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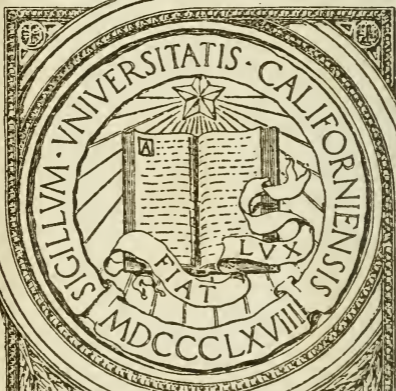
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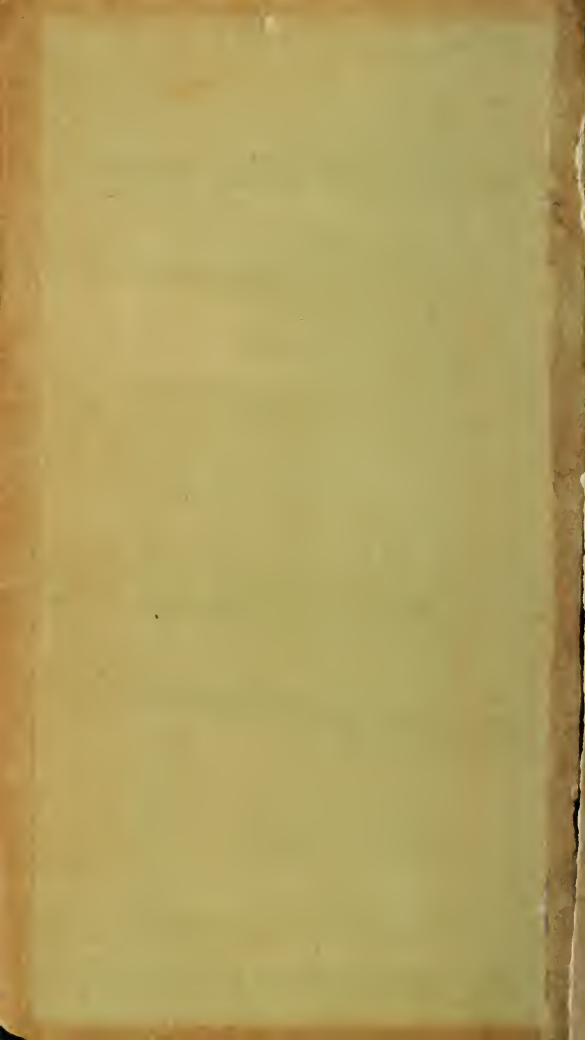
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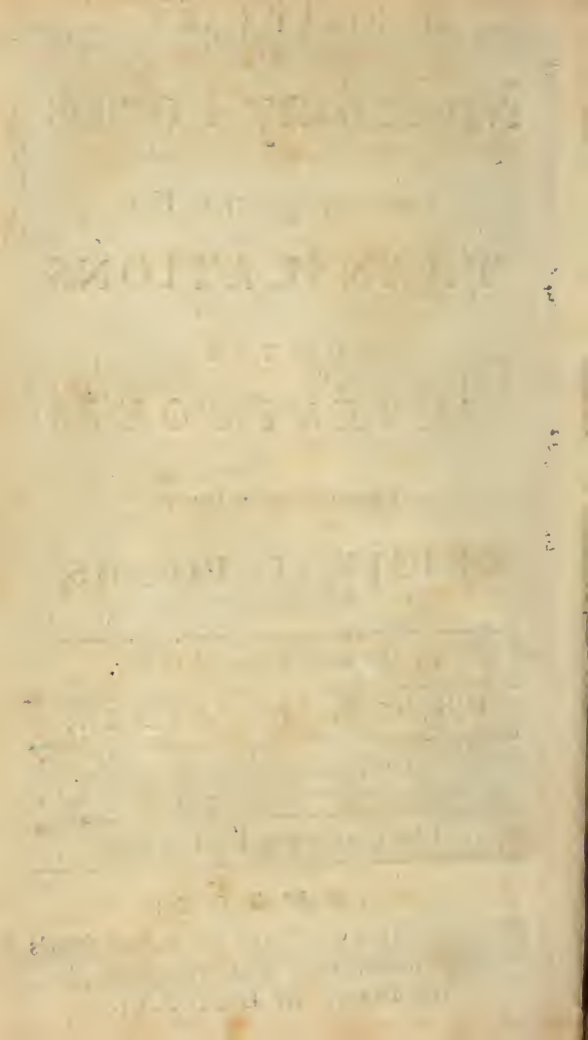
Publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

*Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, & Te, Proxima Myrte:
Sic posita quoniam suaveis miscetis odores. Virg. Ecl. 2.*

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L O N D O N:

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To His GRACE the

DUKE of *Newcastle.*

My LORD,



IS under Your Au-
spice that this Col-
lection now appears.
For who is so proper
to Patronise some Pieces not
unworthy of *Virgil* and *Ho-
race*, as *Mecenas*? Not only

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DEDICATION.

Your Quality has distinguish'd You, but Nature too; and as none but Your Great Ancestor, who adopted You, cou'd give You so great a Fortune; so none but Heav'n, who inspir'd him to do it, such a Soul to use it. How often has Your Charity seem'd a Profusion, and always done with a Grace and Behaviour still greater! For the Wants of many that Address to You last no longer than the time of telling them.

Wealth, if well consider'd, is but a splendid Vexation; and He Manages the best, who is
neither

DEDICATION.

neither Intemperate with it, nor Uneasie without it. I dare say, I am now writing to one whose Conduct discovers that Moderation and Humility may be consistent with Superfluity and Power; and that Show and Vanity are not constant Attendants on Youth, and a great Estate. On how many Occasions of late have You been known to shun Popularity, with more Industry than others court it! How little do You affect what the Cry of the Populace wou'd make one believe You promoted so much! A Tumult

DEDICATION.

is a Frenzy you neither like nor Encourage; nor can any Cause You engage in, want the Supports of Licentiousness and Violence. You are well assur'd, that Hate is often Blind as well as Love; and that none ought to be treated as Enemies, but those whom the Laws of Nature and Nations have declar'd so.

From this Consideration it is, that Candour and Benevolence directs all Your Actions, and that You are a Friend to every one that is not otherwise to Your Country. An equal Temper, a human Behaviour, and

DEDICATION.

and a good Conscience are the chief Pursuits of Your Ambition: And therefore it is that You chuse Retirement at an Age, when others think they breath not out of a Hurry, and a Court. With what Satisfaction do you always leave the Diversions of the Town for the Solitude of *Claremont*, where Nature at one careless Stroak has sketcht an infinite Variety; so pleasant is the Situation, and yet so proud, You can at once enjoy Your lov'd Recess, and look down on the Neighb'ring Royal Palaces that are crowded below.

There

D E D I C A T I O N.

There the Air is not tainted with the Breath of Flattery, nor ruffled with Animofities; but Truth walks unmask'd, and Innocence fleeps unguarded. There You Study the Interest of the Publick, and the Good of every private Man; and imitate very early that great Conful who frequently withdrew from *Rome*, and the *Fafces*, to Practife at *Tufculum* what he had learned at *Athens*.

I have fometime fince obferved, that he who came to advife You was always more welcome, than he that came to flatter You;

DEDICATION.

You; but if in any part of this,
Your Modesty thinks me guilty
of what I assure you I detest;
continue to be what I believe
You, and confirm as well the
Judgment as the Opinion of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

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P R E F A C E.

By Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

FOR this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose-fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot, (which succeeded them) in Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxism; never suspecting but that the Humour wou'd have wasted itself in two or three Pastorals of *Theocritus*, and as many Odes of *Horace*. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more

pleasing in them, than my ordinary Productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with *Lucretius* and *Virgil*; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the Undertaking: But there was an accidental Motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord *Roscommon's* *Essay* on Translated Verse, which made me uneasy 'till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his Instructions; I am sure my Reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules.

Yet withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no *Dutch* Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discover'd some Beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the *Greek* or *Latin*, wou'd not appear so shining in the *English*: And where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Criticks wou'd not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him; or at least, if both those Considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an *Englishman*, they are

such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience *Virgil*, *Homer*, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say, to their Faces, by a botching Interpreter. What *English* Readers, unacquainted with *Greek* or *Latin*, will believe me

or any other man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our *Ogleby's* have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand *Greek* and *Latin*, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the *English* are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good Wit, to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of *English*,

and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men take up some cry'd-up *English* Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his Thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of them too: He must perfectly understand his Author's Tongue, and absolutely command his own: So that to be a thorough

Translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Author's Sense, in good *English*, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a Secret of which few Translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For Example, not only the Thoughts, but the Stile and Versification of *Virgil* and *Ovid*, are very different: Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was *Virgil*, and

which was *Ovid*. It was objected against * a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who fate to him. In such Translators I can easily distinguish the Hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets; *Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius* and *Horace*. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on *Virgil*, as a succinct and grave Majestick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every Thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was still aiming to crowd

* Sir P. Lely.

his Sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd; for which reason he is so very Figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very Thing in your Ears, whose Sense it bears: Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader; so that the same Sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, *Ovid* and *Claudian*, though they write in Stiles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the verification and little variety of *Claudian*, is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his Sense at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call Golden, or two Substantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. *Ovid*, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and Sound as he: He is always as it

were upon the hand-gallop, and his Verse runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to *Virgil*, tho' he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it. Frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his Sense in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above-conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles: He maintains Majesty in the midst of Plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of *Lucan*. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of *Virgil* I par-

ticularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. *Hannibal Caro's* in the *Italian*, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the *Æneids*; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows two Lines for one of *Virgil*, and does not always hit his Sense. *Tasso* tells us in his Letters, that *Sperone Speroni*, a great *Italian* Wit, who was his Contemporary, observ'd of *Virgil* and *Tully*; that the *Latin* Orator endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of *Homer*, the *Greek* Poet; and that the *Latin* Poet made it his Business to reach the Conciseness of *Demosthenes*, the *Greek* Orator. *Virgil* therefore being so very sparing of his Words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be translated as he

ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible, because the *Latin* is naturally a more succinct Language, than either the *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, or even than the *English*, (which by reason of its Monosyllables is far the most compendious of them.) *Virgil* is much the closest of any *Roman* Poet, and the *Latin* Hexameter has more Feet than the *English* Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own Thoughts and Words, which a Translator has not; he is confin'd by the Sense of the Inventor to those Expressions, which are the nearest to it: So that *Virgil* studying Brevity, and having the command of his own Language, could bring these Words into a narrow compass, which a Translator cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short, they who have call'd him the Torture of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the Plague of Translators; for he seems to have study'd

not to be Translated. I own that endeavouring to turn his *Nisus* and *Euryalus* as close as I was able, I have perform'd that *Episode* too literally; that giving more scope to *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, that Version which has more of the Majesty of *Virgil*, has less of his Conciseness; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both, better than *Ogleby*, and perhaps as well as *Caro*. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfy'd my self.

He who excels all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord *Roscommon* justly observes, approaches nearest to the *Roman* in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast Interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in *Virgil's* words, and in them principally consists that

beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied; and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language, and the hastiness of my Performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his Sense; but I think the greatest Variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular Lines in *Mezentius* and *Lausus* I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely ally'd to *Virgil's* Sense; but they are too like the tenderness of *Ovid*; and were Printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them: The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because

the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

— *When Lausus dy'd, I was already slain.*

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the Expression is too bold, that *Virgil* wou'd not have said it, though *Ovid* wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines which are more according to the Author,

*Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that
design;
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou
thine.*

Having with much ado got clear of *Virgil*, I have in the next place to consider the Genius of *Lucretius*, whom I have Translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best Age of *Roman* Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it;

and he himself refin'd it to that degree of Perfection, both in the Language and the Thoughts, that he left an easie Task to *Virgil*; who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his Excellencies; for the method of the *Georgicks* is plainly deriv'd from him. *Lucretius* had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical Descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see *Virgil* has imitated with great Success, in those Four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine *Æneids*. The turn of his Verses he has likewise follow'd, in those places which *Lucretius* has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much Variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of *Lucretius*, (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble Pride, and positive Assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his

own Reason, and assuming an absolute Command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron *Memmius*. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial Authority, while he instructs him. From his Time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of *Malmsbury*. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by *Lucretius*; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our *Hobbs*, who could not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some Eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for *Lucretius*, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his Cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists: Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an Objection for the future. All this too, with so much Scorn

and Indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his Thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery Temper proceeds the Loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual Torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making *Memmius* a Materialist, and teaching him to despise an invisible Power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the Considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And

accordingly I laid by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the Mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future State demonstrable even by natural Arguments; at least to take away Rewards and Punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a Man, who resolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after Death, is a burthen unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at Happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider that Virtue is generally unhappy in this World, and Vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the Ex-

cesses to which he is prompted by his natural Inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of Morality to restrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sense of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their Interest, and that not always when a Passion is predominant; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my Thoughts abstractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into *English*;) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions

ons of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the *Prosopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own Endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be object-ed against my *Englishing* the * *Nature of Love*, from the Fourth Book of

V O L. I.

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* In the Second Volume.

Lucretius : And I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an Excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Author's Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which Reasons I Translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious *English*, (for I will not give it a worse Word;) instead of an Answer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I Translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfy'd was honest and

instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his Expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeness of Thought and Words, being thus cashier'd in my Hands, he had no longer been *Lucretius*. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular Passages in Books, which to avoid Prophaneness I do not name: But the Intention qualifies the Act; and both mine and my Author's were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to Wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great Authorities against me: The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the Commendation of which my Lord *Roscommon* so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: The other is no less than our admir'd *Cowley*; who says the same

thing in other Words : For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it ;

*Much less can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face :
Such Dross the Fire must purge away ;
'tis just
The Author blush, there where the Rea-
der must.*

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay ; for he asserts plainly that Obscenity has no place in Wit ; the other only says, 'tis a poor Pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry ; which is both unmannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case : For in the first place, I am only the Translator, not the Inventor ; so that the heaviest part of the Censure falls upon *Lucretius*, before it reaches me : In the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest Words, but the cleanliest Metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the

Meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted. There is one Mistake of mine which I will not lay to the Printer's charge, who has enough to answer for in false Pointings: 'Tis in the Word *Viper*: I would have the Verse run thus,

*The Scorpion, Love, must on the Wound
be bruis'd.*

There are a sort of blundering half-witted People, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal Slip; tho' *Horace* would instruct them better in true Criticism: *Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parùm cavit natura.* True Judgement in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the Beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge: 'Tis a sign that Malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is ano-

ther. In the midst of an ill-natur'd Generation of Scribblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by Humanity and Interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last Consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translator of *Lucretius*; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that Commendation which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty Years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my Design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my Method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken

his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The Preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. *Evelyn* in the confession of it, with this additional Advantage to him; that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if *Lucretius* himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new Pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have *Horace* and *Theocritus* upon my Hands; but the *Greek* Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the *Roman*.

