brook a fairer Face.  
 To pleasure *Venus* was her darling Care,  
 Nor did thy Altars, *Cupid*, want a Share:  
 In vain, alas! the pious Virgin strove;  
 No Vows the fiery Arrows could remove,  
 But she must fall a Sacrifice to Love. }

For now the Time was come, the solemn Day,  
 When annual Rites religious *Sestians* pay  
 To Beauty's Queen; around with Sables spread,  
 She mourns *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead!  
 Hither in Shoals from neighb'ring Islands throng,  
 Confus'd, the Gay, the Grave, the Old, the Young:  
 From *Phrygia* these, and from *Hæmonia* some,  
 But all from *Cyprus*, and *Abydos* come, }

And not one ling'ring Sluggard droop'd at Home.  
 No am'rous Youth would surely miss the Day,  
 Where Feasts invite, they still with Joy obey:  
 Scarce (as I guess) on bare Devotion's score,  
 The silent Statues of the Gods t'adore;  
 For Breasts, like theirs, with youthful Raptures warm,  
 Not the dead Idols, but the living Charm.

But oh! to see with what a sprightly Haste  
 The beauteous Priestess thro' the Temple past!  
 Not rising *Phæbe* shows a Face so bright  
 To glad the World, and rule the spangl'd Night.  
 For on each blooming Cheek, by Nature spread,  
 Was seen the purest White, and freshest Red:  
 Such is the Hue, the springing Lilly shows,  
 Fleck'd with the Blushes of the op'ning Rose.  
 Scarce yet the Parallel would be compleat,  
 Not that so beautiful, nor this so sweet.

Of old the thinking Dotards did agree  
 To stint the Graces to the Number Three;  
 Had *Hero* blest those Times, they soon had found  
 Too dull their Notion, and too strait their bound:  
 When e'er she smil'd, had view'd with dumb surprize,  
 Ten thousand Graces sporting in her Eyes.

The bright Immortal must with Pleasure hear  
 A Priestess, far above all Mortals fair:  
 In Beauty's Charms (could Beauty's Cause be try'd)  
 If not a Rival, surely near ally'd.

No wonder then each Youth a Flame confest,  
 And with heav'd Hands the sweet Enchantress blest :  
 None but inspir'd with tender Thoughts, began  
 To wish himself (in vain!) the happy Man.  
 Desiring Eyes on the lov'd Object hung,  
 Where-e'er she glided thro' the wond'ring Throng, }  
 And scatter'd pleasing Ruin all along.  
 'Till from the Crowd

By Love one Eloquent above the rest,  
 In these, or Words like these, his Soul express't.

Big with vain Hope to *Sparta* once I came,  
 Where ev'ry Nymph can ev'ry Breast inflame:  
 But never yet have in one Virgin seen,  
 With so much Majesty, so sweet a Mien.  
 Who knows, but *Venus* may some Cheat design,  
 And what we fancy Human, is Divine:  
 The Graces much are fam'd, and this must be  
 Sure the most Charming of the charming Three.  
 Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,  
 Yet could (methinks) for ever still look on.  
 Were Death the Price, doom'd for the happy Night,  
 Not Death should damp one Moment of Delight:  
 Nor could th' immortal Joys of Gods above  
 Engage my Wishes, or distract my Love.  
 But thou, O Goddess! listen to my Pray'r;  
 If not thy *Hero*, give me such a Fair. [strove

Thus mourn'd some wounded Youth, whilst others  
 In wild Disorder to conceal their Love:  
 But Flames too fierce to hide at once possess'd,  
 And roul'd, and revell'd in *Leander's* Breast.  
 He saw the Nymph, and struck with strange Delight,  
 Resolv'd on something far beyond a Sight.  
 He bled, but would not keep his Wound unknown,  
 And wish'd to live, but could not live alone.

Ungovern'd Thoughts to Rage improv'd Desire,  
And kindled in his Eyes impetuous Fire.

Beware, ye heedless Youths, and fly apace;  
No Dart so piercing, as a beauteous Face:  
Nor winged Deaths with half such Swiftnes fly,  
As the loose Glances from a sparkling Eye.  
The luscious Poison our fond Eyes convey [Prey.  
Down to th' unguarded Heart, a trembling, helpless  
Unruly Passions now the Youth assail,  
And Fears and Hopes successively prevail:  
Sooth'd with her Charms, he strives his Fears to blame,  
Then blushing, checks the too ambitious Flame:  
But wiser Love with noble Pride disdains  
The bashful Modesty of simple Swains;  
And in soft Whispers said, his Laws were such,  
None fears too little, and none hopes too much.  
Rais'd with these Thoughts, he did his Steps advance,  
To try the Magick of a side-long Glance;  
With all the artful Blandishments, that move  
The Soul, to listen to the *Lure* of Love.  
She took the Hint; (what Lovers now can find  
That nat'ral Tendency in Woman-kind?)  
First seem'd to frown, but easily grew mild,  
And, conscious of her own Perfections, smil'd.  
Then turns her Head with graceful Scorn away,  
But quick returning, doth her self betray;  
And in Love's greatest Eloquence replies,  
The silent Language of consenting Eyes.

With Joy amaz'd, the Youth his Passion knew  
At once discover'd, and successful too;  
Impatient grown, he chid the tedious Light,  
And wish'd the swift approaches of the Night:  
Nor wish'd in vain; soon the bright *Hesper* shone,  
And love-obliging Shades came rushing on.  
Darkness can Fears expel, and Hopes renew,  
Th' embolden'd Lover to his *Quarry* flew, }  
And there stood Face to Face, a glorious Interview. }  
Then all on Fire her Hand he gently press'd,  
And Sighs and dying Murmurs told the rest.



Starting she did a short Resentment feign,  
 And with a Frown drew back her Head again.  
 But he, with Love inspir'd, new Joys descries  
 Thro' the thin Umbrage of a forc'd Disguise;  
 And seiz'd her Robe, and full of pleasing Thought  
 The last Recesses of the Temple sought.  
 With Steps unequal she advanc'd behind,  
 And with a willing, half unwilling Mind,  
 Threaten'd the Youth; at once Severe and Kind.

Stranger, what Madnes doth thy Breast invade?  
 Whither, ah! whither would you force a Maid?  
 Let loose my Garments quick, and home retire;  
 Flee the Displeasure of my wealthy Sire:  
 If that you flight, and mortal Pow'r disown,  
 Vex not the Priestess, lest the Goddess frown.  
 Go, be not with presumptuous Thoughts mis-led?  
 'Tis bold aspiring to a Virgin's Bed.

True to her Sex, thus chid the charming Fair,  
 But glad *Leander* could such Chidings bear:  
 This seeming Storm a future Calm betrays;  
 Th' auspicious Omen of his *Halcyon* Days.  
 For Women soon are kind, if peevish grown;  
 Faintly they struggle, when their Rage is gone.  
 That known, the Youth her fragrant Bosom press'd,  
 And warm'd with melting Lips each swelling Breast.

Then thus begun;----Oh! how shall I proclaim  
 Thy ev'ry Charm? Shall I thy wond'rous Frame  
 A second *Venus*, or *Minerva* name?  
 For sure those Looks no earthly Stamp display;  
 None ever boasted so refin'd a Clay:  
 Bless'd be thy Sire, and bless'd be doubly more  
 The fertile Womb, which the fair Burden bore.  
 With Pity hear a Youth his Flame reveal;  
 Whom you could only Wound, 'tis you can only Heal.  
 If *Venus* be your Guide, let *Venus* move;  
 And by her great Example learn to Love.  
 Ah! come, this silly Name of Maid despise;  
 Indulge thy Soul, and give a loose to Joys.

No Virgin can a worthy Priestess be  
 To her, who laughs at dull Virginitie.  
 Wouldst thou the Goddess faithfully adore?  
 Regard nice Conduct less, and Nature more.  
 Oh! canst thou ever her sweet Laws admire,  
 Yet be a Stranger to a Lover's Fire?  
 The little, wanton God did me ordain,  
 If not to conquer, still to hug thy Chain.  
 A Slave so humble was *Alcides* seen,  
 When led by *Hermes* to the *Lydian* Queen:  
 My Passion still a nobler Spring did move;  
 The God of Wit yields to the God of Love.  
 Why need I *Atalanta's* Fate declare,  
 Who wisely (as she thought) declin'd the Snare?  
 While from *Melanion's* Arms all Ice she fled,  
 And shunn'd the Pleasures of a Nuptial Bed:  
 'Till she by *Venus* Rage her Follies mourn'd,  
 And Love for Love, and Flame for Flame return'd,  
 Let this *Arcadian* Nymph instruct thy Mind;  
 Thou art more Beauteous, wouldst thou be more Kind!

Accents so soft her Passions did controul,  
 And sooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her Soul.  
 She fix'd her Eyes upon the silent Ground,  
 And all with Crimson Blushes glow'd around.  
 Unwonted Motions own'd some new Desire,  
 And oft she gather'd up her loose Attire.  
 A yielding Maid by ev'ry Sign was meant;  
 For dumb Denying is a sure Consent.  
 Pleasingly pain'd, she first begins to fear  
 Something, she knows not what, she knows not where.  
 Deep in her Breast *Leander's* Charms remain;  
 She thinks, and sighs, then looks, and sighs again.  
 Nor the fond Lover, with a less Surprize,  
 Fed on her snowy Neck his famish'd Eyes.  
 Thus long a Virgin-Modesty she try'd,  
 Not to discover, what she could not hide:  
 By slow degrees from Earth she rais'd her look,  
 Distilling humid Blushes e'er she spoke, [broke. }  
 Then in harmonious Sounds the painful Silence }

Stranger, thy Words might Rocks to Pity move;  
 Where didst thou learn the wond'rous Art of Love?  
 Ah! by whose Conduct didst thou hither come?  
 Who first seduc'd thee from thy native Home?  
 Pleasing thy Tale, but pleasing still in vain;  
 No faithless Rover must his Wish obtain:  
 Or if I should so Mad and Senseless prove,  
 My pow'rful Parents would upbraid my Love.  
 What, tho' some secret Pleasures you design'd?  
 To Silence long they could not be confin'd:  
 The Tongues of Men so scandalous are grown;  
 You hear from thousands, what you act with one:  
 Whoe'er thou art, thy Name and Country tell,  
 For mine (alas!) by thee are known too well.  
 That Tow'r, which mates the Skies, is my Retreat;  
 'Tis there I fix my solitary Seat:  
 The Mistress of one Damsel, I despise  
 What all th' unthinking many chiefly prize,  
 Greatness, and Pomp, and Shew, and publick Noise. }  
 This, this th' *Elysium*, which I early chose;  
 In vain my Father did my Choice oppose:  
 From giddy Crowds, and youthful Gambols free,  
 Calm I enjoy a golden Liberty:  
 And safe on Shore, with pleasure hear from far  
 The grumbling Murmurs of the watry War.

Here paus'd the sweet-tongu'd *Siren*; and afraid,  
 Began to wonder, where her Thoughts had stray'd,  
 Her Looks the Trouble of her Mind disclose,  
 While with new Blushes new-born Glories rose;  
 Which still she strove to hide: But he employs  
 His Thoughts on means to meet his coming Joys.  
 The God of Love, who strikes the fatal Blow,  
 Can best (if any can) the Med'cine show:  
 He to the Youth the Secret did reveal,  
 Pleas'd as he was to Wound, and then to Heal:  
 The Lover soon a zealous Fury show'd  
 T' obey the wise Instructions of the leading God.

On her soft Bosom he reclin'd his Head,  
And sighing, thus the fond *Leander* said.

For thee, my Fair One, Dangers I'll despise,  
And dare th' Inclemencies of Winter Skies :  
Swift on the Wings of Love, I'll force my Way, [Stay.  
Tho' Winds, and Flames, and Floods command my  
These Arms the foaming Surges shall withstand,  
Insult their Rage, and Oar me safe to Land.  
Thus ev'ry Night to thy Embrace I'll fly,  
Shiv'ring with Cold, all pale and breathless lye, }  
And when full warm'd, with Blifs dissolve, and die. }  
Justly you ask the Country, whence I come ;  
Know then, *Abydos* is my neigh'ring Home.  
Ah ! from thy Turret let some friendly Light  
Chase the thick Darkness, and direct my Sight :  
Thou the delicious Land of Love shalt be,  
And I the Ship, steer'd by that Star to thee.  
All other Lights above I shall disdain,  
Whether they kindly, or unkindly reign :  
Nor see *Orion* blazing from afar,  
The slow *Boötes*, and the Northern Carr.  
But oh ! beware, too charming Maid, beware !  
(If e'er my Safety can deserve thy Care)  
With Caution let the shining Guide be plac'd,  
For when its Flame expires, I breathe my last.  
What more ?---*Leander* is the Name I bear,  
And only to be thy *Leander's* swear.

Thus did the youthful Pair resolve to know  
From mutual Love what mighty Pleasures flow :  
Secret they fix'd the Place, the Time to meet ;  
(For sweetest Joys, if stoll'n, are doubly Sweet)  
When ebbing Darkness seem'd to bid adieu,  
And both unwilling by Constraint withdrew.  
She to her Tow'r fled swifter than the Wind,  
The careful Lover wisely stay'd behind ;  
And mark'd the Place, where all his Treasure lay,  
Then nimbly leap'd from Shore, and cut the li-  
quid Way.

The force of Love by Absence Lovers try ;  
 On tardy Wings the drowsie Minutes fly :  
 The Day looks dull, with all its Beauties bright,  
 'Tis Morn, 'tis Noon, but still they wish for Night.  
 At last the Shades did with such Silence creep,  
 That universal Nature seem'd to sleep.  
 But the un pitying Tyrant, Love, denies  
 Refreshing Slumbers to *Leander's* Eyes:  
 Restless he roves along the dreary Shore,  
 While with tumultuous Rage the Surges roar.  
 But watchful *Hero* rais'd the Torch on high,  
 The kind Fore-runner of approaching Joy:  
 He saw the promis'd Star, how bright it shone!  
 And by its Flame learn'd to improve his own.  
 But when the Billows louder roar'd, he stood,  
 And, trembling, view'd the melancholy Flood :  
 Then with these Words his drooping Spirits cheers,  
 Resumes his Courage, and expels his Fears.

Love, like the Sea, a boundless Fury claims ;  
 There rowling Waters, here are rowling Flames ;  
 What means my throbbing Breast ? Securely move  
 Thro' coldest Waters, when all-fir'd with Love.  
*Venus* is kind ; fond Heart thy self compose :  
 From the green Ocean first the Goddess rose.  
 Her still the Tumults of our Souls obey,  
 And with a Nod she smooths the ruffled Sea.

This said ; the Youth with eager Haste undrest,  
 And circl'd round his Head his flowing Vest :  
 Then thro' the Floods pursu'd his hot Desires,  
 (For Floods could never quench a Lover's Fires.)  
 Still as he swam, he kept the Light in view,  
 And was himself the Ship, and Pilot too.  
 Mean time, the Nymph no easie Labour finds  
 To skreen the Torch from rude tempestuous Winds :  
 In ev'ry Noise *Leander's* Voice she hears,  
 And all his Dangers doubles by her Fears.  
 'Till, much fatigu'd, he landed on the Shore,  
 And with a Lover's Fury sought the Tow'r,

The Fair One met him with extended Arms,  
 And to his Pleasure yielded all her Charms :  
 In silent Joy she hastens to her Room,  
 And scents his Body o'er with rich Perfume.  
 The Youth his nat'ral Sweetness thus regain'd,  
 But panted still for what he had sustain'd.  
 Then both laid gently down ; the loving Bride  
 Clung to the Bridegroom, and thus softly cry'd :

Canst thou, my Dear, all this endure for me ?  
 What faithful Lover ever lov'd like thee ?

For me thy Limbs in briny Waves to steep,  
 And bear th' unwholsome Stenches of the Deep !  
 Oh ! 'tis too much----Come to thy *Hero's* Breast,  
 Forget thy Labours, and securely rest.

The Lover heard the soft-inviting Maid,  
 And swift like Light'ning, what he heard, obey'd :  
 Both blest'd alike, exalted Raptures feel,  
 What few can fancy, and what none can tell.

This am'rous Pair scorn'd vulgarly to wait  
 For a dull, formal, ceremonious State.

The Father no *Epithalamium* sung,  
 No Mask was seen, no sprightly Lyre was strung :  
 No tuneful Bard some sacred Numbers said,  
 Nor Nuptial Torch adorn'd the Nuptial Bed.  
 Silence and Darkness, kindred Gods, were there ;  
 One pleas'd the Youth, and one oblig'd the Fair :  
 That all around his downy Wings display'd,  
 This shelter'd rising Blushes with a Shade.

Thus in luxuriant Joys they pass'd the Night,  
 Joys ! which *Aurora* never blab'd by Light.  
 He with a timely Care did home retire,  
 Unfated still, and breathing still Desire :  
 While she her Change did from her Parents hide,  
 And was by Day a Maid, by Night a Bride.  
 And oh ! how oft their Wishes join'd in one,  
 To hail the Setting, not the Rising Sun.

See here the Sweets of Love, but quickly past ;  
 Such Pleasures are too exquisite to last.

The gawdy Scene of Summer-glories gone,  
 Winter with frow and furrow'd Looks stalks on.  
 The full-fledg'd Whirlwinds their hoarse Voices try,  
 And drive the Clouds, and bluster thro' the Sky.  
 The mounting Waves, that peaceful crept before,  
 Boil into Rage, and tumble to the Shore.  
 The trembling Mariner dares not withstand  
 The angry Frith, and wisely keeps the Land.  
 But Winds and troubled Seas can ne'er dismay  
*Leander's* Soul, or interrupt his way;  
 The fatal Light once seen, the Lover must obey.  
 Yet sure the Fair, now Winter's Rage was strong,  
 A while should miss thee, to enjoy thee long:  
 Did Reason guide, not Folly warp her Mind;  
 To prove less Cruel, she must prove less Kind.  
 But Heat of Passion hurry'd both too far,  
 And stubborn Fate's Decrees resistless are:  
 Unhappy *Hero* brandish'd from above

The Torch of Furies now, no more the Torch of Love.

'Twas a bleak Night; the Winds began to play,  
 And with eternal Lungs dispute their Sway:  
 When the too constant, punctual Youth again,  
 Flush'd with past Triumphs, tempts the faithless Main,  
 Waves rowl on Waves; aloft the Waters rise,  
 Swell'd by the Tempest, and insult the Skies,  
 Fierce *Boreas* issues with collected Might,  
 And sullen *Auster* loud provokes to Fight.  
 The milder *Zephyr*, with inferior force,  
 Meets the mad *Eurus* in his headstrong Course;  
 At once they rush, at once the Ocean roars,  
 And curling Billows dash the rocky Shores.

Much did *Leander* toil, and much sustain;  
 Long strove to brave their Rage, but strove in vain:  
 Oft *Neptune's* Aid with pious Vows implor'd,  
 And oft the Sea-born Goddess he ador'd.  
 Thee, *Boreas*, too he minded of thy Flame,  
 And what thou suffer'dst for th' *Athenian* Dame;  
 But thee to pity nothing can encline,  
 Deaf to his Pray'rs, as she was once to thine,

Fruitless are all Essays; for Love's Decree,  
 That rules us here, is rul'd by Destiny.  
 Toft and reft, no friendly Succour near,  
 His Courage faints, and finks into Defpair.  
 His slacken'd Nerves their wonted Strength refuse,  
 His Feet their Motion, Arms their Vigour lofe.  
 Nor can he now repair his ftifled Breath,  
 But drinks the briny Waves, and fucks in Death:  
 At once the Torch down by the Winds was toft,  
 And with its Flame, his Life and Love were loft.

While the poor Nymph his Absence did bemoan,  
 With many a penfive Thought, and many a Groan:  
 The ling'ring Hours at length the Day reftore;  
 But Night could never feem too long before.  
 The barren Beach and Seas ſhe round ſurvey'd,  
 And hop'd her Lover in the Dark had ſtray'd:  
 But ah! too ſoon ſhe ſpy'd him, where he lay  
 A Lump of beautiful, tho' breathleſs Clay.  
 All o'er confus'd ſhe ſtood, and would lament,  
 But wanted Words to give ſuch Sorrows vent.  
 She ſtamp'd, ſhe rowl'd her Eyes, ſhe tore her Hair,  
 And rav'd with all the Symptoms of Defpair.  
 Then darting Headlong with a furious Leap,  
 From the high Tow'r ſhe plung'd into the Deep.  
 Thus for *Leander* dy'd his fair Belov'd,  
 And equal Fates their equal Paſſion prov'd.

---

VERSES *on the Death of the Duke*  
 of GLOUCESTER.

AS when ſome Merchant, on the Stormy Main,  
 In flatt'ring Dreams enjoys his precious Gain;  
 But wakes with weeping Eyes to ſee it caſt  
 To raging Waves, and fears himſelf to ſink at laſt:  
 Such empty Hopes of golden Days to come,  
*Britannia* entertain'd from *Glo'ſter's* Bloom,



With like Amazement does her Darling moan,  
And at his Fall dishearten'd, dread her own.

Scarce were her grateful Shouts and Transports o'er,  
Due to the Day that her *Ascanius* bore;  
When straight the Tidings of th' expiring Boy,  
Like Light'ning blasted her imperfect Joy.  
Thus *Ilium* ruin'd e'er the Day return'd,  
In Ashes her nocturnal Revels mourn'd:  
The Deluge thus th' astonish'd Nations found  
Secure of Danger, and in Pleasures drown'd.

Ev'n in his Birth-day Ornaments he dies,  
Like some choice Victim dress'd for Sacrifice;  
So *Hammon's* Son arrested by his Death, [Breath:  
Amidst the chearful Bowles resign'd his glorious  
Nor more than we the *Macedonians* griev'd,  
When dying he th' adoring World deceiv'd.  
Our Hopes in *Glo'ster*, had the Fates been kind,  
Another *Alexander* once design'd:  
And Prophecy'd from his Victorious Sword  
To us a sure Defence, and to the World a Lord:  
But the large Product shew'd too quick a Prime;  
'Tis fatal to be ripe before the time.

So shoots some generous Plant, his youthful Head,  
With kindly Show'rs, and Heav'n's Indulgence fed;  
He seems by Nature's lavish Bounty made  
With prosperous growth the Clouds above t'in- }  
vade. [Shade. }

And skreen the Flocks below with his extended }  
But thro' abounding early Vigour weak,  
The Body bends, the loaded Tendrils break;  
He sheds his blooming Honours all around,  
And sinks with fatal Plenty to the Ground.

In vain each artful Son of *Paan* tries  
With emulous Skill the noblest Remedies, [Eyes; }  
In vain more precious Tears bedew each Parent's }  
Quick as the Flow'rs are mown, he yields his Breath,  
But shews like them awhile, ev'n Beautiful in Death;  
So look'd the charming *Hyacinthus* slain,  
By heav'nly Pow'rs below'd, and mourn'd in vain;

No longer Life would hasty Fate allow,  
Tho' then *Apollo* strove, as *Ratcliff* now.

The youthful Squadron, that e'erwhile he led,  
In weeping Crowds surrounds the lovely Dead;  
So throng'd the *Cupids* where *Adonis* lay,  
And mourn'd, and threw their useleſs Darts away.

Yet a few Years, and they in fighting Fields [ields;  
With him had reap'd the Bays, which real Warfare  
Had ſeen their beauteous *Mars*, with dext'rous Force,  
On adverſe Javelins urge his foaming Horſe,  
Or thro' wide Plains with ſlaughter'd Foes o'erſpread,  
Pursue the noble Chafe by daring *William* lead.

Ev'n *William's* Courage by this Stroke is try'd,  
Dejected only more when *Mary* dy'd;  
In his ſwoln Eyes his tender Grief appears,  
Tho' ſtill his Blood flows ſooner than his Tears.  
How high, Great Sir, was our Expectance rais'd,  
In *Glo'ſter* hoping, what in you we Prais'd!  
Secure like *Eden*, tho' defil'd with Sin,  
You was the Sword, and He the Cherubin.

Who can enough the fatal Hour deteſt,  
When that fair Body loſt its fairer Gueſt,  
The World a Wonder, and our Annals more  
Than ever grac'd their ſhining Leaves before;  
The nobleſt Family its ſole Increate,  
The Land its preſent Joy, and Pledge of future Peace?

The Tyrant whom wild Rage did once provoke,  
To wiſh his Nation's Fall by one compendious Stroke,  
Here had he Reign'd, and *Glo'ſter's* Death beheld,  
Had ſeen his Hate without his Crime fulfill'd.  
Whence was this lovely Morn ſo ſoon o'er-caſt?  
Was the choice Substance too refin'd to laſt?  
Or have the Pow'rs ſome other Blow prepar'd,  
And therefore firſt diſarm'd us of our Guard?  
Or grudg'd they *Albion* her too wealthy Store?  
Or ſnatch'd the Son, t' endear the Mother more?

How does the Mother her loſt Darling mourn,  
So near his Day of Birth from her Embraces torn!

