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[Shadwell, Thomas]

SATYR

Part. 1.

TO HIS

MUSE.

By the Author of

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL.

*Quo liceat libris non licet ire mihi
Turpiter huc illuc Ingeniosus eat.*

LONDON,

Printed for D. Green, 1682.

Drunk 'gainst my Stomack 'gainst my Conscience
 Against my Will I Marry'd a rank W--- (Swore,
 After two Children and a Third Miscarriage,
 By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage,
 Affected Rapes and Lufts I'd never known,
 As if that all *Gomorrhah* was my own,
 Nor Love nor Wine cou'd ever see me Gay,
 To writing bred I knew not what to Say,
 With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits Befet,
 When I want Mony and no Friend will Treat,
 Cheard with one Cup of thy *Castalian* Spring,
 I can Abuse the Church, my Friend, and King ;
 Tell him, he's jilted, soold, led by the Nose,
 Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes ;
 Libel his Mistresses and Statesemen too,
 Then o're his Whoring life old *David* Throw,
 By whom *Uriah* was so basely Slain,
 But our good Monarch spares his *Castle*--- }
 And *Oates* his Plots and Treasons swears in vain ; }

Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Clothes,
And then Deny it with a thousand Oathes.

Adriel to Please, call *Rocheſter* a Fool,

Sidley a Capuchin, and ſharp *Dorſet* Dull.

I like *Boroſky* by the falſe *Count* hir'd,

On *Scroop* my Blunderbuſs of Satyr fir'd,

In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too, }
} }
} }

What more to *Hall* or *Cranborn* cou'd I do,

Who long enjoy'd e're I began to Woe,

Thou'lt ſay perhaps what is all this to thee,

If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be;

Oh but thou ſhouldeſt thy ſacred aid Refuſe,

When I Invoke it to ſo baſe an uſe,

Blunt of my Murdring Pen, the killing Point,

And Honoſtly reſuſe the Odious Hint,

But thou ne're com'ſt ſo gladly to my call,

As when on merit unprovok't I fall,

Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,

Lady abuſed or Virtuouſ Action blam'd,

Thou

Thou with Officious hast rankst ev'ry word,
 And giv'st thy Raging Madman a sharp Sword,
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou when I an Hellish task Command,
 To thee ungrateful! what has *Monmoth* don,
 That Parson like thou cal'st him *Absalon*,
 And by that Name dost Foolishly infer,
 He from old *Davids* Head the Crown woud Tear?
 Was he Ambitious he had kept his Place,
 Stood high in *Davids* as the Peoples Grace,
 And warlike chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
 To the whole Nations Hearts had joynd their Hands,
 Of Public good dissembled his deep Carc,
 With the false *Jebusite* a while kept Fair,
 Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
 Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
 Our Church, Riligion, Freedom and our Laws,
 Those Darling-Morfels of their longing Jaws,
 (Wife *Stanly* thus till *Bosworths* fatal Day,
 Did seeming Faith to Cruel *Richard* Pay,

But

But left the Tyrant in the heat of fight,
 And brought success to *Harry's* drooping right,
Monmoth's brave mind cou'd no disguise endure,
 Still Noble ways preferring to secure;
 While *David* lavishes his Peoples love,
 He buys the Purchase, with design t'improve;
 And like some prudent Kinsman reconvey
 What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
 Left the Great Ancient Family decay.
 Good honest *David*, why wou'dst thou have made,
 Of such a Son, and Parliaments, afraid?
 Which whilst he Sways, what Faction dares dispute,
 Or who can say, He is not Absolute:
 Thro' them he may command the Peoples Purse,
 And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse:
 By Laws they wou'd a Popish Heir Exclude,
 Not by Rude Force, or a Tumultuous Croud.
 Against *Navarre* the Factious Princes Leagu'd,
 And the right Heir the Papal World Entrigu'd;