That which distinguishes *Theocritus* from all other Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and which raises him even above *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*, is

the inimitable Tenderness of his Passions; and the natural Expression of them in Words so becoming of a Pastoral. A Simplicity shines thro' all he writes; he shews his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and *Virgil*, as there is betwixt *Tasso's Aminta*, and the *Pastor Fido* of *Guarini*. *Virgil's* Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of *Epicurus* and of *Plato*; and *Guarini's* seem to have been bred in Courts. But *Theocritus* and *Tasso* have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of *Tasso*, in relation to his Similitudes, *Mai esce del Bosco*; that he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said of our *Theocritus*; he is softer than *Ovid*, he touches the Passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a Sup-

ply. Even his *Dorick* Dialect has an incomparable Sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdness in her Country Ruffet, talking in a *Yorkshire* Tone. This was impossible for *Virgil* to imitate; because the severity of the *Roman* Language deny'd him that Advantage. *Spencer* has endeavour'd it in his *Shepherd's Calender*; but neither will it succeed in *English*, for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For *Theocritus* writ to *Sicilians*, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely Expressions. I proceed to *Horace*.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrift, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them: For let his *Dutch* Commentators say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and Providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But

since neither his Criticisms (which are the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond *Juvenal's*, if to laugh and rally is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present Undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes: These are also of several sorts; some of them are Panegyric, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) *Bacchanalian*. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate *Pindar*, yet in his most elevated Flights, and in the sudden Changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible Connexions, that *Theban* Poet is his Master. But *Horace* is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the Numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the *Roman* Language. There appears in every part of his Diction,

or, (to speak *English*) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as *Virgil's*; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which in *Petronius* is call'd *Curioso Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Feliciter audere* of *Horace* himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character, seems to me, to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And those I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy; his other Excellencies, I confess, are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse: 'Tis that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of *Rochester*, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small Testimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the *Latin*, and I have taken some Pains to make it my Master-piece in *English*: For which reason I took this kind of

Verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*. The seeming easiness of it, has made it spread; but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every Hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of *English*, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of Sweetness in the Numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer Turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigour of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the Copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the Kind it self be capable of more Perfection,

though rather in the Ornamental Parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or Respect have I broken, in naming the Defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write. *Milton's Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no Flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred Lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his Expression, without defending his antiquated Words, and the perpetual harshness of their Sound? 'Tis as much Commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since *Pindar* was the Prince of *Lyrick* Poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our Numbers should for the most part be Lyrical: For variety, or rather the where the Majesty of Thought requires it, they may be stretch'd

to the *English* Heroick of five Feet, and to the *French* Alexandrine of Six. But the Ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of Numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarique Verse can never be compleat; the Cadency of one Line must be a Rule to that of the next; and the Sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one Extream into another. It must be done like the Shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker Colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd myself as to be understood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum*, must be my Excuse. There remains much more to be said on this Subject; but, to avoid Envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied, by almost all the rest: A musical Ear,

and a great Genius, if another Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another Age may bring it to Perfection. In the mean time,

— *Fungar vice cotis acutum*

*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa
secandi.*

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd say any thing of my Fellow-undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without Suspicion of Partiality: Others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the first Draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no Excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not, (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a Subject? The Objection is unanswerable, but, in

part of Recompence, let me assure the Reader, that in hasty Productions, he is sure to meet with an Author's present Sense, which cooler Thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of Spirit, though not of Judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently though my Hazard be the greater, yet the Reader's Pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.



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MAC

THE STATE OF TEXAS

County of _____

Know all men by these presents, that _____ of the County of _____ State of Texas, for and in consideration of the sum of _____ Dollars, to _____ in hand paid by _____ the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, have granted, sold and conveyed, and by these presents do grant, sell and convey unto the said _____ of the County of _____ State of Texas, all that certain _____



MAC FLECKNOE.



ALL human things are subject to decay,

And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:

This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young

Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:

In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.

This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with Issue of a large increase;

Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State:

And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:

Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should only rule, who most resembles me:

Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years.

Sh—— alone, of all my Sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into Sense.

Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:

Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
 Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
 And courstly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung,
 When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
 With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
 Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
 And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well sharpened thumb from Shore to Shore
 The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
 Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh----* call,
 And *Sh----* they resound from *Aston-Hall*.
 About thy Boat the little Fishes throng,
 As at the morning Toast, that Floats along.
 Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
 Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. *Andre's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* Rhime:
 Though they in number as in sense excel;
 So just, so like Tautology they fell,
 That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er wou'd act *Villerius* more. }
 Here stopt the good old *Sire*; and wept for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopeful Boy.

All Arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,
That for anointed dullness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
(The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys. [keep,
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets
And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods despise. }

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds
Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds:
Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his *Sh----*'s Throne.

For ancient *Decker* prophesied long since,
That in this Pile should reign a mighty Prince, }
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayl of Sense:
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and *Hypocrites* it should produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publisht the renown
Of *Sh----*'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.

No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:
 From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
 Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
 Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
 But loads of *Sh----* almost choakt the way.
 Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And *H----* was Captain of the Guard.
 The Hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
 High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young *Ascanius* fate,
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.
 His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dulness plaid around his face.
 As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
 Swore by his *Sire* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
 So *Sh----* swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
 That he till Death true dulness would maintain;
 And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
 Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
 The King himself the sacred Unction made,
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
 In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
 He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
 Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
 Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd
 young,

And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.
 His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head:
 Just at the point of time, if Fame not lye,
 On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
 So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* Brook,
 Prefage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And Omens of his future Empire take.

The *Sire* then shook the honours of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his Breast the raging God; }
 At length burst out in this prophetick mood: }

Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
 To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main;
 Of his Dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his Father's be his Throne;
 Beyond love's Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
 He paus'd, and all the People cry'd *Amen*.
 Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
 Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.
 Let *Virtuoso's* in five Years be writ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of Wit.
 Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
 Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
 And in their folly shew the Writers wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their Author's want of sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid:
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not Copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
 Nay let thy men of Wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name;
 But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
 And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull,
 But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
 Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
 Sir *Formal*, though unfought, attends thy quill,
 And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.

Nor let false friends seduce thy Mind to Fame,
By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.

Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy Mind with praise,
And Unkle *Ogleby* thy Envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part;
What share have we in Nature or in Art?

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?

Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kifs my Arse,
Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?

When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?

But so transfus'd as Oyl and Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:

This is that boasted Byass of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulness, 'tis inclin'd.

Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.

A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.

Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,

Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thy self to write,
Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite.

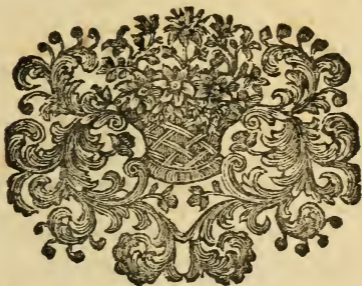
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* Pen, and dyes.

Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:

Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.

There thou may'st Wings display and Altars raise,
And Torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.

Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard. }
Sinking he left his Drugget Robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.



Received of the Treasurer of the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York the sum of
Five hundred and no/100 Dollars
for the purchase of the
City of New York



ABSALOM

A N D

ACHITOPHEL.

A

P O E M.

— *Si propius stes*
Te capiet magis —

The NINTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TIS not my Intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest: But he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequents of Whig and Tory: And every Man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Popish; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factionous, and the Block-heads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no Man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of

Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest Party; and in all probability, of the best Judges: For, the least Concern'd. are commonly the least Corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They who can Criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd. at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some Mens Follies when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: And other Mens Virtues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if Men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-Men for Professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Fury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the Truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as

either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand is to Extenuate, Palliate, and Indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth I have a greater for his Heroic Virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young Man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But since the most excellent Natures are almost the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The Conclusion of the Story I purposely forbore to prosecute; because I cou'd not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out but for a Picture to the Waste; and if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconciliation of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may be only for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable Wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accus'd of a good-natur'd Error, and to hope, with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be sav'd.

For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful : And his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease ; for those are only in order to prevent the Chirurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all ; If the Body Politick have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak Judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.



To the unknown AUTHOR of this
excellent POEM.

TAKE it as earnest of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vast, your Verse divinely good:
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous stroaks re-
peat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.
So all serenely Great, so just refin'd,
Like Angels Love to Humane Seed inclin'd,
It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minature of Man, but he's all Heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art;
'To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raise,
Bow in their own despite, and grin your Praise.
As if a *Milton* from the Dead arose,
Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.
Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,
Turn not your Feet too inward, nor too splay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Push on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd Head on *David's* Diadem.
David that rebel *Israel's* Envy mov'd,
David by God and all good Men below'd.

The Beauties of your *Absalom* excel:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn more bright,
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's
Night.

Of *Annabel* the Muses dearest Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of
this admirable POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But ſure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers ſlumbring by the Muſes ſtream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness theſe mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing.
Not *David's* ſelf could in a nobler Verſe
His gloriouſly offending Son rehearſe;
Tho' in his Breſt the Prophet's Fury met,
The Father's Fondneſs, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all conſent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raiſe,
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Aneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of Fame,
Nor want'ſt new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Absalom*?

To the Conceal'd AUTHOR of
this incomparable POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
 The Glory of our Isle and of our Age.
 Th' inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
 The North at length teems with a work to vie }
 With *Homer's* Flame and *Virgil's* Majesty. }
 While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet fought, }
 (His ravisht Mind with vast *Idea's* fraught) }
 Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought; }
 This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro's* Mines }
 He dreins of all their Gold, t'adorn his Lines: }
 Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* shines. }
 The Rock obey'd the pow'rful *Hebrew* Guide,
 Her flinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide:
 Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,
 And makes the *Helicon* in which he fails.
 The Dialect, as well as sense, invents,
 And, with his Poem, a new speech presents.
 Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou great unknown,
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own!
 In vain---for ev'ry where your Praise you find,
 And not to meet it you must shun Mankind.
 Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws, }
 And ev'n the factious give your Verse applause, }
 Whose lightning strikes to ground their Idol cause. }
 The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal-blood:
 The Cause whose Growth to crush, our Prelates wrote
 In vain, almost in vain our *Hero's* fought.
 Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies:
 Before your Sacred Lines their shatter'd *Dagon* lies.
 Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
 The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:

(Deny'd our ready Homage to express,
And can at best but thankful be by guess:)
This hope remains,—May *David's* God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find:
And, having found, show'r equal Favours down
Oh Wit so vast as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T A T E.





ABSALOM

A N D

ACHITOPHEL!



N pious Times, e'er Priest-craft did
begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many multiply'd
his kind,
E'er one to one was, cursedly, con-
fin'd:

When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's Care:
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession could their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, so Brave as *Absalom*:

20 ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL.

Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
 His Father got him with a greater Gust;
 Or that his conscious Destiny made way,
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
 Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
 With Kings and States Ally'd to *Israel's* Crown:
 In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
 And seem'd as he were only born for Love.
 What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:
 His motions all accompany'd with grace;
 And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.
 With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
 His youthful Image in his Son renew'd:
 To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
 And made the Charming *Annabet* his Bride:
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
 And *Annon's* Murther by a specious Name,
 Was call'd a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
 Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
 But life can never be sincerely blest:
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The *Jews* a Headstrong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
 As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamp'ring People, whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
 (Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise:)
 These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted Liberty,
 And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of Men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
 They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.

They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish *Ishboseth* the Crown forego;
 Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
 And with a general shout, proclaim'd him King:
 Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
 Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
 Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
 An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
 Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
 Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
 But these were random bolts: No form'd Design,
 Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:
 The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;
 And, looking backward with a wise afright,
 Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They curst the memory of Civil Wars,
 The Moderate sort of Men, thus qualify'd,
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side:
 And *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebel.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means;
 And providently Pimps for ill desires;
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And their's the Native right----
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightful Cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the Men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought God's Enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:

22 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Impoverisht and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land ;
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame ;
 For Priests of all Religions are the same.
 Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
 Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
 The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
 In this conclude them honest Men and wise:
 For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
 T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
 Bad in it self, but represented worse.
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd ;
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude ;
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some Truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies,
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' *Egyptian Rites* the *Jebusites* embrac'd ;
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such fav'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not introduce these Gods ;
 For Ten to One, in former days, was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews* ;
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, - invented since full many a day :

Our Author swears it not, but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jehusites* may go?
 This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
 For as when raging Feavers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'er:
 So, several Factions, from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought
 wise,

Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not rise.
 Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from
 thence,

Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
 From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and Publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:

A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.

A fiery Soul which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
 And o'er-inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }

A daring Pilot in extremity; [high:
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went
 He fought the Storms: But for a Calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his wit.
 Great Wits are sure to madness near ally'd;
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needful Hours of Rest?

24 ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL.

Punish a Body which he cou'd not please ;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son :
 Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try ;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate :
 Resolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State.
 To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke :
 'The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook :
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke. }
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
 So easy still it proves in Factious Times,
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes :
 How safe is Treason, and how facted Ill,
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will ?
 Where Crouds can wink ; and no offence be known,
 Since in another's Guilt they find their own.
 Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge ;
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
 In *Israel's* Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
 With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean ;
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
 Swift of Dispatch, and easy of Access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
 With Virtues only proper to the Gown ;
 Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
 From Cockle, that opprest the Noble Seed :
David, for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song,
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand ;
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land :
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful Fame, and lazy Happiness ;
 Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
 And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.

Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince :
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown ; and sculk'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jehusite*.
 Weak Arguments ! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebel.
 Fer, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews :
 And once in twenty years, their Scribes record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.

Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as War-like *Absalom*.

Not, that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate :)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud :
 That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
 Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
 And sheds his Venom in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity
 Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky ;
 Thy longing Countrey's Darling and Desire ;
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire :
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :
 Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage :
 The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
 The Young mens-Vision, and the old mens Dream !
 Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nation's Vows confess ;
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless :

26 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
 How long wilt thou the general Joy detain,
 Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praise;
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For human Good depends on human Will,)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first Impression, takes the Bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring,
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;
 And Heav'n's Anointing Oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful Youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:
 Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 The joyful People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
 (Our only blessing since his curst Return:)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.

What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtful Succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews*:
 Proud *Egypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring;
 Foment the War, but not support the King:
 Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite*;
 Or if they shou'd, their Int'rest soon wou'd break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successful Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.

If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood,
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
 Might such a Gen'ral gain by such a Cause?
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair only to the sight, but solid Pow'r:
 And Nobler is a limited Command,
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heav'nly Fire.
 Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
 Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways; [Praise.
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with
 Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
 He thus reply'd.---And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?

28 ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL

My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right :
 The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight :
 Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws ;
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful Reign ?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain ?
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
 Whom just Revenge did to his Wrath expose ?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good ;
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
 If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israël* suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his People to betray,
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?
 Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign
 His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,
 Turn Rebel, and run popularly Mad ?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I Mourn ; but Nature's holy bands
 Wou'd curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands :
 The People might assert their Liberty ;
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require ;
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire ;
 What more can I expect while *David* lives ?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives :
 And that---But there he paus'd ; then sighing, said,
 Is justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his Toils shall rest,
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest :
 His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend ;
 Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.
 His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
 Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,

Of every Royal Virtue stands possess'd ;
 Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.
 His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim ;
 His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
 His Mercy ev'n th' offending Croud will find ;
 For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
 Why should I then Repine at Heav'n's Decree ;
 Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty ?
 Yet oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
 To my large Soul not all her Treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
 I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
 And *David's* part disdains my Mother's Mold.
 Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth ?
 My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth ;
 And, made for Empire, whispers me within ;
 Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him staggering so when Hell's dire Agent found ;
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
 He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies :

Th' Eternal God, supremely Good and Wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious Gifts in vain ;
 What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign ?
 Against your will your Arguments have shown,
 Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.
 Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn ;
 But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
 'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave ;
 And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have :
 For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame,
 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.
 But when should People strive their bonds to break,
 If not when Kings are negligent or weak ?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor :
 And every Shekel which he can receive,
 Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.

30 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL

To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
 Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
 Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy;
 His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears
 Call *Jebusites*, and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
 Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
 Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
 To pass your doubtful Title into Law:
 If not; the People have a Right Supreme
 To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them,
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
 Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
 If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a Nation grieve. [chose,
 The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
 A better Proof, than to Apoint him King?

ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL. 31

It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
 Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays;
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
 Then the next Heir, a Prince Severe and Wise,
 Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
 Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
 He meditates Revenge who least complains.
 And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
 Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his distance draws;
 Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
 Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
 He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:
 The Prostrate Vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
 But with a Lordly Rage his Hunters tears.
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you draw;
 And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law.
 Leave the warm People no Considering time:
 For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
 Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But try your Title while your Father lives:
 And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
 Whose Sacred Life each minute would expose
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.

32 ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL.

He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd :
 Like Womens Leachery to seem constrain'd ;
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause ;
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, and this Advice above the rest,
 With *Absalom's* Mild Nature suited best ;
 Unblam'd of Life (Ambition set aside,)
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with Pride.

How happy had he been, if Destiny
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high !
 His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne ;
 And blest all other Countries but his own.
 But charming Greatness since so few refuse ;
 'Tis juster to Lament him, than Accuse.

Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love ;
 To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
 And popularly prosecute the Plot.

To further this, *Achitophel* Unites

The Male-contents of all the *Israelites* :

Whose differing Parties he could wisely Join,
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much :
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts ;
 Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious Arts.

By these the Springs of Property were bent,
 And wound so high, they crack't the Government.
 The next for Int'rest sought t'embroil the State,
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate ;

And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne ;
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.

Others thought Kings an useles heavy Load,
 Who cost too much, and did too little Good.

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. 33

These were for laying honest *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
 With them join'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
 That thought to get Perferment by the Tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating *David*, but the King;
 The *Solymean* Rout; well vers'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
 But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Restor'd;
 Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
 Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
 Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
 These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed,
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ,
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land;
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:

34 ABSALOM *and* ACHITOPHEL.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong :
 Was every thing by starts, and Nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman and Buffoon :
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking :
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual Themes ;
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes :
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art :
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
 Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late :
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court ; then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief :
 For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel* :
 Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.
 Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best :
 Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal-Lamb.
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure :
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure,
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace :
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law,

But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to curse :
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King ;
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain :
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray ;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold ;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime,
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time :
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself.
 When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them. }
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He past a Jury of dissenting *Jews* :
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
 Wou'd free the suffering Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
 (Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour :)
 His Bus'ness was, by Writing to persuade,
 That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :
 And, that his noble Style he might refine,
 No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
 Chaste were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :
 His Cooks, with long difuse, their Trade forgot ;
 Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.