Sadly she thinks on her vain Childbed Throes,  
 With Pangs more lasting and more sharp than those;  
 She wishes oft to fill his happier Place,  
 And Death shews lovely in her *Glo'ster's* Face;  
 Thro' ev'ry Scene of Grief her Fancy flies,  
 His living Hopes, and then his dying Cries:  
 Cries dismal as were those (when Judgment swept  
 From *Egypt* her First-born) by ev'ry Parent wept;  
 As those which to the *Jews* by Foes distress'd,  
 Their Guardian Angels last Farewel express'd.  
 O more by Sorrow now than Greatness known!  
 O thou who wer't the Mother of a Son!  
 Precious like him Heav'n to the Patriarch gave,  
 Tho' no kind Angel interpos'd to save }  
 Your only *Isaac* from his sudden Grave;  
 For his dear Loss behold the Nation griev'd,  
 If Sorrow be by Partnership reliev'd;  
 The Nation that your Sorrow too endures,  
 Or might endure her own, but cannot yours.  
 Then spare your Tears, and spare the Kingdom's too,  
 Your Sex in Virtue foil'd, excel in Courage now,  
 In Courage which the World may worthy own  
 Of *Glo'ster's* Mother, and your future Throne.  
 So may our Guardian Angel, that a while  
 Vouchsaf'd in *Glo'ster's* Shape to bless our Isle,  
 (Tho' now to angry Heav'n return'd again,  
 But Heav'n will still be kind whilst you remain:)  
 So may that Genius with a better doom, [Womb,  
 Once more be Cloath'd in Flesh from your auspicious  
 And by resembling this first heav'nly Boy,  
 Beguile your Melancholy into Joy:  
 Such be his forward Wit, his beauteous Frame,  
 In all, but his untimely End, the same:  
 And when (but late will be that fatal Hour; [store,)  
 The Years your *Glo'ster* lost, Heav'n will to you re-  
 When long by publick Vows detain'd below,  
 To wishing Angels you at length shall go;  
 Let him the Throne, adorn'd by you, ascend,  
 And with just Power the willing Isle defend;

Compose his Realm's Divisions, heal its Wounds,  
 Revive its Valour, and enlarge its Bounds ;  
 Brave as his Father, make the World obey,  
 And gently rule it, with his Mother's Sway : .  
 A Prince like this to *Britain's* Hopes is due,  
 For *Britain* hopes fresh Miracles to view,  
 Remembering *Glo'ster*, and beholding you.

---

To Mrs. E. C. on her Birth-Day, Decemb. 11. To be Sung to Musick.

**H**AIL! happy, happy Day!  
 When first *Aminta* saw the Light:  
 May'st thou be still Serene and Gay;  
 Let *Phæbus* brighten ev'ry Ray,  
 And drive to Regions far away  
 Each sullen Shade of Night.  
 In mildest Glory let him rise,  
 Fair as her lovely sparkling Eyes,  
 To view his wide Command,  
 Large as her vast capacious Soul,  
 Where Spheres of awful Graces roll  
 Steddy, as those in her own native Skies.  
 Let no stormy Winds arise,  
 Nor this happy Day molest;  
 But all be calm, and peaceful as her Breast.  
 Borrow from the Spring one smiling Ray,  
 And chase the rugged Winter quite away:  
 Let each harmonious Sound salute her Ear,  
 And vernal *Zephyrs* whisper thro' the Air,  
 Soft as her Voice, or tuneful Hand,  
 And sweet as her own balmy Breath.

## II.

Tell me----one Day must this enchanting Fair  
 Sink into the Arms of Death?  
 This lovely Form like common Earth decay,  
 And be at last cold lifeless Clay?

Ah! must we lose so fair a Light  
 In the dire Shades of everlasting Night?  
 Banish the dismal Thought, and be  
 From these tormenting Horrors free.  
 Tread in bright Virtue's Paths, like her;  
 And shortly, when the joyful Trump shall sound,  
 To raise the Nations under Ground,  
 And wake the sleeping pious Fair,  
 Then brighter yet you'll see her rise,  
 With gazing Angels mounting up the Skies,  
 And shine a long Eternity.

---

To Mrs. M. M. with a Bough of an  
 Orange-Tree.

By Mr. Harrison, of New-College, Oxon.

FROM a warm Clime and gen'rous Soil  
 This Plant remov'd deludes our Toil,  
 Disdains what baffled Art has done,  
 And drooping, mourns the distant Sun.  
 Yet, *Mira*, near thy Bosom plac'd,  
 It shall new Life, new Pleasure taste,  
 Sweets more than Nature gave, dispense,  
 Nor lend thee Charms, but borrow thence.

See the young Fruit thy Power confess,  
 And love their own *Bermudes* less;  
 Tho' all that we think bright and fair,  
 Tho' Paradise it self be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious Eyes,  
 And eager to bestow the Prize,  
 For which thy matchless Beauties call,  
 Each kindles to a golden Ball;  
 Love's smiling Queen, whose tender Aid  
 Protects the *Myrtles* fragrant Shade,  
 Fore-knowing what thy Charms would be,  
 Left to thy Choice this fairer Tree.

## To the SPRING: An Invocation.

Written in the Person of Anacreon.

By J. L.

C Hearing *Phœbus*! Come away!  
 Why d'ye make this long Delay?  
 Haste, and cloath our naked Fields;  
 Trip up youthful *Flora*'s Heels;  
 (But lay the Goddess gently down,  
 You only know to give Green-Gown,)  
 Ruffle her, kifs her, make her glow  
 With rosie Blushes,-----melt her Snow,  
 And make her fairer Lillies grow.

Oh! how I Languish, how I Pine,  
 To view the Tendrels of the Vine,  
 The faithful Pledge of sprightly Wine!

Methinks I hear the Women cry,  
 That *Sol* grows Old as well as I:  
 And almost at six thousand Years,  
 One might expect a few Grey Heirs.

Assume the lusty Bridegroom's Flame!  
 Mount like a God! maintain your Fame!  
 And show us you have Power yet,  
 To put all Nature in a Sweat.

Give me raging Drought! for why?  
 I long, I long! to be adry!  
 With flowing Wine to quench my Thirst,  
 With greater Draught! and greater Gust!

Give me Rosie-Garlands too!  
 Regale my Smell! adorn my Brow!  
 To furnish out *Anacreon*'s Feast,  
 Love, and Wine will do the rest.

Indulgent *Venus* all the Year  
 Supplies her Poet with good Cheer,  
 And *Bacchus* too is, under Ground  
 In Grots and Caverns, to be found.

Then, *Phœbus*, let not Atheists say,  
 You're less a Deity than they;  
 Assume the God! and come away.

}

*The PHILOSOPHER's Disquisition*  
*directed to the Dying CHRISTIAN.*

By Sir W. DAVENANT, Knight.

I.

BEfore by Death, you never Knowledge gain;  
 (For to increase your Knowledge you must dye)  
 Tell me if all that Learning be not vain,  
 On which we proudly in this Life rely.

II.

Is not the Learning which we Knowledge call,  
 Our own but by Opinion and in part?  
 Not made intirely certain, nor to all;  
 And is not Knowledge but disputed Art?

III.

And tho' a bad, yet 'tis a forward Guide;  
 Who, vexing at the shortness of the Day,  
 Doth to o'ertake swift Time, still onward ride:  
 Whilst still we follow, and still doubt our Way.

IV.

A Guide, who ev'ry Step proceeds with Doubt;  
 Who guessingly her Progress doth begin;  
 And brings us back where first she led us out  
 To meet dark Midnight at our restless Inn.

V.

It is a Plummert to so short a Line,  
 As sounds no deeper then the Sounder's Eyes,  
 The People's Meteor which not long can shine,  
 Nor far above the middle Region rise.

## VI.

This Spy from Schools gets ill Intelligence ;  
 Where Art imposing Rules, gravely errs,  
 She steals to Nature's Clofets, and from thence  
 Brings nought but undecypher'd Characters.

## VII.

She doth, like *India's* last Discov'ers, boast  
 Of adding to old Maps, tho' she has been,  
 But sailing by some clear and open Coast,  
 Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

## VIII.

False Learning wanders upward more and more,  
 Knowledge (for such there is in some degree)  
 Still vainly, like the Eagle, loves to soar,  
 Tho' it can never to the highest see.

## IX.

For Errors Mist doth bound the Spirits sight [low]  
 As Clouds (which make Earths arched Roof seem  
 Restrain the Bodies Eyes; and still when Light  
 Grows clearer upward, Heaven must higher show.

## X.

And as good Men, whose Minds towards Godhead rise,  
 Take Heavens height higher than they can express;  
 So from that height they lower things despise,  
 And oft contract Earth's littleness to less.

## XI.

Of this forbidden Fruit, since we but gain,  
 A taste, by which we only hungry grow;  
 We meerly toil to find our Studies vain;  
 And trust to Schools for what they cannot know.

## XII.

If Knowledge be the Coin of Souls, 'tis set  
 Above the Standard of each common Reign;  
 And, like a Medal of God's Cabinet,  
 Is seldom shewn, and soon put up again.



## XIII.

For tho' in one blest Age much sway it bears,  
 Yet to the next it oft becomes unknown;  
 Unless like long hid Medals it appears  
 In Counterfeits, and for Deceit be shown.

## XIV.

If Heav'n with Knowledge did some one indue  
 With more than the Experience of the Dead;  
 To teach the Living more than Life e'er knew  
 In Schools, where all Succession may be bred.

## XV.

Then (as in Courts, meer Strangers bashfully  
 At first their walk towards private Doors begin;  
 But bolder grow when those they open spy,  
 And being enter'd beckon others in.)

## XVI.

So to her studious Cell (which would appear  
 Like Nature's privy-Lodgings) my Address  
 I first by stealth would make, but entring there  
 I should grow bold, and give to all Access.

## XVII.

Then to her secret Nursery would proceed;  
 And thither bring the World, to judge how the  
 First-Causes, and Times Infancy did breed;  
 For Knowledge should, since good, to all be free.

## XVIII.

If Knowledge must, as Evil, hidden lie,  
 Then we, its Object, Nature, seem to blame;  
 And whilst we banish Knowledge, as a Spy,  
 We but hide Nature as we cover Shame,

## XIX.

For if our Object, Nature, be correct,  
 Bold Knowledge then a free Spectator is,  
 And not a Spy, since Spies we scarce suspect  
 Or fear, but where their Objects are amiss.

## XX.

In gathering Knowledge from the Sacred Tree,  
 I would not snatch in haste the Fruit below;  
 But rather climb, like those who curious be,  
 And boldly taste, that which does highest grow.

## XXI.

For Knowledge would her Prospect take in height;  
 'Tis God's lov'd *Eagle*, bred by him to fly,  
 Tho' with weak Eyes, still upward at the Light,  
 And may soar short, but cannot soar too high.

## XXII.

Tho' Life, since finite, has no ill Excuse  
 For being but in finite Objects learn'd,  
 Yet sure the Soul was made for little use,  
 Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

## XXIII.

Speak then such things of Heaven (since studious  
 Seem travail'd Souls, and yours prepares to go)  
 As mine may wish the Journey, when it finds  
 That yours doth Heaven, her Native Country, know.

## XXIV.

Tell, if you found your Faith, e'er you it fought?  
 Or could it spring e'er Reason was full blown?  
 Or could it learn, 'till by your Reason taught,  
 To know it self, or be by others known?

## XXV.

Where Men have several Faiths, to find the true  
 We only can the aid of Reason use;  
 'Tis Reason shews us which we should eschew  
 When by Comparison we learn to chuse.

## XXVI.

But tho' we there on Reason must rely  
 Where Men to several Faiths their Minds dispose,  
 Yet, after Reasons choice, the Schools are shy  
 To let it judge the very Faith it chose.

How

## XXVII.

Howe'er, 'tis call'd to construe the Records  
 Of Faith's dark Charter, wrapt in Sacred Writ ;  
 And is the only Judge even of those Words  
 By which Faith claims that Reason should submit.

## XXVIII.

Since Holy Text bids Faith to comprehend  
 Such Mysteries as Nature may suspect,  
 And Faith must Reason, as her Guide, attend,  
 Least she mistake what Scripture doth direct.

## XXIX.

Since from the Soul's far Country, Heaven, God sent  
 His Law (an Embassy to few reveal'd)  
 Which did those good Conditions represent  
 Of our Eternal Peace, e'er it was seal'd.

## XXX.

Since to remote Ambassadors are given  
 Interpreters, when they with Kings confer :  
 Since to that Law, God's Embassy from Heaven,  
 Our Reason serves as an Interpreter ;

## XXXI.

Since justly Clients pay that Judge an awe,  
 Who Law's lost Sense interprets and restores ;  
 (Yet Judges are no more above the Law  
 Than Truchmen are above Ambassadors.)

## XXXII.

Since Reason, as a Judge, the Tryal hath  
 Of diff'ring Faiths, by adverse Pens perplext ;  
 Why is not Reason reckon'd above Faith,  
 Tho' not above her Law, the Sacred Text ?

## XXXIII.

If Reason have such worth, why should she still  
 Attend below, whilst Faith doth upward climb !  
 Yet common Faith seems but unstudy'd Will ;  
 And Reason calls unstudy'd Will a Crime.

## XXXIV.

Slave Reason, even at home in Prison lies;  
 And by Religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,  
 That tho' the Prison Windows, both her Eyes,  
 Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

## XXXV.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse Spy;  
 Yet Reason is, thro' doubtful ways, her Guide;  
 But like a Scout, brought in from th' Enemy,  
 Must, when she guides her, bound, and guarded ride.

## XXXVI.

Or if by Faith, not as her Judge disdain'd,  
 Nor, as her Guide, suspected, but is found  
 In every Sentence just to the arraign'd,  
 And guides her right, unguarded and unbound:

## XXXVII.

Why then should such a Judge be still deny'd  
 T' examine (since Faith's Claims still publick are)  
 Her secret Pleas? Or, why should such a Guide  
 Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to go as far?

## XXXVIII.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would show  
 His Monarch's Palace to a Stranger, goes  
 But to the Gates; as if to let him know  
 Where so much Greatness dwells, not what it does;

## XXXIX.

Whilst strait the Stranger enters undeny'd,  
 As one whose Breeding has much bolder been;  
 So Reason, tho' she were at first Faith's Guide  
 To Heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith goes in.

## XL.

But tho', at Court, bold Strangers enter, where  
 The way is to their bashful Guide forbid;  
 Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear  
 And ask them, what the King then said, and did?

## XLI.

And so, tho' Reason (which is Faith's first Guide  
To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance free,  
As Nature's Stranger; tho' 'tis then deny'd  
To Reason, as of Nature's Family;

## XLII.

Yet strait, when from her Vision and her Trance  
Faith does return, then Reason quits that awe,  
Enjoin'd when Priests impos'd our Ignorance;  
And asks, how much she of the Godhead saw?

## XLIII.

But as a prudent Monarch seems alone,  
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his Court;  
To Subjects more in Pow'r than Person known;  
At distance sought, and found but by Report;

## XLIV.

So God hath vail'd his Pow'r with Mysteries  
Even to his Court in Heaven; and Faith comes  
Not prying with a Stranger's curious Eyes, [there,  
But like a plain implicit Worshipper.

## XLV.

Yet as Court-Strangers, getting some Access,  
Are apt to tell at home, more than they saw;  
Tho' then their Pencil draws Court-greatness less,  
Than that which Truth at nearer view could draw:

## XLVI.

So Faith (who is even taught an Ignorance;  
For she by Knowledge quits her Dignity)  
Does lessen God-head, which she would advance,  
By telling more of God than she can see.

## XLVII.

Our Souls but like unhappy Strangers come [Coast;  
From Heav'n, their Country, to this World's bad  
They Land, then strait are backward bound for home;  
And many are in Storms of Passion lost!

## XLVIII.

They long with Danger sail thro' Life's vext Seas,  
 In Bodies, as in Vessels full of Leaks ;  
 Walking in Veins, their narrow Galleries;  
 Shorter than walks of Seamen on their Decks.

## XLIX.

Art's Card is by their Pilot, Faith, refus'd ;  
 Her Course by guess she ever forward bears ;  
 Reason her Rudder is, but never us'd ;  
 Because towards Heaven she ne'er with Reason steers.

## L.

For as a Pilot, sure of fair Trade-Winds,  
 The Helm in all the Voyage never hands,  
 But ties it up, so Reason's Helm she binds,  
 And boldly close for Heaven's safe Harbour stands.

## LI.

In Reason's place, Tradition doth her lead ;  
 And that presumptuous Antiquary makes  
 Strong Laws of weak Opinions of the Dead,  
 And what was common Coin, for Medals takes.

## LII.

Tradition ! Times suspected Register !  
 Too oft Religion at her Tryal fails !  
 Instead of Knowledge, teacheth her to err ;  
 And wears out Truth's best Stories into Tales.

## LIII.

O why hath such a Guide Faith's Progress laid ?  
 Or can our Faith, ill guided, guide us well ?  
 Or had she not Tradition's Mapps survey'd,  
 How could she aim to shew us Heav'n and Hell ?

## LIV.

If Faith with Reason never doth advise ;  
 Nor yet Tradition leads her, she is then  
 From Heaven inspir'd, and secretly grows wise  
 Above the Schools, we know not how, nor when.

## LV.

For could we know how Faith's bold Trust is wrought,  
 What are those Visions we in sleep discern;  
 And when by Heavens short Whispers we are taught  
 More than the watchful Schools could ever learn;

## LVI.

Then soon Faith's Ignorance, which now doth seem  
 A serious Wonder to Philosophy,  
 Would fall from Value to a low Esteem,  
 And not a Wonder nor a Virtue be.

## LVII.

But tho' we cannot guess the manner how  
 Grace first is secretly in small Seeds sown;  
 Yet Fruit, tho' Seed lies hid, in view doth grow;  
 And Faith, the Fruit of Grace, must needs be known.

## LVIII.

Faith lights us thro' the dark to Deity;  
 Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shows  
 More God than in his Works our Eyes can see;  
 Tho' none but by those Works the Godhead knows.

## LIX.

If you have Faith, then you we must adore;  
 Since Faith does rather seem inspir'd than taught;  
 And Men inspir'd have of the Godhead more  
 Than Nature ever found, or Reason sought.

## LX.

To you whom Inspiration Sanctifies,  
 I come with Doubts, the Mind's defect of Light,  
 As to Apostles some, with darkned Eyes,  
 Came to receive by Miracle their Sight.

## LXI.

And when I thus presume, you are with more  
 Than Nature's publick Wealth by Faith indu'd,  
 Or think you should reveal your secret Store;  
 You cannot judge my bold Opinion rude.

## LXII.

Even Faith (not proving what it would assure)  
 But bold Opinion seems to Reasons view;  
 And since the Blind brought Faith to help their Cure,  
 I bring Opinion, Reason's Faith, to you.

## LXIII.

We, for their Knowledge, Men inspir'd adore;  
 Not for those Truths they hide, but those they show;  
 And vulgar Reason finds, that none knows more  
 Than that which he can make another know.

## LXIV.

Then tell me first, if Nature must forbear  
 To ask, why still she must remain in Doubt?  
 A Darkness which does much like Hell appear,  
 Where all may enter in, but none get out.

## LXV.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;  
 Charg'd to make God the Object of the Mind;  
 Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,  
 As we but seek that which we cannot find.

## LXVI.

Our glim'ring Knowledge, like the wandring Light  
 In Fenns, doth to Incertainties direct  
 The weary Progress of our useles fight;  
 And only makes us able to suspect.

## LXVII.

Or if inquiring Minds are not kept in,  
 But by some few, whom Schoolsto Power advance,  
 Who, since themselves see short, would make it Sin,  
 When others look beyond their Ignorance;

## LXVIII.

If, as God's Students, we have leave to learn  
 His Truths, why doth his Text oft need debate?  
 Why, as thro' Mists, must we his Laws discern?  
 Since Laws seem Snares, when they are intricate,



## LXIX.

They who believe Man's Reason is too scant,  
 And that it doth the War of Writers cause ;  
 Infer that God's great Works proportion want,  
 Who taught our Reason, and did write those Laws.

## LXX.

His Text, the Soul's Record, appears to some  
 (Tho' thence our Souls hold their Inheritance)  
 Obscure by growing old, and seems to come,  
 Not by Consignment to us, but by Chance.

## LXXI.

Law (which is Reason made Authority)  
 Allows Consignment to be good and clear,  
 Not when, like this, it does in Copies lie,  
 But in the known Original appear.

## LXXII.

Could this Record be too authentick made ?  
 Or why, when God was fashion'd to our Eyes,  
 And very Forms of human Laws obey'd,  
 Did he not sign it but by Deputies ?

## LXXIII.

Or why, when he was Man, did he not deign  
 Wholly to write this Text with his own Hand ?  
 Or why (as if all written Rolls were vain)  
 Did he ne'er write but once, and but in Sand ?

## LXXIV.

Tell me, why Heav'n at first did suffer Sin ?  
 Letting Seed grow which it had never sown ?  
 Why, when the Soul's first Fever did begin,  
 Was it not cur'd, which now a Plague is grown ?

## LXXV.

Why did not Heav'ns prevention Sin restrain ?  
 Or is not Pow'rs Permission a Consent ?  
 Which is in Kings as much as to ordain ;  
 And Ills ordain'd are free from Punishment.

## LXXVI.

And since no Crime could be e'er Laws were fram'd;  
 Laws dearly taught us how to know Offence;  
 Had Laws not been, we never had been blam'd;  
 For not to know we Sin, is Innocence.

## LXXVII.

Sin's Childhood was not starv'd, but rather more  
 Than finely fed; so sweet were Pleasures made  
 That nourisht it: For sweet is Lust of Pow'r,  
 And sweeter, Beauty, which hath Power betray'd.

## LXXVIII.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,  
 Would, but for Pleasure's company, decay;  
 As sickly Children thrive that have their Will;  
 But quickly languish being kept from Play.

## LXXIX.

Since only Pleasure breeds Sins appetite;  
 Which still by pleasant Objects is infus'd;  
 Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit;  
 And Ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd;

## LXXX.

Why should our Sins, which not a Moment last,  
 (For, to Eternity compar'd, extent  
 Of Life, is, e'er we name it, stopt and past)  
 Receive a Doom of endless Punishment?

## LXXXI.

If Souls to Hell's vast Prison never come  
 Committed for their Crimes, but destin'd be,  
 Like Bondmen born, whose Prison is their Home,  
 And long e'er they were bound, could not be free;

## LXXXII.

Then hard is Destiny's dark Law; whose Text  
 We are forbid to read, yet must obey;  
 And Reason with her useles Eyes is vext,  
 Which strive to guide her where they see no way.

## LXXXIII.

Doth it our Reasons Mutinies appease,  
 To say, the Potter may his own Clay mould  
 To ev'ry use, or in what shape he please,  
 At first not counsel'd, nor at last controul'd?

## LXXXIV.

Pow'r's Hand can neither easie be nor strict  
 To lifeless Clay, which Ease nor Torment knows;  
 And where it cannot Favour nor Afflict,  
 It neither Justice nor Injustice shows.

## LXXXV.

But Souls have Life, and Life eternal too;  
 Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,  
 It seems to shew what heav'nly Power can do,  
 But does not in that Deed that Pow'r commend.

## LXXXVI.

That we are destin'd after Death to more  
 Than Reason thinks due Punishment for Sins;  
 Seems possible, because in Life, before  
 We know to Sin, our Punishment begins.

## LXXXVII.

Why else do Infants with incessant Cries  
 Complain of secret Harm as soon as born?  
 Or why are they, in Cities Destinies,  
 So oft by War from ravish'd Mothers torn?

## LXXXVIII.

Doth not Belief of being destin'd draw  
 Our Reason to Presumption or Despair?  
 If Destiny be not, like human Law,  
 To be repeal'd, what is the use of Prayer?

## LXXXIX.

Why even to all was Pray'r enjoin'd? Since those  
 Whom God (whose Will ne'er alters) did elect,  
 Are sure of Heaven; and when we Pray, it shows  
 That we his Certainty of Will suspect,

Those who to lasting Darkneſs deſtin'd were,  
 Tho' ſoon as born they pray, yet pray too late;  
 Avoidleſs Ills we to no purpoſe fear;  
 And none, when Fear is paſt, will Supplicate.

---

*The CHRISTIAN'S Reply to the*  
**P H I L O S O P H E R.**

*By the ſame Hand.*

**T**HE Good in Graves as heavenly Seed are ſown;  
 And at the Saints firſt Spring, the General Doom,  
 Will riſe, not by Degrees, but fully blown;  
 When all the Angels to their Harveſt come.

II.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (ſince Flowers which paſs  
 Thaw'd thro' a Still, and there melt mingled too,  
 Are rais'd diſtin&t in a poor Chymiſt's Glaſs)  
 Do more in Graves than Men in Lymbeckſ do?

III.

God bred the Arts, to make us more believe  
 (By ſeeking Nature's cover'd Myſteries)  
 His darker Works, that Faith may thence conceive  
 He can do more than what our Reaſon ſees.

IV.

○ Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide!  
 Whom even the dim-ey'd Arts muſt lead to ſee  
 What Nature only from our Sloth does hide,  
 Cauſes remote, which Faith's dark Dangers be.

V.

Religion, e'er impos'd, ſhould firſt be taught;  
 Not ſeem to dull Obedience ready lay'd,  
 Then ſwallow'd ſtrait for Eaſe, but long be ſought;  
 And be by Reaſon counsell'd, tho' not ſway'd.

## VI.

God has enough to Human Kind disclos'd;  
 Our fleshly Garments he a while receiv'd,  
 And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,  
 Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

## VII.

The Faithless *Jews* will this at Doom confess,  
 Who did suspect him for his low Disguise:  
 But, if he could have made his Virtue less,  
 He had been more familiar to their Eyes.

## VIII.

Frail Life! in which thro' Mists of human Breath,  
 We grope for Truth, and make our Progress slow;  
 Because, by Passion blinded, 'till by Death,  
 Our Passions ending, we begin to know.

## IX.

O rev'rend Death! whose Looks can soon advise  
 Even scornful Youth; whilst Priests their Doctrine  
 Yet mocks us too; for he does make us wise, [waste,  
 When by his coming our Affairs are past.

## X.

O harmless Death! whom still the valiant Brave,  
 The Wise expect, the Sorrowful invite,  
 And all the good Embrace, who know the Grave,  
 A short dark Passage to eternal Light.

*An Imitation of Uxor vade foras. In  
 Mart. L. ii. Ep. 105.*

*By Captain H——*

Sweet Spouse, you must presently troop and be gone,  
 Or fairly submit to your betters;  
 Unless for the Faults that are past, you atone,  
 I must knock off my Conjugal-Fetters.

## II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,  
 You know well enough what's my meaning,  
 You scorn to assist my Devotion, or move,  
 As if all the while you were dreaming.

## III.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have seen  
 A Porter more Passion expressing,  
 Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,  
 And the heighth of the amorous Blessing.