When

When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
 The State Religion he was forc'd to own;
 The harmless People took it in good Part,
 The Zealous Church yet Stab'd him to the Heart,
 Taught by all Story there was no defence, (Prince;
 But they must change their Faith or change their
 Who wou'd not here the like extreams Prevent,
 And settle things by aid of Parliament.
 Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,
 Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm;
 Inferiour Judges Trembling to decree,
 What may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee,
 The Chancellors and ill Staesmens only Dread,
 For it is thou alone can reach their Head,
 By thee fell *Wolfey* and false *Clarend*---
 Abandon'd by their Kings but here undon;
 Both overwhelm'd for daring to Remove,
 Or Stem the Torrent of their Masters Love,
 The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd,
 The other made Lov'd *Stuart Richmond's* Bride,
 And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hide*,
 To

To their own Ruine can men all Agree,
 And none the precipice but Courtiers See.
 Courtiers who Importune the Sovereign,
 To Pardon Robbers Cut-throats for their gain.
 Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks forfeits Fines,
 And cannot Thrive but when the Nation Pines,
 Unhappy we if rul'd by such, whose Rent
 Consists in Breaches of the Government.

Some few there are with great Estates indeed,
 Yet Labour with Imaginary need,
 Strange sort of Fools who for one Pension more,
 Inslave themselves and all they had before,
 Others with titles and new Earldome Caught,
 Wou'd give up all for which the Barons Fought,
 They're equally unfit for Government.
 Who nothing have or nothing will Content.

Who bad thee, in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
 Old *David's* Errors and his Faults Proclame.
 Or say " Plots True or False are needful things,
 " To set up Common Wealths and pull down Kings,

“ That *David* (whom thou dost with reverence name)

“ Charm'd into ease, grows careles of his Fame ;

“ And brib'd with Petty fums of Forreign Gold,

“ Is grown in *Bathshebas* embraces Old,

“ That like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,

“ He now comes downward with diminish'd Light.

If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,

Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part.

The peoples voice, of old, the voice of God,

Thou call'st the voice of an unruly Crowd ;

Crowds are the Fools,-----

That Flock to thine, and *Durfey's* Loyal Plays,

And give Implicite Claps on your Third Days ;

About the Stage of Mountebanck they VVait,

And Whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,

But have like thee, no Interest in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,

And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* Bow,

But with old *England* what hast thou to Do;

VVho

VVho from our Kings an useful Power wou'd take,
 (Nor have they Power but for the Peoples Sake,)
 Difarm themselves and Anarchy Bespeak,
 King's may do good at their full Stretch of VVill,
 And need not for a'strain, or Law stand still ;
 They spare with Mercy, tho with Judgment Kill,
 Confin'd like God, only from doing Ill:
 Thus in our Papal fire, to save the Town,
 Some houses were blown up, and some pull'd down ;
 None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood
 A private mischeif, for the public good.
 Tho we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The Sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks shou'd Hear ;
 A Sovereign Power somewhere there must be,
 In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than His,
 VVhich can do all, and nothing do Amifs ;
 The Sacred Tyes of marriage can Dissolve,
 And Children in their Parents crimes Involve,

Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
 And Injur'd Husbands, legal VViddowers:
 Cut off Entails, make New repeal old Laws,
 And of contending Kings, decide the Cause.
 Thus from the Helm our Learned *Richard* thrust,
 Confes'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence just.
 And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* Sate,
 Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Prisoner of the State.

Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife;
 There *jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night;
 In his Defence each private man may Kill;
 Must then a Nation Perish, and stand Still?
 If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
 When can a Christian Sword be in the Right?

Oh the Prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting;
 To call *Achit'phells* Son, Unfeather'd two leg'd Thing?
 So by old *Plato* man was once defin'd,
 Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.

Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may Vie,
 For all but Courage, *VV*it, and Honesty.
 As loud he roard 'gainst the Prerogative,
 As sharply blam'd as Stingily wou'd give,
 Till his own wants oblig'd him to recieve,
 And on his cheated Sire he cou'd no longer live,
*VV*hose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,
 Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.