36 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebel :
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot :
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brafs :
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthly Vapours e'er they shine in Skies,
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
 By that one deed Ennobles all his Blood.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnessess high Race,
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace ?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud :
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit ; his Saint-like Grace
 A Church Vermillion, and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory miraculously great,
 Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat ;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For human Wit cou'd never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke :
 Some things like Visionary flights appear ;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where :
 And gave him his *Rabonical* Degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.

His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well:
 And suited to the temper of the Times,
 Then groaning under *Jehusitick* Crimes.
 Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
 Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities:
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agar's* Murther call:
 In terms as coarse as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
 What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Absalom* forsakes the Court:
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown;
 Th' admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
 And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes:
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
 On each side bowing popularly low:
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
 Few words he said; but easie those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

38 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate ;
 Though far-unable to prevent your Fate :
 Behold a banisht Man, for your dear Cause
 Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws !
 Yet oh ! that I alone cou'd be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son !
 Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made ;
Egypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
 And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade. }
 My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame ;
 And brib'd with prety sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old :
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys :
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my Right away :
 But why should he his own, and yours betray ?
 He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies :
 No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse ;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use ;
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain
 Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action seldom fail ;
 But Common Interest always will prevail :
 And pity never ceases to be shown,
 To him, who makes the People's wrongs his own.
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless :
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train ;
 From East to West his Glories he displays :
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star ;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar :
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;
 And consecrates the Place of his abode ;

But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wife *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
 This moving Court, that caught the People's Eyes,
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
 The People's hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes;
 And try their strength before they came to Blows.
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
 Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
 Two names, that always cheat, and always please,
 Are often urg'd; and good King *David's* life
 Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
 Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
 And peace it self is War in Masquerade.
 Oh foolish *Israel!* never warn'd by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,
 In midst of Health Imagine a Disease;
 Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think! Can People give away,
 Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway?
 Then they are left defenceless to the Sword
 Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
 And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
 If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.
 Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and just,
 And Kings are only Officers in Trust,
 Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
 If those who gave the Scepter cou'd not tie
 By their own deed their own Posterity,
 How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
 How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?
 Or how cou'd Heav'nly Justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our Father's Fall?

40 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud :
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might ?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true :
 The Most may err, as grossly as the Few.
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
 What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
 Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out ?
 Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this Publick Lunacy :
 And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
 To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the God-head's Images,)
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Nature's State, where all have Right to all.
 Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled Throne wou'd shake ?
 For whatso'er their Sufferings were before,
 That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
 All other Errors but disturb a State ;
 But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
 To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall,
 Thus far 'tis Duty ; but here fix the Mark ;
 For all beyond it is to touch the Ark.
 To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
 Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue :
 At once Divine and Human Laws controul ;
 And mend the Parts by ruin of the Whole.
 The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
 To Physick their Disease into a worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring ?
 How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King !

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. 41

Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
 Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise:

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
 Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
 In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood:
 Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
 But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
 In Exile with his Godlike Prince he mourn'd:
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
 Which well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Issue boast;
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
 B' unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime:
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run. }
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
 By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known;
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd;
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!
 But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
 Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul [Pole:
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry

42 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

From thence thy kindred Legions mayst thou bring,
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
 No pinions can pursue Immortal height:
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy Soul she should have fled before;
 Or fled she with his life; and left this Verse
 To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on Earth another He;
 Another He would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind:
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;
 Him of the Western Dome, whose weighty Sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
 To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a Cause.
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
 Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
 Himself a Muse:-----In Sanhedrins debate
 True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
 Whom *David's* Love with Honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
 Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
 To move Assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
 So much the weight of one Brave man can do.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
 In publick storms of manly stedfastness;

By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth ;
 And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne ;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own :
 Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow ;
 But hard the task to manage well the low :
 For Sovereign Pow'r is too deprest or high,
 When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crouds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For *Amiel* ; who can *Amiel's* praise refuse ?
 Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without Title Great :
 The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
 Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd ;
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,
 That as their Band was *Israel's* Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.

Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
 Whose loose Careers his steady Skill commend :
 They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
 Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way ;
 While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief ; a small but faithful Band
 Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand }
 And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
 With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent,
 To batter down the Lawful Government.

A numerous Faction with pretended Frights,
 In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
 The true Successor from the Court remov'd :
 The Plot, by hireling Witnessess, improv'd.
 These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound ;
 That no Concessions from the Throne wou'd please ;
 But Lenitives fomented the Disease :

That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down :

44 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and State:
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful Breast
 Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd,
 Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I, by Native Mercy sway'd,
 My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
 So much the Father did the King asswage.
 But now so far my Clemency they slight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear:
 Though manly Tempers can the Longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
 Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nation's weight:
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
 He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. 45

The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause?
 His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot paint!
 My Rebel ever proves my People's Saint:
 Wou'd *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 A King's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to Choose,
 Infers a Right the Present to Depose:
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
 But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
 But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unfatiated as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
 To guard the small Remains of Royalty?
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r control,
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
 Nor Clouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they prove:
 For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care express,
 Still to defend their Servants in distress.
 Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind, }
 To make Examples of another Kind?
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?
 Oh, curs'd Effects of necessary Law!
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan!
 Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.

46 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Law they require, let Law then shew her Face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace
 Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the Terror of her Front, and Dye.
 By their own Arts, 'tis Righteously decreed,
 Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their Witnesses will swear,
 Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
 And suck for Nutriment that bloody Gore
 Which was their Principle of Life before.
 Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me right:
 Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage,
 In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
 Then let 'em take an unresisted Course:
 Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force:
 But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
 And rise upon 'em with redoubled Might:
 For lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found; [ground.
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the
 He said. Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
 And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
 Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
 The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
 Once more the God-like *David* was restor'd,
 And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.





Part of VIRGIL'S

FOURTH GEORGICK.

English'd by the Earl of Mulgrave.

'TIS not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown:

The wretched *Orpheus* brings these judgments down;
 Whose Wife, avoiding to become thy prey,
 And all his Joys at once were snatch'd away;
 The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to pass,
 Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the grass:
 A mournful noise the spacious Vally fills,
 With echoing cries from all the neighb'ring hills;
 The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep despair,
 And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
 For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
 But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;
 All o'er the lonely sands did wildly stray,
 And with sad Songs begin and end the day.
 At last to Hell a frightful journey made,
 Pass'd the wide gaping Gulf and dismal Shade;
 Visits the Ghosts, and to that King repairs,
 Whose heart's inflexible to human pray'rs.
 Hell seems astonish'd with so sweet a Song,
 Light Souls, and airy Spirits slide along
 In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
 Driv'n home by night or some tempestuous wind;
 Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
 And mighty Heroes more majestick Shades;
 Sons burnt before their mournful Parents face,
Styx does all these in narrow bounds embrace
 Nine times with loathsome mud, and noysome weeds,
 And all the filth which standing water breeds:

Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
 The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Taxion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd, [strain'd.
 And the great-Dog his three-mouth'd voice re-
 Now safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
 His Spouse restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
 Following, for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd,
 A sudden rage th' unwary Lover seiz'd;
 He when the first bright glimps of daylight-shin'd
 Unmindful, and impatient, look't behind, }
 A fault of Love, could Hell compassion find. }
 A dreadful noise thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
 His hopes now fled, and all his labour lost.
 Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me?
 What madness this? Again I'm snatch'd from thee,
 She faintly cry'd; Night, and the Powers of Hell
 Surround my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
 But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
 No more allow'd to behold him or day;
 Then from his sight like smoak she slipt away.
 Much he wou'd fain have spoke, but Fate, alas,
 Wou'd ne'er again consent to let him pass.
 Thus twice undone, what course now cou'd he take
 To redeem her already pass'd the Lake?
 How bear his loss? what tears procure him ease?
 Or with what Vows the angry Powers appease?
 'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
 On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss
 While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
 He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
 So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
 By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
 Bemoans her loss under a Poplar shade,
 Weeps all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
 Her sorrow does a mournful pleasure yield,
 And melancholy musick fills the Field.

Marriage, nor Love, could ever move his mind,
 But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
 Shivering on *Tanais* snowy Banks remain'd,
 Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
 As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
 Kill'd the poor Youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
 His Head torn off from the fair body swims,
 Down that swift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
 And still his Tongue in doleful accents goes;
 Ah, poor *Eurydice*, it dying cry'd,
Eurydice resounds from every side.

The PARTING of
SIRENO and *DIANA*.

English'd by Sir Car. Scrope.

The ARGUMENT.

Sireno and Diana having lov'd each other with a most violent Passion. Sireno is compell'd, upon the account of his Master's Service, to go for some time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholy parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following Eclogue.

CLOSE by a stream, whose flowry bank might give
 Delight to Eyes that had no cause to grieve,
 The sad *Sireno* sat, and fed his Sheep,
 Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;
 Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
 From her dear sight, who long had charm'd his heart.
 Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
 That gave him first what this must take away;

Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
 And nought forgot that might increase his pain.
 Then with a sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
 Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies ;
 Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
 But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place :
 Thither she came to take her last farewell ;
 Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
 Under a neighb'ring Tree they sat 'em down,
 Whose shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun ;
 Each took the other by the willing hand,
 Striving to speak, but could no word command :
 With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
 The much they had to say had made 'em dumb.
 There many a time they two had met before,
 But met, alas ! upon a happier score :
 Cruel reverse of Fate, which all the Joys
 Their mutual presence us'd to bring, destroys.
Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
 And wanted strength the parting pang to bear ;
 All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
 And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd ;
 Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
 And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

S I R E N O.

O my *Diana* ! who wou'd have believ'd
 That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
 Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
 That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee ;
 Thy charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispel ;
 Let but *Diana* smile, and all was well.
 Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
 And yet, alas ! I dye to see thee now.

D I A N A.

Turn, O *Sireno* ! turn away thy Face,
 While all her shame a blushing Maid betrays ;
 For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
 My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal :

Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking do me good,
 And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.
 O Shepherd think how wretched I shall be,
 When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
 When sitting all alone within this shade,
 Which thou so oft thy tender Choice hast made,
 I read my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
 Of our past Love the kind affecting mark;
 Then my despairing Soul to death must fly;
 And must thou be content to let me dye?
 Why dost thou weep? Alas! those Tears are vain,
 Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us complain.
 By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
 For were thy Sorrow true, thou wou'dst not go.

S I R E N O.

Cease, cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease,
 And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
 Witnesses ye Everlasting Powers above,
 That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
 With thee I wish't had been my happy doom,
 With thee alone to spend my Life to come;
 That we now part is by no fault of mine,
 Nor yet, my dearest Shepherdess; of thine;
 For as no Faith did ever mine excel,
 So never any Nymph deserv'd so well.
 But the great Shepherd, whom we all obey,
 'Tis his Command that forces me away;
 Whatever he ordains none dare refuse;
 I must my Joy, or else my Honour, lose;
 Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
 Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

D I A N A.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
 How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
 Who such Excuses for himself pretends,
 Will eas'ly bear the absence he defends.
 A little time, I fear, will quite deface
 Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:

Fool that I was my weakness to betray,
 To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
 Go, cruel Man, embark when e'er you please,
 But take this with you as you pass the Seas;
 Tho' with the fiercest Winds the Waves should roar,
 That Tempest will be less than mine on Shore.

S I R E N O.

'Tis hard, unjust suspicions to abide,
 But who can such obliging Anger chide?
 Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
 My heart to this degree, without thy Love:
 For 'tis thy tender sense of my sad Fate,
 That does my sharpest, deadly'st pain create.
 Ah fear not, to what place soe'er I go,
 That I shall ever break my sacred Vow:
 When for another I abandon thee,
 May Heav'n, for such a Crime, abandon me.

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest Swain deceive,
 Or violate the Faith that here I give:
 When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
 May the fresh Grass still wither where they tread;
 And may this River, when I come to drink,
 Dry up as soon as I approach the brink.
 Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
 And when for me thou can'st a minute spare,
 Remember this poor pledge was once a part
 Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.
 Where-e'er thou go'st, may Fortune deal with thee
 Better than thou, alas! hast dealt with me.
 Farewel; my Tears will give me leave to say
 No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
 These weeping Eyes may once enjoy thy sight,
 Before they close in Death's eternal Night.

S I R E N O.

Then let *Sireno* banish all his fears,
 Heav'n cannot long resist such pious Tears.
 The Righteous Gods, from whom our passion came,
 Will pity (sure) so innocent a Flame;

Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
 And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
 I shall again my Charming Nymph behold,
 And never part, but in her Arms grow old:
 That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
 And arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

The STORY of *LUCRETIA*.

Out of *Ovid de Fastis*. Book II.

English'd by Mr. Creech.

NOW *Tarquin* the last King did govern *Rome*,
 Valiant abroad 'tis true, tho' fierce at home;
 Some Towns he won, some he did fairly beat,
 And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
 For of his three brave Youths his youngest Son,
 His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
 His Father's Child outright, pretends a flight,
 And came amidst the Enemies by Night;
 They drew their Swords, Come kill me now, he said,
 My Father will rejoice to see me dead:
 See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
 (To prove this true, he had been whipt before)
 The men grow mild, they sheath their threatening
 Swords,
 And view his wounds, and those confirm his words:
 Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs resents,
 And begs to side with them, and he consents.
 Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in trust,
 The first occasion sought to be unjust,
 And the unthinking *Gabii's* Town betray,
 Consults his Father for the surest way.
 There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
 A little Spring ran through the pleasant Bowers,
 The soft retreat of *Tarquin's* thinking hours. }

There when the message came, he chanc'd to stand,
 And lopt the tallest Lillies with his wand :
 With that the Messenger return'd, and said,
 I saw your Father crop the lofty head
 Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you ;
 Well, says the Son, I know what I must do ;
 And streight the Nobles kill'd ; when those were gone,
 He soon betray'd the poor defenceless Town.
 When lo (a wond'rous sight) a Serpent came,
 And snatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame ;
Phabus advis'd, and thus the Answer ran,
 He that shall kiss (for so the Fates ordain) }
 His Mother first, shall be the greatest man.
 Then streight with eager haste th' unthinking Crowd
 Their Mothers kiss'd, nor understood the God.
 But wiser *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
 Lest *Tarquin* should suspect his rising Soul,
 Fell down, as if 't had been a casual fall,
 And kiss'd his Mother Earth before them all.
 Now *Ardea* was besieg'd, the Town was strong,
 The men resolv'd, and so the Leaguer long :
 And whilst the Enemy did the War delay, }
 Dissolv'd in Ease the careless Soldiers lay,
 And spent the vacant time in sport and play.
 Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feasts,
 The Captains treats, and thus bespeaks his Guests ;
 Whilst we lye lingring in a tedious War,
 And far from Conquest tired out with Care,
 How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome* ?
 And are we thought on by our Wives at home ?
 Each speaks for his, each says, I'll swear for mine,
 And thus a while they talkt, grown flusht with Wine ;
 At last young *Collatine* starts up and cries,
 What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes ;
 Away to *Rome*, for that's the safest Course :
 They all agree, so each man mounts his Horse.
 First to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
 No Watchman there, and all the Gates unbarr'd ;

Young *Tarquin's* Wife, her hair disorder'd lay
 And loose, was sitting there at Wine and play.
 Thence to *Lucretia's*, She a lovely Soul,
 Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
 Sate midst her Maids, and as they wrought she said,
 Make haste, 'tis for my Lord as soon as made;
 Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
 How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
 Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
 Is rash, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
 Ah when I fancy that I see him fight,
 I swoon and almost perish with the fright.
 Then wept, and leaving her unfinished thread,
 Upon her bosom lean'd her lovely head.
 All this became, graceful her grief appears,
 And she, chaste Soul, lookt beauteous in her Tears.
 Her Face lookt well, by Nature's art design'd,
 All charming fair, and fit for such a mind.
 I come, says *Collatine*, discard thy Fear;
 At that she straight reviv'd, and, Oh my Dear, }
 She claspt his Neck, and hung a welcome burthen }
 Mean while young *Tarquin* gathers lustful Fire,
 He burns and rages with a wild Desire;
 Her Shape, her Lillie-white, and Yellow hair,
 Her natural Beauty, and her graceful Air,
 Her words, her voice, and every thing does please,
 And all agree to heighten the Disease;
 That she was Chast doth raise his wishes higher,
 The less his Hopes, the greater his Desire.
 But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
 Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
 His working Powers her absent Form restore,
 'The more he minds her, still he loves the more;
 'Twas thus she fate, thus spun, and thus was drest,
 And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her breast;
 Such was her Mein, and such each Air and Grace,
 And such the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious storm is now blown o'er,
 The Sea still troubl'd, and the Waters roar,
 And curl upon the Winds that blew before :
 So he tho' gone the pleasing Form retains,
 The Fire her present Beauty rais'd remains ;
 He burns, and hurry'd by resistless Charms,
 Resolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
 I'll venture, let whatever Fates attend,
 The daring bold have Fortune for their friend ;
 By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome ;
 This said, he takes his Horse, and speeds for *Rome* :
 The Sun was setting when he reach'd the place,
 With more than Evening blushes in his Face ;
 A Guest in shew, an Enemy in design
 He reach'd the stately Court of *Collatine*,
 And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly kin.
 How much are we deceiv'd ? She makes a Feast,
 And treats her Enemy as a welcome Guest ;
 Now Supper's done, and sleep invites to Bed,
 And all was hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.
 The Lamps put out, and all for rest design'd,
 No Fire in all the House, but in his mind :
 He rose, and drew his Sword, with lustful speed
 Away he goes to chaste *Lucretia's* Bed ;
 And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
 For look, *Lucretia*, here's my naked Sword ;
 My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
 The King's young Son, his best beloved Son.
 Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
 As harmless Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
 Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an easie prey.
 Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
 She trembled, and she breath'd, and that was all :
 What could she do ? Ah ! could she strive ? with whom ?
 A Man ! a Woman's easily o'ercome.
 Should she cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
 His violent Sword had quickly stopt her tongue.
 What should she strive to fly ? that hope was gone,
 Young *Tarquin* held her fast, and kept her down.