## IV.

Then say I to my self, is my Wife made of Stone,  
 Or does the old Serpent possess her;  
 Better Motion and Vigour by far might be shown  
 By dull Spouse of a *German* Professor.

## V.

So *Kate* take Advice, and reform in good time,  
 And while I'm performing my Duty,  
 Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime  
 Of paying all Scores with your Beauty.

## VI.

All Day thou may'st Cant, and look grave as a Nun,  
 And run after *Burgess* the surly;  
 Or see that the Family Business be done,  
 And chide all thy Servants demurely.

## VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Master and King,  
 That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,  
 Move, wriggle, heave, pant, clip round like a Ring,  
 In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.



THE  
CAMPAIGN,

A  
POEM,

To His GRACE the  
DUKE of Marlborough.

---

By Mr. ADDISON.

---

-----*Rheni pacator & Istri.*

*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit  
Ordinibus; letatur Eques, plauditque Senator,  
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

*Esse aliquam in terris Gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinqua vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, & ubique jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.*

Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

---

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM THE YEAR 1660 TO 1700

BY JOHN VAUGHAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by R. and J. DODD, in Pall-mall


1795

Price 10s. 6d.

By the Author

1795





THE  
CAMPAIGN,  
A  
POEM.



WHILE Crowds of Princes Your De-  
serts proclaim,  
Proud in their Number to enroll  
Your Name;  
While Emperors to You commit  
their Cause,

And *Anna's* Praises crown the vast Applause;  
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,  
That in ambitious Verse attempts your Fights,  
Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new:  
Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View  
Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,  
And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year,  
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,  
An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,  
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,  
*Pirene's* lofty Barriers were subdu'd,  
And in the midst of his wide Empire stood.  
*Ausonia's* States, the Victor to restrain,  
Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appennines* in vain,  
Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks im-  
Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd; [mur'd,  
The rising *Danube* its long Race began,  
And half its Course thro' the new Conquests ran;

Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,  
*Germania* trembled thro' a hundred States ;  
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair,  
 His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britain's* Queen the Nations turn their Eyes,  
 On Her Resolves the Western World relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,  
 In *Anna's* Councils, and in *Churchill's* Arms :  
 Thrice Happy *Britain*, from the Kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the Guardian of the Continent !  
 That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye ;  
 Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,  
 Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court ;  
 On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,  
 From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties :  
 Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,  
 Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War :  
 The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,  
 By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice ;  
 Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,  
 And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,  
*Britannia's* Colours in the Zephyrs fly ;  
 Her Chief already has his March begun,  
 Crossing the Provinces Himself had won,  
 'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,  
 Retards the Progress of the Moving War :  
 Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her Fall  
 In distant Climes, far from the perjurd *Gaul* ;  
 But now a Purchase to the Sword she lyes,  
 Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,  
 Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,  
 And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows :  
 The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts,  
 That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts

Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia's* Arms appear,  
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he past,  
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,  
Forming the Wond'rous Year within his Thought;  
His Bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought:  
The long laborious March he first surveys,  
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,  
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,  
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow,  
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroe's Eyes,  
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe*, he renews  
His dreadful Course, and the proud Foe pursues.  
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,  
The sultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,  
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds  
Defensive Shadows, and refreshing Winds:  
Our *British* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,  
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,  
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,  
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)  
Hourly instructed, as they urge their Toil,  
To prize their Queen, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their Way  
Through Clouds of Dust, and gain upon the Day.  
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coast  
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Host,  
That chearfully its Labours past forgets,  
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,  
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)  
Breathing Revenge; whilst Anger and Disdain  
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:  
Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far  
Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,  
Whilst here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,  
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England's* Heroe drew  
*Eugenio* to the glorious Interview ;  
 Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn ;  
 A sudden Friendship, while with stretch'd out Rays  
 They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze,  
 Polish'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,  
 Renown'd for Conquest, and in Council skill'd,  
 Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood  
 Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood ;  
 Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,  
 Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd,  
 In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,  
 And only in the Field of Battel shown :  
 To Souls like these, in mutual Friendship join'd,  
 Heav'n dares entrust the Cause of Human kind.

*Britannia's* graceful Sons appear in Arms,  
 Her Harras'd Troops the Heroe's Presence warms,  
 Whilst the high Hills and Rivers all around  
 With thund'ring Peals of *British* Shouts resound :  
 Doubling their Speed they March with fresh Delight,  
 Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.  
 So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,  
 And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dew,  
 The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees :  
 But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away  
 On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are past,  
 Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last :  
 Like Hills th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,  
 Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye ;  
 Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass,  
 Threat'ning Destruction ; Rows of hollow Brass,  
 Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their Wombs Ten Thousand Thunders sleep :  
 Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,  
 His March o'er-paid by such a promis'd Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what Hosts of Foes  
 Were never to behold that Ev'ning close!  
 Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,  
 The close compacted *Britons* win their Way;  
 In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd  
 With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battel waste;  
 Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke  
 Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,  
 'Till slaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,  
 And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hosts engage;  
 The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage  
 With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire  
 Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,  
 Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
 And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,  
 New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!  
 Th' Illustrious Youths, that left their Native Shore  
 To March where *Britons* never march'd before  
 (O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat  
 Only Destructive to the Brave and Great!)  
 After such Toils o'ercome, such Dangers past,  
 Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their last,  
 But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,  
 Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:  
 While *Marlbrô* lives, *Britannia's* Stars dispense  
 A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.  
 Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed  
 Where-e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed;  
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,  
 And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear  
 To brave the thickest Terrors of the War,  
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crowds of Foes,  
*Britannia's* Safety, and the World's Repose;

Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate  
 This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate :  
 Thou liv'st not for thy self; thy Queen demands  
 Conquest and Peace from thy Victorious Hands ;  
 Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,  
 And *Europe's* Destiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,  
 By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain ;  
 The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,  
 And see their Camp with *British* Legions fill'd.  
 So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their shatter'd Sides  
 The Sea's wholeweight, encreas'd with swelling Tides,  
 But if the rushing Wave a Passage finds,  
 Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,  
 The trembling Peasant sees his Country round  
 Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few surviving Foes dispers'd in Flight,  
 (Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)  
 In ev'ry rustling Wind the Victor hear,  
 And *Marlbro's* Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,  
 'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace  
 Befriends the Rout, and covers their Disgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unresisted Force,  
 The gay Victorious Army bends its Course ;  
 The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,  
 Whatever Spoils *Bavaria's* Summer yields,  
 (The *Danube's* great Increase) *Britannia* shares,  
 The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars :  
 With Magazines of Death, destructive Balls,  
 And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau's* Walls,  
 The Victor finds each hidden Cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince ! how is thy Greatness crost,  
 And all the gaudy Dream of Empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,  
 And made Imaginary Realms thy own !  
 Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,  
 Shall shortly seek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,

Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,  
 Thou hop'st th' Assistance of the *Gallic* Arms;  
 The *Gallic* Arms in Safety shall advance,  
 And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,  
 While to exalt thy Doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*  
 Shares thy Destruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,  
 And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate Foe to gain  
 By proffer'd Grace, but long he strove in vain;  
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising Wrath, and gives a Loose to War.  
 In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand  
 With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,  
 A Thousand Villages to Ashes turns,  
 In crackling Flames a Thousand Harvests burns;  
 To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,  
 And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;  
 Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,  
 And Cries of Infants found in every Brake:  
 The list'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow stands,  
 Loth to Obey his Leader's just Commands;  
 The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,  
 To see his just Commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far  
 In shriller Clangors animates the War,  
 Confed'rate Drums in fuller Consort Beat,  
 And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:  
*Gallia's* proud Standards, to *Bavaria's* join'd,  
 Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;  
 The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,  
 And while the thick embattled Host he views  
 Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,  
 His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,  
 That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:

States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,  
 Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,  
 Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,  
 And Pray'rs in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd,  
*Europe's* loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,  
 And *Anna's* Ardent Vows at length prevail'd ;  
 The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show  
 His Care and Condu&t of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array  
 The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way !  
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
 An anxious Horror to the Bravest Hearts,  
 Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,  
 And thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life ;  
 No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,  
 Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul  
 O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,  
 Lessen his Numbers, and Contract his Host :  
 Tho' Fens and Floods possess the middle Space,  
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,  
 Nor Fens nor Floods can stop *Britannia's* Bands,  
 When her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find,  
 To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd !  
 Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound  
 The Victor's Shouts and dying Groans confound,  
 The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,  
 And all the Thunder of the Battel rise.  
 'Twas then great *Marlbro's* mighty Soul was prov'd,  
 That, in the Shock of Charging Hosts unmov'd,  
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,  
 Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War ;  
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,  
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,  
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage,  
 So when an Angel by Divine Command  
 With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,



Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
 Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blast;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,  
 Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But see the haughty Household-Troops advance!  
 The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.  
 The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,  
 And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conquest glows;  
 Proudly he Marches on, and void of Fear  
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* Spear;  
 Vain Insolence! with Native Freedom brave  
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest Slave,  
 Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,  
 Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns,  
 Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day  
 And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:  
 A Thousand glorious Actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,  
 Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,  
 And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd dye.

O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,  
 And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!  
 How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,  
 Fall in the Croud of War, and lye unsung!  
 In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,  
 And, fill'd with *England's* Glory, smiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun,  
 Thousands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd  
 Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mixt,  
 Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,  
 Lye in the *Danube's* bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant *Soan*,  
 Or founding Borders of the Rapid *Rhône*,  
 Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry-Fields divides,  
 Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;  
 In Heaps the Rolling Billows sweep away,  
 And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.

From *Bleinheim's* Towers the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,  
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight ;  
His waving Banners, that so oft had stood  
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,  
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,  
And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,  
Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,  
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name  
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,  
That with mixt Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd !  
When first thou saw'st thy Bravest Troops repell'd,  
Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,  
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground,  
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept !  
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.  
An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,  
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.  
Greatly Distrest ! thy loud Complaints forbear,  
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War ;  
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,  
The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,  
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away  
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquish'd fell  
The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.  
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,  
Or 'midst the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd ;  
Whole Captive Hosts the Conqueror detains  
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains ;  
Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters and the Sword,  
Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,  
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat  
*Marlbro's* Great Work, and finish the Defeat.

From *Memminghen's* high Domes, and *Ausburg's*  
The distant Battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*, [Walls,  
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name  
The rescu'd States his great Protection claim ;

Whilst

Whilst *Ulm* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,  
And longs to open her obsequious Gates.

The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,  
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines:  
If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,  
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;  
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,  
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd;  
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,  
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.

What distant Land, what Region can afford  
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword:  
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,  
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its Force  
Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,  
While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,  
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the River flows,  
On *Gallia's* Side a mighty Bulwark stands,  
That all the wide extended Plain commands:  
Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd  
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;  
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,  
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.  
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,  
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;  
And, tho' the Dog-star had its Course begun,  
Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun:  
Fixt on the glorious Action, He forgets  
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats:  
No Toils are painful that can Danger show,  
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds restrain'd,  
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land,  
But soon as the Victorious Host he spies,  
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:  
Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain  
Of *Marlbró's* Sword, and *Hockstet's* fatal Plain:

In vain *Britannia's* mighty Chief besets  
 Their shady Coverts, and obscure Retreats;  
 They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,  
 That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

*Austria's* Young Monarch, whose Imperial Sway  
 Sceptres and Thrones are destin'd to obey,  
 Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends  
 That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,  
 Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own  
 The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:  
 What Tides of Glory to his Bosom ran,  
 Clasp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?  
 How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt  
 To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt,  
 Such easie Greatness, such a graceful Port,  
 So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp or Court!

*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 And *Nireus* shone but in the second Place;  
 Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*  
 (Divinely flusht with an Immortal Bloom  
 That *Cytherea's* fragrant Breath bestow'd)  
 In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by *Marlbrô's* Presence charm'd,  
 Taught by his Counsels, by his Actions warm'd,  
 On *Landau* with redoubled Fury falls,  
 Discharges all his Thunder on its Walls,  
 O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,  
 And learns to Conquer in the Hero's fight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,  
 Increas'd in Titles, and with Conquests crown'd,  
 To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,  
 And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues,  
 Clearing its Borders from Usurping Foes,  
 And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.  
*Treves* fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,  
 And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,  
 Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations shake,  
 While *Marlbrô* presses to the bold Attack,

Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon Roar,  
 And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.  
 Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,  
 Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,  
 And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;  
 His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd.  
 Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race destroy'd,  
 The Work of Ages sunk in One Campaign,  
 And Lives of Millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *Anna's* Royal Cares:  
 By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,  
 Ranges through Nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.  
 By Her th' unfetter'd *Ister's* States are free,  
 And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty.  
 But who can tell the Joys of those that lye  
 Beneath the constant Influence of Her Eye!  
 Whilst in diffusive Show'rs Her Bounties fall  
 Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and descend on All,  
 Secure the Happy, succour the Distrest,  
 Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia's* Wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth Records of a Faithful Verse;  
 That, if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,  
 May tell Posterity the wond'rous Tale.  
 When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;  
 Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,  
 And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise;  
 Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,  
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd Blaze.  
*Marlbro's* Exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own Native Light;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast,  
 And those who Paint 'em truest, Praise 'em most.

*The Dedication of OVID's Art of Love,*  
*to the Right Honourable RICHARD,*  
*Earl of BURLINGTON.*

My LORD,

O UR Poet's Rules, in easie Numbers, tell  
 He felt the Passion, he describes so well.  
 In that soft Art successfullly refin'd,  
 Tho' angry *Cesar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.  
 More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;  
*Jove's* Thunder strikes less sure than *Cupid's* Bow.

*Ovid* both felt the Pain, and found the Ease:  
 Physicians study most their own Disease.

The Practice of that Age in this we try,  
 Ladies wou'd listen then, and Lovers lie.  
 Who flatter'd most the Fair were most polite,  
 Each thought her own Admirer in the right:  
 To be but faintly rude was criminal,  
 But to be boldly so, atton'd for all.

Breeding was banish'd for the fair One's sake,  
 The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.

Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,  
 The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.  
 Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take care;  
 Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.

On all that Goddess her false Smiles bestows,  
 As on the Seas she Reigns, from whence she rose.  
 Young *Zephyrs* sigh with fragrant Breath, soft Gales  
 Guide her gay Barge, and swell the silken Sails:  
 Each silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,  
 Fair as her Bosom, gentle as her Doves;  
 But he that once embarks, too surely finds  
 A fullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds,  
 Cares, Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast,  
 And Wracks of Wretches by their Folly lost.

When coming Time shall bless you with a Bride,  
 Let Passion not persuade, but Reason guide:  
 Instead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;  
 She has most Charms that is the most sincere.  
 Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Disease;  
 Weak Appetites are ever hard to please.  
 The Nymph must fear to be inquisitive;  
 'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.  
 Her Air an easie Confidence must show,  
 And shun to find what she wou'd dread to know;  
 Still charming with all Arts that can engage,  
 And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

---

*To the QUEEN, entertain'd at Night  
 by the Countess of ANGLESEY.*

*By Sir William Davenant, Knight.*

**F**AIR as unshaded Light; or as the Day  
 In its first Birth, when all the Year was *May*;  
 Sweet, as the Altar's Smoak, or as the new  
 Unfolded Bud, swell'd by the early Dew;  
 Smooth, as the Face of Waters first appear'd,  
 E'er Tides began to strive, or Winds were heard:  
 Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer far,  
 Than in their Sleeps forgiven Hermits are:  
 You that are more, than our discreeter Fear  
 Dares praise, with such full Art, what make you here  
 Here, where the Summer is so little seen,  
 That Leaves (her cheapest Wealth) scarce reach at  
 You come, as if the silver Planet were [green.  
 Mis-led a-while from her much injur'd Sphere,  
 And t' ease the Travails of her Beams to Night,  
 In this small Lanthorn would contract her Light.

In Remembrance of Master WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEAR.

By the same Hand.

O D E. I.

**B**Eware (delighted Poets!) when you sing  
To welcome Nature in the early Spring:  
Your num'rous Feet not tread  
The Banks of *Avon*; for each Flower  
(As it ne'er knew a Sun or Shower)  
Hangs there the pensive Head.

II.

[made

Each Tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath  
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,  
(Unwilling now to grow)  
Looks like the Plume a Captain wears,  
Whose rifled *Falls* are steep i'th' Tears  
Which from his last Rage flow.

III.

The piteous River wept it self away  
Long since (Alas!) to such a swift Decay;  
That reach the Map, and look  
If you a River there can spy:  
And for a River your mock'd Eye,  
Will find a shallow Brook.





# CLAREMONT.

Address'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of CLARE,

N O W

Duke of Newcastle.

---

— *Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur  
Intactos, tua, Macenas, haud mollia jussa.* Virg.

---



---

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.

---

---

THE  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HEY that have seen those two excellent Poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor-Forrest; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of Claremont to a Villa, now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The Situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it enclines one to think, some place of this Nature put Ovid at first upon the Story of Narcissus and Echo. 'Tis probable he had observ'd some Spring arising amongst Woods and Rocks, where Ecchos were heard; and some Flower bending over the Stream, and by Consequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the Metamorphosis, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which Ovid had dispossest her,

-----vox tantum atque ossa supersunt

is so great a Violation of Poetical Authority\* I dare say the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother shou'd succeed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient Britons, and the Druids their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.



# CLAREMONT.



HAT Frenzy has of late possess'd  
the Brain?

Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can  
refrain.

So rank our Soyl, our Bards rise in  
such Store,

Their rich Retaining Patrons scarce are more.

The Last indulge the Fault, the First commit;

And take off still the Offal of their Wit.

So shameless, so abandon'd are their Ways;

They poche *Parnassus*, and lay Snares for Praise.

None ever can without Admirers live,

Who have a Pension or a Place to give.

Great Ministers ne'er fail of great Deserts;

The Herald gives Them Blood; the Poet, Parts.

Sense is of Course annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;

No Muse is proof against a golden Show'r.

Let but his Lordship write some poor Lampeen,

He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.

Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields,

False Fame crys---*Athens*; honest Truth---*Moorfields*;

Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Lak;

Flaggs with full Sail; and rises but to sink.

Some venal Pens so prostitute the Bays,

Their Panegyricks lash; their Satyrs praise.

So nauseously, and so unlike they paint,

N-----'s an *Adonis*; M-----r a Saint.

*Metius* with those fam'd Heroes is compar'd,

That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.

But such a shameless Muse must Laughter move,

That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*,

To form great Works puts Fate it self to Pain,  
 Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.  
 And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,  
 She strains no less a Poet next to frame.  
 Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage ;  
*Churchills* and *Drydens* rise but once an Age.  
 With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar's* Birth begun ;  
 And an Eclipse produc'd \* *Alcmena's* Son :  
 The Sire of Gods o'er *Phæbus* cast a Shade ;  
 But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.

No Bard for Bribes shou'd prostitute his Vein ;  
 Nor dare to Flatter where he shou'd Arraign.  
 To grant big *Thraso* Valour, *Phormio*, Sense,  
 Shou'd Indignation give, at least Offence.

I hate such Mercenaries, and wou'd try  
 From this Reproach to rescue Poetry.  
*Apollo's* Sons shou'd scorn the servile Art,  
 And to Court Preachers leave the fulsome Part.

What then--You'll say, Must no true Sterling pass,  
 Because impure Allays some Coin debase ?  
 Yes, Praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow ;  
 And, when I meet with Merit, scribble too.

The Man who's honest, open, and a Friend,  
 Glad to oblige, uneasie to offend :  
 Forgiving others, to himself severe ;  
 Tho' earnest, easie ; civil, yet sincere ;  
 Who seldom but through great Good-nature errs ;  
 Detesting Fraud as much as Flatterers.  
 'Tis he my Muse's Homage shou'd receive ;  
 If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.

But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline  
 A Name so lov'd by me, so lately Thine.  
 When *Pelham* you resign'd, what cou'd repair  
 A Loss so great, unless *Newcastle's* Heir ?  
*Hydaspes* that the *Asian* Plains divides,  
 From his bright Urn in purest Crystal glides.

---

\* Hercules.

But when new gath'ring Streams enlarge his Course;  
 He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.  
 In fabl'd Floods of Gold his Current flows,  
 And Wealth on Nations, as he runs, bestows.

Direct me, *Clare*, to name some nobler Muse,  
 That for her Theme thy late *Recess* may chuse.  
 Such bright Descriptions shall the Subject dress;  
 Such vary'd Scenes, such pleasing Images;  
 That Swains shall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their  
 And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours. [Bow'rs,

But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous Part  
 Where Nature borrows Dress from *Vanbrook's* Art.

If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,  
 Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aspire, }  
 And Rocks are animated with his Fire.  
 'Tis he can Paint in Verse those rising Hills,  
 Their gentle Vallies, and their silver Rills:  
 Close Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure spread,  
 Flow'rs sighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balsam bleed.  
 With gay Variety the Prospect crown'd,  
 And all the bright *Horizon* smiling round.

Whilst I attempt to tell how antient Fame  
 Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.

In Times of old, when *British* Nymphs were known  
 To love no foreign Fashions like their own;  
 When Dress was monstrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode  
 And Quality put on no Paint but \* *Woade*.  
 Of *Spanish* Red unheard was then the Name;  
 For Cheeks were only taught to blush by Shame.  
 No Beauty, to encrease her Crowd of Slaves,  
 Rose out of Wash, as *Venus* out of Wayes.  
 Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;  
 Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paste:  
 No Shape-smith set up Shop, and drove a Trade  
 To mend the Work wise Providence had made.

---

\* *Glastum*. See *Pliny*. 'Isdris. See *Dioscorides*.

Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,  
 And thrifty Silkworms spun for Times to come.  
 Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modesty;  
 All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,  
 Surly in Show, unfashion'd in Address.

\* Upright in Actions, and in Thought sincere;  
 And strictly were the same they would appear.

Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;

For Villains had no Titles but their own.

None travell'd to return politely Mad;

But still what Fancy wanted, Reason had.

Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;

Unlearn'd in Feasts, they only eat to live.

No Cook with Art increas'd Physician's Fees;

Nor serv'd up Death in Soups and Friccacees.

Their Taste was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;

For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.

E'er Right and Wrong, by turns, set Prices bore;

And Conscience had its Rate like common Whore:

Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;

Or Merit was made out by Impudence;

Or Coxcombs look'd assuming in Affairs;

And humble Friends grew haughty Ministers.

In those good Days of Innocence, here stood

Of Oaks, with Heads unshorn, a solemn Wood,

Frequented by the † *Druids*, to bestow

Religious Honours on the ‡ *Mistleto*.

The Naturalists are puzzel'd to explain

How Trees did first this Stranger entertain:

\* *Mores eis simplices, à versutiâ & improbitate nostra tempestatis hominum longe remoti.* See *Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist. L. IV. Vers. Lat.* † *Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.* *Plin. L. XVI.* ‡ *Et nihil habent Druida visco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, si modò sit robur, sacraius.* *Plin. ibid. Et Viscum Druida, Ovid.*

Whether the busie Birds engraft it there:  
 Or else some Deity's mysterious Care,  
 As *Druids* thought; for when the blasted Oak  
 By Lightning falls, this Plant escapes the Stroak.  
 So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,  
 And Flames drove forward with outrageous Waste;  
*Jove's* favour'd Capitol uninjur'd stood:  
 So Sacred was the Mansion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* chose,  
 Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars rose.  
 To \* *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;  
 Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wise.  
 Good Rules in mild Perswasions they convey'd;  
 Their Lives confirming what their Lectures said.  
 None violated Truth, invaded Right;  
 Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.  
 The People's Peace they study'd, and profess  
 No † Politicks but Publick Interest.  
 Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;  
 For all their Luxury was doing Good.

No Miter'd *Priest* did then with *Princes* vie,  
 Nor, o'er his Master, claim Supremacy;  
 Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,  
 For being sev'ral Centuries obscure.  
 None lost their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,  
 For not believing what None understood.  
 Nor Symony, nor *Sinc-Cure* were known;  
 Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.  
 Nor was the Way invented, to dismiss  
 Frail *Abigals* with fat *Pluralities*.

But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*  
 Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:

---

\* *Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem &c. Cæf. † De republicâ, nisi per concilium, legi non conceditur. Cæf. Lib. VI.*

Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,  
 And how the † Seasons travell'd with the Sun:  
 When his dim Orb seem'd wading through the Air,  
 They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;  
 And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,  
 When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-shot Eye.

All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require  
 More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin's* Readers tire.

This Sect in sacred Veneration held  
 Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;  
 That Matter no Annihilation knows,  
 But wanders from these Tenements to those.  
 For when the *Plastick* Particles are gone,  
 They rally in some Species like their own.  
 The self-same Atoms, if new jumbld, will  
 In Seas be restless, and in Earth be still;  
 Can, in the Truffle, furnish out a Feast;  
 And nauseate, in the scaly Squill, the Taste.  
 Those falling Leaves that wither with the Year,  
 Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.  
 The Sap that now forsakes the bursting Bud,  
 In some new Shoot will circulate green Blood.  
 The Breath to Day that from the Jasmin blows,  
 Will, when the Season offers, scent the Rose;  
 And those bright Flames that in Carnations glow,  
 E'er long will blanch the Lilly with a Snow.

They hold that Matter must be still the same;  
 And varies but in Figure and in Name.  
 And that the \* Soul not dies, but shifts her Seat;  
 New Rounds of Life to run; or past, repeat.  
 Thus when the Brave and Virtuous cease to live;  
 In Beings brave and virtuous they † revive.

---

† *Multa praterca de sideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum naturâ &c. Cxf. \* Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios. Cxf. † Et vos Barbaricos ritus-----Sacrorum Druida-----reditura parcere vita. -----regit idem spiritus artus; Lucan. Lib. I,*



Again shall *Romulus* in *Nassau* reign;  
 Great *Numa*, in a *Brunswick* Prince, ordain [again. }  
 Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years shall hush the World }  
 The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;  
 Or Gods descending in a Morning Dream.  
 Pass'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;  
 And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.  
 Beneath the shady Covert of an Oak,  
 In † Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they spoke;  
 Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;  
 The Story of thy *Villa* is their \* Song.

The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,  
 Was with each Beauty bless'd, and ev'ry Grace.  
 His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;  
 His Mother, a swift *Naiad* of the Flood.  
 Her Silver Urn supply'd the neighb'ring Streams,  
 A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.