Thy *Hushai* next a true Friend e're a Man,
 So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
*VV*as but Fourteen when *David* was Abroad,
 Less fit for a Kings Friendship than a Rod.
*VV*hich he deserv'd when he with Tears Reply'd,
 And in full house the Loyal Baby Cry'd,
 How cou'd one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
 And add Experience to his native Truth;
 Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
 As e'vry Fool, Whore, Bully has don Since,
 To other Merit he has no pretence,

Bazzillais Praise I coud rehearse again,
 And make the second Labour of my Pen ;
 Wife, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
 Born all that Fortune for her Darlings Meant,
 Who nobly Scorn'd a private Happiness,
 When he beheld his Sovereign in Distress,
 To Armes he flew, but with bold *Catoes* Fate,
 Espous'd the Cause that fortune seem'd to Hate,
 Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
 He pull'd the mighty Ruine on his own.

But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's* lewd Sagan,
 At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon ;
 Not *Magdalen* possesst in all her Prime,
 With her Ten Devils cou'd have Equall'd Him.

Why woul'st thou call thy *Adriel* a Muse,
 And *David* of his hasty rise Accuse,
 When we all know the same obliging Hand
 Gave him his George, and *Churchil* his Command,
Fermin his Country house, & *Bromwich* his point Band.

Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle thing,
 Famous for Jests upon the Church and King;
 One while *Pythagoras's* harmles Food,
 For Thoughts and *Politicks* must cool his Blood;
 And then again with Whores and Lusty Wines,
 Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that Dines;
 Quibles, Jokes, Puns, and Trifling Wit he has,
 And like the *Sweed* is very Rich in Brass;
 Against the Court, and *David's*-self he Roard,
 How ill he Govern'd, and how worse he W--d.
 VVou'd swear a *Parrot* had more VVit than *Nelly*,
 VVith her Parch'd Face wrinckled more than *P--ths*
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints he Prays, (Belly;
 Which shews he will not Burn in *James's* Days;
 In his Plain Band, and Honesty in show,
 He only aim'd at *Danby's* overthrow,
 Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
 And farewell all his plain well meaning Friends;
 There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to Fear,
 With *Danby* all our Dangers Disappear;

Danby

Danby thus setting to prevent dark Night,
 This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Councillors with her glim'ring Ray,
 And all our Men of Business lose their VVay,
 Our Parliament's dissolv'd, new Members Meet,
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat,
 But the true English Interest Appeard,
 The *Silversmiths* for their *Diana* Feard ;
 Popery wou'd pass on us in no Disguize,
 No Flowers cou'd hide that Serpent from our Eyes ;
 VV' are in Such hast dissolv'd that in the Street,
 New chosen with dissoving Members Meet,
 And then a Paper in good *David's* Name,
 Must the proceedings of the House Defame,
 Sheriffs, and Juries packt, Justices made,
 Knights of th' Address, and all false colours laid,
 To Cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
 The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate,
 VVhat *Samson* in a Dungeon Captive Blind,
 In spiteful rage, for cruel Foes Design'd,

The House of Commons must be thought to do
Against themselves, and those that Trust them too.

The Head shall sooner fear its own Right-Hand,
Parents their Smiling Infants Death Command;
The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
Than Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King,
They may, thy Heroes, that small Faithful Band, }
Pretious Counsellors, who dare singly Stand }
'Gainst the Collective Wisdom of the Land ; }
David in Exile had more Friends than thou,
Wilt to his Best, his Happiest Days allow ;
Why sounds thy Trumpet in the time of Peace,
Art thou afraid our Differences shou'd Cease ;
That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more
Than any *Irish* Witnesses ever Swore ?
Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,
Care not what Ruine, or what Slaughters Made.

But hear me Prophecy, and Mark me well,
E're Thrice the Rose renews its Fragrant Smell,

People and King shall join like Man and
 And both Abhor the Engines of their Strife ;
 No more shall they endure a hackny Pen,
 And thou Cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
 Please none but silly Women, or worfe Men ;
David shall find Duty an empty Word,
 (For different Faiths can never have one Sword ;
 The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
 Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide ;)
 He then shall with his *Parliament* agree,
 And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be ;
Monmoth be Blest for all that he hath done,
 While thy vile Heroes to their *Pardons* run.

F I N I S.

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