He prest her Bosom with a lustful hand,
 That chaste, that charming Breast then first prophan'd.
 The Loving Foe still sues, resolv'd to gain
 With promise, threats, and bribes: but all in vain.
 At last, 'ris Folly to resist, he cry'd,
 My Love will rise to Rage, if long deny'd;
 For I'll accuse thee of unlawful Lust,
 Kill thee, and swear, tho' false, thy Death was Just.
 I'll stab a Slave, and what's the worst of harms,
 Black Fame shall say I caught thee in his Arms.
 This Art prevail'd, she fear'd an injur'd name,
 And liv'd and suffer'd, to secure her Fame.
 Why dost thou smile, Triumphant Ravisher?
 This shameful Victory shall cost thee dear.
 Thy ruin pay for this thy forc'd delight,
 How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
 The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
 She blusht, and rose, and double Mourning wears,
 As for her only Son, she sits in Tears,
 And for her Father, and her Husband sends;
 Each quickly hears the message, and attends.
 But when they came, and saw her drown'd in Tears,
 Amaz'd they ask'd the Cause, what violent Fears,
 What real ill did wound her tender mind;
 What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief design'd?
 But she fate silent still, still sadly cry'd,
 And hid her blushing Face, and wept, and sigh'd.
 Both strive to comfort, both lament her Fate,
 And fear some deadly ill, they know not what.
 Thrice she would speak, thrice stopt; again she tries
 To speak her wrong, yet durst not raise her Eyes:
 This too on *Tarquin's* score, she cry'd, I place,
 I'll speak, I'll speak, ah me! my own disgrace:
 And what they could, her modest words express,
 The last remain'd, her Blushes spoke the rest.
 Both weep, and both the forc'd offence forgive;
 In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
 The pity you bestow; nor can I live.

This said, her fatal Dagger pierc'd her side,
 And at her Father's feet she fell and dy'd.
 Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts a-
 As white and innocent as a Virgin Dove, [bove }
 Not spotted with one thought of Lawless Love. }
 Yet as she fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
 The fall as modestly as she had liv'd.
 The Father o'er the Corps, and Husband fall,
 And mourn, and both the common loss bewail.
 While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came,
 And shew'd his Soul ill-suited with his Name.
 He graspt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
 And as he held it, thus devoutly swore;
 By thee, by this thy chaste and innocent Blood,
 And by thy Ghost, which I'll esteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race, shall be expell'd:
 My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
 At that she rais'd her Eyes, she seem'd to bow
 Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
 The Pomp appears, and as it passes by,
 The gaping Wound expos'd to publick View,
 Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and justly drew
 Curses from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.
 Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,
 And tells them they endure the King too long:
 The King's expell'd, and Consuls they create,
 And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. DRYDEN'S

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

By the Earl of Roscomon.

BE gone you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,
 Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;
 Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
 Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,

And weighty truths, solid convincing Sense,
 Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
 He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,
 Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too Great,
 And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
 Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,
 And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
 That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
 Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:
 What then have honest thinking men to do,
 But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two?

Nor can th' *Egyptian* Patriarch blame my Muse,
 Which for his firmness does his heat Excuse;
 What ever Councils have approv'd his Creed,
 The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed.
 Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll say)
 'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha*;
 And such as can believe them, freely may. }

But did that *God* (so little understood)
 Whose darling Attribute is being good,
 From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
 Yet leave his *Favorite*, Man, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey
 To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
 In that sad place from whence is no return,
 For unbelief in one they never knew,
 Or for not doing what they could not do!
 The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
 (And so do all their followers that Rebel)
 If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
 Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the fallen Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd,

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding day
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)
 Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions*, not for Thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
 Whose inhumanity profusely shown }
 In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!
 I'll err at least on the securer side,
 A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

TO MR. DRYDEN, on his

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore,
 They learn in Verse devoutly to implore,
 Thinking it rude to use the common way
 Of Talk, when they did to such Beings pray.
 Nay they that taught Religion first, thought fit
 In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit:
 So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,
 And every little Stanza was a Law.
 By these few Precedents we plainly see
 The Primitive Design of Poetry;
 Which by restoring to its Native use,
 You generously have rescu'd from abuse.
 Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,
 She vindicates her God, and God-like King,
 Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose,
 (God and the King have always the same Foes.)
 Legions of Verse you raise in their defence,
 And write the Factions to Obedience;
 You the bold *Arian* to Arms desie,
 A conquering Champion for the Deity

Against the Whigs first Parents, who did dare
 To disinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
 And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* first began,
 Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
 Who still Associates to keep God a Man.
 But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
 T' assert the Rights of God's, and *Charles* his Throne.
 Whilst vulgar Poets purchase vulgar Fame
 By chaunting *Chloris*, or fair *Phyllis* Name;
 Whose Reputation shall last as long,
 As Fops and Ladies sing the amorous Song.
 A Nobler Subject wisely they refuse,
 The Mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.
 So Story tells, a Painter once would try
 With his bold hand to Limn a Deity;
 And He, by frequent practising that part,
 Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
 But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
 The Thunderer such horror did beget,
 That put the frighted Artist to a stand,
 And made his Pencil drop from's baffl'd Hand.

The XXI. ODE of the
 FIRST BOOK of HORACE.

By the Earl of Roscomon.

Integer Vita, &c.

Vertue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
 The surest Guard is Innocence:
 None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
 What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.
 Integrity undaunted goes
 Through *Libyan* sands or *Scythian* snows,

Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)

Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,

A grisly foaming Wolf unfed,

Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous size,

In the *Hercinian* Forest lies ;

None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,

With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,

That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace :

Where angry *Jove* did never spare

One Breath of kind and temperate Air :

Set me where on some pathless Plain

The swarthy *Africans* complain,

To see the Chariot of the Sun

So near their scorching Country run :

The burning Zone, the frozen Isles,

Shall hear me sing of *Calia's* Smiles ;

All cold but in her Breast I will despise,

And dare all heat but that in *Calia's* Eyes.

The VI. ODE of the

THIRD BOOK of *HORACE*.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

By the Earl of *Rescomon*.

THose ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own ;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair

The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues sully'd yet with Sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
 For humble, grateful Piety,
 (As it rewarded their Respect)
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
 All Empires on the Gods depend,
 Begun by their command, at their command they End.
 Let *Crassus* Ghost and *Labienuſ* tell
 How twice by *Jove's* revenge our Legions fell,
 And with insulting Pride
 Shining in *Roman* ſpoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.
 The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
 Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
 While our Seditions took their part,
 Fill'd each *Egyptian* ſail, and wing'd each *Scythian*
 Firſt, theſe Flagitious times, [dart.
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
 Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed,
 From which polluted head
 Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
 And through the ſpurious breed and guilty Nation
 Behold a ripe and melting Maid, [ran.
 Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade ;
Ionian Artiſts at a mighty price
 Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,
 What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtile Baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd Clay.
 Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
 By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
 And ſcorns the common mean deſign
 To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
 Or ſnatch in ſome dark place
 A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.
 No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
 And bids her riſe when Lovers call ;
 Hither a Merchant from the Straits,
 Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
 Or City *Cannibal*, repairs,
 Who feeds upon the fleſh of Heirs.

Convenient Brutes, whose tributary flame,
 Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted
 'Tis not the Spawn of such as these, [shame.
 That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the Conquer'd Seas,
 And quasht the stern *Æacides*;
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
 How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel;
 Forc'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
 And won the long disputed World at *Zama's* fatal field.
 But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
 Or through hewn Woods their weighty strokes did
 And after the declining Sun [sound:
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their Task was done,
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labour of the day.
 Time sensibly all things impairs;
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs;
 And we than Ours, next Age will see
 A Race more profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

The IV. ODE of the

FIRST BOOK of *HORACE*.

CONquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
 And never-failing Vows of her return,
 Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
 To free the joyful Spring;
 Which for fresh Loves with youthful heat do's burn;
 Warm South-winds Court her, and with fruitful
 Awake the drowsie flowers, [show'rs
 Who haste and all their sweetness bring
 To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping white is seen,
 But all the Fields are clad with pleasant Green,
 And only fragrant Dews now fall:
 The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
 To bask in th' Sun's much warmer beams;
 The Plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams;
 Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
 Nay tempted by the smiling Sky
 Wreckt Merchants quit the shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The Wind and Seas Almighty power;
 Chusing much rather to be dead than poor.
 Upon the flow'ry Plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Shepherdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural Harmonies;
 They steal in private to the covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd Loves.
 The City Dame takes this pretence
 (Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
 To quit the smoak and business of the Town,
 And to her Country-house retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some brawny Clown,
 Or her appointed Gallant come
 To feed her loose desires;
 Whilst the poor Cuckold by his sweat at home
 Maintains her Lust and Pride,
 Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous Bride.
 Since all the World's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we?
 Let's then accept our Mother Nature's treat,
 And please our selves with all that's sweet;
 Let's to the shady Bowers,
 Where Crown'd with gaudy flowers
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
 Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conqueror Death
 With the same freedom snatches a King's breath,

He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.

Tho' each day we with cost repair,
He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care ;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong.
And he that lives the longest, dies but young ;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in mists of endless Night.

Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
So many strange Romantick Tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)
No more shall Mirth and Wine
Our loves and wits refine ;
No more shall you your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd :
Nay she too in the Grave
Shall lye like us despis'd.

The IV. ODE of the

SECOND BOOK of HORACE

English'd by Mr. Duke.

BLush not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move :
Achilles once the Fierce, the Brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave ;
Tecmessa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour ;
Great *Agamemnon*, when success
Did all his Arms with Conquest bless ;
When *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.

You know not to what mighty Line
 The lovely Maid may make you join ;
 See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,
 No common Cause could draw such Tears ;
 Those streams sure that adorn her so
 For loss of Royal Kindred flow :
 Oh ! think not so divine a thing
 Could from the Bed of Commons spring ;
 Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,
 And so averse to sordid gain,
 Was never born of any Race
 That might the noblest Love disgrace.
 Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,
 Her well shap'd Leg, and all her Charms
 Of her Body and her Face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not Love the youthful Rage
 From *Horace's* declining Age,
 But think remov'd by forty years
 All his flames and all thy fears.

The VIII. ODE of the

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*.

English'd by Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
 By which the false *Barine* swore,
 False, fair *Barine*, on thy head
 Had the least mark of Vengeance shed ;
 If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
 Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
 I should believe thy Vows ; but thou
 Since perjur'd dost more charming grow.

Of all our Youth the Publick care,
 Not half so false as thou art Fair.
 It thrives with thee to be forsworn
 By thy dead Mother's sacred Urn,
 By Heaven and all the Stars that shine
 Without, and every God within :
Venus hears this, and all the while
 At thy empty Vows does smile,
 Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
 Does smile, and to his Quiver run ;
 Does smile, and fall to whet his Darts,
 To wound for thee fresh Lovers hearts.
 See all the Youth does thee obey,
 Thy train of slaves grows every day ;
 Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,
 Tho' oft they threaten to be free,
 Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,
 Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.
 Thee every careful Mother fears
 For her Son's blooming tender years ;
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
 In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
 Lest thou detain by stronger Charms
 Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

H O R A C E and *L Y D I A*.

The IX. O D E.

English'd by Mr. Duke.

H O R A C E.

WHilst I was welcome to your heart,
 In which no happier Youth had part,
 And full of more prevailing Charms,
 Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,

I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

H O R A C E.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
And every Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L Y D I A.

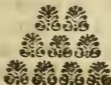
Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would dye, to save
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first fires again should burn?
If *Chloe's* banish'd to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

L Y D I A.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is Fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.



A DIALOGUE between
H O R A C E and *L Y D I A*.

English'd by another Hand.

H O R A C E.

While I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
 And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part :
 Unrivall'd while my longing Arms I cast
 About your lovely neck and slender waste,
 And you to every one but me were chaste ;
 I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's state,
 And thought my self more happy, and as great.

L Y D I A.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer she
 Had stole your wandring heart away from me ;
 While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
 Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine ;
 Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
 Although a God her sweet embraces sought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your place,
 She charms me with her Musick and her Face ;
 To save her life, I with my own would part,
 And freely give it as I gave my heart.

L Y D I A.

Fair *Calais* now, the sweet *Messenian* Boy,
 Loves me, I him as equally enjoy ;
 If by my dying he might longer live,
 I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our hearts unite,
 And force us to adore that Love we slight ?
 If *Chloe* with her golden locks should yield,
 And banish'd *Lydia* should regain the Field ?

L Y D I A.

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
 Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
 Tho' he so kind, so charming and so true,
 I willingly would live, would die, with you.

The III. ELEGY of theFIRST BOOK of *PROPERTIUS*.

English'd by Mr. Adams.

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
 While the deaf Winds false *Thesews* bore away;
 As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
 More sweet, more fair in her first slumber seem'd;
 Or as the no less weary *Bacchanal*
 Surpriz'd by sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
 Such seem'd to me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
 While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid }
 On her fair hand reclin'd her bending head;
 When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
 Dragg'd home at Mid-night my unfaithful Feet;
 But as sh' appear'd so charming to my view,
 Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
 Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
 The Fort of Love might by surprize be gain'd;
 Yet tho' commanded by a double fire,
 Both by the flames of Wine, and hot Desire;
 Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have stray'd,
 And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
 I durst not in the soft assault engage,
 Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
 But so my greedy eyes survey'd her o'er,
 The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
 Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
 And try'd how sweetly 'twould on *Cynthia's* show.

Sometimes corrected her disorder'd hair,
 That loofely wanton'd with the sportive Air;
 And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
 Some frightful Vision to my Love appear'd.
 'Till the bright Moon thro' the wide Window shone,
 (The Moon that would not suddenly be gone;)
 She with her subtile rays uncios'd her eyes,
 When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some tawdry Jade,
 Kick'd out of doors, your forc'd into my Bed;
 For where is it you spend my Nights? you come
 Drawn off and impotent at Morning home;
 I wish, base man! I wish such nights you had,
 As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
 Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
 Then with my Lute my weariness relieve;
 Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
 While in some others Arms you melt away;
 'Till sleep's soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
 Beguile my Sorrows, and my Cares compose.

O U T O F

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fœda est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'T IS but a short, but a filthy pleasure,
 And we soon nauseate the enjoy'd treasure;
 Let not us then as lustful Beasts do,
 Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
 Lest we put out Love's gentle fire,
 And he droop, and languish in impotent desire;
 But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiss,
 Thus, thus improve the lasting bliss!

There

There is no labour here, no shame,
 The solid Pleasure's still the same,
 Never, oh, never to be done,
 Where Love is ever but begun.

E P I S T L E

From Mr. *Otway*, to Mr. *Duke*.

MY much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my
 How do I loath the day, and light despise [eyes,
 Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome Guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 Last night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
 E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
 We two together wander'd through a Grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above, }
 Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love; }
 Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
 And sung their joyful Songs of Liberty;
 While through the gladsome Choir well pleas'd we
 And of our present valu'd State thus talk'd; [walk'd,
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
 Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What Fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
 That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd Paste;
 When the wide River he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to Liberty and Ease?