Not lovelier seem'd *Narcissus* to the Eye;  
 Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boast more Fragrancy.  
 His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,  
 More smooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more  
 In Shape so Poplars or the Cedars please: [fair.  
 But those are not so streight; nor graceful these.  
 His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung;  
 Tuneful his Voice, persuasive was his Tongue.  
 The haughtiest Fair scarce heard without a Wound,  
 But sunk to Softness at the melting Sound.

The fourth bright *Lustre* had but just begun  
 To shade his blushing Cheeks with doubtful Down.  
 All Day he rang'd the Woods, and spread the Toils,  
 And knew no Pleasures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.  
 In vain the Nymphs put on each pleasing Grace;  
 Too cheap the Quarry seem'd, too short the Chace.

---

† *Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur.*  
*Cæf.* \* *Superstitione vanâ Druida canebant, &c.*  
*Tacit, L. IV.*

For tho' Possession be th' undoubted View ;  
 To seize, is far less Pleasure than pursue.      [pair,  
 Those Nymphs that yield too soon, their Charms im-  
 And prove at last but despicably Fair.  
 His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees ;  
 And palls the Appetite, he meant to please.  
 His slender Wants too largely he supplies :  
 Thrives on short Meals, but by Indulgence dies.

A Grott there was with hoary Moss o'ergrown,  
 Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mouldring  
 Sad Silence reigns within the lonesom Wall ; [Stone ;  
 And weeping Rills but whisper as they fall.  
 The clasping Ivys up the Ruin creep ;  
 And there the Bat, and drowsie Beetle sleep.

This Cell sad *Eccho* chose, by Love betray'd,  
 A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.  
 Hither fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvain* flies  
 To shun the Calenture of sultry Skies :  
 But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keenest Dart  
 Finds through his Eyes a Passage to his Heart.  
 Pensive the *Virgin* sate with folded Arms,  
 Her Tears but lending Luster to her Charms:  
 With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes ;  
 But wants himself the Pity he bestows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born ! he cries ;  
 Or some fair Daughter of the distant Skies ;  
 That, in Compassion leave your Crystal Sphere,  
 To guard some favour'd Charge, and wander here,  
 Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove ;  
 But pity One, a Novice yet in Love.  
 If Words avail not ; see my suppliant Tears ;  
 Nor disregard those dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant *Virgin* flies,  
 Asserting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,  
 Nor seeks from Sleep, or Sustenance, Relief.  
 The Lamp of Life now casts a glimm'ring Light ;  
 The meeting Lids his setting Eyes benight.

What

What Force remains, the hapless Lover tries;  
 Invoking thus his kindred Deities.

Haste, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;  
 With Tears replenish each exhausted Urn.

Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid  
 Fall a just Victim to an injur'd Shade.

More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung  
 Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his Tongue.

For him the *Graces* their sad Vigils keep;  
*Love* broke his Bow, and wish'd for Eyes to weep.

What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;  
 A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.

The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile survey,  
 And piously their diff'rent Honours pay.

Th' Ascent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* spread;

And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.

Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Basis pours;

And *Flora* strows the Summit with her Flowers.

Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Pre-eminence,

When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.

Sad *Eccho* now laments her Rigour, more

Than for *Narcissus* her loose Flame before.

Her Flesh to Sinew shrinks, her Charms are fled;

All Day in rifted Rocks she hides her Head.

Soon as the Ev'ning shows a Sky serene,

Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.

And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name

Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same.

With them she joins, her Lover to deplore,

And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before.

Her Sex's Privilege she yet retains;

And tho' to Nothing wasted, *Voice* remains.

So sung the *Druids*---then with Rapture fir'd,

Thus utter what the \* *Dolphick* God inspir'd.

\* *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ essent futura, &c.* Cic. de Divinatione.

E'er twice ten Centuries shall fleet away,  
 A *Brunswick* Prince shall *Britain's* Scepter sway.  
 No more fair *Liberty* shall mourn her Chains;  
 The *Maid* is rescu'd, her lov'd *Perseus* reigns.  
 From \* *Jove* he comes, the Captive to restore;  
 Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.  
 Religion shall dread nothing but Disguise;  
 And Justice need no Bandage for her Eyes.  
*Britannia* smiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;  
 Her Safety to secure, two Powers accord,  
 Her *Neptune's* Trident, and her *Monarch's* Sword.  
 Like him, shall his *Augustus* shine in Arms,  
 Tho' Captive to his *Carolina's* Charms.  
 Ages with future Heroes She shall bless;  
 And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.

Then shall a *Clare* in Honour's Cause engage:  
 Example must reclaim a graceless Age.  
 Where Guides themselves for Guilty Views mis-lead;  
 And Laws ev'n by the Legislators bleed,  
 His brave Contempt of State shall teach the Proud,  
 None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.  
 For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Disguise,  
 Tho' sprung by long Descents from *Ptolemies*.  
 Right he shall Vindicate, good Laws defend;  
 The firmest Patriot, and the warmest Friend.  
 Great *Edward's* † Order early he shall wear;  
 New Light restoring to the sully'd Star.  
 Oft will his Leisure this Retirement chuse,  
 Still finding future Subjects for the Muse,  
 And to record the *Sylvan's* fatal Flame, [Name.  
 The Place shall live in Song; and *Claremont* be the

---

\* Son of Jupiter and Danae. † Theologi & Vates  
 erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant, qui à victimarum  
 extis de futuris divinant. Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.



*The lamentable Song of the Lord WIG-  
MORE Governour of Warwick  
Castle, and the fair Maid of  
DUNSMORE.*

**I**N *Warwick shire* there stands a Down,  
And *Dunsmore-Heath* it hath to Name,  
Adjoining to a Country Town,  
Made famous by a Maiden's Name:

Fair *Isabel* she named was,  
A Shepherd's Daughter, as some say;  
To *Wigmore's* Ears her Fame did pass,  
As he in *Warwick* Castle lay.

Poor Love-sick Lord immediately  
Upon her Fame set his Delight;  
And thought much Pleasure sure did lye  
Possessing of so fair a Wight.

Therefore to *Dunsmore* did repair,  
To recreate his sickly Mind;  
Where in a Summer's Evening fair,  
His Chance was *Isabel* to find.

She sat amidst a Meadow Green,  
Most richly spread with smelling Flowers,  
And by a River she was seen  
To spend away some Evening Hours.

There laid this Maiden all alone,  
Washing her Feet in secret wise,  
Which Virgin fair to look upon  
Did much delight his loving Eyes.

She thinking not to be espy'd,  
 Had laid from her her Country Tire;  
 The Tresses of her Hair unty'd,  
 Hung glistering like the golden Wire.

And as the Flakes of Winter Snow,  
 That lye unmelted on the Plains,  
 So white her Body was in shew;  
 Like silver Springs did run her Veins.

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight,  
 Stood as a Man amazed still;  
 Suffering his Eyes to take delight,  
 That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their Affections so,  
 That Reason's Rules were led away;  
 And Love the Coals of Lust did blow,  
 Which to a Fire flamed high.

And though he knew the Sin was great,  
 It burned so within his Breast,  
 With such a vehement scorching Heat,  
 That none but she could lend him Rest.

Lord *Wigmore* being thus drown'd in Lust,  
 By liking of this dainty Dame;  
 He call'd a Servant of great Trust,  
 Inquiring straight what was her Name.

She is, quoth he, no married Wife,  
 But a Shepherd's Daughter as you see,  
 And with her Father leads her Life,  
 Whose Dwellings by these Pastures be;

Her Name is *Isabel* the fair.  
 Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,  
 But to my Castle straight her bear,  
 Her Sight hath wounded me full sore.

Thus to Lord *Wigmore* she was brought,  
 Who with delight his Fancies fed,  
 And through his Suit such means he wrought,  
 That he entic'd her to his Bed.

This being done, incontinent  
 She did return from whence she came,  
 And every Day she did invent  
 To cover her received Shame.

But e'er three Months were fully past,  
 Her Crime committed plain appears ;  
 Unto Lord *Wigmore* then in haste  
 She long complain'd with weeping Tears.

*The Complaint of Fair ISABEL, for the  
 Loss of her Honour.*

**L**ORD *Wigmore*, thus I have defil'd  
 And spotted my pure Virgin's Bed ;  
 Behold I am conceiv'd with Child,  
 To which vile Folly you me led.

For now this Deed that I have wrought  
 Throughout the Country well is known,  
 And to my woful Parents brought,  
 Who now for me do make great Moan.

How shall I look them in the Face,  
 When they my Shameless self shall see ?  
 O cursed *Eve*, I feel thy case,  
 When thou hadst tasted on the Tree.

Thou hidst thy self, and so must I,  
 But God thy trespass quickly found ;  
 No dark may hide me from God's Eye,  
 But leave my Shame still to abound.

Wide open are mine Eyes to look  
 Upon my sad and heavy Sin:  
 And quite unclasped is the Book,  
 Where my Accounts are written in.

This Sin of mine deserveth Death,  
 But judge Lord *Wigmore* I am she,  
 For I have trod a Strumpet's Path,  
 And for the same I needs must die.

Bespotted with reproachful Shame  
 To Ages following shall I be,  
 And in Records be writ my Blame;  
 Lord *Wigmore* this is long of thee.

Lord *Wigmore*, prostrate at thy Feet,  
 I crave my just deserved Doom,  
 That Death may cut off from the Root  
 This Body, Blossom, Branch and Bloom.

Let Modesty accurse this Crime,  
 Let Love and Law, and Nature speak,  
 Was ever any Wretch yet seen  
 That in one instant all did break?

Then *Wigmore* Justice on me shew,  
 For thus consenting to the Act,  
 Give me my Death, for that is due  
 To such as Sin in such a Fact.

○ that the Womb had been my Grave,  
 Or I had perish'd in my Birth,  
 ○ that same Day may Darkness have,  
 Wherein I first drew vital Breath.

Let God regard it not at all,  
 Let not the Sun upon it shine,  
 Let misty Darkness on it fall,  
 For to make known this Sin of mine,



The Night wherein I was conceiv'd,  
 Let be accurst with mournful Cries,  
 Let twinkling Stars from Sky bereav'd,  
 And Clouds of Darknes thereon rise.

Because they shut not up their Powers,  
 That gave the Passage to my Life.  
 Come Sorrow, finish up my Hours,  
 And let my Time here end with Grief.

And having made this woful Moan,  
 A Knife she snatched from her Side ;  
*Lucretia's* Part was rightly shown,  
 For with the same fair *Isabel* dy'd.

Whereat Lord *Wigmore* grieved fore,  
 A Heart repenting his amiss,  
 And after would attempt no more  
 To crop the Flower of Maidens blifs ;

But lived long in woful Wife,  
 Till Death did finish up his Days,  
 And now in *Isabel's* Grave he lyes,  
 Till Judgement comes them both to raise.

### *The SHEPHERD's Resolution.*

SHALL I wasting in Despair  
 Die, because a Woman's Fair?  
 Shall my Cheeks look pale with care,  
 'Cause another's rosie are?  
 Be she fairer than the Day,  
 Or the flowry Meads in *May*,  
 Yet if she think not well of me,  
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a Woman's Goodness move  
 Me to perish for her Love ?  
 Or her worthy Merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own ?  
 Be she with that Goodness blest,  
 As may Merit name of Best,  
*Yet if she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be.*

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will never more despair:  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die e'er she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I wooe,  
 I will scorn, and let her go:  
*Yet if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be.*

### A Pleasant S O N G.

**Y**OU pretty Birds that sit and sing  
 Amidst the shady Valleys,  
 And see how sweetly *Phyllis* walks,  
 Within her guarded Alleys:  
 Go pretty Birds unto her Bower,  
 Sing pretty Birds, she may not lower:  
*For fear my fairest Phyllis frown,  
 You pretty Wantons warble.*

Go tell her through your chirping Bills  
 As you by me are bidden,  
 To her is only known my Love,  
 Which from the World is hidden :  
 Go pretty Birds and tell her so,  
 See that your Notes fall not too low :  
*For fear my fairest Phyllis frown,  
 You pretty Wantons warble.*

Go tune your Voices Harmony,  
 And sing I am her Lover ;  
 Strain low and high, that every Note  
 With sweet Conccnt may move her :  
 Tell her it is her Lover true,  
 That sendeth Love by you and you ;  
*Ay me! methinks I see her frown,*  
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

Fly pretty Birds, and in your Bills  
 Bear me a loving Letter  
 Unto my fairest *Phyllis*, and  
 With your sweet Musick greet her,  
 Go pretty Birds unto her hie,  
 Haste pretty Birds, unto her fly :  
*Ay me! methinks I see her frown,*  
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

And if you find her sadly set,  
 About her sweetly chant it,  
 Until she smiling raise her Head,  
 Ne'er cease until she grant it :  
 Go pretty Birds, and tell her I  
 As you have done, will to her fly.  
*Ay me! methinks I see her frown,*  
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

### *The SHEPHERDS Dialogue.*

W I L L Y.

**H**OW now, Shepherd? what means that?  
 Why wear'st thou Willow in thy Hat?  
 Why are the Scarfs of red and yellow  
 Turn'd to Branches of green Willow?

C U D D Y.

They are chang'd, and so am I;  
 Sorrows live, but Pleasures die:  
 She hath now forsaken me,  
*Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.*

W I L L Y.

What, that *Phyllis* lov'd thee long,  
 Is that the *Lass* hath done thee wrong?  
 She that lov'd thee long and best,  
 Is her Love turn'd to a Jest?

C U D D Y.

She that lov'd me long and best,  
 Bid me set my Heart at rest,  
 For she a new Love loves (not me)  
*Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.*

W I L L Y.

Come then Shepherd, let us join,  
 Since thy hap is like to mine,  
 For the Wight I thought most true,  
 Now hath chang'd me for a new.

C U D D Y.

Well then since thy hap is so,  
 Take no care but let her go,  
 Thy hard hap doth mine appease,  
 Company doth Sorrows ease.

W I L L Y.

I will then forget her Love,  
 Since wantonly she false doth prove;  
 And for her sake bid all adieu,  
 For Women seldom do prove true;  
 Yet for her sake I'll sit and pine,  
 For she was once a Love of mine,  
 Which shall ne'er forgotten be,  
*Though I wear the Willow Tree.*

C U D D Y.

Herdsmen, be advis'd by me,  
 Cast off Grief and Willow Tree:  
 For thy Grief brings her Content,  
 She is pleas'd if thou lament,

W I L L Y.

Then I will be rul'd by thee ;  
 There lyes Grief and Willow Tree.  
 Henceforth I will do as they  
 That love a new Love every Day.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**D**EAR *Dorinda* weep no more,  
 No more, my charming Creature, grieve,  
 My wandrings I will now give o'er,  
 And in the peaceful Shades will live.  
 With thee, my Joy, will live and love,  
 Constant as Nature to its course ;  
 As constant as the *Turtle Dove*,  
 Whose Death can only Love divorce.

Thy Sighs no more can *Sylvio* hear,  
 Thy pretty Innocence has won  
 Me all my Passion to declare,  
 Which can be due to you alone.  
 Joy of my Mind, then let us haste  
 And join our Hands as Hearts are join'd,  
 No flying Moments let us waste  
 In which we greater Joys may find.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**L**ET *Jug* in Smiles be ever seen,  
 And kind as when our Loves begun,  
 And be my Pastures ever green,  
 And new Crops spring when Harvest's done,  
 My Cattle thrive and still be fat,  
 And I my Wish shall find in that.

## II.

O let my Table furnish'd be  
 With good fat Beef and Bacon too,  
 And nappy Ale be ever free  
 To Strangers that do come and go.  
 My Yards with Poultry and with Swine  
 Well stor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fish,  
 My Barns well cram'd with Hay and Grain,  
 And I shall have my Wish in this.

## III.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,  
 Free from all Discontent and Strife;  
 And know from whom I all receive,  
 And lead a homely harmless Life.  
 Be neat in home-spun cloathing clad;  
 And still to add to all my Bliss,  
 My Children train i'th' fear of God:  
 And this is all on Earth I wish.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**I**F Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive  
 I'd study only how to thrive:  
 That having got a mighty Mass,  
 I might bribe the Fates to let me pass.  
 But since we can't prolong our Years,  
 Why spend we Time in needless Sighs and Tears?  
 For since Destiny  
 Has decreed us to die,  
 And all must pass o'er the old Ferry;  
 Hang Riches and Cares,  
 Since we han't many Years,  
 We'll have a short Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Destiny  
 Regards not whether we laugh or cry;

And Fortune never does bestow  
 A Look on what we do below,  
 But Men with equal swiftness run  
 To play on others, or be play'd upon.  
     Since we can take no Course  
     For the better or the worse;  
 Let none be a melancholly Thinker;  
     Let the Times the round go,  
     So the Cups do so too,  
 Ne'er blush at the Name of a Drinker.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**A** Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wist not  
 How he might his Mistress Favour gain,  
 On a time they met, but kist not,  
     Ever after that he sued in vain:  
 Blame her not, alas, though she said nay  
 To him that might, but fled away.

II.

Time perpetually is changing,  
     Every Moment Alteration brings,  
 Love and Beauty still estranging,  
     Women are, alas! but wanton things.  
 He that will his Mistress Favour gain,  
 Must take her in a merry Vein.

III.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,  
     Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,  
 Hot and cold, but constant never;  
     Even as the pleasant Humour hits:  
 Sick, and well again, and well and sick,  
 In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

IV.

Now she will, and then she will not,  
     Put her to the Tryal if once she smile;

Silly Youth, thy Fortunes spill not,

Lingring Labours oft themselves beguile,

He that knocks, and can't get in,

His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

## V.

A Woman's Nay is no denial,

Silly Youths of Love are served so

Put her to a further Tryal,

Haply she'll take it, and say no;

For it is a Trick which Women use,

What they love they will refuse.

## VI.

Silly Youth, why dost thou dally?

Having got Time and Season fit,

Then never stand, Sweet, shall I? shall I?

Nor too much commend an After-wit;

For he that will not when he may,

When he will, he shall have nay.

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**B**Eauty and Love once fell at odds,

And thus revil'd each other:

Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,

And thou wait'st on my Mother:

Thou hadst no Power on Man at all,

But what I gave to thee;

Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,

Than Men acknowledge me.

## II.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,

We know that thou art blind:

And Men of nobler Parts they can

Our Graces better find:

'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,

And kindled Mens Desires,

I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,

And Wings to fan thy Fires.



## III.

*Cupid* in Anger flung away,  
 And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,  
 That he would tip his Shafts with Scorru,  
 To punish this proud Maid;  
 So ever since Beauty has been  
 But courted for an Hour,  
 To love a Day is held a Sin  
 'Gainst *Cupid* and his Power.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**F**arewel my Mistress, I'll be gone,  
 I have Friends to wait upon;  
 Think you I'll my self confine  
 To your Humours, Lady mine?  
 No: your louring Looks do say,  
 'Twill be a rainy drinking Day,  
 To the Tavern let's away.

## II.

There have I a Mistress got,  
 Cloyster'd in a Pottle-pot;  
 Plump and bounding, soft and fair,  
 Buckfom, sweet, and debonair,  
 And they call her *Sack my dear*.

## III.

*Sack* with no scornful Dread will blast me,  
 Though upon the Bed she cast me,  
 Yet ne'er blush her self to red,  
 Nor fear the loss of Maiden-head:  
 And though mute and still she be,  
 Quicker Wits she brings to me  
 Than I e'er could find in thee.

## IV.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain  
 To be kind yet once again,

And with thy Smiles but call me back,  
 Thou shalt be the Lady *Sack*.  
 Oh then try, and you shall see  
 What a loving Soul I'll be,  
 When I'm drunk with none but thee.

---

*An Ancient S O N G.*

**N**O Man Love's fiery Passion can approve,  
 As either yielding Pleasure or Promotion,  
 I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,  
 Although I do not like it in Devotion.

II.

Besides, Man need not love unless he please,  
 No Destiny can force Man's Disposition;  
 How then can any die of that Disease,  
 When as himself may be his own Physician?

III.

Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,  
 And after falling into Love, may dye:  
 But I dare lay my Life he ne'er had dy'd,  
 Had he been healthy at the Heart, as I.

IV.

Some others rather than incur the Slander  
 Of false Apostates, may true Martyrs prove:  
 But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,  
 I'll neither hang nor drown my self for Love.

V.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,  
 And I have dy'd for Love, as others do,  
 But prais'd be *Jove*, it was in such a sort,  
 That I reviv'd within one Hour or two.

VI.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd 'till now,  
 And know no Reason to repent me yet,  
 And he that any otherwise shall do,  
 His Courage is no better than his Wit.

*The* ANSWER.

**N**O Man Love's fiery Passion can resist,  
 That either values Pleasure or Promotion!  
 I hate Luke-warmness in an Amorist,  
 It is as bad in Love, as in Devotion.

## II.

You that pretend to have a Love-proof Heart,  
 And dare despise the sacred Pow'r of Love,  
 May know that more have faln by *Cupid's* Dart,  
 Than by the dreadful Thunder-bolts of *Jove*.

## III.

Nor can you Love, or not Love, as you please,  
 For *Cupid's* Law commands the Disposition:  
 And I have known one die of that Disease,  
 Whereof himself to others was Physician.

## IV.

For when the little God doth shoot his Darts  
 From the bright Eyes of Women that are fair,  
 The Strokes are fatal, and will wound the Hearts  
 Of Men as healthful as you think you are.

## V.

Those that thus die for Love, incur no Slander,  
 But with Love's holy Martyrdom are crown'd;  
 Perhaps you cannot imitate *Leander*,  
 For every Man was not born to be drown'd.

## VI.

You say you've been a Lover by report,  
 But never yet deserv'd so good a Name,  
 He never lov'd indeed, Love's but a Sport,  
 It is ill jesting with a sacred Flame.

## VII.

Long may you live unlov'd, and when you die  
 Women upon your loathed Grave shall spit,  
 Till then all Gentlemen shall swear you Lye,  
 To try your Courage, as you did your Wit.

*A Pastoral S O N G.*

**Q** DID you not once, *Lucinda*, Vow  
You would love none but me?

*A.* Ay, but my Mother tells me now,  
I must love Wealth, not thee.

*Shep.* Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Power,  
Though Fate to me's unkind:

*Maid.* Consider but how small thy Dower  
Is in respect of mine.

*Shep.* Is it because my Sheep are poor,  
Or that my Flocks are few?

*Maid.* No, but I cannot Love at all  
So mean a Thing as you.

*Shep.* Ah me, Ah me, mock you my Grief?

*Maid.* I pity thy hard Fate.

*Shep.* Pity for Love's but poor Relief,  
I'll rather chuse your Hate.

*Maid.* Content thy self, Shepherd, a while,  
I'll love thee by this Kiss,  
Thou shalt have no more Cause to mourn  
Than thou canst take in this.

*Shep.* Bear Record then you Powers above,  
And all those Holy Bands:  
For 't appears the truest Love,  
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

*An old Ballad of Bold ROBIN HOOD;  
shewing his Parentage, Birth, Breeding,  
Valour; and Marriage at Titbury Bull  
running. Calculated for the Meridian  
of Staffordshire, but may serve also for  
Derbyshire, Kent, &c. To a Pleasant  
Tune.*

**K**IND Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?  
Ay, and then you shall hear anon,

A very good Ballad of bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And of his brave Man *Little John* :  
 In *Loxy-town*, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,  
 In merry sweet *Loxy-town*,  
 There bold *Robin Hood* he was born, and was bred,  
 Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.  
 The Father of *Robin* a Forrester was,  
 And he shot in a lusty long Bow,  
 Two North-country Miles and an Inch at a shot,  
 As the Pinder of *Wakefield* does know;  
 For he brought *Adam Bell* and *Clim* of the *Clough*,  
 With *William* of *Cloudestee*,  
 To shoot with our Forrester for forty Mark,  
 And the Forrester beat 'em all three :  
 His Mother was Neice to the *Coventry* Knight,  
 Which *Warwickshire* Men call *Sir Guy* ;  
 And he slew the great Boar that hangs up at the Gate,  
 Or mine Host of the Bull tells a Lie ;  
 Her Brother was *Gamwell*, of great *Gamwell-hall*,  
 And a noble House-keeper was he,  
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*,  
 And a Squire of famous Degree :  
 This Mother of *Robin*, said to her Husband,  
 My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,  
 Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwell*,  
 To taste of my Brother's good Cheer:  
 And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*,  
 Take one of my Horses, I pray ;  
 The Sun is a Rising, and therefore make haste,  
 For to morrow is *Christmas-day*.  
 Then *Robin Hood's* Father's grey Gelding was brought,  
 And Saddled and Bridled was he ;  
 God-wot, his blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,  
 And a Cloak that reach'd to his Knee :  
 She got her on a Holiday-kirtle and Gown,  
 They were of a light *Lincoln-green*,  
 The Cloath was home spun, but for colour and make  
 It might have befecemed a Queen,

And then *Robin* got on his Basket-hilt-sword,  
 And his Dagger on his other Side:  
 And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,  
 We have twenty long Miles to ride.  
 When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,  
 His Father without any trouble  
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,  
 For his Gelding had oft carried double.  
 When she was settl'd, they rode to their Neighbours,  
 And drunk and shook Hands with them all:  
 And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o'er  
 Till they lighted at great *Gamwell-hall*;  
 And now you may think the Right Worshipful 'Squire  
 Was joyful his Sister to see:  
 For he kiss'd her, and swore a great Oath,  
 Thou art welcome, dear Sister, to me.  
 Next morrow, when Mass had been said in the Chappel,  
 Six Tables were cover'd i'th' Hall,  
 And in comes the 'Squire and makes a short Speech,  
 It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all;  
 But not a Man shall taste my *March Beer*,  
 Till a *Christmas Carrol* be sung.  
 Then all clapt their Hands, and they shouted and sung,  
 Till the Hall and the Parlour it rung.  
 Now Mustard and Brawn, roast Beef and plumb Pies,  
 Were set upon every Table:  
 And noble *George Gamwell* said, Eat, and be merry,  
 And drink too as long as y'are able.  
 When Dinner was ended, the Chaplain said Grace;  
 And, Be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire;  
 It Rains and it Blows, but call for more Ale,  
 And lay some more Wood on the Fire:  
 And now call you *Little John* hither to me,  
 For *Little John* is a fine Lad;  
 At Gambols and Jugling, and twenty such Tricks,  
 As shall make you both merry and glad.  
 When *Little John* came, to Gambols they went,  
 Both Gentlemen, Yeomen and Clown,

And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,  
 Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.  
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire,  
 Was joyful this Sight for to see;  
 For he said, Cousin *Robin*, thou'ft go no more home,  
 But tarry and dwell here with me:  
 Thou shalt have my Land, when I die, and till then  
 Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.  
 Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said *Robin*;  
 That *Little John* may be my Page.  
 And he said, Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy boon,  
 With all my Heart so let it be.  
 Then come hither *Little John*, said *Robin Hood*,  
 Come hither my Page unto me:  
 Go fetch me a Bow, my longest long Bow,  
 And broad Arrows one, two and three,  
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,  
 Some merry Pastime to see.  
 When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,  
 He winded his Bugle so clear;  
 And twice five and twenty good Yeomen bold  
 Before *Robin Hood* did appear;  
 Where are you Champions all, said *Robin Hood*,  
 For still I want forty and three?  
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo yonder they stand,  
 All under the green Wood Tree.  
 As that Word was spoken, *Clorinda* came by,  
 The Queen of the Shepherds was she;  
 And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Grass,  
 And her Buskin did reach to her Knee:  
 Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was straight,  
 And her Countenance free from Pride:  
 A Bow in her Hand, and Quiver of Arrows  
 Hung dangling down by her Side;  
 Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair,  
 And her Skin was smooth as Glass;  
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too,  
 Sets with *Robin Hood* such a Lass;

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away,

Oh! whither, fair Lady, away?

And she made him answer, To kill a Fat Buck;

For to morrow is *Titbury* Day.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me,

A little to yonder green Bower;

There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure

Of a Brace or a Lease in an Hour.

And as they were going towards the green Bower,

Two hundred good Bucks they espy'd;

She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd,

And she shot him thro' Side and Side.

By the Faith of my Body, said bold *Robin Hood*,

I never saw Woman like thee, [West,

And com'st thou from East, ay, or com'st thou from

Thou need'st not beg Venison of me.

However, along to my Bower you shall go,

And taste of a Forester's Meat;

And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer

As any Man needs for to eat;

For there was hot Venison, and Warden-pies cold,

Cream clouted, with Honey-combs plenty:

And the Servitors they were, besides *Little John*,

Good Yeomen at least four and twenty.

*Clorinda* said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?

And he said, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*;

'Squire *Gamwell*'s my Uncle, but all my Delight

Is to dwell in merry *Sherwood*;

For 'tis a fine Life, 'tis void of all strife.

So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.

But oh! said bold *Robin*, how sweet wou'd it be,

If *Clorinda* wou'd be my Bride?

She blush'd at the Motion, yet after a Pause,

Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.

Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,

And be merry before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir,

For I must be at *Titbury* Feast:



And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,  
 I'll make him the most welcome Guest.  
 Said *Robin Hood*, reach me that Buck, *Little John*,  
 For I'll go along with my Dear;  
 Go bid my good Yeomen kill six Brace of Bucks,  
 And meet to morrow just here.  
 Before they had ridden five *Staffordshire* Miles,  
 Eight Yeomen that were too bold  
 Bid *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck,  
 A truer Tale never was told;  
 I shall not, Faith, said bold *Robin Hood*; Come *John*,  
 Stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all; [ 'em,  
 Then both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em and slash'd  
 That five of the eight did fall:  
 The three that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for quarter,  
 And pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives; [ Counsel,  
 When *John's* Boon was granted, he gave them good  
 And so they went home to their Wives.  
 This Battel was fought near to *Titbury* Town,  
 When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull:  
 I am King of the Fidlers, and swear 'tis a Truth,  
 And I call him that doubts it a Gull:  
 For I saw them fighting, and fiddl'd the while,  
 And *Clorinda* sung, Hey derry down;  
 The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy Sword *Bob*,  
 And now let's dance into the Town.  
 Before we came to it, we heard a strange Shouting,  
 And all that were in it look'd madly;  
 For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,  
 And some singing *Arthur a Bradly*.  
 And there we see *Thomas* our Justice's Clark,  
 And *Mary* to whom he was kind,  
 For *Tom* rod before her, and call'd *Mary*, Madam,  
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind;  
 And so may your Worships: But we went to Dinner,  
 With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan*;  
 They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,  
 Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.

When Dinner was ended, Sir *Roger*, the Parson  
 Of *Dubbridge*, was sent for in haste; [Hand,  
 He brought his Mass-book, and he bade them take  
 And he join'd them in Marriage full fast.  
 And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his sweet Bride  
 Went Hand in Hand to the green Bower,  
 The Birds sung with Pleasure in merry *Sherwood*,  
 And 'twas a most joyful Hour.  
 And when *Robin* came in sight of his Bower,  
 Where are my Yeomen? said he.  
 And *Little John* answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,  
 All under a green Wood Tree.  
 Then Garlands they brought her, by two and by two,  
 And plac'd them on the Bride's Head;  
 The Musick struck up, and they all fell to Dancing,  
 Till the Bride and the Groom were a-Bed;  
 And what they did there, must be Counsel to me,  
 Because they lay long the next Day,  
 And I made haste home; but I got a good Piece  
 Of the Bride-cake, and so came away.  
 Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,  
 That marry'd they were with a Ring;  
 And so will *Nan Knight*, or be buried a Maiden;  
 And now let us pray for the King,  
 That he may have Children, and they may get more,  
 To Govern, and do us some good;  
 And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood's* Bower,  
 And sing them to merry *Sherwood*.

---

### The CAVALIER's Complaint.

**C**OME, *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,  
 And I shall tell thee such a Tale  
 Will make thine Ears to ring:  
 My Coin is spent, my Time is lost,  
 And I this only Fruit can boast,  
 That once I saw my King.

But this doth most afflict my Mind,  
 I went to Court, in hope to find  
 Some of my Friends in Place;  
 And walking there, I had a sight  
 Of all the Crew: But, by this Light,  
 I hardly knew one Face!

S'life, of so many noble Sparks,  
 Who on their Bodies bear the Marks  
 Of their Integrity,  
 And suffer'd Ruin of Estate;  
 It was my damu'd unhappy Fate,  
 That I not one could see!

Not one, upon my Life, among  
 My old Acquaintance, all along  
 At *Truro*, and before;  
 And, I suppose, the Place can show  
 As few of those, whom thou didst know  
 At *York*, or *Marston-moor*.

But, truly, there are Swarms of those,  
 Whose Chins are beardless, yet their Hose  
 And Buttocks still wear Muffs;  
 Whilst the old rusty Cavalier  
 Retires, or dares not once appear  
 For want of Coin, and Cuffs.

When none of these I could descry,  
 Who better far deserv'd than I;  
 I Calmly did reflect:  
 Old Services, (by rule of State)  
 Like *Almanacks*, grow out of Date,  
 What then can I expect?

Troth, in contempt of Fortune's Frown,  
 I'll get me fairly out of Town,  
 And in a Cloyster pray,

That, since the Stars are yet unkind  
To Royalists, the King may find  
More faithful Friends than they.

---

*An Eccho to the CAVALIER'S  
Complaint.*

**I** Marvel, *Dick*, that having been  
So long abroad, and having seen  
The World, as thou hast done,  
Thou should'st acquaint me with a Tale  
As old as *Nestor*, and as stale  
As that of Priest and Nun!

Are we to learn what is a Court?  
A Pageant made for Fortune's Sport,  
Where Merits scarce appear:  
For bashful Merit only dwells  
In Camps, in Villages and Cells;  
Alas! it dwells not there.

Desert is nice in its Address,  
And Merit oft-times doth oppress  
Beyond what Guilt would do:  
But they are sure of their Demands,  
That come to Court with Golden-hands,  
And Brazen-faces too.

The King, they say, doth still profess  
To give his Party some redress,  
And cherish Honesty:  
But his good Wishes prove in vain,  
Whose Service with his Servant's Gain  
Not always doth agree.

All Princes (be they ne'er so wise)  
Are fain to see with others Eyes,  
But seldom hear at all:

And Courtiers find't their Interest,  
 In Time to feather well their Nest,  
 Providing for their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend ;  
 Things, when they are at worst, will mend:  
 And let us but reflect  
 On our Condition t'other Day,  
 When none but Tyrants bore the Sway,  
 What did we then expect?

Mean while a calm Retreat is best :  
 But Discontent (if not suppress'd)  
 Will breed Disloyalty.  
 This is the constant Note I sing,  
 I have been faithful to the King,  
 And so shall ever be.

*On the Preface to GONDIBERT.*

**R**OOM for the best of Poets Heroick,  
 If you'll believe two Wits and a Stoick ;  
 Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Aeneidos*,  
 All must give place to the *Gondibertiados*.  
 For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just Pique,  
 Because one writ in *Latin*, the other in *Greek* ;  
 Besides an old Grudge (our Criticks they say so)  
 With *Ovid*, because his Sirname was *Naso* :  
 If Fiction the Fame of a Poet thus raises,  
 What Poets are you that have writ his Praises ?  
 But we justly Quarrel at this our Defeat,  
 You give us a Stomach, he gives us no Meat.  
 A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no House :  
 Here is the Mountain, but where is the Mouse ?  
 But, Oh, *America* must breed up the Brat,  
 From whence 'twill return a *West-India* Rat.  
 For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us  
 With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

## ON GONDIBERT.

AFTER so many sad Mishaps,  
Of Drinking, Rhiming, and of Claps,  
I pity most thy last Relapse.

## II.

That having past the Soldiers Pains,  
The States-mens Arts, the Seamens Gains,  
With *Gondibert* to break thy Brains.

## III.

And so incessantly to ply it,  
To sacrifice thy Sleep, thy Diet,  
Thy Business; and, what's more, our Quiet;

## IV.

And all this stir to make a Story,  
Not much superiour to *John Dory*,  
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

## V.

All in the Land of *Lombardy*,  
A Wight there was of Knights degree,  
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

## VI.

This *Gondibert* (as says our Author)  
Got the Good-will of the King's Daughter,  
A Shame, it seems, the Devil ought her.

## VII.

So thus succeeded his Disaster,  
Being sure of the Daughter of his Master,  
He chang'd his Princess for a Plaister.

## VIII.

Of Person he was not ungracious,  
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;  
But in his Ale most pervicacious.

## IX.

And this was Cause of his sad Fate,  
For in a Drunken-street Debate  
One Night he got a broken Patc.

## X.

Then being cur'd, he would not tarry,  
But needs this simpling Girl would marry  
Of *Astragon* the Apothecary.

## XI.

To make the thing yet more Romancy,  
Both Wife and Rich you may him fancy;  
Yet he in both came short of *Plancy*.

## XII.

And for the Damsel, he did wooe so,  
To say the Truth, she was but so-so,  
Not much unlike her of *Toboso*.

## XIII.

Her Beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,  
Yet what in Face and Shape was needing,  
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

## XIV.

Though all the Science she was rich in  
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:  
Yet she had Knowledge more bewitching.

## XV.

For she had learn'd her Father's Skill,  
Both of the Alimbeck and the Still,  
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

## XVI.

But her chief Talent was a Glister,  
And such a hand to administer,  
As on the Breech hath made no Blister.

## XVII.

So well she handled *Gondibert*,  
That though she did not hurt that part,  
She made a Blister on his Heart.

## XVIII.

Into the Garden of her Father:  
Garden, said I? or Back-side rather,  
One Night she went a Rose to gather.

## XIX.

The Knight he was not far behind,  
Full soon he had her in the Wind;  
(For Love can smell, though he be blind.)

## XX.

Her Business she had finish'd scarcely,  
When on a gentle Bed of Parsly  
Full fair and soft he made her Arse-lye. } *Desunt*  
{ *Cetera.*

*In Praise of A L E.*

**W**HEN the chill Charokoe blows,  
And Winter tells a heavy Tale,  
And Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows  
Do sit and curse the Frost and Snows,  
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a *Saxon Rumkin* then,  
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,  
Bids Valour bargain in tall Men,  
Quickens the Poets Wits and Pen,  
Despises Fate.

Ale, that the absent Battel fights,  
And forms the March of *Swedish* Drums,  
Disputes the Princes Laws and Rights,  
What's past and done tells mortal Wights,  
And what's to come.

Ale, that the Plough-man's Heart up keeps,  
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones:  
That wipes the Eye that ever weeps,  
And lulls in sweet and dainty Sleeps  
Their very Bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* Daughter,  
Wines emulous Neighbour, if but stale:  
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,  
And filling each Man's Heart with Laughter,  
Oh give me Ale,



*A familiar Epistle to Mr. JULIAN,  
Secretary of the Muses.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THOU common Shoar of this Poetick Town,  
 Where all the excrements of Wit are thrown,  
 For Sonnet, Satyr, Baudry, Blasphemy  
 Are emptied, and disburden'd all in thee:  
 The Cholerick Wight untrussing all in Rage  
 Finds thee, and lays his Load upon thy Page:  
 Thou *Julian*, or thou wise *Vespasian* rather,  
 Dost from this Dung thy well pickt Guineas gather,  
 All Mischief's thine, transcribing thou wilt stoop,  
 From lofty *Middlesex* to lowly *Scroop*.  
 What times are these, when in the Hero's Room,  
 Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,  
 And little *Aston* offers to the Bum! }  
 Can two such Pigmies such a weight support,  
 Two such *Tom-Thumbs* of Satyr in a Court?  
 Poor *George* grows old, his Muse worn out of Fashion,  
 Hoarsly he sung *Ephelia's* Lamentation.  
 Less art thou help'd by *Dryden's* Bed-rid Age,  
 That Drone has lost his Sting upon the Stage:  
 Resolve me, poor Apostate, this my doubt,  
 What hope hast thou to rub this Winter out?  
 Know, and be thankful then, for Providence  
 By me hath sent thee this Intelligence.

A Knight there is, if thou can'st gain his Grace,  
 Known by the Name of the hard-favour'd Face,  
 For Prowess of the Pen renown'd is he,  
 From *Don Quixot* descended Lineally,  
 And though like him Unfortunate he prove,  
 Undaunted in attempts of Wit and Love,  
 Of his unfinish'd Face, what shall I say?  
 But that 'twas made of *Adam's* own red Clay,

That much much Oaker was on it bestow'd,  
 God's Image 'tis not, but some *Indian* God:  
 Our Christian Earth can no Resemblance bring  
 But Ware of *Portugal* for such a thing;  
 Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confess,  
 As no *Hungarian* Water can redress.

A Face which should he see, (but Heav'n was kind,  
 And to indulge his self, Love made him blind.)  
 He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet  
 Curses of teeming Women in the Street:  
 The best could happen from this hideous Sight,  
 Is that they should Miscarry with the Fright---- }  
 Heav'n guard them from the Likeness of the }  
 Knight.

Such is our charming *Strephon's* outward Man,  
 His inward Parts let those disclose who can:  
 One while he honoureth *Birtha* with his Flame,  
 And now he chants no less *Lovisa's* Name;  
 For when his Passion hath been bubbling long,  
 The Scum at last boils up into a Song:  
 And sure no mortal Creature at one time,  
 Was e'er so far o'ergone with Love and Rhime.  
 To his dear self of Poetry he talks,  
 His Hands and Feet are scanning as he walks,  
 His writhing Looks his Pangs of Wit accuse,  
 The airy Symptoms of a breeding Muse,  
 And all to gain the great *Lovisa's* Grace,  
 But never Pen did Pimp for such a Face;  
 There's not a Nymph in City, Town, or Court,  
 But *Strephon's Billet-doux* has been their Sport.  
 Still he loves on, yet still he's sure to miss,  
 As they who wash an *Ethiop's* Face, or his.  
 What Fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend?  
 Never to get a Mistress, nor a Friend.  
*Strephon* alike both Wits and Fools detest,  
 'Cause he's like *Esop's* Batt, half Bird half Beast;  
 For Fools to Poetry have no Pretence,  
 And common Wit supposes common Sense,

Not quite so low as Fool, nor quite a top,  
 He hangs between them both, and is a Fop:  
 His Morals like his Wit are mottley too,  
 He keeps from arrant Knave with much ado.  
 But Vanity and Lying so prevail,  
 That one Grain more of each would turn the Scale:  
 He would be more a Villain had he time,  
 But he's so wholly taken up with Rhyme,  
 That he mistakes his Talent; all his Care  
 Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.  
 Small-Beer, and Gruel, are his Meat and Drink,  
 The Diet he prescribes himself to Think;  
 Rhyme next his Heart he takes at the Morn peep,  
 Some Love-Epistles at the Hour of Sleep;  
 So betwixt Elegy and Ode we see  
*Strephon* is in a Course of Poetry:  
 This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good,  
 The Pelican to feed thee with his Blood;  
 Thy Wit, thy Poet, nay thy Friend, for he  
 Is fit to be a Friend to none but thee.  
 Make sure of him, and of his Muse betimes,  
 For all his Study is hung round with Rhimes;  
 Laugh at him, juggle him, yet still he writes,  
 In Rhime he challenges, in Rhime he fights;  
 Charg'd with the last, and basest Infamy,  
 His Business is to think what Rhimes to Lye,  
 Which found in Fury he retorts again,  
*Strephon's* a very Dragon at his Pen;  
 His Brother murder'd, and his Mothers whor'd,  
 His Mistress lost, and yet his Pen's his Sword.

---

## A Journey into FRANCE.

By Bishop CORBET.

I Went from England into France,  
 Nor yet to learn to Cringe nor Dance,  
 Nor yet to Ride or Fence;



There's one Saint there hath lost his Nose;  
 Another's Head, but not his Toes,  
     His Elbow and his Thumb.  
 But when that we had seen the Rags,  
 We went to th' Inn and took our Nags,  
     And so away did come.  
 We came to *Paris* on the Green,  
 'Tis wondrous Fair, 'tis nothing Clean,  
     'Tis *Europe's* greatest Town.  
 How Strong it is I need not tell it,  
 For all the World may easily smell it,  
     That walk it up and down.  
 There many strange Things are to see,  
 The Palace and great Gallery,  
     The Place Royal doth excel:  
 The New Bridge and the Statues there,  
 At *Noſtre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,*  
     The Steeple bears the Bell.  
 For Learning, th' University;  
 And for old Cloaths, the Frippery;  
     The House the Queen did build.  
 Saint *Innocents*, whose Earth devours  
 Dead Corps in four and twenty Hours,  
     And there the King was kill'd:  
 The *Bofs-hill* and Saint *Dennis*-street,  
 The *Shaffleniſt* like *London-Fleet,*  
     The *Arsenal*, no Toy.  
 But if you'll see the prettiest Thing,  
 Go to the Court and see the King,  
     O 'tis a hopeful Boy.  
 He is of all his Dukes and Peers  
 Reverenc'd for much Wit at his Years,  
     Nor must you think it much;  
 For he with little Switch doth play,  
 And make fine dirty Pycs of Clay,  
     O never King made such.  
 A Bird that can but kill a Fly,  
 Or prate, doth please his Majesty,  
     'Tis known to every one.

The Duke of *Guise* gave him a Parrot,  
And he had twenty Cannons for it

For his new Galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap  
To get the Bird which in the Map  
Is called the *Indian Ruk*;

I'd give it him, and hope to be  
As rich as *Guire* or *Liviné*,

Or else I had ill Luck.

Birds about his Chamber stand,  
And he them feeds with his own Hand,

'Tis his Humility :

And if they do want any thing,  
They need but Whistle for their King,

And he comes presently.

But now then, for these Parts he must  
Be entitl'd *Lewis the Just*,

*Great Henry's Lawful Heir*;

When to his Stile to add more Words,  
They'd better call him *King of Birds*,

Than of the great *Navarre*.

He hath besides a pretty Quirk,  
Taught him by Nature, how to Work

In Iron with much Ease.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,  
There he Knocks, and there he Blows,

And makes both Locks and Keys :

Which puts a Doubt in every one,  
Whether he be *Mars* and *Vulcan's* Son,

Some few believe his Mother.

But let them all say what they will,  
I came resolv'd, and so think still,

As much the one, as th' other.

The People too dislike the Youth,  
Alledging Reasons, for in truth

Mothers should honour'd be ;

Yet others say he loves her rather,  
As well as e'er she lov'd his Father,

And that's notoriously.

His Queen, a little pretty Wench,  
 Was born in *Spain*, speaks little *French*,  
     Ne'er like to be a Mother:  
 For her incestuous House could not  
 Have Children, unless they were begot  
     By Uncle or by Brother.  
 Now why should *Lewis*, being so just,  
 Content himself to take his Lust,  
     With his *Licina's* Mate:  
 And suffer his little pretty Queen,  
 From all her Race that e'er has been  
     So to degenerate.  
 'Twere Charity for to be known  
 To love strange Children as his own;  
     And why it is no shame:  
 Unless he yet would greater be,  
 Than was his Father *Henry*,  
     Who some thought did the same.

---

To Parson WEEKS. *An Invitation*  
 to London.

By Sir JOHN MENNIS.

HOW now, my *John*, what, is't the Care  
 Of thy small Flock, that keeps thee there?  
 Or hath the Bishop, in a Rage,  
 Forbid thy coming on our Stage?  
 Or want'st thou Coin? or want'st thou Steed?  
 These are Impediments indeed:  
 But for thy Flock, thy Sexton may  
 In due time Ring, and let them Pray.  
 A B-----, with an Offering,  
 May be brought unto any thing.  
 For want of Steed, I oft see *Vic*  
 Trudge up to Town with hazel Stick;

For Coin, two Sermons by the way,  
 Will Host, Hostess, and Tapster pay.  
 A willing Mind pawns Wedding Ring,  
 Wife, Gown, Books, Children, any thing.  
 No way neglected, nought too dear  
 To see such Friends, as thou hast here.  
 I met a Parson on the way,  
 Came in a Waggon t'other Day,  
 Who told me, that he ventur'd forth  
 With one Tithe Pig of little worth;  
 With which, and saying Grace at Food,  
 And praying for Lord Carriers good,  
 He had arriv'd at's Journeys end,  
 Without a Penny, or a Friend.  
 And what great Business do you think?  
 Only to see a Friend, and drink.  
 One Friend? why thou hast thousands here  
 Will strive to make thee better chear.  
 Ships lately from the Islands came  
 With Wines, thou never heardst their Name.  
*Montefasco, Frontiniac,*  
*Vernaccio,* and that old Sack  
 Young *Herric* took to entertain  
 The Muses in a sprightly Vein:  
 Come then, and from thy muddy Ale,  
 (Which serves but for an old Wife's Tale:  
 Or, now and then, to break a Jest,  
 At some poor silly Neighbour's Feast)  
 Rouze up, and use the Means, to see  
 Those Friends expect thy Wit, and thee.  
 And though you cannot come in State,  
 On Camels back, like *Coryat*:  
 Imagine that a Pack-Horse be  
 The Camel in his Book you see.  
 I know you have a Fancy, can  
 Conceive your Guide a *Caravan*.  
 Rather than fail, speak Treason there,  
 And come on Charges of the Shire;



A *London* Goal, with Friends and Drink,  
Is worth your Vicaridge, I think.

But if besotted with that one  
Thou hast, of ten, stay there alone;  
And all too late lament and cry,  
Th' hast lost thy Friends, among them, I.

---

## I T E R B O R E A L E.

By *Bishop* C O R B E T.

**F**OUR Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two and two,  
That would be Doctors, having less to do  
With *Austin*, than with *Galen*, in Vacation  
Chang'd Studies, and turn'd Books to Recreation:  
And on the Tenth of *August*, Northward bent,  
A Journey not so soon conceiv'd as spent.

The first half Day they rode, they light upon  
A noble Clergy Host, \* *Kitt Middleton*;  
Who numbring out good Dishes with good Tales,  
The major part o'th' Chear weigh'd down the Scales;  
And tho' the Count'nance make the Feast, say Books,  
We ne'er found better welcome with worse Looks:  
Here we paid Thanks, and parted, and at Night  
Had Entertainment all in one Man's Right,  
At *Flowre*, † a Village, where our Tenant the  
Sharp as a Winter-morning, fierce, yet free,  
With a lean Visage, like a carved Face  
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;  
She pleas'd us well, but yet her Husband better,  
A ‡ hearty Fellow, and a good Bone-fetter:

---

\* *Ashton on the Wall, Mr. Middleton's Benefice.*

† *Flower in Northamptonshire, Dr. Hutton's Benefice.*

‡ *Ned Hale.*

Now whether it were Providence or Luck,  
 Whether the Keepers or the Stealers Buck;  
 There we had Ven'son, such as *Virgil* flew,  
 When he would feast *Aneas* and his Crew:  
 Here we consum'd a Day, and the next Morn,  
 To *Daintry* with a Land-wind we were born;  
 It was the Market, and the Lecture-day,  
 For Lecturers sell Sermons, as the Lay  
 Do Sheep and Oxen, have their Season just,  
 For both their Markets; there we drank down Dust.  
 1<sup>th</sup>' interim comes a most officious \* Drudge,  
 His Face and Gown draw'd out with the same Budge,  
 His pendant Fouch, which was both large and wide,  
 Look'd like a Letters-Patents by his Side:  
 He was as awful, as he had been sent  
 From *Moses* with the eleventh Commandment;  
 And one of us he sought, a Man of *Flower*  
 He must bid stand, and challenge for an Hour;  
 The Doctors both were quitted of their Fear,  
 The one was hoarse, the other was not there;  
 Therefore him of the two he seized, best  
 Able to answer him of all the rest,  
 Because he needs but ruminat that o'er,  
 Which he had chew'd the Sabbath Day before:  
 For though we were resolv'd to do him right,  
 For Master *Bayley's* † sake, and Master *Wright*;  
 Yet he dissembl'd that the Mace did err,  
 For he nor Deacon was, nor Minister.  
 No (quoth the Serjeant) sure then by Relation,  
 You have a Licence, Sir, or Toleration;  
 And if you have no Orders, 'tis the better,  
 So you have ‡ *Dod's* Precepts, or *Cleaver's* Letter:  
 Thus looking on his Mace, and urging still,  
 'Twas Master *Wright's*, and Master *Bayley's* Will,  
 That he should mount; at last he condescended  
 To stop the gap, and so the Treaty ended:

---

\* A Sergeant. † The Minister of Daintry.