No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While underneath these shady, peaceful Bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand Pleasures waste the day;
 Sometimes upon a River's bank we lye,
 Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
 Amidst whose current rising Fishes play,
 And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
 Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Bush,
 On which the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,
 Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
 And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:
 There we two lye, between us may be's spread
 Some Book, few understand, tho' many read:
 Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred Leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
 How *Juno's* rage did good *Aeneas* vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her Sex
 In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
 He knew the fatal danger of her Charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue her Arms.
 Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
 Their gentle Friendship, and their martial Fire;
 We praise their Valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
 And love their Friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read;
 Who can our Transports, or our Longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd.
 A generous Bottle and a lovesome She,
 Are th' only Joys in Nature, next to Thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,

When to our little Cottage we repair,
 We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear *B---ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honest as the Sword he wears,
Wilson, professing friendship yet a Friend,
 Or--*Short*, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit good ;
 Who have forsook the wild tumultuous Town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down ;
 With eager Arms how closely then w' embrace,
 What Joy's in every heart, and every face !
 The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
 With choicest Meats at least, though not with store :
 Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
 Full of what cheers the Heart, and fires the Brain.
 Each waited on by a bright virgin Glass,
 Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lass.
 Then down we sit, while every Genius tries
 T' improve, 'till he deserves his Sacrifice :
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night :
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
 Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his Head, }
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed ;
 'Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
 With twining Limbs, that still Love's posture keep ;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet craving love till the next night :
 Then we the drowsie Cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our Books our earliest visit make ;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all ;
 While the poor under Faculties resort,
 And to her sickly Majesty make Court ;

The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no ent'rance to be had.
 Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
 He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen. }
 Reason, the honest Counsellor, this knows,
 And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!
 This Image when it came too fiercely shook
 My Brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
 No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No Friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r;
 Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing, prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World;
 But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I with remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the woful'st state of Man;
 To be by Fools mis-led, to Knaves a prey:
 But make Life what I ask, or take't away.



A LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a Slave,
 Found a retreat within a peaceful Cave;
 Where no intruders durst his hours molest,
 (But the Dear Passion still inflam'd his Breast)
 And where abandon'd to his restless Pains,
 He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
 From thence-----

To a dear Friend (such as are hard to find)
 Known true and just, and longing to be kind,
 Who always shar'd his Pleasures and his Pain,
 In these sad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My only Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
 That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate:
 Your pity e'er I ask I'm sure to gain,
 But cruel *Cynthia's* never must obtain.

You are not ign'rant of her charms I know,
 Too well by her they're known, and thence my woe:
 Yet must I not complain, I own the Fair
 Has justly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
 For I have long prophanely laugh'd at Love,
 And oft to make the World despise it, strove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
 With pleasures wing'd my minutes gaily flew:
 When Beauty wounded, Wine soon freed my Soul,
 My peace came swimming in the healing Bowl;
 Or if too weak the Wine against Love's charms,
 I took some balmy Harlot to my Arms;
 Which always did the raging pains remove,
 And cool the stings of any other Love.
 In peace and plenty, with still new Delights,
 I pass'd my joyful Days and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom lost I mourn,
 My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;

Too strong's my Passion, as the Nymph too Fair,
 (Ah, lovely Nymph, must I for ever bear!)
 In your bright Eyes such Heav'nly Beauties shine,
 You want but mercy to be all Divine;
 Lost freedom to regain I dare not try,
 That were Rebellion, and I ought to dye.
 Why shou'd your pow'ful Charms your Pride create,
 Your Pride your only Fault, my only Fate?

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conquest of her Eyes,
 Since first my Heart was made her Sacrifice,
 And she the panting Victim cou'd despise.
 Yet spite of all her rigorous disdain,
 I love my Ruin, and I hug my Chain.

Reason in vain endeavours to persuade
 That I shou'd quit this haughty, scornful Maid;
 Small Passions often make our Reason yield,
 When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.

Your hopeless Friend thus languishing remains,
 Enslav'd by one who will not ease his Pains;
 Smiles when he weeps, and frowns when he com-
 plains,

A N E L E G Y,

*By the Wife of St. Alexias (a Nobleman of Rome)
 complaining on his absence, he having left her on
 his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal
 to go visit the Christian Churches.*

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond, a Jesuit.

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the best Youth of Rome,
 My fatal Charms sent many to their Tomb,
 Now wretched Maid, and miserable Wife,
 In Tears, and in Complaints, must waste my Life;

Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
 With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.
 He leaves me to my anxious Cares a Prey;
 Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you stray;
 Whilst in my Maiden widow'd Bed I lye,
 More-wretched than the Dead; and wish to dye?
 In you were all my Hopes, dear Wanderer,
 Your doubted Safety now creates my Fear;
 He broke his Vows, he broke our Marriage-bond,
 What dangers may a perjur'd Wretch surround, }
 At least his flight his tender Feet may wound?
 Oh! that I knew which way his course he steers,
 'Twould soften much my pains, and lessen much my
 A Letter shou'd inform him of my cares, [fears:
 And he with pity sure wou'd read my Pray'rs;
 I'd write him lines might move a senseless Stone,
 Nay his hard Heart to feel compassion.
 But; when we write, too slow are the returns,
 Too slow, for one that with my passion burns;
 Letters I wou'd not trust, my self wou'd go,
 And from my Mouth my sorrows he shou'd know.
 By stealth I'll leave my Father's House, 'twas you
 Did first, alas! the sad Example shew.
 My pressing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
 To fly, till my *Alexias* I shou'd meet.
 Through Desarts I durst go (a tender Maid)
 In search of you I could not be afraid.
 No dangers should my eager steps retard,
 My Innocence and Love would be my guard.
 If Dragons against me their Crests should rear, }
 Or should I meet a Lyon or a Bear,
 I never can be capable of Fear.
David (too young for toils) a tender Boy,
 Could the fierce Lyon and rough Bear destroy;
 From his small Hand a Pebble could confound,
 And strike the Mountain Gyant to the Ground.
 Th' *Alyrian* General, *Bethulia's* dread, }
 By a chaste Woman's hand did lose his Head,
 And she was by her Guardian Angel led.

Why may not my attempts successful prove,
 Assisted by Divinity, and Love?
 With fearless courage I dare undertake
 Amazing Actions, for my Husband's sake:
 Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow Thee,
 Whether by Land thou wand'rest or by Sea;
 Whether on Shoar or on the swelling Main,
 One House, one Boat may both of us contain:
 If your sharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
 On that *Ionian* Sea my Bark shall ride.
 If (to contemplate on the sufferings
 And cruel Death of the blest King of Kings,)
 A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you go,
 I'll join in Adoration there with you.
 If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
 With you in *Palestine* I'll offer holy Vows;
 Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
 And leave this temp'rate for that frozen Air;
 With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
 On the cold Top of the *Caucasian* Hill.
 Or should you wander o'er the *Libyan* Sand,
 (That vast, and wild, unhospitable Land)
 Through those parcht Plains with thee (my Love)
 I'll stray,
 Nor fear the hungry, savage Beasts of Prey.
 I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you sail;
 My Love shall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
 Nothing to follow you would seem a Toil.
 Tho' to the utmost *Indies* you are driv'n,
 Till I can reach your Arms, I'll know no Hav'n.
 Ah! let chaste Love propitious Planets keep,
 Safe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
 Yet if my Ship by Tempests must be torn,
 By artful strokes above the Waters born
 In spite of Nature I shall swim to shoar,
 For Love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
 The flaming Constellations are in Love,
 And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;

But the unsettl'd Waves, nor the inconstant Wind
 Shall ever move my Faith, or shake my stedfast Mind
 But if inevitable Fates decree, }
 That I must suffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey ;
 (The only succour such a Fate can give)
 In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
 There let me rest, till thou shalt find that shoar }
 Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
 There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
 So in the scaly Monster *Jozas* lay,
 Protected from the Fury of the Sea ;
 Both wondred at their Lot, and both rejoic'd,
 One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his host ;
 The third day came, and then (by Heaven's com-
 The Fish restor'd the Prophet to the Land. [mand)
 But if to me no Fish will favour shew,
 And (dear *Alexias*) I must dye for you ;
 Oh Love Divine ! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
 For thee, chaste Author of my Funeral ;
 The Sea shall take my Name, and 'mongst the Stars
 I'll be a Guide to wandring Mariners :
 While they with wonder shall repeat my Name,
 A Faith like mine deserves no less a Fame ;
 They'll doubtless pray that such a Wife, above, }
 May be rewarded for so chaste a Love ;
 And that her Husband there may constant prove, }
 And for the load of waters she has born,
 Her Ashes may lye easie in their Urn.
 Alas ! I rave, with fancies I am fed, }
 Not knowing where my dearest Husband's fled,
 I search him, dreaming in my widow'd Bed. }
 If to the Woods I go, or Rocks, or Shoars,
 From thee they've learn'd to scorn Love's mighty
 Unheard, alas ! I lose my Am'rous Groans, [Powers.
 The Winds and Waves refuse to hear my Moans,
Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
 And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cause your stay!
 If thou hast Pity, come, oh! come away:
 Ah! suffer not thy absence I should mourn,
 I'll come to thee, if thou canst not return.

A M A R Y L L I S,

Or the Third *Idyllum* of

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

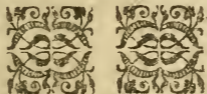
By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,
 My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains stray:
 O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
 In Pastures fresh, and to their watering led;
 And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting head. }
 Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
 The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove;
 Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs were laid,
 Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?
 Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
 With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire:
 But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same,
 My Heart maintains for both a double Flame.
 Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn,
 So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
 I die, and Death will finish all my pain,
 Yet e'er I die, behold me once again:
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
 What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
 Ten wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
 How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear!
 Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;)

Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd ;
 And for to morrow have Ten more reserv'd.
 Look on me kindly and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some God transform me by his Heav'nly Pow'r
 Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
 The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of Love I find ;
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind !
 The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood ; }
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport !
 Unheeded Ruin ! treacherous Delight !
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight !
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn.
 Smile once again, revive me with your Charms ;
 And let me die contented in your Arms.
 I would not ask to live another Day,
 Might I but sweetly kiss my Soul away !
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,
 For Kisses are but empty, when compar'd !
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
 The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
 Of Parsly with a wreath of Ivy bound ;
 And border'd with a Rosie edging round.
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard !
 Since I must die, why is my Fate deferr'd !
 I strip my Body of my Shepherd's Frock,
 Behold that dreadful downfall of a Rock,
 Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from high !
 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try,
 You would be pleas'd, to see me plunge to shoar,
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my Fortune long ago,
 When, seeking my success in Love to know,

I try'd th' infallible Prophetick way,
 A Poppy leaf upon my Palm to lay;
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
 And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
 The with'ring leaf foreshew'd your with'ring Love.
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
 My last recourse I had to Sieve and Sheers;
 And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease,
 (*Agreo* that in Harvest us'd to lease;
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire;
 Meat, Drink, and two pence was her daily hire;) }
 To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty Sieve wagg'd ne'er the more; }
 I wept for woe, the testy Beldame swore,
 And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
 A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;
 Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the Nut-brown Lads, *Erithacis*,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss;
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
 What madman would o'erstand his Market twice!
 My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near, }
 Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear, }
 I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.
 What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?
 She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife }
 To win his Lady, or to lose his Life, }
 (What shift some men will make to get a Wife?) }
 Threw down a golden Apple in her way,
 For all her haste she could not chuse but stay:
 Renown said Run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd Hold;
 The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,)
 That stopt the fatal fury of her speed:
 She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse
 Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose;

A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye,)
 From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
 His Herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:
 If such another Wager should be laid,
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.
 Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
 His pow'r on high, and in Cœlestial Minds?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook.
 Nay when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
 How blest was fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
 Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possest,
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
 My aking Head can scarce support the pain;
 This curst Love will surely turn my brain:
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;
 Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
 A clammy sweat does o'er my Temples creep;
 My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:
 I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,
 The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
 For Love has made me Carrion e'er I die,



P H A R M A C E U T R I A ;

O R, T H E

I N C H A N T R E S S.

Simætha is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one Delphis. and not having seen him in Twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid Thestylis, endeavours by Charms to reduce him.

Translated from *Theocritus* by Mr. William Bowles,
of King's College in Cambridge.

TH E Philters, *Thestylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, since neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the false Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerful, can be mov'd.
'Twelve days, an Age to me, alas! are past
Since at these doors he knock'd, or me saw last;
Scorn'd and neglected, if I live, or no,
Inhuman as he is, he does not know.
'To some new Mistress sure he is inclin'd,
For Love has wings, and he a changing mind.
'To morrow I'll to the *Palæstra* go,
And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
Now to my Charm: but you, bright Queen of night,
Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
You, mighty Goddess, I invoke; and you
Infernal *Hecate*---
(When you ascend from the pale shades below
Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
A sudden horror seizes all around,
The Dogs at your approach afrighted fly,
Assist, and with your pow'ful aid be nigh;

Inspire this Charm, and may it prove as strong
As *Circe's* or the bold *Medea's* Song.

*Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames : d'you stand
Insensible, you Sot, when I command ?

Or am I scorn'd, and grown a jest to you ?

Strew Salt, and say, thus *Delphis* Bones I strew.

*Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

As *Delphis* me, so I this Laurel burn,

And as that burns, and does to Ashes turn,

And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,

So may false *Delphis* burn in quicker Fires.

*Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

As the Wax melts, which in the Fire I cast,

So in Loves flower flames may *Delphis* waste :

And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,

Tho' seeming to go on, and quit its ground,

Returns, and in its Magick Circle still is found ;

So, tho' averse, and fled from my Embrace,

May he return, and still maintain his place.

*Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above ;

You all the stubborn Pow'rs below can move,

Th' infernal Judges and th' infernal King :

Ring, *Thestylis*, the founding Brass, haste, ring ;

She comes, the Goddess comes, the dreadful cry

Of howling Dogs gives notice she is nigh.

*Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

See ! silent are the Winds, a peaceful sleep

Has calm'd the raging Seas, and smooth'd the Deep :

But the rough Tempest, that distracts my Breast,

No Calm can find, and will admit no rest.

O Chastity, and violated Fame !

I burn for him whose Love's my only shame.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,

Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.

Thus thrice I sacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddess, what I say.
Who e'er she be that shares his envy'd Bed,
Proud by her Conquest, and my Ruin, made,
Her Honour lost, and she undone, as I,
Deserted and abandon'd may she lie,
As did on *Dia's* shoar the Royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty betray'd.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,

Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.

Hippomanes but tasted rage inspires,
And with new heat the winged Coursers fires,
O'er Fields and Woods and Mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no stop can know;
Such is the plant, and oh! that I might see
My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,

Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.

This fringe, which my Lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
This once dear Relick thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the Love that Leech-like dreins
From my pale limbs the blood, and empty veins?

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,

Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.

To morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
Now, *Thestylis*, this Philter spread around
His fatal door---

(There all my thoughts, and my lost senses dwell,
There, tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues still)
And spit, and the ingrateful Man devove,
That flights my passion, and neglects my Love.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,

Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms:

She's gone; and since I now am left alone,
What shall I say? what first shall I bemoan?
What was the Cause? whence sprung my ill plae'd
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove; [Love?

When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
Her Nuptial Vow to the chaste Goddess paid,
With savage Beasts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lioness amidst 'em plac'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Theucharila, my Nurse, would see the show,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go;
Her Pray'rs, and my ill Fate at last prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

There all my ills began; for there, alas!

I *Delphis* saw, and *Eudamippus* pass:

Their golden Hair in careless Curls hung down,
And brighter (*Cynthia*) far than you they shone.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

I saw, and was undone! a subtle fire

Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot desire;

The shining Pomp could now no more surprize,

A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.

When that was ended, I forgot to go,

How I return'd, or when, I did not know;

Ten days, as many restless Nights I lay,

My Beauty to the fierce Disease a Prey.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

My Flesh all wasted, and my Limbs all pale,

And all my Hair with the strong Poison fell:

Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou inforce?

To what Enchantress had not I recourse,

For skill in Herbs, and Magick Arts renown'd?

No remedy in their vain Arts I found.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

With Sickness wasted, and with Grief oppress'd,

Thus to my Servant I at last confess:

Haste, *Thestylis*, thy dying Mistress sends,
 My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound ;
 No remedy for Love but Love is found :
 In active Sports and Wrestling he delights,
 And in the bright *Palæstra* often fits.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

There watch your time, and softly let him know
Simatha sent you, then my Lodgings show.

She did, and straight his sounding feet I heard,
 Gods ! but when lovely *Delphis* first appear'd !