‡ Minister of Banbury.

The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to Dine,  
 We all had Preachers Wages, Thanks and Wine.  
 Our next Day's Stage was \* *Lutterworth*, a Town  
 Not willing to be noted, or set down  
 By any Traveller; for when we had been  
 Thro' at both Ends, we could not find an Inn;  
 Yet for the Church sake turn and light we must,  
 Hoping to find one Dram of † *Wickliff's* Dust;  
 But we found none, for underneath the Pole,  
 No more rests of his Body, than his Soul:  
 Abused Martyr, how hast thou been torn  
 By two wild Factions! first the *Papists* burn  
 Thy Bones for Hate, the *Puritans* in Zeal  
 Do sell thy Marble, and thy Brass they steal.  
 A || Parson met us there, who had great store  
 Of Livings, some say, but of Manners more:  
 In whose streight cheerful Age a Man might see  
 Well-govern'd Fortune, Bounty, Wise and Free;  
 He was our Guide to *Leic'ster*, save one Mile,  
 There was his Dwelling, where we stay'd a while  
 And drank stale Beer, I think was never new,  
 Which the dun Wench that brought it us did brew.  
 And now we are at *Leic'ster*, where we shall  
 Leap o'er six Steeples and an Hospital  
 Twice told; those Land-marks wholly I refer  
 To *Camden's* Eye, *England's* Chorographer;  
 Let me observe the Alms-mens Heraldry,  
 Who being ask'd what *Henry* that should be  
 That was their Founder Duke of *Lancaster*?  
 Answer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gaunt*, I assure you, Sir:  
 And so confuted all their Walls, that said  
*Henry* of *Richmond* this Foundation laid.  
 The next thing to be noted was our Cheer,  
 Enlarg'd with Seven and six-pence Bread and Beer.

---

\* *Lutterworth*, a Town in *Leicestershire*.

† *Who lyes buried in the Parish-Church.*

|| *Parson of Heathcot.*

But O you wretched Tapsters as you are,  
 Who reckon by your Number, not your Fare;  
 And set false Figures for all Companies,  
 Abusing innocent Meals, with Oaths and Lyes:  
 Forbear your Coz'nage to Divines that come,  
 Least they be thought to drink all that you Sum.  
 Spare not the Laicity in your Reckoning thus,  
 But sure your Theft to us is scandalous.  
 Away my Muse from this base Subject; know  
 Thy *Pegasus* ne'er struck his Foot so low.  
 Is not th' usurping *Richard* buried here,  
 That King of Hate, and therefore Slave of Fear;  
 Drag'd from the fatal Field, *Bosworth*, where he  
 Lost Life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?  
 Search, find his Name, but there is none; O Kings,  
 Remember whence your Power and Vastness springs;  
 If not as *Richard* now, so may you be,  
 Who hath no Tomb, but Scorn and Memory.  
 And tho' from his own Store \* *Woolsey* might have  
 A Palace, † or a College for his Grave;  
 Yet here he lyes interr'd, as if that all  
 Of him to be remembred were his Fall:  
 Nothing but Earth to Earth, nor pompous weight  
 Upon him, but a Pebble or a Quoit.  
 If thou art thus neglected; what shall ‡ we  
 Hope after Death, that are but Shreds of thee?  
 Hold! *William* calls to Horse, *William* is he,  
 Who though he never saw threescore and three,  
 O'er-reckon'd us in Age, as he before  
 In Drink, and will bate nothing of fourscore;  
 And he Commands, as if the Warrant came  
 From the great Earl himself, to *Nottingham*:  
 There we cross *Trent*, and on the other side  
 Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as Up-hill we ride.

---

\* *Cardinal Woolsey buried there.* † *Whitehall*  
*and Christ-Church.* ‡ *Students in Christ-Church,*

Where we observ'd the cunning Men like Moles,  
 Dwelt not in || Houses, but were Earth'd in Holes.  
 So did they not Build upwards, but dig thorough,  
 As *Hermits Caves*, or *Conies* do their Borough.  
 Great Underminers sure as any where,  
 'Tis thought the Powder-Traitors practis'd there.  
 Would you not think that Men stood on their Heads,  
 When Gardens cover Houses there, like Leads;  
 And on the Chimnies-top, the Maid may know  
 Whether her Pottage boil, or not, below;  
 There cast in Herbs, or Salt, or Bread; her Meat  
 Contented rather with the Smoak than Heat.  
 This was the Rocky Parish, higher stood  
 Churches and Houses, Buildings, Stone and Wood;  
 Crosses not yet demolish'd, and our \* Lady,  
 With her Arms on, embracing her whole Baby:  
 Where let us Note, though these be Northern Parts,  
 The † Cross finds in them more than Southern Hearts.  
 The Castle's next, but what shall we report  
 Of that which now is Ruin, was a Fort?  
 The Gates, two Statues keep, which ‡ Giants are,  
 To whom, it seems, committed is the Care  
 Of the whole Downfal; if it be your Fault,  
 If you are guilty, may King \*\* *David's Vault*,  
 Or § *Mortimer's* dark Cell, contain you both;  
 A just Reward for so prophane a Sloth:  
 And if hereafter Tydings shall be brought  
 Of any Place or Office to be bought;  
 And your left Lead, or unwedg'd Timber yet,  
 Shall pass by your Consent to Purchase it:  
 May your deformed Bulks endure the Edge  
 Of Axes, feel the Beetle and the Wedge;

|| *Houses in the Rocks.*      \* *Crosses in Nottingham.*

† *The ruin'd Castle.*      ‡ *Guy and Colebrand.*

\*\* *Where David King of Scots was kept a Prisoner.*

§ *Which is within the Castle.*

May all the Ballads be call'd in and die,  
 That sing the Wars of *Colebrand* and *Sir Guy*.  
 O ye that do *Guild-hall* and *Holmeby* keep  
 So carefully, when both the Founders sleep;  
 You are good Giants, and partake no shame  
 With these two worthless Trunks of *Nottingham*:  
 Look to your sev'ral Charges, we must go,  
 Though griev'd at Heart to leave a Castle so.  
 The \* *Bull-head* is the Word, and we must eat,  
 No Sorrow can descend so low as Meat:  
 So to the Inn we came, where our best Cheer,  
 Was, that his Grace of *York* had lodged there.  
 He was objected to us when we call,  
 Or dislike ought, my Lord's Grace answers all;  
 He was contented with this Bed, this Diet,  
 This keeps our discontented Stomachs quiet.  
 The Inn-keeper was old, fourscore almost,  
 Indeed an Emblem, rather than an Host;  
 In whom we read how God and Time decree  
 To honour thrifty Hostlers, such as he;  
 For in the Stable first he did begin,  
 Now see he is sole Lord of the whole Inn.  
 Mark the increase of Straw and Hay, and how  
 By thrift, a Bottle may become a Mow;  
 Mark him all ye that have the golden Itch,  
 All whom God hath condemned to be rich:  
 Farewel glad Father of thy Daughter Mayress,  
 Thou Hostler *Phœnix*, thy Example rare is.

We are for *Newark* after this sad Talk,  
 And thither 'tis no Journey, but a Walk:  
 Nature is wanton there, and the High-way  
 Seem'd to be private, though it open lay;  
 As if some swelling Lawyer for his Health,  
 Or frantick Usurer to tame his Wealth,  
 Had chosen out two Miles by *Trent*, to try  
 Two great Effects of Art and Industry:

---

\* *In Nottingham,*

The Ground we tread is Meadow, fertile Land,  
 New trimm'd, and levell'd by the Mowers Hand ;  
 Above it grew a Rock, rude, steep, and high,  
 Which claims a kind of rev'ence from the Eye :  
 Betwixt them both there slides a lively Stream,  
 Not loud, but swift: *Meander* was a Theam  
 Crooked and rough ; but had those Poets seen  
 Streight even *Trent*, it had immortal been :  
 This side the open Plain admits the Sun,  
 To half the River which did open run ;  
 The other half ran Clouds, where the curl'd Wood,  
 With his exalted Head, threatned the Flood :  
 Here I could wish us ever passing by,  
 And never past : Now *Newark* is too nigh ;  
 And as a *Christmas* seems a Day but short,  
 Deluding times with Revels, and good Sport ;  
 So did this beauteous Mixture us beguile,  
 And the whole twelve being travel'd, seem'd one Mile.  
 Now as the Way was sweet, so was the End ;  
 Our Passage easie, and our Prize a § Friend :  
 Whom there we did enjoy, and for whose sake,  
 As for a kind of purer Coin, Men make  
 Us lib'ral Welcome with such Harmony,  
 As the whole Town had been his Family.  
 Mine Host of the next Inn did not repine  
 That we prefer'd the Hart, and past his Sign :  
 And where we lay, the Host and Hostess fain  
 Would shew our Loves were aim'd at, not their Gain ;  
 The very Beggars were so ingenuous,  
 They rather Pray for him, than Beg of us ;  
 And so the Doctor's Friends be pleas'd to stay,  
 The *Puritans* will let the || Organs play.  
 Would they pull down the Gallery builded new,  
 With the Churchwardens Seat, and *Burleigh* Pew ?  
*Newark* for Light, and Beauty, might compare  
 With any Church, but what Cathedrals are :

---

§ *Dr. Jucks,* || *New Church,*

To this belongs a \* Vicar, who succeeded  
 The Friend I mention'd, such a one there needed,  
 A Man whose Life and Tongue is Eloquent,  
 Able to Charm those Mutinous Heads of *Trent*,  
 And urge the Canon home, when they conspire  
 Against the Cross and Bells with Sword and Fire.  
 There stood a Castle too; they shew us here  
 The place where the King slept, the Window where  
 He talk'd with such a Lord, how long he stay'd  
 In his Discourse, and all but what he said.  
 From whence, without a Prospective, we see  
*Bever* and *Lincoln*, where we fain would be,  
 But that our Purse, and Horses too were bound  
 Within the Compass of a narrower Ground.  
 Our purpose is all Homeward, and 'twas time  
 At parting, to have Wit, as well as Wine.  
 Full three a Clock, and twenty Miles to ride,  
 Will ask a speedy Horse, and a sure Guide;  
 We wanted both, and *Loughborough* may glory,  
 Error hath made it famous in our Story.  
 'Twas Night, and the swift Horses of the Sun,  
 Two Hours before our Jades their Race had run;  
 Nor Pilot, Moon, nor any such kind Star,  
 As guided those wise Men that came from far  
 To holy *Bethlem*; such Lights had they been,  
 They would soon have convey'd us to an Inn:  
 But all were wandring Stars, and we as they  
 Were taught no Course, but to ride on and stray:  
 When Oh the fate of Darkness, who hath try'd it,  
 Here our whole Fleet is scatter'd, and divided!  
 And now we labour more to meet, than erst  
 We did to lodge, the last cries down the first;  
 Our Voices are all spent, and they that follow,  
 Can now no longer track us by the hollow:  
 They Curse the foremost, we the hindmost, both  
 Accusing with like Patience, haste, and sloth.

---

\* Mr. Mason,



At last upon a little Town we fall,  
 Where some for Drink, some for a Candle call:  
 Unhappy we! such Straglers as we are,  
 Admire a Candle oftner than a Star;  
 We care not for those glorious Lights aloof,  
 Give us a Tallow Candle, a dry Roof,  
 And now we have a Guide, we'll cease to chafe,  
 Now we have time to pray the rest be safe;  
 Our Guide before cries Come, and we the whiles  
 Ride blindfold, and take Bridges to be Stiles,  
 Till at the last we overcome the dark,  
 And spight of Night and Error hit the Mark:  
 Some half Hour after enters the whole Tail,  
 As if they were committed to the Jail:  
 The § Constable that took 'em thus divided,  
 Made 'em seem apprehended, and not guided;  
 Where when we had our Fortunes both detested,  
 Compassion made us Friends, and so we rested:  
 'Twas quickly Morning, though by our short stay,  
 We could not find that we had less to pay;  
 All † Travellers these heavy Judgments hear,  
 A handsome Hostess makes a Reckoning dear:  
 Her Smiles, her Words, your Purses must requite 'em,  
 And every welcome from her adds an Item.  
 Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,  
 For *Bosworth* we are hors'd: Behold the Fate  
 Of mortal Men! Foul Error is a Mother,  
 And pregnant once, doth soon beget another:  
 We who last Night did learn to lose our Way,  
 Are perfect since, and further out next Day;  
 And in a † Forest having travell'd sore,  
 Like wandring *Bevis* e'er he found the Boar;  
 Or as some Love-sick Lady oft hath done,  
 Before she was rescu'd by the Knight o'th'Sun;

---

§ Whom they had hired to direct them, † Lough-  
 borrow, † Leicester Forest.

So are we lost, and meet no Comfort then,  
 But Carts, and Horses wiser than the Men:  
 Which is the way? They neither speak, nor point,  
 Their Tongues and Fingers both are out of Joint;  
 Such Monsters by *Cole-Herton* Banks there sit,  
 After their Resurrection from the Pit.  
 Whiles in this Mill we labour and turn round,  
 As in a Conjuror's Circle, *William* found  
 A means for our Delivery. Turn your Cloaks,  
 Quoth he, for *Puck* is busie in these Oaks.  
 If ever ye at *Bosworth* will be found,  
 Then turn your Cloaks, for this is Fairy Ground.  
 But e'er this Witchcraft was perform'd, we meet  
 A very Man, who had not Cloven Feet;  
 Though *William* still of little Faith, doth doubt  
 'Tis *Robin*, or some Spirit walks about:  
 Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to Air;  
 Cross your selves thrice, and strike him: Strike that  
 Thought I, for sure this massie Forester, [dare,  
 In blows, will prove the better Conjuror:  
 But 'twas a gentle Keeper, one that knew  
 Humanity and Manners where they grew;  
 And rode along with us, till he could say,  
 Lo yonder *Bosworth* stands, and this your Way.  
 And now when we had sweat, 'twixt Sun and Sun,  
 And eight Miles long, to thirty broad had run;  
 We learn'd the just Proportion from hence,  
 Of the Diameter, and Circumference.  
 That Night made yet amends, our Meat, our Sheets,  
 Were far above the Promise of those Streets;  
 Those Houses that were Til'd with Straw and Moss,  
 Promis'd but weak Repair for that Day's loss  
 Of Patience; yet this Out-side lets us know,  
 The worthy'st things make not the greatest show,  
 The Shot was easie, and what concerns us more,  
 The Way was so, mine Host did ride before:  
 Mine Host was full of Ale, and History,  
 And on the morrow when he brought us nigh

Where the \* *two Roses* join'd, you would suppose,  
*Chaucer* ne'er writ the *Romant* of the *Rose*.  
 Hear him: See ye yond' Woods? there *Richard* lay  
 With his whole Army; look the o'her way,  
 And lo where *Richmond* in a Bed of *Gross*,  
 Encamp'd himself o'er Night with all his Force.  
 Upon this Hill they met; why, he could tell  
 The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard* fell:  
 Besides, what of his Knowledge he could say,  
 He had Authentic Notice from the Play;  
 Which I might guess by's mustering up the Ghosts,  
 And Policies, not incident to Hosts:  
 But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,  
 Where he mistook a Player for a King;  
 For when he would have said, King *Richard* dy'd,  
 And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burlage* cry'd.  
 How e'er his Talk, his Company pleas'd well,  
 His Mare went truer than his Chronicle;  
 And even for Conscience sake unspurr'd, unbeaten,  
 Brought us six Miles, and turn'd tail to *Nun-Eaton*:  
 From thence to *Covenstry*, where we scarce Dine,  
 Only our Stomachs warm'd with Zeal and Wine;  
 And thence, as if we were predestin'd forth,  
 Like *Lot* from *Sodom*, fly to *Killingworth*.  
 The Keeper of the Castle was from Home,  
 So that half Mile was lost; yet when we come  
 An Host receives us there, we ne'er deny him,  
 My Lord of *Leic'ster's* Man, the Parson by him;  
 Who had no other Proof to testify  
 He serv'd the Lord, but Age and Bawdery.  
 Away for Shame, why should three Miles divide  
*Warwick* and us? They that have Horses ride.  
 A short Mile from the Town, an humble † Shrine,  
 At foot of a high Rock consists in Sign  
 Of *Guy* and his Devotions, who there stands,  
 Ugly and huge, more than a Man on's Hands;

---

\* *Bosworth Field*. † *Guy's Cliff*.

His *Helmet Steel*, his *Gorget Mail*, his *Shield*  
*Brass*, made the Chappel fearful as a Field.  
 And let this Answer all the Pope's Complaints;  
 We set up Giants, though we pull down Saints.  
 Beyond this in the Rode-way as we went,  
 A Pillar stands where this *Coloffus* leant,  
 Where he would love, and sigh, and for Heart's ease,  
 Oft-times write Verses, some say such as these:

*Here will I languish in this silly Bower,  
 While my Sweet-heart triumphs in yonder Tower.*

No other hindrance now, but we may pass  
 Clear to our Inn: Oh! there an Hostess was,  
 To whom the Castle and the Dun Cow are  
 Sights after Dinner, she is Morning-ware:  
 Her whole Behaviour borrowed was and mixt,  
 Half Fool, half Puppet, and her Pace betwixt  
 Measure and Jigg; her Courtisie was an Honour;  
 Her Gate as if her Neighbours had out-gone her:  
 She was barr'd up in Whale-bones that did leese  
 None of the Whales length, for they reach'd her Knees:  
 Off with her Head, and then she hath a Middle,  
 As her Waste stands, just like the new-found Fiddle,  
 The Favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell ye,  
 Whose Neck and Throat are deeper than the Belly:  
 Have you seen Monkeys chain'd about their Loins,  
 Or Pottle-pots with Rings? Just so she joins  
 Her self together; a Dressing she doth love,  
 In a small Print below, and Text above.  
 What tho' her Name be *King*, yet 'tis no Treason,  
 Nor breach of Statute, to enquire the Reason  
 Of her branch'd Ruff, a Cubit every poak  
 I seem to wend her, but she struck the stroak  
 At our Departure, and our Worships there  
 Paid for our Titles dear, as any where.  
 Tho' Beadles and Professors both have done,  
 Yet every Inn claims Augmentation:

Please you walk out and see the \* Castle, come,  
 The Owner saith, it is a Scholar's home;  
 A Place of Strength and Health; in the same Fort  
 You would conceive a Castle and a Court;  
 The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers and the Air,  
 May with the Trenches, Rampiers, Walls compare:  
 It seems no Art, no Force can intercept it,  
 As if a Lover built, a Soldier kept it:  
 Up to the Tower, though it be steep and high,  
 We do not climb, but walk; and tho' the Eye  
 Seem to be weary, yet our Feet are still  
 In the same Posture, coustred up the Hill;  
 And thus the Workman's Art deceives our Sense,  
 Making those Rounds of Pleasure and Defence.  
 As we descend, the † Lord of all this Frame,  
 The Honourable Chancellor to us came;  
 Above the Hill there blew a gentle Breath;  
 But now we feel a sweeter Gale beneath;  
 The Phrase and Welcome of this Knight did make  
 The Place more elegant: Each Word he spake  
 Was Wine and Musick, which he did expose  
 To us, if all our Art could censure those:  
 With him there was a † Prelate, by his place  
 Arch-deacon to the Bishop, by his Face  
 A greater Man, for that did counterfeit  
 Lord Abbot of some Convent standing yet,  
 A corpulent Relique, marry and 'tis sin,  
 Some *Puritan* get not that Face call'd in;  
 Amongst lean Brethren it may scandal bring,  
 To look for Parity in ev'ry thing:  
 For us let him enjoy all that God sends,  
 Plenty of Flesh, of Livings, and of Friends.  
 Imagine us here ambling down the Street,  
 Circling in *Flower*, and making both Ends meet,

---

\* Warwick Castle. † Sir Fulke Grevile. † Arch-Deacon Burton.

Where we fare well four Days, and did complain  
 Like Harvest-folks of Weather and of Rain;  
 And on the Feast of *Bartholmew* we try  
 What Revels that Saint keeps at † *Banbury*.

I' th' Name of God Amen! First to begin,  
 The Altar was converted to an Inn;  
 We lodged in the Chappel by the Sign,  
 But in a Bankrupt Tavern by the Wine;  
 Besides, our Horses usage makes us think  
 'Twas still a Church, for they in \* *Coffins* drink;  
 As if 'twere congruous, that the ancient'st lye  
 Close by those Altars in whose Faith they die:  
 Now you believe the Church hath great variety  
 Of Monuments, when Inns have such Society;  
 But nothing less, there's no Inscription there,  
 But the Church-wardens of the last past Year;  
 Instead of Saints in Windows, and in Walls,  
 Here Buckets hang, and there a Cobweb falls:  
 Would you not think they love Antiquity,  
 Who brush their Quire for perpetuity,  
 Whilst all the other Pavements and the Floor  
 Are supplicant to the Surveyors Power  
 Of the High-ways, that he would gravell'd keep  
 Them, or in Winter sure they will be deep;  
 If not for God's, for Master *Wheatley's* sake,  
 Level the Walks; suppose these Pit-falls make  
 Him sprain a Lecture, or misplace a Joint.  
 In his long Prayer, or in his seventeenth Point,  
 Think you the Daws and Stares can set him right?  
 Surely this Sin upon your Heads will light;  
 And say, Beloved, what unchristian Charm  
 Is this, you have not left a Leg or Arm  
 Of an Apostle? Think you if those were whole,  
 They would arise at last t' assume a Soul?

---

† *Banbury, at the Sign of the Altar-stone.*

\* *Which serve for Troughs in the Back-side.*

If not, 'tis plain all the Idolatry  
 Lyes in your Folly, not the Imag'ry.  
 'Tis well the Pinacles are faln in twain,  
 For now the Devil, should he tempt again,  
 Hath no advantage of a place so high:  
 Fools! he can dash you from your Gallery,  
 Where all your Medly meets, and do compare  
 Not what you learn, but who was longest there;  
 The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,  
 Like a Grand Sallad; Tinkers, What a Town is't?  
 The Crosses also like old Stumps of Trees,  
 Or Stools for Horsemen that have feeble Knees,  
 Carry no Heads above Ground: Those which tell  
 That Christ hath ne'er descended into Hell,  
 But to the Grave, his Picture buried have  
 In a far deeper Dungeon than a Grave;  
 That is, descended to endure what Pains  
 The Devil can think, or such Disciples Brains.

No more my Grief, in such prophane Abuses,  
 Good Whips make better Verses than the Muses:  
 Away, and look not back; away, while yet  
 The Church is standing, while the benefit  
 Of seeing it remains, so long you shall  
 Have that rackt down, and call'd Apocryphal;  
 And in some Barn hear cited many an Author,  
*Kate Stubs, Anne A'cue*, or the Lady's Daughter,  
 Which shall be urg'd for Fathers: Stop Disdain,  
 When *Oxford* once appears, Satan refrain.  
 Neighbours, how hath our Anger thus out-gon's?  
 Is not Saint *Giles's* this, and that Saint *John's*?  
 We are return'd, but just with so much Ore,  
 As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and no more.

*Non recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus  
 Non ubiuis, coramve quibuslibet.*

Hor. Ser. 1. Sat. 4.



Bishop CORBET to his Son VINCENT  
C O R B E T.

**W**HAT I shall leave thee none can tell,  
 But all shall say I wish thee well;  
 I wish thee (*Vin*) before all Wealth,  
 Both bodily and ghostly Health:  
 Nor too much Wealth, nor Wit come to thee,  
 So much of either may undo thee.  
 I wish thee Learning, not for show,  
 Enough for to instruct, and know;  
 Not such as Gentlemen require,  
 To prate at Table, or at Fire.  
 I wish thee all thy Mother's Graces,  
 Thy Father's Fortunes, and his Places.  
 I wish thee Friends, and one at Court,  
 Not to build on, but support;  
 To keep thee, not in doing many  
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
 I wish thee Peace in all thy Ways,  
 Nor lazy nor contentious Days;  
 And when thy Soul and Body part,  
 As Innocent as now thou art.

---

BEN. JOHNSON to BURLACE.

**W**HY though I be of a prodigious Waste,  
 I am not so voluminous and vast  
 But there are Lines wherewith I may be embrac'd.  
 'Tis true, as my Womb swells, so my Back stoops,  
 And the whole Lump grows round, deform'd and  
 But yet the Tun of *Heidelberg* has Hoops. [droops;  
 You are not tyed by any Painters Law,  
 To square my Circle, I confess, but draw  
 My *Superficies*, that, was all you saw:



Which if in compass of no Art it came  
 To be describ'd, but by a Monogram,  
 With one great Blot you have drawn me as I am.  
 But whilst you Curious were to have it be  
 An Archetype for all the World to see,  
 You have made it a brave Piece, but not like me.  
 Oh had I now the Manner, Mastery, Might,  
 Your Power of handling Shadow, Air, and Sprite,  
 How I could draw, behold, and take delight;  
 But you are he can paint, I can but write,  
 A Poet hath no more than black and white,  
 Nor has he flattering Colours, or false Light.  
 Yet when of Friendship I would draw the Face,  
 A letter'd Mind, and a large Heart would place  
 To all Posterity, I would write *Burlace*.

---

*Upon the KING'S RETURN to the City  
 of London, when he came last thi-  
 ther from Scotland, and was enter-  
 tained there by the Lord Mayor.*

**S**ING and be merry, King *Charles* is come back,  
 Let's drink round his Health with Claret and Sack:  
 The *Scots* are all quiet, each Man with his Pack  
 May cry now securely, Come see what you lack.

*Sing and be merry Boys, sing and be merry,*

*London's a fine Town, so is London-Derry.*

Great Preparation in *London* is made

To bid the King welcome, each Man gives his Aid,  
 With thanksgiving Cloaths themselves they array'd  
 (I should have said Holy-day) but I was afraid.

*Sing, &c.*

They stood in a Row for a Congratulation

Like a Company of Wild-geese in the old Fashion:

Rails in the Church are abomination,  
But Rails in the Street are no Innovation.

*Sing, &c.*

My Lord Mayor himself on Cock-horse did ride,  
Not like a young Gallant with a Sword by his Side.  
'Twas carried before him, but there was espied  
The Cross-bar in the Hilt by a Puritan eyed.

*Sing, &c.*

Two Dozen of Aldermen ride two by two,  
Their Gowns were all scarlet, but their Noses were blue:  
The Recorder made a Speech, if Report it be true,  
He promis'd more for them than e'er they will do.

*Sing, &c.*

[State,

They should be good Subjects to the King and the  
The Church they would love, no Prelates would hate;  
But methinks it was an ominous Fate  
They brought not the King through *Bishopsgate*.

*Sing, &c.*

The Citizens rod in their Golden Chains  
Fetch'd from *St. Martins*, no Region of *Spain's*:  
It seems they were troubl'd with *Gundamor's* Pains,  
Some held by their Pummels, and some by their Manes.

*Sing, &c.*

In Jackets of Velvet, without Gown or Cloak,  
Their Faces were Wainscot, their Hearts were of Oak:  
No Trainbands were seen, no Drums beat a stroke,  
Because City Captains of late have been broke.

*Sing, &c.*

The King, Queen and Prince, the Palsgrave of *Rhine*,  
With two Branches more of the Royal Vine,  
Rode to the *Guild-Hall* where they were to dine,  
There could be no lack where the Conduits run Wine.

*Sing, &c.*

Nine hundred Dishes in the Bill of Fare  
For the King and Nobles prepared there were;

There

There could be no less, a Man might well swear,  
By the Widgeons and Woodcocks and Geese that  
*Sing, &c.* [were there.]

Tho' the Dinner were long, yet the Grace was but short,  
It was said in the Fashion of the *English* Court.  
But one Passage more I have to report,  
Small Thanks for my Pains I look to have for't,  
*Sing, &c.*

Down went my Lord Mayor as low as his Knee,  
Then up went the White of an Alderman's Eye:  
We thought the Bishop's Grace enlarged should be,  
(Not the Arch-bishop's) no such Meaning had he.  
*Sing, &c.*

When's Lordship kneel'd down, we look'd he should  
(So he did heartily, but in his own way) [pray,  
The Cup was his Book, the Collect for the Day  
Was a Health to King *Charles*, all out he did say.  
*Sing, &c.*

The Form of Prayer my Lord did begin,  
The rest of the Aldermen quickly were in:  
One *Warner* they had of the greatness of the Sin  
Without Dispensation from *Burton* or *Prin*.  
*Sing, &c.*

Before they had done it grew towards Night,  
(I forget my Lord Mayor was made a Knight:  
The Recorder too with another Wight,  
Whom I cannot relate, for the Torches are light.)  
*Sing, &c.*

Up and away, by *St. Paul's* they pass;  
When a prick-ear'd bray'd like a Puritan Ass: [Glaſs.  
Some thought he had been scar'd with the painted  
He swore not, but cry'd high Popery by th' Mass.  
*Sing, &c.*

The Quire with Musick on a Scaffold they see  
In Surplices, all their Tapers burnt by,

An Anthem they sung most melodiously ;  
If this were Popery, I confefs it was high.

*Sing, &c.*

From thence to *Whitehall* there was made no stay,  
Where the King gave them Thanks for their Love that  
Nothing was wanting, if I could but say      [Day :  
The House of Commons had met him half way.

*Sing, &c.*

V E N U S *Lachrymans.*

WAKE my *Adonis*, do not die,  
One Life's enough for thee and I;  
Where are thy Words, thy Wiles,  
Thy Love, thy Frowns, thy Smiles;  
Alas in vain I call,

One Death hath snatch'd them all :

Yet Death's not deadly in thy Face,  
Death in those Looks it self hath Grace.

'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd

When thy pale Ghost appear'd :

This I presag'd when thundering *Jove*  
Tore the best Myrtle in my Grove ;  
When my sick Rose-buds lost their Smell,  
And from my Temples untouch'd fell ;

And 'twas for some such thing

My Dove did hang her Wing.

Whither art thou my Deity gone ?

*Venus* in *Venus* there is none :

In vain a Goddess now am I ;

Only to grieve and not to die.

But I will love my Grief,

Make Tears my Tears relief :

And Sorrows shall to me

A new *Adonis* be ;

And this no Fates can rob me of, whiles I

A Goddess am to weep but not to die.

*Metro haud multum dissimili carmina sua scripsit Scaldus ille, auctor libri, cui titulus HERVARER SAGA, (quem edidit cl. Olaus Verelius) ut constat ex dialogo illo inter Hervaram & Angantyrí patris sui manes, à quo ad tumulum stans, ut Tirfingum gladium cum eo sepultum daret, rogat.*

HERVOR.

**W**Aknadu Angantyr,  
 Vekur thig Hervor  
 Einka dotter  
 Yckar Suafu.  
 Sel thu mer ur hauge  
 Hardan mœkir,  
 Than er Suafurlama  
 Slogu duergar.  
 Hervardur, Hiorvardur,  
 Hrani, oc Angantyr,  
 Vek eg ydr alla,

Vidar tinder rotum.  
 Med hialmi oc briniæ  
 Oc huoffu fuerdi,  
 Raund oc reida,  
 Oc rodnum geiri.  
 Ero miog vordner  
 Andgryms syner  
 Mein-giarnar ad  
 Molldar auka!  
 Ad eingi gior sona  
 Eyvor vid mig mœla  
 Ur munar heimi!  
 Hervardur, Hiorvardur.

HERVOR. *Awake Angantyr, Hervor the only Daughter of thee and Suafu doth awaken thee. Give me out of the tombe, the hardned Sword, Which the Dwarfs made for Suafurlama. Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr, With Helmet, and coat of Mail, and a sharp Sword, With Sheild and Accoutrements, and bloody Spear, I wake you all, under the roots of trees. Are the Sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, Now become dust and ashes: can none of Eyvors Sons Now speak with me, out of the habitations of the dead! Hervardur, Hiorvardur! so may you all be*

Suo sic ydur aullum  
 Innan rífa  
 Sem er i maura  
 Mornid hangi,  
 Nema suerd felier,  
 Thad er flogu duergar  
 Samyra draugum ;  
 Dyrt um fetla.

ANGANTYR.

Harvor dotter  
 Huy kallar suo,  
 Full feikiustafa,  
 Fer Thu ad illu?  
 Od ertu ordin,  
 Oc orvita,  
 Vill-higgiandi  
 Vekia dauda menn.  
 Grofu mig ey fader  
 Nie frændur adrer.  
 Their haufdu Tírfing

Tueir er lífdu,  
 Vard Tho eigandi  
 Einn af sudan.

HERVOR.

Satt mœler Thu ecki ;  
 So lati As Thig.  
 Heilan ihaugi,  
 Sem Thu hafir eigi  
 Tírfing med thier.  
 Trautter thier ad veita  
 Arf Angantyr  
 Einka barne.

ANGANTYR.

Seige eg thier, Hervor,  
 Thad vera mun,  
 Sa mun Tírfingur  
 (Ef thu trua mœtter)  
 Æt thinni nœr  
 Allre spilla.  
 Muntu son gieta

*Within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up  
 To putrifie among insects, unless you deliver me the Sword  
 Which the dwarfs made \*\*\*\* and the glorious belt.*  
 ANGANTYR. *Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead,  
 Why dost thou call so? wilt thou run on  
 To thy own mischief? thou art mad, and out of thy Senses;  
 Who art desperately resolved to waken dead men.  
 I was not buried either by father or other friends,  
 Two which lived after me got Tírfing,  
 One of whom is now possessor thereof.*  
 HERVOR. *Thou dost not tell the truth:  
 So let Odin hide thee in the tombe, as thou  
 Hast Tírfing by thee. Art thou unwilling, Angantyr,  
 To give an inheritance to thy only child?*  
 ANGANTYR. *I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to pass:  
 This Tírfing will, if thou dost believe me,  
 Destroy almost all thy offspring. Thou shalt have a Son,*

Than sudar mun.  
Tirfing hafa,  
Oc trua marger  
Hann manu Heidrek  
Heita lyder.

HERVOR.

Eg of-kingi  
So virda dauda  
Ad thier tholed  
Alldrey kyrrer,  
Nema Angantyr  
Selier mier Tirfing,  
Hlyfum hoettan,  
Hialmars bana.

ANGANTYR.

Moer qued eg unga  
Monnum lyka,  
Er um hauga  
Huarlar a nottum,  
Grofnum geiri.  
Med gotta malum,

Hialm oc briniu  
Fire hallar dyr.

HERVOR.

Madur thotter thu  
Menskur tilforna  
Adur eg sali  
Ydra tok kannu.  
Sel thu mier ur haugi  
Than er hatar brinju  
Duerga smidi,  
Duger thier ey ad leina.

ANGANTYR.

Liggur mier under her-  
dum  
Hialmars bani,  
Allur er han utan  
Elldi sueipinn;  
Mey veit eg aungua  
Molld a huorge  
Er than hior thori  
Hond i nema.

*Who afterwards must possess Tirfing, and many think  
That he will be called Heidrek by the People.*

HERVOR. *I do by enchantments make, that the dead shall  
Never enjoy rest, unless Angantyr deliver me Tirfing\*\*\*\**

ANGANTYR. *Young Maid, I say, thou art  
Of manlike courage, who dost rove about by night  
To tombs with spear engraven with magical spells;  
With helmet, and coat of mail before the door of our hall.*

HERVOR. *I took thee for a brave man,  
Before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tombe  
The workmanship of the dwarfs, which hates all coats  
Of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.*

ANGANTYR. *The death of Hialmar lies under my Shoulders,  
It is all wrapt up in fire; I know no Maid  
In any Country that dares this Sword take in hand.*

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirða  
 Oc i haund nema  
 Huaffan mœki,  
 Ef eg hafa guœdi.  
 Hugg eg eige  
 Elld brenna than.  
 Er framlidnum firdum.  
 Leikur um fioner.

ANGANTYR.

Heimsk ertu Hervor,  
 Hugar eigandi.  
 Er thu ad augum  
 Jellð hrapar,  
 Helldur vil eg suerd thier  
 Selia ur haugi,  
 Mœr en unga,  
 Mun eg thig eyleina.

HERVOR.

Vel giorder thu  
 Vikings nidur,

Er thu sender mier  
 Suerd ur haugi.  
 Betur thikumft nu,  
 Budlungur, hafa,  
 Enn eg Noreyge  
 Mede allre.

ANGANTYR.

Veistu ey ad  
 Uppsol ertu,  
 Mala, flarad kona,  
 Thui thu fagna skalt.  
 Sa mun Tirfingur  
 (Ef thu trua nœder)  
 Ætt thinne mœr  
 Allri spilla.

HERVOR.

Eg mun ganga  
 Til gialfur manna.  
 Hier mun ey mœr  
 I hug godum.  
 Lit rœke eg thad

HERVOR. *I shall keep, and take in my hand,  
 The sharp Sword. if I may obtain it, I do not think that fire  
 Will burn, which plays about the sight of deceas'd men.*

ANGANTYR. *O conceited Hervor, thou art mad.  
 Rather than thou in a moment shouldst fall into the fire,  
 I will give thee the Sword out of the tomb,  
 Young maid, and not hide it from thee.*

HERVOR. *Thou didst well thou off-spring of heroes,  
 That thou didst send me the Sword out of the tomb.  
 I am now better pleased, O Prince, to have it,  
 Than if I had got all Norway.*

ANGANTYR. *False Woman, thou dost not understand,  
 That thou speakest foolishly of that, in which  
 Thou dost rejoice, for Tirfing shall, if thou wilt  
 Believe me, Maid, destroy all thy Off-spring.*

HERVOR. *I must go to my Seamen.  
 Here I have no mind to stay longer. Little do I care,*



Lofdunga vinur  
Huad syner miner  
Sydan deila.

ANGANTYR.

Thu skalt eiga  
Oc unna leingi,  
Hafdu ad huldu  
Hialmars bana.  
Tak tu ad eggium,  
Eitur er ibadum,  
Sa er mans matadur  
Miklum verri.

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirða,  
Oc i haund nema,  
Huassan mœki,  
Er mig hafa latid:  
Ugge eg eye thad,  
Ulta greinir,  
Huad syner miner.

Sydan telia.

ANGANTYR.

Far vel dotter,  
Fliott gief eg thier  
Tolf manna fior.  
Ef thu trua noedir,  
Afl oc eliom  
Alt hid goda  
Er syner angtyms  
Epter leifdu.

HERVOR.

Bui thier aller  
Burt mun eg skiotla,  
Heiler i hauge,  
Hiedan fysset mig,  
Helst thottunst eg  
Heima i mill,  
Er mig umhuerfis  
Elldar brunnu.

*O Royal Freind, what my Sons hereafter quarrel about,*

ANGANTYR. *Take and keep Hialmars bane,  
Which thou shalt long have and enjoy. touch but  
The edges of it, there is Poyson in both of them,  
It is a most cruel devourer of men.*

HERVOR. *I shall keep and take in hand, the sharp Sword,  
Which thou hast let me have: I do not fear, O slain Father,  
What my Sons hereafter may quarrel about.*

ANGANTYR. *Farewell Daughter, I do quickly give thee  
Twelve mens death, if thou cast believe  
With might and courage, even all the goods,  
That Andgrims Sons left behind them.*

HERVOR. *Dwell all of you safe in the tombè,  
I must be gone, and hasten hence, for I seem to be  
In the midst of a place where fire burns round about me.*



*An ELEGY on the Lord WILLIAM  
HOWARD, Baron of EFFINGHAM,  
who Died December 10, 1615.*

*By Bishop CORBET.*

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor do I strive  
To win Access, or Grace, with Lords alive:  
The Dead I serve, from whence nor Faction can  
Move me, nor Favour; nor a greater Man.  
To whom no Vice commends me, nor Bribe sent,  
From whom no Penance warns, nor Portion spent;  
To these I Dedicate as much of me,  
As I can spare from my own Husbandry:  
And till Ghosts walk, as they were wont to do,  
I trade for some, and do these Errands too.  
But first I do enquire, and am assur'd,  
What Tryals in their Journeys they endur'd;  
What Certainties of Honour and of Worth,  
Their most uncertain Life-times have brought forth;  
And who so did least hurt of this small Store,  
He is my Patron, dy'd he Rich or Poor.  
First I will know of Fame (after his Peace,  
When Flattery and Envy both do cease)  
Who rul'd his Actions: Reason, or my Lord?  
Did the whole Man rely upon a Word,  
A Badge of Title, or above all Chance,  
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognizance?  
What did he? Acts of Mercy, and refrain  
Oppression in himself, and in his Train?  
Was his Essential Table full as free  
As Boasts and Invitations use to be?  
Where if his Ruffet-Friend did chance to Dine,  
Whether his Satten-Man would fill him Wine?  
Did he think Perjury as lov'd a Sin,  
Himself forsworn, as if his Slave had been?

Did he seek Regular Pleasures? Was he known  
 Just Husband of one Wife, and she his own?  
 Did he give freely without Pause, or Doubt,  
 And read Petitions e'er they were worn out?  
 Or should his well-deserving *Client* ask,  
 Would he bestow a Tilting, or a Masque  
 To keep Need virtuous? And that done, not fear  
 What Lady damn'd him for his Absence there?  
 Did he attend the Court for no Man's Fall?  
 Wore he the Ruine of no Hospital?  
 And when he did his rich Apparel don,  
 Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?  
 Did he love simple Virtue for the thing?  
 The King for no respect, but for the King?  
 But above all, did his Religion wait  
 Upon God's Throne, or on the Chair of State?  
 He that is guilty of no *Quary* here,  
 Out-lasts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heir.  
 But there is none such, none so little bad;  
 Who but this negative Goodness ever had:  
 Of such a Lord we may expect the Birth,  
 He's rather in the Womb, than on the Earth,  
 And 'twere a Crime in such a publick Fate,  
 For one to live well and degenerate:  
 And therefore I am angry, when a Name  
 Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*,  
 Nor was it modest in thee to depart  
 To thy eternal Home, where now thou art,  
 E'er thy Reproach was ready; or to die,  
 E'er Custom had prepar'd thy Calumny.  
 Eight Days have past since thou hast paid thy Debt  
 To Sin, and not a Libel stirring yet;  
 Courtiers that scoff by Patent, silent sit,  
 And have no use of Slander or of Wit;  
 But (which is monstrous) tho' against the Tide,  
 The Water-men have neither rail'd nor ly'd.  
 Of Good or Bad there's no distinction known,  
 For in thy Praise the Good and Bad are one,

It seems, we all are covetous of Fame,  
 And hearing what a Purchase of good Name  
 Thou lately mad'st, are careful to increase  
 Our Title, by the holding of some Lease  
 From thee our Landlord, and for that th' whole Crew  
 Speak now like Tenants, ready to renew.  
 It were too sad to tell thy Pedigree,  
 Death hath disordered all, misplacing thee;  
 Whilst now thy Herald in his Line of Heirs,  
 Blots out thy Name, and fills the space with Tears.  
 And thus hath conqu'ring Death, or Nature rather,  
 Made thee prepostrous Ancient to thy Father,  
 Who grieves th' art so, and like a glorious Light  
 Shines o'er thy Hearse.

He therefore that would write,  
 And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,  
*Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.*  
 Let others write for Glory or Reward,  
 Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

---

*A BALLAD, intituled, The Fairies  
 Farewel, or God-a-mercy Will.*

*By the same Hand.*

**F**arewel Rewards and Fairies,  
 Good Housewives now may say,  
 For now foul Sluts in Dairies  
 Do fare as well as they;  
 And tho' they sweep their Hearths no less.  
 Than Maids were wont to do,  
 Yet who of late, for Cleanliness,  
 Finds Six-pence in her Shooe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
 The Fairies lost Command,

They did but change Priests Babies,  
 But some have chang'd your Land ;  
 And all your Children stoln from thence  
 Are now grown *Puritans*,  
 Who live as Changlings ever since  
 For love of your Demains.

At Morning and at Evening both,  
 You Merry were and Glad ;  
 So little care of Sleep and Sloath  
 These pretty Ladies had :  
 When *Tom* came Home from Labour,  
 Or *Ciss* to Milking rose ;  
 Then merrily went their Tabor,  
 And nimbly went their Toes.

Witness those Rings and Roundelays  
 Of theirs which yet remain,  
 Were footed in Queen *Mary's* Days,  
 On many a grassy Plain.  
 But since of late *Elizabeth*  
 And later *James* came in,  
 They never danc'd on any Heath,  
 As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies  
 Were of the old Profession,  
 Their Songs were *Ave Marias*,  
 Their Dances were Procession ;  
 But now, alas, they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the Seas,  
 Or further from Religion fled,  
 Or else they take their Ease.

A Tell-tale in their Company  
 They never could endure,  
 And who so kept not secretly  
 Their Mirth, was punish'd sure.

It was a Just and Christian Deed  
 To pinch such Black and Blue ;  
 O how the Commonwealth doth need  
 Such Justices as you !

Now they have left our Quarters,  
 A Register they have,  
 Who can preserve their Charters,  
 A Man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry Pranks,  
 By one that I could name,  
 Are kept in Store ; con twenty Thanks  
 To *William* for the same.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordshire*,  
 Give Laud and Praises due :  
 Who every Meal can mend your Chear  
 With Tales both Old and True.  
 To *William* all give Audience,  
 And pray you for his Noddle ;  
 For all the Fairies Evidence  
 Were lost if it were Addle.

*On the Earl of DORSET'S Death:*

*By the same Hand.*

**L**ET no prophane ignoble Foot tread here,  
 This hallwowed Piece of Earth, *Dorset* lyes there :  
 A small poor Relique of a Noble Spirit,  
 Free as the Air, and Ample as his Merit :  
 A Soul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord,  
 But mindful of mean Names, and of his Word :  
 Who lov'd Men for his Honour, not his Ends,  
 And had the noblest way of getting Friends  
 By loving first, and yet who knew the Court,  
 But understood it better by Report

Than Practice: He nothing took from thence  
 But the King's Favour for his Recompence.  
 Who for Religion, or his Country's good,  
 Neither his Honour valued, nor his Blood.  
 Rich in the World's Opinion, and Mens praise,  
 And full in all we could Desire, but Days.  
 He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear  
 To vent a Sigh for him, or shed a Tear,  
 May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,  
 And want a Mourner at his Funeral.

---

*A certain P O E M, as it was presented  
 in Latin by Divines and others, before  
 his Majesty in Cambridge, by way of  
 Enterlude, stiled, Liber novus de ad-  
 ventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. Faith-  
 fully done into English, with some libe-  
 ral Additions.*

*By the same Hand.*

**I**T is not yet a Fortnight, since  
*Lutetia* entertain'd our Prince,  
 And vented hath a studied Toy,  
 As long as was the Siege of *Troy* :  
 And spent her self for full five Days,  
 In *Speeches*, *Exercise*, and *Plays*.  
 To trim the Town, great Care before  
 Was ta'en by th' Lord *Vice-Chancellor*,  
 Both Morn and Even he clean'd the Way,  
 The Streets he gravell'd thrice a Day :  
 One Strike of *March-dust* for to see,  
 No *Proverb* would give more than he.  
 Their Colleges were new be-painted,  
 Their Founders eke were new be-Sainted;

Nothing escaped, nor Post, nor Door,  
Nor Gate, nor Rail, nor Bawd, nor Whore:

You could not know (oh strange Mishap!)

Whether you saw the *Town* or *Map*.

But the pure House of *Emanuel*

Would not be like proud *Jezabel*,

Nor shew her self before the King

An Hypocrite, or *painted* Thing:

But, that the Ways might all prove fair,

Conceiv'd a redious Mile of Prayer.

Upon the look'd-for Seventh of *March*,

Outwent the Townsmen all in Starch,

Both Band and Beard, into the Field,

Where one a Speech could hardly wield;

For needs he would begin his Stile,

The King being from him half a Mile.

They gave the King a piece of Plate,

Which they hop'd never came too late;

But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,

For there is in it just Nothing:

And so prefer'd with Tune and Gate,

A Speech as empty as their Plate.

Now, as the King came near the Town,

Each one ran crying up and down,

Alas poor *Oxford*, thou'rt undone,

For now the King's past *Trompington*,

And rides upon his brave Grey Dapple,

Seeing the Top of *King's College* Chapel.

Next rode his Lordship on a Nag,

Whose Coat was blue, whose Ruff was shag,

And then began his Reverence

To speak most eloquent Non-sense:

See how (quoth he) most Mighty Prince,

For vey Joy my Horse doth Wince.

What cries the Town? What we? (said he)

What cries the University?

What cry the Boys? What ev'ry thing?

Behold, behold, yon comes the King:



And ev'ry Period he bedecks

With *En & Ecce venit Rex*.

Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our Dirt

That no Silk Stockings should be hurt;

But, we in vain strive to be fine,

Unless your Grace's Sun doth shine;

And with the Beams of your bright Eye,

You will be pleas'd our Streets to dry.

Now come we to the Wonderment

Of *Christendom*, and eke of *Kent*,

The *Trinity*: which to surpass,

Doth deck her Spokesman by a Glass:

Who, clad in Gay and Silken Weeds,

Thus opes his Mouth, hark how he speeds;

I wonder what your Grace doth here,

Who have expected been twelve Year,

And this your Son, fair *Carolus*,

That is so *Jacobissimus*:

Here's none, of all, your Grace refuses,

You are most welcome to our Muses.

Although we have no Bells to jangle,

Yet can we shew a fair Quadrangle,

Which, though it ne'er was grac'd with King,

Yet sure it is a goodly thing:

My Warning's short, no more I'll say,

Soon you shall see a gallant Play.

But nothing was so much admir'd;

As were their Plays so well attir'd;

Nothing did win more Praise of mine,

Than did their Actors most Divine:

So did they drink their Healths divinely,

So did they Dance and Skip so finely.

Their Plays had sundry grave wise Factors,

A perfect Diocess of Actors

Upon the Stage; for I am sure that

There was both Bishop, Pastor, Curat:

Nor was their Labour light, or small,

The Charge of some was Pastoral.

Our Plays were certainly much worse,  
 For they had a brave Hobby-horse,  
 Which did present unto his Grace  
 A wondrous witty ambling Pace :

But we were chiefly spoil'd by that

Which was six Hours of *God knows what.*

His Lordship then was in a Rage,  
 His Lordship lay upon the Stage,  
 His Lordship cry'd, All would be marr'd:  
 His Lordship lov'd a-life the Guard,

And did invite those mighty Men,

To what think you? Even to a *Hen.*

He knew he was to use their Might  
 To help to keep the Door at Night,  
 And well bestow'd he thought his Hen,  
 That they might Tolebooth *Oxford Men :*

He thought it did become a Lord

To threaten with that Bug-bear word.

Now pass we to the Civil Law,  
 And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,  
 Who all perform'd their Parts so well,  
 Sir *Edward Ratcliff* bore the Bell,

Who was, by the King's own Appointment,

To speak of Spells, and Magick Ointment.