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

A death-like cold seiz'd on me, from my Brow,
 Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
 Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
 My dying words, when I would speak 'em, hung :
 As when imperfect sounds from Children fall,
 When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

The cruel Man sat down upon my Bed,
 And then with Eyes cast downward thus he said :
 In Love you are as far before me gone,
 As young *Philius* lately I out-run.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Had not your kinder Message call'd me home,
 By Love's sweet Joys at Night I would have come ;
 Arm'd with my Friends I had beset you round,
 And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
 For I in swiftness, and in form excel,
 But that my vanquish'd Equals best may tell ;
 Some smaller favour than I had desir'd ;
 And modestly but with a Kiss retir'd :

Had you been cruel, and your Doors been barr'd,
With Bars and Torches for the storm I was prepar'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
And next, my fair Preserver, next to you ;
She saw the burning Pain which I endure,
And recommends to you the mighty Cure ;
For cool and gentle are all other fires
Compar'd with those which cruel Love inspires.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
Nor darkness them, nor danger can afright,
Love's mighty power can the young Wife compel
From her warm sleeping Husband's Arms to steal.

He said : and I, a fond, believing Maid,

Prest and reclin'd him gently on my Bed ;

Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,

Warmth to my Blood, and Colour to my Face,

And, to be short, with mutual Kisses fir'd,

To the last bliss we eagerly aspir'd,

And both attain'd, what both alike desir'd.

Now swift the hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew,

Calm were our Passions, and no Tempest knew ;

No quarrel could disturb our peaceful Bed,

But all those Joys this fatal Morning fled.

Aurora scarce had chas'd away the Night,

And o'er the World diffus'd her rosie Light,

Philista's Mother came, (and as she still

The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell ;)

She told me first that *Delphis* lov'd, but who

She could not tell, but that he lov'd she knew ;

All signs of some new Love she said she found,

His House adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.

She tells me true ; oh my ill-boding fears !

And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears :

His visits were more frequent, now at last,

Since he was here twelve tedious days are past.

'Tis so: and can he then so cruel prove,
 And I so soon forgotten, and my Love?
 Now I'm content to see what Charms can do,
 But if he dares go on to use me so,
 Provok'd at last a Potion I'll prepare,
 That by his Death shall ease me of my care.
 So sure the Poison, and so strong the Draught,
 The secret was by an *Assyrian* taught.
 You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
 And to the rising Sun your light resign;
 My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
 To fix your Chariot, or retard your course;
 I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
 And a sad Cure attend from my despair.
 Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring Light,
 Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night.

The C Y C L O P S.

THEOCRITUS *Idyll. XI.*

English'd by Mr. Duke of Cambridge.

Inscrib'd to Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
 To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
 No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,
 None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:
 Sweet to the Sense, and easie to the Mind
 The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
 This you well know, and surely none so well,
 Who both in *Phyſick's* sacred Art excel,
 And in *Wit's* Orb amongst the brightest shine,
 The love of *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine.

Thus sweetly said of old, the *Cyclops* strove
 To soften his uneasie hours of Love;

Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
 And *Galatea's* Eyes kindled the raging fire.
 His was no common Flame, nor could he move
 In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
 Nor Flowers, nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,
 Nor more to please, curl'd his neglected Hair.
 His was all Rage, all Madness; to his Mind
 No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.
 Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone
 Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,
 Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
 Accusing *Galatea's* Cruelty;
 Till Night from the first dawn of opening day,
 Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.
 Yet then a Cure, the only Cure he found,
 And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
 From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey
 The Flood, (the Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)
 His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,
 And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful Song.
 Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
 Rewarded thus? soft Love with sharp Disdain?
 Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,
 Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;
 Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose head
 The tender Crescents but begin to spread;
 Yet cruel you to harshness more encline,
 Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.
 Soon as my heavy Eye-lid's seal'd with sleep,
 Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
 But when sleep leaves me, you together fly,
 And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye, { spy. }
 Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they }
 I well remember the first fatal day
 That made my Heart your Beauty's easie Prey;
 'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,
 Of all its Brightness, all its Pride bereft,
 To gather Flowers from the steep Mountain's Top,
 Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To Hyacinths, and Roses did you bring,
 And shew'd you all the Treasures of the Spring.
 But from that hour my Soul has known no rest,
 Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd Breast,
 I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you
 Not the least sign of melting pity shew:
 No; by the Gods that shall revenge my pain!
 No; you, the more I love, the more disdain.
 Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
 Why you despise and fly the *Cyclops* so;
 Because a shaggy Brow from side to side,
 Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
 And under that one only Eye does shine,
 And my flat Nose to my big Lips does join.
 Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thousand Sheep,
 The pride of the *Sicilian Hills*, I keep;
 With sweetest Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
 And my vast stock of Cheeses never fails;
 In Summer's heat, or Winter's sharpest cold,
 My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
 With such soft Notes I the shrill Pipe inspire,
 That every listning *Cyclops* does admire;
 While with it often I all Night proclaim,
 Thy powerful Charms, and my successless Flame.
 For thee twelve Does all big with Fawn, I feed,
 And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
 Ah! come to me, fair Nymph, and you shall find
 These are the smallest Gifts for thee design'd.
 Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
 And break themselves against the sounding shoar.
 How much more pleasant would thy slumbers be
 In the retir'd and peaceful Cave with me?
 There the streight Cypress and green Laurel join,
 And creeping Ivy clasps the cluster'd Vine;
 There fresh, cool Rills, from *Aetna's* purest Snow,
 Dissolv'd into Ambrosial Liquor, flow.
 Who the wild Waves, and brackish Sea could chuse,
 And these still Shades, and these sweet Streams refuse?

But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with Hair,
 Without a fire defie the Winter Air,
 Know I have mighty stores of Wood, and know
 Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
 My Soul, my Life it self should burn for thee,
 And this one-Eye, as dear as Life to me.
 Why was not I with Fins, like Fishes, made,
 That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
 Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
 And kiss your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
 To thee I'd Lillies and red Poppies bear,
 And flowers that Crown each Season of the Year,
 But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive,
 Of-the next Stranger that does here arrive,
 That th' undiscover'd Pleasures I may know
 Which you enjoy in the deep Flood below.
 Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
 Like me that on this Rock unmindful sit,
 (Of all things else unmindful but of thee)
 Home to return forget, and live with me.
 With me the sweet and pleasing Labour chuse,
 To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ewes,
 To press the Cheese, and the sharp Runnet to in-
 fuse.

My Mother does unkindly use her Son,
 By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
 For me she never labours to prevail,
 Nor whispers in your Ear my Am'rous Tale.
 No; tho' she knows I languish every day,
 And sees my Body waste, and strength decay.
 But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
 And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
 That, in her Breast if any pity lye,
 She may be sad, and griev'd as well as I.

O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reason fled?
 If your young *Lambs* with new pluckt boughs you fed,
 And watch'd your Flock, would you not seem more
 Milk what is next, pursue not that which flies. [wife?

Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
Another fairer *Galatea* find.

Me many Virgins, as I pass, invite
To waste with them in Love's soft Sports the Night,
And if I but incline my listning Ear,
New Joys, new Smiles in all their Looks appear.
Thus we, it seems, can be belov'd; and we,
It seems, are somebody as well as she.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
And sooth'd with gentle Verse his fierce desire.
Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
Than if the Riches of the World were his.

To C Æ L I A.

By Mr. DUKE.

FLY swift, ye hours, ye sluggish minutes fly,
Bring back my Love, or let her Lover dye.
Make haste, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,
My *Calia* brighter than thy self restore.
In spite of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams display,
That makes my Sky look clear, and guides my day. }
O when will she lift up her sacred Light!
And chase away the flying shades of Night!
With her how fast the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?
So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,
Yet 'tis an Age since I beheld her last.
O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,
To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!
O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,
And cheer my own with their reflected rays!

How

How my impatient, thirsty Soul does long,
 To hear the charming Musick of thy Tongue!
 Where pointed Wit with solid Judgment grows,
 And in one easie stream united flows.
 When e'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
 You call up every Soul to every Ear!

Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
 Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;
 Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
 As makes Mankind with joy and pride obey.
 But oh! when Wit and Sense with Beauty's join'd,
 The Woman's sweetness with the manly mind,
 When Nature with so just a hand does mix
 The most engaging Charms of either Sex;
 And out of both that thus in one combine
 Does something form not Humane but Divine,
 What's her command, but that we all adore
 The noblest work of her almighty power!
 Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
 Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate:
 Where Nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
 Nor have the Liberty to disobey.
 And whensoever she does a Poet make,
 She gives him Verse but for thy Beauty's sake.
 Had I a Pen that could at once impart
 Soft *Ovid's* Nature and high *Virgil's* Art,
 Then the immortal *Sacharissa's* Name
 Should be but second in the list of Fame;
 Each Grove, each Shade should with thy praise be fill'd,
 And the fam'd *Penshurst* to our *Windsor* yield.



Spoken to the QUEEN in
*Trinity-College New-Court in
 Cambridge.*

Written by Mr. Duke.

THOU equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
 That mak'st a Crown fit soft on *Charles's* Head ;
 In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat :
 Meekness with Power, and Piety with State ;
 Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds re-
 Win the Seditious, and the Savage tame ; [claim,
 Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,
 And only useles is on such a King ;
 See, mighty Princess, see how every Breast
 With Joy and Wonder is at once possess'd :
 Such was the Joy, which the first Mortals knew,
 When Gods descended to the Peoples view,
 Such devout wonder did it then afford,
 To see those Pow'rs they had unseen ador'd :
 But they were Feign'd : nor if they had been true,
 Could shed more Blessings on the Earth than you :
 Our Courts enlarg'd, their former Bounds disdain,
 To make Reception for so great a Train ;
 Here may your sacred Breast rejoice to see,
 Your own Age strive with Ancient Piety.
 Soon now, since blest by your auspicious Eyes,
 To full perfection shall our Fabrick rise.
 Less powerful Charms than yours of old could call
 The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
 And ours which now its rise to you shall owe,
 More fam'd than that by your great Name shall grow.



F L O R I A N A,

A Pastoral upon the Death of her Grace
the Dutches of SOUTHAMPTON.

By Mr. DUKE.

D A M O N.

TELL me my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lye?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln Bosom rise?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
Have my Lambs stray'd? let 'em for ever stray: [may:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
A Grief so great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon's* friendship, or *Dorinda's* Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrsis*. But, *Damon*,
there may be:

What if the charming *Floriana* die?

Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrsis*. But suppose it true.

Damon. Then should I grieve, my *Thyrsis*, more
than you.

She is---*Thyrsis*. Alas! she was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy swoln Eyes run o'er:
Here to this Turf by thy sad *Thyrsis* grow,
And when my streams of Grief too shallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raise the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wisht height the
Flood may swell,

Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,

How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.

Oh! she was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Blessing their Babes when first they see the day.

Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace;

Such pow'ful Charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive Goodness as might draw

The humblest, and to both give equal Law.

How was she wondred at by every Swain?

The Pride, the Light, the Goddesses of the Plain:

On all she shin'd, and spreading Glories cast

Diffusive of her self, where-e'er she past,

There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow

From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:

Even me sometimes she with a smile would grace,

Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.

Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the delight

Of feasting on her Eyes my longing sight:

But to a Being so sublime, so pure,

Spar'd my Devotion, of my Love secure.

Damon. Her Beauty such: but Nature did design

That only as an answerable Shrine

To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.

Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,

As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing light.

In her smooth Forehead we might read exprest

The even calmness of her gentle Breast:

And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ

The active Vigour of her youthful wit.

Each Beauty of the Body or the Face

Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.

Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,

As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;

Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,

Like those, who being dull, would grave appear;

Who out of guilt do chearfulness despise,
 And being sullen, hope Men think 'em wise.
 How would the listning Shepherds round her throng,
 To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!
 She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
 Even mighty *Pan*, whose powerful hand sustains
 The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains,
 Of all his Cares made her the tender'st part;
 And great *Lovisa* lodg'd yet in her Heart.

Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourning
 When *Pan* himself and fair *Lovisa* weep? [keep,
 When those blest Eyes by the kind Gods design'd
 To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
 All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
 Than *April*-drops upon the springing Flowers;
 Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,
 When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her *Cestus*, and unyok'd her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa*
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb; [come,
 And as you walk the melancholy Round,
 Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the Ground,
 With your chaste hands fresh Flow'rs and Odours shed
 About her last obscure and silent Bed;
 Still praying as you gently move your Feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumber sweet.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely
 As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain: [Train,
Lovisa mournful far above the rest,
 In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest:
 Just are her Tears, when she reflects how soon
 A Beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourisht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone! }

Damon. O she is gone! gone like a new born Flower,
 That deck'd some Virgin Queen's delicious Bower;

Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,
 And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:
 But Flow'rs return, and coming Springs disclose
 The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose;
 But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,
 And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

Thyrfis. O she is set! set like the falling Sun;
 Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone!
 Alas! the Sun that's set, again will rise,
 And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:
 But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
 When its short Glory to the West declines,
 O there's no hope of the returning Light;
 But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of *AMYNTA*, for the Death of *DAMON*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

S O N G.

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,
 Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
 From the chearless dawn of Morning
 'Till the Dews of Night returning
 Singing thus she made her moan:
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
 Oh so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,

Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
 Melting Kisses,
 Murmuring Blissés,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore:
 Never shall we both lye dying
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joys he drain'd before:
 Death come end me
 To befriend me;
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

The PRAISES of ITALY
 out of *Virgil's* second *Georgic*.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Sed neque Medorum Sylva, &c.

BUT neither *Median* Groves, whose happy soyl
 With choicest Fruits prevents the Labourers toil,
 Nor *Ganges* streams blessing his fertile Land,
 Nor *Hermus* self rolling on golden Sand,
 Can with fair *Italy* the Prize contest,
 Less gay the glorious Kingdoms of the East, [blest. }
 Nor *Araby*, with all her Gums and Spice, is half so }
 No *Hydra's* she, or monstrous Bulls do's bear,
 Who with their flaming Nostrils blast the Air;
 Nor Dragons Teeth sown in the wond'ring Field
 Do short-liv'd Harvests of arm'd Brethren yield:
 But vital Fruits she brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
 And fairest Cattle do her Meads adorn.

Her warlike Horse is of the noblest Race,
 Who proudly prances o'er his native Place.
 And where thy Magick streams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
 The flocks are white as the fresh falling Snow.
 Heaven do's so much those sacred Victims prize
 'Twill give a *Conquest* for a *Sacrifice*.

As in the North 'tis Winter makes the Year,
 The Spring and Autumn are the Seasons here,
 Cattel breed twice, and twice the restless furrows
 bear.

But Heav'n has banish'd hence rough Beasts of prey,
 No hungry Lions on the Mountains stray,
 Nor monstrous Snakes make insecure the fearful
 Travelers way.

Nature did this; but Industry and Art
 To the rich mass did nobler forms impart.
 Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities rise,
 Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the Skies.
 Here pleasant Seats, by which clear streams do pass,
 Gaze on their shadows in the liquid Glafs:
 There, big with story, ancient Walls do show
 Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd Rivers flow.
 The Sea, which would surround the happy place,
 Do's it on both sides with his Arms embrace:
 And stately Gallies which the *Adria* ride,
 Bring the World's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
 The spacious Lakes with level prospect please,
 Or swell, an imitation of the Seas.

What should I tell how Art cou'd undertake
 To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake?

The rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
 Whilst angry Surges spend their rage in vain.
 As *Cesar's* Arms all Nations can subdue,
 So *Cesar's* Works can conquer Nature too.

Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
 And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
 But her chief Treasures, without which the rest are
 Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign, [vain,

She bred the *Marsian* who ne'er knew to yield,
 And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:
 Triumphant Cottagers, whose frugal hand
 Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command:
Decii devoted for the Publick Good,
 Compounding for whole Armies with their Blood:
Camillus Saviour of the sinking State,
 Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman* Eagles bore so far,
 And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
 You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green years did more
 Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
 You towards th' East your glorious Course do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
 Hail! happy Soil, Learning and Empire's Seat,
 Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat.
 To you I *Græcian* Arts in Triumph bring,
 And your just praise in lasting Numbers sing.

The IX. ODE of the

FOURTH BOOK of HORACE.

By Mr. Stepney.

Verfes Immortal (as my Bays) I sing,
 When suited to my trembling string:
 When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
 To make one pleasant Harmony.
 All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged head.)
 Yet *Pindar's* rolling Dithyrambique Tide,
 Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.

Still do's *Stefichorus* his Tongue
Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every Verse do's flow :
Still *Sappho's* strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her Sex to Love.

II.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
More than *Hellen* did insnare;
Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
And wondring, melted to desire.
Not only skilful *Tencor* knew
To direct Arrows from the bending Yeugh.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.
Was *Sthenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for lasting Poetry ?
Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own ?
Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State ?
No, others buried in Oblivion lye,
As silent as their Grave,
Because no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deserved Immortality.

III.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave, }
Are levell'd in the impartial Grave, }
If they no Poet have. }
But I will lay my Musick by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lye;
Unless my Songs begin and end with you,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meckly look on suppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyass'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits, prevail.

You with a gen'rous honesty despise,
 What all the meaner World so dearly prize.
 Nor does your Virtue disappear,
 With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year.
 Others, like Comets, visit and away;
 Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal Day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,
 Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owner's rest.
 More truly happy those! who can
 Govern the little Empire, Man:
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
 Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill.
 Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
 Who in a fixt unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn a-like her Friendship and her Hate.
 Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear;
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
 And seal their Countries Love with their departing
 [breath.]

HOR. ODE 15. Lib. 2. Imitated.

Jam pauca aratro jugera.

In sui seculi luxuriam.

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

THEN this unweildy Factious Town
 To such prodigious Bulk is grown,
 It on whole Counties stands, and now
 Land will be wanting for the Plow,

Those remnants too the *Boors* forsake,
Frith must the Nation undertake.
 As in a *Plague* the Fields shall desert lye,
 Whilst all men to the mighty *Pesthouse* fly.

II.

If any Tree is to be seen,
 'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and Ever-Green.
 Lime-trees, and Plane, for pleasure made,
 Which for their Fruit bear only Shade.
 Such as do Female Men content,
 With useles shew and barren scent.
 The *British Oak* will shortly be as rare,
 As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

III.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure
 Your Fathers did those Lands procure.
 They prefer'd Use to empty Shew,
 No softning *French* refinements knew.
 Themselves, their House, their Table, plain,
 Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
 And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with easie sleep.

IV.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
 Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest store.
 They did adorn their Native Place
 With Structures, which their Heirs deface,
 They in large Palaces did dwell,
 Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
 Stately Cathedrals they did found,
 Whose Ruins now deform the Ground.
 Churches and Colleges endow'd with Lands,
 Whose poor Remains fear Sacrilegious Hands,



*The XVI. ODE of the*SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*.*By Mr. OTWAY.*

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.
 Since Wealth and Power too weak we find
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:
 Happy the man with little blest
 Of what his Father left possess'd;
 No base desires corrupt his Head,
 No fears disturb him in his Bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shoar to shoar why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail;
 'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.
 If then thy Soul rejoice to day,
 Drive far to-morrows cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd,
 No perfect good is to be found:
 One Mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
 Another's lingring Death comes slow;

And what of life they take from thee,
 The Gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
 Horses and Chariots for thy ease,
 Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me a little Cell I chuse,
 Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

The First EPODE of *HORACE*.

By Mr. Chetwood.

THEN you, *Mæneas*, with your Train,
 Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
 Expose your selves to the rough Main,
 And *Cæsar's* threatning danger meet.
 Whilst in ignoble Ease I am left behind,
 And shall I call you cruel, or too kind?

II.

Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
 Are tasteless all now you are gone;
 Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
 And in full Courts I seem alone.
 The relish you to my enjoyments give,
 And life, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly live.

III.

Then should I a young Seaman grow,
 And take a Cutlace in my hand?
 Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
 Or tread scorch'd *Afric's* treacherous sand.
 And I perhaps could fight, or such as I,
 At least, instead of better men could die.

IV.

You'll say, what are my pains to you ?

I'm not for War, and Action made :

Bid me my humble Care pursue,

Seek Winter Sun, and Summer shade.

Whilst both your great Example, and Commands

Require more active, and experienc'd Hands.

V.

If you say this, you never knew

Friendship, the noblest part of love ;

What for her Fawn can th' old One do ?

Or for her young the timorous Dove ?

They're more at ease, tho' helpless, being near,

And absence, even in safety, causes fear.

VI.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,

To gain your favour I wou'd take :

But don't what's said on *vertues* score,

For *servile flattery* mistake.

No City Palace, or large Country Seat

I seek, nor aim so low as to be Great.

VII.

I never lik'd those restless minds,

Which by mean Arts, with mighty pain,

Climb to the *Region* of the *Winds*,

Then of Court Hurricanes complain.

Kind Heav'n assures me I shall ne'er be poor,

And *Os-----n* be damn'd to encrease his store,



E P I L O G U E

*Intended to have been spoken by the Lady
Henr. Mar. Wentworth, when Calisto
was Acted at Court.*

By Mr. Dryden.

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now assume my Native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneasie when it hinders love,
A glorious Burden, which the wise remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the Eye.
Beauty and Youth more than a God command;
No *Jove* could e'er the force of these withstand.
'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits dispute,
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen *Cato's*, whatsoe'er they say,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easie make,
And gracefully what all must suffer, take.
Above those forms the Grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful Triumphs with your cares you
bought,
And from the midst of fighting Nations brought,
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in Peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity,

Two glorious Nymphs of your own God-like line,
 Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and shine,
 Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

SARPEDON'S *Speech to GLAUCUS,*
in the 12th Iliad of Homer.

By Sir John Denham.

Thus to *Glaucus* spake

DIVINE *Sarpedon*, since he did not find
 Others as great in place, as great in Mind.
 Above the rest, why is our Pomp, our Power?
 Our Flocks, our Herds, and our Possessions more?
 Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords,
 Heap'd in great Chargers, load our sumptuous
 Boards?
 Our chearful Guests carouse the sparkling tears
 Of the rich Grape, whilst Musick charms their ears,
 Why as we pass do those on *Xanthus* shore,
 As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
 But that as well in danger, as degree
 We stand the first; that when our *Lycians* see
 Our brave examples, they admiring say,
 Behold our Gallant Leaders! These are They
 Deserve the Greatness; and un-envied stand:
 Since what they act, transcends what they command,
 Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
 Our Date to Immortality extend?
 Or if Death sought not them, who seek not Death,
 Would I advance? Or should my vainer breath
 With such a Glorious Folly thee inspire?
 But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
 Since Age, Disease, or some less noble End,
 Though not less certain, doth our days attend;

Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
 A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
 And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
 A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

An E L E G Y

Upon the Death of the Lord HASTINGS.

By Sir *John Denham.*

REader, preserve thy peace: those busie eyes
 Will weep at their own sad Discoveries;
 When every line they add, improves thy loss;
 'Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a Cross,
 Such as derides thy Passions best relief,
 And scorns the succours of thy easie Grief.
 Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of Man, and Pious; read, and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption from just sense, doth show
 Irrational, beyond excessive Wo.
 Since Reason then can privilege a Tear,
 Manhood uncensur'd, pay that Tribute here
 Upon this noble Urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in *India's* veins:
 Within these cold embraces ravish'd lies
 That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies;
 Who weak to such another Ill appear:
 For, what destroys our Hope, secures our Fear.
 What Sin unexpiated in this Land
 Of Groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
 The late great Victim that your Altars knew,
 You angry Gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation; and have spar'd one lofty Light
 Of Virtue, to inform our steps aright:
 By whose Example good, condemned we
 Might have run on to kinder Destiny.

But as the Leader of the Herd fell first,
 A Sacrifice to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd Vengeance for past Crimes: so none
 But this white fatted Youngling could atone,
 By this untimely Fate, that impious Smoke
 That sullied Earth, and did Heavens pity choke.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost,
 In him, more than the widow'd World can boast
 In any lump of her remaining Clay.
 Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn He was: the Day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing Parts:
 Like the Meridian-beam, his Virtues light
 Was seen; as full of comfort, and as bright.
 Ah that that Noon had been as fixt as clear! but He,
 That only wanted Immortality
 To make him perfect, now submits to night;
 In the black bosom of whose sable Spight,
 He leaves a cloud of Flesh behind, and flies,
 Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.
 Great *Saint* shine there in an eternal Sphere, [near,
 And tell those Powers to whom thou now draw'st
 That, by our trembling Sense, in HASTINGS dead,
 Their Anger, and our ugly Faults, are read:
 The short lines of whose Life did to our eyes
 Their Love and Majesty epitomize.
 Tell them whose stern Decrees impose our Laws,
 The feasted Grave may close her hollow Jaws.
 Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
 A second Entertainment half so dear,
 She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herse,
 'Till Time present her with the Universe.



Upon the death of the

L O R D H A S T I N G S.

Written by Mr. Dryden in the Year 1649, when at
Westminster School.

MUST noble *Hastings* Immaturely die,
(The Honour of his ancient Family?)
Beauty and Learning thus together meet,
To bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-Sheet*?
Must *Virtue* prove *Death's* Harbinger? must She,
With him expiring, feel Mortality?
Is *Death* (Sin's wages) *Grace's* now? shall Art
Make us more Learned, only to depart?
If Merit be Disease, if *Virtue* *Death*;
To be Good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himself to Discipline? who'd not esteem
Labour a Crime, Study self-murder deem?
Our Noble Youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully.
Rare Linguist! whose worth speaks it self, whose
Tho' not his own, all *Tongues* besides do raise: [praise,
Than whom, great *Alexander* may seem less;
Who Conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.
In his Mouth Nations speak; his Tongue might be
Interpreter to *Greece, France, Italy*.
His Native Soil was the four parts o' th' Earth;
All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth.
A young Apostle; and (with rev'rence may
I speak it) inspir'd with gift of *Tongues*, as they,
Nature gave him, a Child, what Men in vain
Oft strive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.
His Body was an Orb, his sublime Soul
Did move on *Virtue's*, and on *Learning's* Pole:

Whose reg'lar motions better to our view,
 Than *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did shew.
 Graces and Virtues, Languages and Arts,
 Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.
 Heav'n's Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear
 Scatter'd in others; all, as in their Sphere,
 Were fix'd and conglobat in's Soul; and thence
 Shone th'row his Body, with sweet influence;
 Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall,
 The whole Frame render'd was Celestial.
 Come, learned *Ptolemy*, and trial make,
 If thou this Hero's altitude canst take:
 But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
 Could we but prove thus Astronomical.
 Liv'd *Tycho* now, struck with this Ray, (which shone
 More bright i' th' Morn, than others Beam at Noon)
 He'd take his *Astrolabe*, and seek out here
 What new Star 'twas did gild our Hemisphere.
 Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these,
 Where was room left for such a foul Disease?
 The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil, which shrouds
 Our day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds.
 Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge; but thus
 Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
 Was there no milder way but the Small-Pox,
 The very filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?
 So many Spots, like *naves*, our *Venus* soil?
 One Jewel set off with so many a foil?
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did
 Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lilly-skin about. [sprout
 Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit:
 Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at strife,
 Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his Life.
 Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,
 The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
 No Comet need foretel his change drew on,
 Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.

O had he dy'd of old, how great a strife [Life ?
Had been, who from his] death should draw their
Who should, by one rich draught, become what e'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were :

Learn'd, Virtuous, Pious, Great ; and have by this
An Universal *Metempsychosis*.

Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral
Expire ? All die in one so young, so small ?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame
Had swoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Roman* Name.
But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the Oak i'th' sprig, i'th' blade the Corn ;
Thus without Young, this *Phoenix* dies, new born.
Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards with their
Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three ages out ? [Gout,
Times Offal, only fit for th' Hospital,
Or to hang Antiquaries Rooms withal ;
Must Drunkards, Leachers, spent with sinning, live
With such helps as Broths, Possets, Physick give ?
None live, but such as should die ? Shall we meet
With none but Ghostly Fathers in the Street ?
Grief makes me rail ; Sorrow will force its way ;
And Show'rs of Tears Tempestuous Sighs best lay.
The Tongue may fail ; but over-flowing Eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-widow*, left alone,
Now thy beloved, Heaven-ravish't *Spouse* is gone,
(Whose skilful Sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no Remedy)
With greater than *Platonick* Love, O wed
His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed :
Let that make thee a Mother ; bring thou forth
Th' *Idea's* of his Virtue, Knowledge, Worth ;
Transcribe th' Original in new Copies ; give
Hastings o' th' better part : so shall he live
In's nobler half ; and the great Grandfire be
Of an Heroick Divine Progeny :

An Issue, which t' Eternity shall last,
 Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast.
 Erect no *Mausoleums*: for his best
 Monument is his Spouse's Marble breast.

Upon *D E S I R E*.

WHAT art thou, Oh thou new found pain?
 From what Infection dost thou spring?
 Tell me, O tell me, thou Inchanting thing,
 Thy Nature and thy Name.
 Inform me by what subtile Art,
 What pow'rful Influence,
 You got such vast Dominion in a part
 Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
 That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
 Oh mischievous Usurper of my Peace!
 Oh soft Intruder of my solitude!
 Charming disturber of my Ease,
 That hast my nobler Fate pursu'd;
 And all the Glories of my Life subdu'd.

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient hours,
 The business of the Day, nor silence of the Night,
 That shou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
 Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
 Where hast thou been this live-long Age,
 That from my birth till now
 Thou never didst one Thought ingage,
 Or charm my Soul with the uneasy rage,
 That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
 Where wert't thou, O malicious Sprite,
 When shining Glory did invite?
 When Int'rest call'd then thou wert't shy,
 Nor one kind Aid to my Assistance brought;
 Nor would'st inspire one tender Thought,
 When Princes at my Feet did lye.

When thou could'st mix Ambition with my Joy,
 Then, peevish Phantome, thou wer't nice and coy.
 Not Beauty would invade thee then,
 Nor all the Arts of lavish Men ;
 Not all the pow'rful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
 No sacred Wit cou'd charm thee on ;
 Not the soft Play that Lovers make,
 Nor Sighs could fan thee to a Fire ;
 No pleading Tears or Vows could thee awake,
 Nor charm the unform'd---*Something*---to *Desire*.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
 By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs,
 Have search'd and fought thee every where,
 In silent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
 On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wishing lye,
 In sheltring Woods, where sighing Maids
 To their assigning Shepherds hye,
 And hide their Blushes in the gloom of Shades.

Yet there, ev'n there though Youth assail'd,
 Where Beauty prostrate lay, and fortune woo'd,
 My Heart (insensible) to neither bow'd ;
 Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In Courts I fought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
 But thou in Crouds wer't stifled there ;
 Interest did all the loving bus'ness do,
 Invires the Youths, and wins the Virgins too ;
 Or if by chance some Heart thy Empire own,
 Ah, Pow'r ingrate ! the Slave must be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble Fire, that dost dilate
 Thy mighty force through every part,
 What God or human Power did thee create
 In my (till now) unfacil Heart ?
 Art thou some welcome Plague sent from above,
 In this dear Form, this kind Disguise ?

Or the false Off-spring of mistaken Love,
 Begot by some soft Thought, that feeble strove
 With the bright-piercing Beauties of *Lyfander's* Eyes,
 Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
 And found to whom thou dost thy being owe ;
 'Tis thou the Blushes dost impart,
 'Tis thou that tremblest in my Heart.
 When the dear Shepherd does appear,
 I faint and die with pleasing pain ;
 My words intruding sighings break,
 When e'er I touch the charming Swain ;
 When e'er I gaze, when e'er I speak,
 Thy conscious Fire is mingled with my Love.
 As in the sanctify'd Abodes
 Misguided Worshippers approve
 The mixing Idols with their Gods.
 In vain (alas) in vain I strive
 With Errours, which my Soul do please and vex ;
 For Superstition will survive,
 Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philosophers in Love,
 That can these burning Fev'rish Fits controul,
 By what strange Arts you cure the Soul,
 And the fiery Calenture remove ?

Tell me, ye Fair ones, you that give Desire,
 How, 'tis you hide the kindling Fire.
 O wou'd you but confess the Truth,
 It is not real Virtue makes you nice :
 But when you do resist the pressing Youth,
 'Twas want of dear Desire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
 And while your young Adorers lye,
 All languishing and hopeless at your Feet ;
 Raising new Trophies to your Chastity,
 Oh, tell me how you do remain discreet ?
 And not the Passion to the throng make known,
 Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one.

How you suppress the rising Sighs,
 And the soft-yielding Soul that wishes in your Eyes,
 While to the admiring Crowd you nice are found,
 Some dear, some secret Youth, who gives the wound,
 Informs you all your Vertue's but a cheat,
 And Honour but a false Disguise,
 Your Modesty a necessary flight,
 To gain the dull repute of being Wise.
 Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
 And veil your Passion in your Pride;
 But now I've found your weakness by my own,
 From me the needful fraud you cannot hide;
 For, tho' with Vertue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the feeble of my Sex:
 So *Helen*, tho' from *Theseus's* Arms she fled,
 To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

A P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
 In that which reasonable Men should write; }
 To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.
 The Rest may satisfy their curious Itch
 With City Gazets or some Factious Speech,
 Or what-e'er Libel for the Publick Good,
 Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and Blood!
 Remove your Benches you Apostate Pit,
 And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit;
 Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope,
 Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope!
 The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,
 Methinks resemble the distracted Age;
 Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,
 That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings!