The Doctors of the Civil Law

Urg'd ne'er a Reason worth a Straw;

And though they went in Silk and Sattin,

They *Thomson*-like clip'd the King's *Latin;*

But yet his Grace did Pardon then

All Treasons against *Priscian.*

Here no Man spake ought to the Point,

But all they said was out of Joint;

Just like the Chapel ominous

In th' Colledge called *God with us :*

Which truly doth stand much awry,

Just North and South, *Yes verily.*

Philosophers did well their Parts,

Which prov'd them Masters of their Arts;

Their Moderator was no Fool,  
 He far from *Cambridge* kept a School:  
 The Country did such store afford,  
 The Proctors might not speak a Word.  
 But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,  
 And of the Court the Town was eas'd:  
 Yet *Oxford* though (dear Sister) hark yet,  
 The King is gone but to *New-Market*,  
 And comes again e'er it be long,  
 Then you may make another Song.  
 The King being gone from *Trinity*,  
 They make a Scramble for Degree;  
 Masters of all Sorts, and all Ages,  
 Keepers, Subcizers, Lackeys, Pages,  
 Who all did throng to come abroad,  
 With *Pray make me now, Good my Lord.*  
 They prest his Lordship wondrous hard,  
 His Lordship then did want the Guard;  
 So did they throng him for the nonce,  
 Until he Blest them all at once,  
 And cryed, *Hodissimè:*  
*Omnes Magistri estote.*  
 Nor is this all which we do sing,  
 For of your Praise the World must ring:  
 Reader, unto your Tackling look,  
 For there is coming forth a Book  
 Will spoil *Joseph Barnesius*  
 The Sale of *Rex Platonius.*

On the DEATH of Sir THO.  
 PELHAM.

**M**Eerly for Death to grieve and mourn  
 Were to repine that Man was born.  
 When weak old Age doth fall asleep,  
 'T were foul Ingratitude to weep.

Those Threds alone should force out Tears,  
 Whose sudden crack breaks off some Years.  
 Here 'tis not so, full distance here  
 Sunder the Cradle from the Bier.  
 A Fellow-traveller he hath been  
 So long with Time, so worn to th' Skin,  
 That were it not just now bereft  
 His Body first the Soul had left,  
 Threescore and ten is Nature's date,  
 Our Journey when we come in late:  
 Beyond that time the overplus  
 Was granted not to him, but us.  
 For his own sake the Sun ne'er stood,  
 But only for the Peoples good:  
 Even so he was held out by Air  
 Which poor Men uttered in their Prayer:  
 And as his Goods were lent to give,  
 So were his Days that they might live.  
 So ten Years more to him were told,  
 Enough to make another Old:  
 Oh that Death would still do so,  
 Or else on good Men would bestow  
 That waste of Years which Unthrifts fling  
 Away by their Distemp'ring.  
 That some might thrive by this decay  
 As well as that of Land and Clay.  
 'Twas now well done: No cause to moan  
 On such a seasonable Stone;  
 Where Death is but a Guest, we Sin  
 Not bidding welcome to his Inn.  
 Sleep, sleep, good Man, thy Rest embrace,  
 Sleep, sleep, th' art trod a weary Race.



## Of MUSICK.

WHEN whispering Strains with creeping Wind  
 Distill soft Passion through the Heart,  
 And whilst at every touch we find  
 Our Pulses beat and bear a Part.  
 When threds can make  
 Our Heart-strings shake;  
 Philosophy can scarce deny  
 Our Souls consist in Harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air,  
 My Senses each with wonder sweet;  
 Like Snow on Wool thy fallings are,  
 Soft like Spirits are thy Feet.  
 Grief who needs fear  
 That hath an Ear?  
 Down let him lye  
 And slumbring dye,  
 And change his Soul for Harmony.

*The* CATHOLICK.

I Hold as faith  
 What *Rome's* Ch. saith  
 Where the King is Head  
 The Flock's mis-led  
 Where the Altars drest  
 The Peoples blest  
 He's but an Ass  
 Who spens the Mass

What *England's* Church allows:  
 My Conscience disallows:  
 That Church can have no shame:  
 That holds the Pope Supream:  
 There's Service scarce Divine:  
 With Table-Bread and Wine:  
 Who the Communion flies:  
 Is Catholick and Wise.



Under Mr. MILTON's Picture, before  
his Paradise Lost.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THREE Poets in three distant Ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of Thought surpass'd;  
The next in Majesty; in both the last.  
The force of Nature cou'd no further go;  
To make a Third she join'd the former Two.

---

A S O N G.

WHEN Orpheus sweetly did complain  
Upon his Lute with heavy strain,  
How his *Enrydice* was slain;  
The Trees to hear  
Obtain'd an Ear,  
And after left it off again.

At every stroke, and every stay,  
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,  
And listned bending every way;  
The Ashen-Tree  
As well as he  
Began to shake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could speak, a Tree might hear,  
If Wood can sound our Grief so near,  
A Tree might drop an amber Tear:  
If Wood so well  
Could sound a Knell,  
The Cypress might condole the beer.

The standing Nobles of the Grove,  
 Hearing dead Wood to speak and move,  
 The fatal Ax began to loye ;  
     They envied Death  
     That gave such breath,  
 As Men alive do Saints above.

---

## LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

**H**ARK my *Flora*, Love doth call us  
 To the strife that must befall us :  
 He hath robb'd his Mother's Myrtles,  
 And hath pull'd her downy Turtles.  
     See our genial Posts are crown'd,  
 And our Beds like Billows rise :  
     Softer Lifts are no where found,  
 And the strife it self's the Prize.

Let not shades and dark affright thee,  
 Thy Eyes have Lustre that will light thee :  
 Think not any can surprize us,  
 Love himself doth now Disguise us :  
     From thy Waste that Girdle throw :  
 Night and Silence both wait here,  
     Words or Actions who can know  
 Where there's neither Eye nor Ear ?

Shew thy Bosom, and then hide it ;  
 Licence Touching, and then chide it ;  
 Proffer something, and forbear it ;  
 Give a grant, and then forswear it :  
     Ask where all my Shame is gone,  
 Call us wanton, wicked Men ;  
     Do as Turtles kiss and groan,  
 Say thou ne'er shalt joy again.

I can hear thee Curse, yet chafe thee;  
Drink thy Tears, and still Embrace thee:  
Easie Riches are no Treasure,  
She that's willing spoils the Pleasure:  
Love bids learn the Wrestlers flight,  
Pull and struggle when we twine;  
Let me use my Force to Night,  
The next Conquest shall be thine.





# PASTORALS.

---

B Y

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

---

*Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, sylvasque, Inglorius! —*

VIRG.

---



---

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351

LECTURE 1

LECTURE 1

LECTURE 1



## S P R I N G.

*The First Pastoral, or* DAMON.

Inscrib'd to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.



FIRST in these Fields I try the Syl-  
van Strains,

Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blis-  
ful Plains :

Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy  
sacred Spring, [sing ;

While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses

Let Vernal Airs thro' trembling *Ofers* play,

And *Albion's* Cliffs resound the Rural Lay.

You, that too Wise for Pride, too Good for Pow'r,  
Enjoy the Glory to be Great no more,

And carrying with you all the World can boast,  
To all the World Illustriously are lost !

O let my Muse her slender Reed inspire,

'Till in your Native Shades You tune the Lyre :

So when the Nightingale to Rest removes,

The Thrush may chant to the forsaken Groves,

But, charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,

And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings.

*Daphnis* and *Strephon* to the Shades retir'd,

Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd ;

Fresh as the Morn, and as the Season fair,

In flow'ry *Vales* they fed their fleecy Care ;

And while *Aurora* gilds the Mountain's Side,

Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

*DAPHNIS.*

Hear how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,  
 With joyous Musick wake the dawning Day!  
 Why sit we mute, when early Linnets sing,  
 When warbling *Philomel* salutes the Spring?  
 Why sit we sad, when *Phosphor* shines so clear,  
 And lavish Nature paints the Purple Year?

*STREPHON.*

Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the Strain,  
 While yon slow Oxen turn the furrow'd Plain.  
 Here on green Banks the blushing Vio'lets glow;  
 Here Western Winds on breathing Roses blow.  
 I'll stake my Lamb that near the Fountain plays,  
 And from the Brink his dancing Shade surveys.

*DAPHNIS.*

And I this Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,  
 And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines:  
 Four Figures rising from the Work appear,  
 The various Seasons of the rowling Year;  
 And what is That, which binds the Radiant Sky,  
 Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lye?

*DAMON.*

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,  
 Now Hawthorns blossom, now the Daisies spring,  
 Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground;  
 Begin, the Vales shall Eccho to the Sound.

*STREPHON.*

Inspire me, *Phœbus*, in my *Delia's* Praise,  
 With *Waller's* Strains, or *Granville's* moving Lays!  
 A Milk-white Bull shall at your Altars stand,  
 That threatens a Fight, and spurns the rising Sand.

*DAPHNIS.*

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the Prize,  
 And make my Tongue victorious as her Eyes;  
 No Lambs or Sheep for Victims I'll impart,  
 Thy Victim, Love, shall be the Shepherd's Heart.

*STREPHON.*

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,  
 Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;

But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

D A P H N I S.

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen,  
While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

S T R E P H O N.

O'er Golden Sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,  
And Trees weep Amber on the Banks of *Po*;  
Blest *Thames's* Shores the brightest Beauties yield,  
Feed here my Lambs, I'll seek no distant Field.

D A P H N I S.

Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia's* Groves,  
*Diana Cynthus*, *Ceres Hybla* loves;  
If *Windsor-Shades* delight the matchless Maid,  
*Cynthus* and *Hybla* yield to *Windsor-Shade*.

S T R E P H O N.

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Show'rs,  
Hush'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flow'rs;  
If *Delia* smile, the Flow'rs begin to spring,  
The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to sing.

D A P H N I S.

All Nature laughs, the Groves fresh Honours wear,  
The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air;  
If *Sylvia* smile, new Glories gild the Shore,  
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

S T R E P H O N.

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,  
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove;  
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia's* Sight,  
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

D A P H N I S.

*Sylvia's* like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,  
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day,  
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,  
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

## S T R E P H O N.

Say Shepherd, say, in what glad Soil appears  
A wondrous *Tree* that Sacred *Monarchs* bears?  
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the Prize,  
And give the Conquest to thy *Sylvia's* Eyes.

## D A P H N I S.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy Fields  
The *Thistle* springs, to which the *Lilly* yields?  
And then a nobler Prize I will resign,  
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia* shall be thine.

## D A M O N.

Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree  
The Bowl to *Strephon*, and the Lamb to thee:  
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry Grace excell;  
Elest Nymphs, whose Swains those Graces sing so well!  
Now rise, and haste to yonder Woodbine Bow'rs,  
A soft Retreat from sudden vernal Show'rs;  
The Turf with rural Dainties shall be Crown'd,  
While opening Blooms diffuse their Sweets around,  
For see! the gath'ring Flocks to Shelter tend,  
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful Show'rs descend.

## S U M M E R.

*The Second Pastoral, or* A L E X I S.

A Faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to sing,  
Bewail'd his Fate beside a silver Spring;  
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads  
Thro' verdant Forests, and thro' flow'ry Meads.  
There while he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow,  
The Flocks around a dumb Compassion show,  
The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry Watry Bow'r,  
And *Jove* consented in a silent Show'r.

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early Lays,  
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;

Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,  
From Love, the sole Disease thou canst not cure!

Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,  
Defence from *Phæbus*, not from *Cupid's* Beams;  
To you I mourn; nor to the Deaf I sing,  
The Woods shall answer, and their Echo ring.  
Ev'n Hills and Rocks attend my doleful Lay,  
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?  
The bleating Sheep with my Complaints agree,  
They parch'd with Heat, and I inflam'd by thee:  
The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty Plains,  
While in thy Heart Eternal Winter reigns.

Where are ye Muses, in what Lawn or Grove,  
While your *Alexis* pines in hopeless Love?  
In those fair Fields where Sacred *Isis* glides,  
Or else where *Cam* his winding Vales divides?  
As in the Crystal Spring I view my Face,  
Fresh rising Blushes paint the watry Glass;  
But since those Graces please thy Sight no more,  
I'll shun the Fountains which I sought before.  
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,  
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the Morning Dew;  
Ah wretched Shepherd, what avails thy Art,  
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!

Let other Swains attend the Rural Care,  
Feed fairer Flocks, or richer Fleeces share;  
But nigh that Mountain let me tune my Lays,  
Embrace my Love, and bind my Brows with Bays:  
That Flute is mine which *Colin's* tuneful Breath  
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death;  
He said; *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the same  
That taught the Groves my *Rosalinda's* Name----  
Yet soon the Reeds shall hang on yonder Tree,  
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

O were I made by some transforming Pow'r,  
The Captive Bird that sings within thy Bow'r!  
Then might my Voice thy list'ning Ears employ,  
And I those Kisses he receives, enjoy,

And yet my Numbers please the rural Throng,  
 Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song:  
 The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,  
 Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;  
 Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,  
 On you their Gifts are all bestow'd again!  
 For you the Swains the fairest Flow'rs design,  
 And in one Garland all their Beauties join;  
 Accept the Wreath which You deserve alone,  
 In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in One.

See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!  
 Descending Gods have found *Elysium* here.  
 In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,  
 And chaste *Diana* haunts the Forest Shade.  
 Come lovely Nymph, and bless the silent Hours,  
 When Swains from Sheering seek their nightly Bow'rs;  
 When weary Reapers quit the sultry Field,  
 And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield,  
 This harmless Grove no lurking Viper hides,  
 But in my Breast the Serpent Love abides.  
 Here Bees from Blossoms sip the rosie Dew,  
 But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you.  
 Some God conduct you to these blissful Seats,  
 The mossie Fountains, and the green Retreats!  
 Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade,  
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a Shade,  
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise,  
 And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes.  
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my Days,  
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your Praise;  
 Your Praise the Birds shall chant in ev'ry Grove,  
 And Winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above.  
 But wou'd you sing, and rival *Orpheus* Strain,  
 The wondring Forests soon shou'd dance again,  
 The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,  
 And headlong Streams hang list'ning in their Fall!

But see, the Shepherds shun the Noon-day Heat,  
 The lowing Herds to murr'ring Brooks retreat,



To cloſer Shades the panting Flocks remove,  
Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?  
But ſoon the Sun with milder Rays deſcends  
To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends;  
On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,  
By Night he ſcorches, as he burns by Day.

A U T U M N.

*The Third Paſtoral, or Hylas and Ægon.*

To W. WYCHERLEY, Eſq;

**B**ENEATH the Shade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,  
*Hylas* and *Ægon* ſung their Rural Lays;  
To whoſe Complaints the liſt'ning Foreſts bend,  
While one his Miſtreſs mourns, and one his Friend:  
Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your ſacred Succour bring;  
*Hylas* and *Ægon's* Rural Lays I ſing.

Thou, whom the Nire with *Plautus'* Wit inſpire,  
The Art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* Fire;  
Whoſe Senſe inſtructs us, and whoſe Humour charms,  
Whoſe Judgment ſways us, and whoſe Rapture warms!  
Attend the Muſe, tho' low her Numbers be,  
She ſings of Friendſhip, and ſhe ſings to thee.

The ſetting Sun now ſhone ſerenely bright,  
And fleecy Clouds were ſtreak'd with Purple Light;  
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious Moan  
Taught Rocks to weep, and made the *Mountains* groan.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!  
To *Thyrsis* Ear the tender Notes convey!  
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt Love deſpores,  
And with deep Murmurs fills the ſounding Shores;  
Thus, far from *Thyrsis*, to the Winds I mourn,  
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!  
For him the feather'd Quires neglect their Song;

For him the Lymes their pleasing Shades deny;  
 For him the Lillies hang their heads and dye.  
 Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the Spring,  
 Ye Birds, that left by Summer, cease to sing,  
 Ye Trees that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,  
 Say, is not Absence Death to those who love?

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!  
 Curs'd be the Fields that cause my *Thyrsis*' Stay:  
 Fade ev'ry Blossom, wither ev'ry Tree,  
 Dye ev'ry Flow'r, and perish All, but He.  
 What have I said?----where-e'er my *Thyrsis* flies,  
 Let Spring attend, and sudden Flow'rs arise;  
 Let opening Roses knotted Oaks adorn,  
 And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!  
 The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,  
 The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,  
 And Streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.  
 Not bubling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,  
 Not balmy Sleep to Lab'ers faint with Pain,  
 Not Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshine to the Bee,  
 Are half so charming as thy Sight to me.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!  
 Come *Thyrsis*, come, ah why this long Delay?  
 Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Thyrsis* sounds,  
*Thyrsis*, each Cave and echoing Rock rebounds.  
 Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing Frensie sooths my Mind!  
 Do Lovers dream, or is my Shepherd kind?  
 He comes, my Shepherd comes!---now cease my Lay,  
 And cease ye Gales to bear my Sighs away!

Next *Agon* sung, while *Windsor* Groves admir'd;  
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what your selves inspir'd.

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain!  
 Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I'll complain:  
 Here where the *Mountains* less'ning as they rise,  
 Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies.  
 While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,  
 In their loose Traces from the Field retreat;

While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are seen,  
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green.

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!  
Beneath yon Poplar oft we past the Day:  
Oft on the Rind I carv'd her Am'rous Vows,  
While She with Garlands grac'd the bending Boughs;  
The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away;  
So dies her Love, and so my Hopes decay.

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain!  
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain,  
Now Golden Fruits on loaded Branches shine,  
And grateful Clusters swell with floods of Wine;  
Now blushing Berries paint the fertile Grove;  
Just Gods! shall all things yield Returns but Love?

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!  
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey----  
Ah! what avails it me, the Flocks to keep,  
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my Sheep.  
*Pan* came, and ask'd, what Magick caus'd my Smart,  
Or what *Ill Eyes* malignant Glances dart?  
What Eyes but hers, alas, have Pow'r on me!  
Oh mighty Love, what Magick is like thee!

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strains!  
I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry Plains.---  
From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may remove,  
Forfakè Mankind, and all the World---but Love!  
I know thee Love! wild as the raging Main,  
More fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* Plain;  
Thou wert from *Aetna's* burning Entrails torn,  
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!  
Farewell ye Woods! adieu the Light of Day!  
One Leap from yonder Cliff shall end my Pains.  
No more ye Hills, no more resound my Strains!

Thus sung the Shepherds'till th' Approach of Night,  
The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,  
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,  
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade.

## W I N T E R.

*The Fourth Pastoral, or DAPHNE.*

To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady.

LYCIDAS.

**T***Hyrsis*, the Musick of that murm'ring Spring  
Is not so mournful as the Strains you sing,  
Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below,  
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.  
Now sleeping Flocks on their soft Fleeces lye,  
The Moon, serene in Glory, mounts the Sky,  
While silent Birds forget their tuneful Lays,  
Oh sing of *Daphne's* Fate, and *Daphne's* Praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the *Groves* that shine with silver Frost,  
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost.  
Here shall I try the sweet *Alexis's* Strain,  
That call'd the list'ning *Dryads* to the Plain?  
*Thames* heard the Numbers as he flow'd along,  
And bade his Willows learn the moving Song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind Rains their vital Moisture yield,  
And swell the future Harvest of thy Field:  
Begin; this Charge the dying *Daphne* gave,  
And said; "Ye Shepherds, sing around my Grave.  
Sing, while beside the shaded Tomb I mourn,  
And with fresh Bays her Rural Shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle *Muses* leave your Crystal Spring,  
Let *Nymphs* and *Sylvans* Cypress Garlands bring;  
Ye weeping *Loves*, the Stream with Myrtles hide,  
And break your Bows; as when *Adonis* dy'd;  
And with your Golden Darts, now useles' grown,  
Inscribe a Verse on this relenting Stone:

“ Let Nature change, let Heav’n and Earth deplore,  
 “ Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Love is now no more!

’Tis done, and Nature’s various Charms decay;  
 See gloomy Clouds obscure the chearful Day!

Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,  
 Their faded Honours scatter’d on her Bier.

See, where on Earth the flow’ry Glories lye,  
 With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Beauty’s now no more!

For her, the Flocks refuse their verdant Food,  
 Nor thirsty Heifers seek the gliding Flood.

The silver Swans her hapless Fate bemoan,  
 In sadder Notes than when they sing their own.

*Eccho* no more the rural Song rebounds,

Her Name alone the mournful *Eccho* sounds,

Her Name with Pleasure once she taught the Shore,

Now *Daphne*’s dead, and Pleasure is no more!

No grateful Dews descend from Ev’ning Skies,  
 Nor Morning Odours from the Flow’rs arise.

No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,

Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incense yield.

The balmy *Zephyrs*, silent since her Death,

Lament the Ceasing of a sweeter Breath.

Th’ industrious Bees neglect their Golden Store;

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* sings,  
 Shall list’ning in mid Air suspend their Wings;

No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,

Or hush’d with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:

No more the Streams their Murmurs shall forbear,

A sweeter Musick than their own to hear,

But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Musick is no more!

Her Fate is whisper’d by the gentle Breeze,

And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;

The trembling Trees, in ev’ry Plain and Wood,

Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood;

The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears  
Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears;  
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,  
*Daphne*, our Grief! our Glory now no more!

But see! where *Daphne* wondring mounts on high,  
Above the Clouds, above the Starry Sky.

Eternal Beauties grace the shining Scene,  
Fields ever fresh, and Groves for ever green!

There, while You rest in *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,  
Or from those Meads select unfading Flow'rs,

Behold us kindly who your Name implore,

*Daphne*, our Goddess, and our Grief no more!

L Y C I D A S.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!

Such Silence waits on *Philomela's* Strains,

In some still Ev'ning, when the whisp'ring Breeze

Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.

To thee, bright Goddess, oft a Lamb shall bleed,

If teeming Ewes encrease my fleecy Breed.

While Plants their Shade, or Flow'rs their Odours give,

Thy Name, thy Honour, and thy Praise shall live!

T H Y R S I S.

See pale *Orion* sheds unwholsome Dews,

Arise, the Pines a noxious Shade diffuse;

Sharp *Boreas* blows, and Nature feels Decay,

Time conquers All, and We must Time obey.

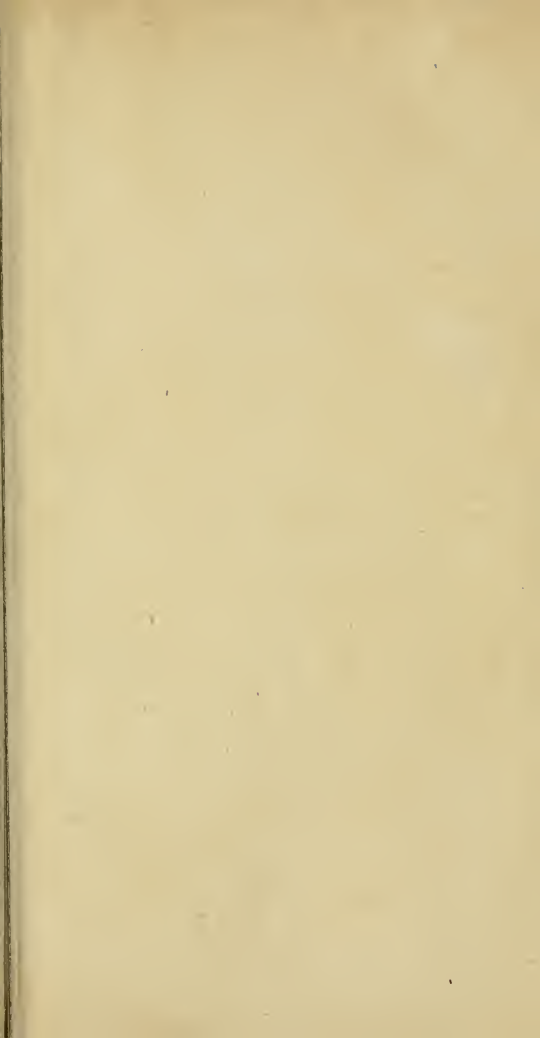
Adieu ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves,

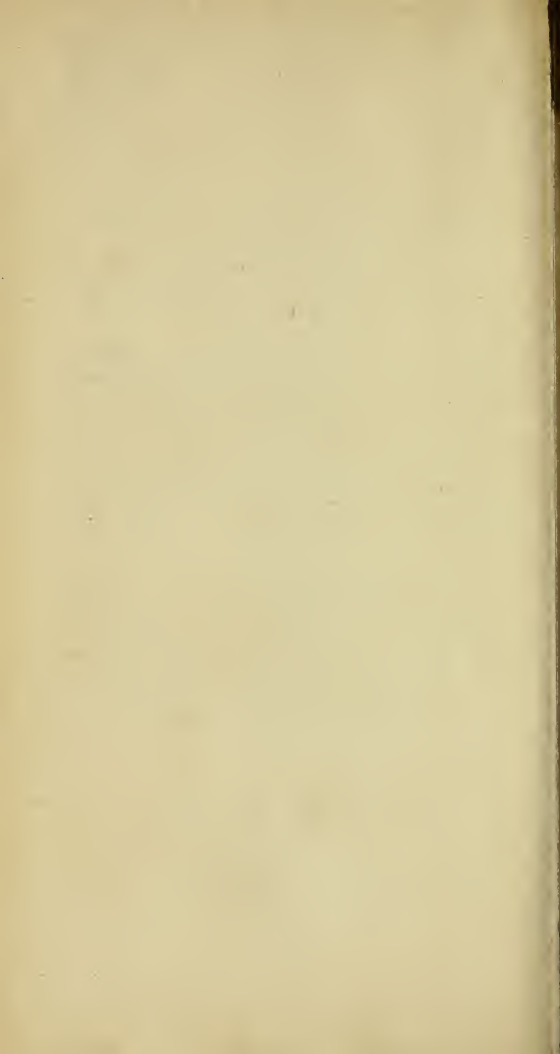
Adieu ye Shepherds rural Lays and Loves,

Adieu my Flocks, farewell ye Sylvan Crew,

*Daphne* farewell, and all the World adieu!

F I N I S.









This book is DUE on the last  
date stamped below

SEP 22 1943

SEP 22 1963

INTERLIBRARY LOANS

AUG 29 1969  
REC'D LD-URL

SEP 6 1969

THREE WEEKS FROM DATE OF RECEIPT  
NON-RENEWABLE UCSB

LD-URL NOV 6 1972

NOV 2 1973



3 1158 00989 9625

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**B** 000 000 760 9

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES  
LIBRARY