The stile of Forty One our Poets write,
 And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.
 Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,
 That 'tis almost grown Scandalous to Take!
 They talk of Fevers that infect the Brains,
 But Non-sense is the new Disease that reigns.
 Weak Stomachs with a long Disease oppress,
 Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest.
 Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye chuse,
 Decoctions of a Barley-water Muse:
 A Meal of Tragedy would make ye Sick,
 Unless it were a very tender Chick.
 Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,
 Those would go down; some Love that's poach'd in
 If these should fail---- [Rhime;
 We must lie down, and after all our cost,
 Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost,
 While you turn Players on the World's great Stage,
 And Act your selves the Farce of your own Age.

AN EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Dryden*.

Ladies, the Beardless Author of this Day,
 Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.
 A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,
 But he's the first Boy-Poet of our Age.
 Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,
 Like young *Narcissus* peeping through the Snow;
 Thus *Cowley* Blossom'd soon, yet Flourish'd long,
 This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
 Youth with the Fair should always Favour find,
 Or we are damn'd Dissemblers of our kind.
 What's all this Love they put into our Parts?
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two Young Hearts.

Should Hag and Gray-Beard make such tender
 moan,
 Faith you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
 And cry let's go, here's nothing to be done.
 Since Love's our Business, as 'tis your Delight,
 The Young, who best can practise, best can Write.
 What though he be not come to his full Pow'r,
 He's mending and improving every hour.
 You fly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit,
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,
 By management he may in time be made,
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,
 And always fails you at the Second Heat.

*Spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke
 of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday,
 April 21. 1682.*

Written by Mr. Otway.

WHEN too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
 Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease;
 When noisome Blains did its best parts o'erspread,
 And on the rest their dire Infection shed;
 Our *Great Physician*, who the Nature knew
 Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on you:
 He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
 And finding whence before one *sickness* came,
 How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were,
 Knew well *your Virtue*, and apply'd you there:
 Where so your Goodness, so your Justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.
 When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
 New form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,
 Answer me all: who struck the Monster dead?

See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his Name,
 Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loins he came:
 Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
 And Curse the *Parricides* that thirst for more.
 His foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
 Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;
 Where let his wrongs your Zeal for him improve,
 He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.
 With Blood still ready for your good t' expend,
 And has a heart that *ne'er forgot* his friend.

His *duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
 And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
 Think what he's born, your Quiet to restore;
 Repent your madness, and *rebel* no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners be Treasurers; *Pedlars*, Politicians;
 Nor ev'ry *fool*, whose Wife has *tript* at Court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn *Rebel* for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
 What Prince can be too Jealous of their powers,
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
 They're male-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
 And when the *horned Herd's* together got,
 Nothing portends a Commonwealth like *that*.

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of wood,
 E'er yet *Philistins* fatten with your blood:
 Renounce your Priests of *Baal* with *Amen faces*,
 Your *Wapping Feasts*, and your *Mile-End High-places*.

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Post,
 In recompence th' *Original* was lost:
 At these, illustrious Repentance pay,
 In his kind hands your humble Off'rings lay:
 Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
 Th' *Atoning Brother* of your *Anger'd Lord*:
 He only brings a *Medicine* fit to assuage
 A peoples *folly*, and rowz'd Monarch's *rage*.
 An *Infant Prince* yet lab'ring in the womb,
 Fated with wond'rous happiness to come,
 He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home: }

Send all your *Wishes* with him, let the Air
 With gentle breezes waft it safely here,
 The Seas, like *what* they'll carry, *calm* and *fair* : }
 Let the *Illustrious Mother* touch our Land
 Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command ;
 While our glad Monarch welcomes her to shoar,
 With kind assurance ; she shall part *no more*.

Be the *Majestick Babe* then smiling born,
 And all good signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
 So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
 Of CÆSAR'S *Love* to an *obedient Land*.

Spoken to Her

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

On Her Return from *Scotland*,

In the Year 1682.

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
 And every Loyal Muses Loyal Friend ;
 That come to treat your longing wishes here,
 Turn your desiring Eyes, and feast 'em there.
 Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
 May this poor Land ne'er lose that Presence more :
 But if there any in this Circle be,
 That come so curst to envy what they see ;
 From the vain Fool that would be great too soon,
 Lo the dull Knave that writ the last Lampoon !
 Let such, as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
 Hang their vile blasted Heads, and Dye with shame.
 Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,
 The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd :

From whom our present Peace we expect increas'd,
 And all our future Generations blest :
 Time have a Care: bring safe the hour of Joy,
 When some blest Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy
 And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be strong ;
 Bless him with days of strength and make 'em long ;
 Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
 Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command, }
 His Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand : }
 Then th' *English* Lions in the Air advance, }
 And with them roaring Musick to the Dance, }
 Carry a *Quo Warranto* into *France*.

To the DUKE on his Return,
 In the Year 1682.

Written by Mr. Nat. Lee.

Come then at last, while anxious Nations weep,
 Three Kingdoms stak'd! too precious for the
 Too precious sure, for when the Trump of fame [deep-
 Did with a direful sound your Wrack proclaim,
 Your danger and your doubtful safety shown,
 It damp't the Genius, and it shook the Throne.
 Your Helm may now the Sea-born Goddess take,
 And soft *Favonius* safe your passage make.
 Strong, and auspicious, be the Stars that reign,
 The day you launch, and *Nereus* sweep the Main.
Neptune aloft, scour all the Storms before,
 And following *Tritons* wind you to the Shore ;
 While on the Beach, like Billows of the Land,
 In bending Crowds the Loyal *English* stand :
 Come then, tho' late, your right receive at last ;
 Which Heav'n preserv'd, in spite of Fortune's blast.
 Accept those hearts, that Offer on the Strand ;
 The better half of this divided Land.

Venting their honest Souls in tears of Joy,
 They rave, and beg you would their lives employ,
 Shouting your sacred name, they drive the air,
 And fill your Canvas Wings with gales of prayer.
 Come then, I hear three Nations shout agen,
 And, next our *Charles*, in every bosom reign;
 Heaven's darling Charge, the care of regal Stars,
 Pledge of our Peace, and Triumph of our Wars.
 Heaven eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
 Bring the bright pregnant Blessing of the Throne.
 And if in Poets Charms be force or skill,
 We charge you, O ye Waves and Winds be still,
 Soft as a sailing Goddess bring her home,
 With the expected Prince that loads her Womb, }
 Joy of this Age, and Heir of that to come.
 Next her the Virgin Princess shines from far,
Aurora that, and this the Morning Star.
 Hail then, all hail, They land in *Charles's* Arms,
 While his large Breast the Nation's Angel warms.
 Tears from his Cheeks with manly mildness roul,
 Then dearly grasps the treasure of his Soul:
 Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his form,
 Calls him his Calm, after a tedious Storm.
 O Brother! He could say no more, and then
 With heaving Passion clasp'd him close again.
 How oft, he cry'd, have I thy absence mourn'd?
 But 'tis enough Thou art at last return'd:
 Said I return'd! O never more to part,
 Nor draw the vital warmth from *Charles* his heart.
 Once more, O Heav'n, I shall his Virtue prove,
 His Counsel, Conduct, and unshaken Love.
 My People too at last their Error see,
 And make their Sovereign blest in loving Thee.
 Not but there is a stiff-neck'd harden'd Crew
 That give not *Cesar*, no nor God his due.
 Reprobate Traytors, Tyrants of their Own,
 Yet Grudge to see their Monarch in his Throne,
 Their stubborn Souls with brass Rebellion barr'd,
 Desert the Laws, and Crimes with Treason guard,

Whom I---but there he stop'd, and cry'd, 'tis past,
 Pity's no more, this warning be their last;
 Then sighing said, My Soul's dear purchas'd rest,
 Welcome, Oh welcome, to my longing Breast:
 Why should I waste a tear while thou art by?
 To all extreams of Friendship let us fly,
 Disdain the factious Crowd that would rebel,
 And mourn the Men that durst in death excel,
 Their Fates were Glorious since for thee they fell. }
 And as a Prince has right his Arms to wield,
 When stubborn Rebels force him to the Field;
 So for the Loyal, who their Lives lay down,
 He dares to Hazard both his Life and Crown.

A Prologue to the KING and QUEEN,

*Upon the Union of the two Companies,
 in the Year 1689.*

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Since Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,
 Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Nation,
 How well men thrive in this or that Plantation. [tion,

How *Pensylvania's* Air agrees with Quakers,
 And *Carolina's* with Associates:
 Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er,
 And every Age produces such a store,
 That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation?
 Only thus much, that we have left our Station,
 And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree;
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,
 Those Play-houſe Whiggs ſet up for Property.

Some ſay they no Obedience paid of late;
 But would new Fears and Jealouſies create;
 'Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Senſe, without the Talent of Foretelling,
 Might gueſs 'twould end in down-right knocks and
 quelling:
 For ſeldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needleſſy, their Freedom barter
 For lawleſs Pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tartar:
 (There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this call'd
 Charter.)

But, ſince the Victory with Us remains,
 You ſhall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains:
 (If you'll not think us ſawcy for our pains.)

Old Men ſhall have good old Plays to delight 'em:
 And you, fair Ladies and Gallants that ſlight 'em,
 We'll treat with good new Plays; if our new Wits
 can write 'em.

We'll take no blundring Verſe, no ſuſtian Tumour,
 No dribling Love, from this or that Preſumer:
 No dull fat Fool ſhamm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
 As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd;
 But 'twas, as Shop-men ſay, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies, all ſenſe deſying;
 And ſinging men, in woeful Metre dying;
 This 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All these difasters we well hope to weather;
 We bring you none of our old Lumber hither:
 Whigg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

AN EPILOGUE

On the same Occasion.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

NEW Ministers, when first they get in place,
 Must have a care to Please; and that's our Case:
 Some Laws for publick Welfare we design,
 If you, the Power supream, will please to join:
 There are a sort of Praters in the Pit,
 Who either have, or who pretend to Wit:
 These noisie Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse,
 That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce:
 Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
 Each to be thought my Lady's eldest Son.
 But stay: methinks some Vizard Mask I see,
 Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
 About her all the flutt'ring Sparks are rang'd;
 The noise continues though the Scene is chang'd:
 Now growling, sputtring, wauling, such a clutter,
 'Tis just like Puffs defendant in a Gutter:
 Fine Love no doubt, but e'er two days are o'er ye,
 The Surgeon will be told a woful story.
 Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expose,
 On pain of being thought to want a Nose:
 Then for your Laqueys, and your Train beside,
 (By what e'er Name or Title dignify'd)
 They roar so loud, you'd think behind the Stairs
Tom Dove, and all the Brotherhood of Bear:
 They're grown a Nufance, beyond all Difasters,
 We've none so great but their unpaying Masters.

We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men, that they
 Wou'd please to give you leave to hear the Play.
 Next, in the Play-houſe ſpare your precious Lives;
 Think, like good *Chriſtians*, on your *Bearns* and *Wives*:
 Think on your Souls; but by your lugging forth,
 It ſeems you know how little they are worth:
 If none of theſe will move the warlike Mind,
 Think on the helpleſs Whore you leave behind!
 We beg you laſt, our Scene-Room to forbear,
 And leave our Goods and Chattels to our Care:
 Alas, our Women are but waſhy Toys,
 And wholly taken up in Stage Employs:
 Poor willing Tits they are: but yet I doubt
 This double Duty ſoon will wear 'em out.
 Then you are watch'd beſides, with jealous Care;
 What if my Lady's Page ſhou'd find you there?
 My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
 No paſſing your gilt Shilling for a Guiney.
 Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort,
 Our Grievances, from Country, Town and Court:
 Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
 But firſt Vote Money, then redreſs at leaſure.

AN EPILOGUE

To CONSTANTINE *the* Great.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

OUR Hero's happy in the Play's Conclusion,
 The holy Rogue at laſt has met Confuſion:
 Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,
 The laſt Act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Eufebius (for you know I read *Greek* Authors,
 Reports, that after all theſe Plots and Slaughters,
 The Court of *Conſtantine* was full of Glory,
 And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addreſſing *Tory*;

They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad:
 When *Clauſe* was King, then all the World was glad,
Whigs kept the Places they poſſeſt before,
 And moſt were in a way of getting more;
 Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
 Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.
 Indeed there were a ſort of peaking Tools,
 Some call them modeſt, but I call them Fools,
 Men much more Loyal, tho' not half ſo loud;
 But theſe poor Devils were caſt behind the Croud.
 For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Senſe,
 But good Men ſtarve for want of Impudence.
 Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of Wights,
 (I think my Author calls them *Teckelites*;)
 Such hearty Rogues againſt the King and Laws,
 They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cauſe.
 When their own damn'd Deſign was quash'd and aw'd,
 At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad.
 As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
 Breeds out his Baſtard, not to noiſe his Wife;
 Thus o'er their Darling Plot theſe *Trimmers* cry;
 And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye, }
 They bind it Prentice to Count *Teckely*. }
 They believe not the laſt Plot, may I be curſt
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt;
 No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
 The Man that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
 And, now it comes into my head, I'll tell
 Why theſe damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* ſo well.
 The Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no man,
 Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman;
 He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever,
 Kind black-eyed Rogues, for every true Believer:
 And, which was more than mortal Man e're taſted,
 One Pleaſure that for threeſcore Twelve-months
 To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven: [laſted:
 Who'd not be circumciſ'd for ſuch a Heaven!



A P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
 When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,
 Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense?
 All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.
 Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go;
 They make you Fools, but never call you so.
 They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,
 But treat a common Whore with Ladyship:
 But here each saucy Wit at Random writes,
 And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.
 Our Author, Young, and Grateful in his Nature,
 Vows, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.
 Nor will he ever Draw----I mean his Rhime,
 Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.
 Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker
 To call M E N Fools, 'tis Railing at their MAKER.
 Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf;
 He's young enough to be a F O P himself.
 And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,
 He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

Your Nurfes, we presume, in such a Case,
 Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face; }
 And, often, they supply'd your Mother's Place. }
 The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient Maid,
 Who knew some former Slip she ne'er betray'd.
 Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy,
 Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.
 Your Father to initiate your Discourse,
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse; }
 But was prevented by each careful Nurse, }

For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,
 That taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.
 I pass your Schools, for there when first you came,
 You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin Name.

In Colleges you scorn'd the Art of thinking,
 But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking :
 Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to know
 The vertues of the high Dice, and the low.

Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound :
 He cheats by Pence ; is cheated by the Pound :

With these Perfections, and what else he Gleans,
 The SPARK sets up for Love behind our Scenes ; }
 Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens. }

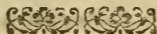
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Car-
 Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage. [riage,
 He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,
 And Garret-high Rebels against his Father.

But he once dead-----

Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion down,
 A Twillett, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.
 Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,
 Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.

Our Women batten well on their good Nature,
 All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature.
 But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,
 Poor SPOUSE at Home as Ragged as a Colt is,
 Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees
 Of Lewdness, in our middle Galleries :

The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody Drunk,
 Invade and grubble one another's PUNK :
 They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout,
 Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but ne'er lug out :
 Thus while for *Paultry Punk* they roar and stickle,
 They make it *Bawdier* than a CONVENTICLE.



AN EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOU saw our Wife was Chast, yet throughly try'd,
 And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
 For, like our Hero, whom we shew'd to day,
 You think no Woman true, but in a Play;
 Love once did make a pretty kind of Show,
 Esteem and Kindness in one Breast would grow, }
 But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.
 Now some small Chatt, and Guinea Expectation,
 Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation:
 In Comedy, your Little Selves you meet;
 'Tis *Covent-Garden*, drawn in *Bridges-street*.
 Smile on our Author then, if he has shown
 A jolly Nut-brown Bastard of your own.
 Ah! Happy you, with Ease and with Delight,
 Who act those Follies, Poets toil to write!
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the Chace,
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your *Protean* Vices pace.
 Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly
 To some new Frisk of Contrariety.
 You rowl like Snow-Balls, gathering as you run,
 And get seven Dev'ls, when dispossest'd of one.
 Your *Venus* once was a *Platonick* Queen,
 Nothing of Love beside the Face was seen;
 But every Inch of her you now Uncase,
 And clap a Vizard-Mask upon the Face.
 For Sins like these, the Zealous of the Land,
 With little Hair, and little or no Band,
 Declare how circulating Pestilences
 Watch every Twenty Years, to snap Offences.
Saturn, even now, takes Doctoral Degrees,
 He'll do your work this Summer, without Fees.
 Let all the Boxes, *Phæbus*, find thy Grace,
 And, ah, preserve thy Eighteen-penny Place!

But for the Pit Confounders, let 'em go,
 And find as little Mercy as they show:
 The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets Pray;
 For every Critick sav'd, thou damn'st a Play.

Upon the Nuptials of the Prince of
Denmark, and the Lady *Anne*.

By Mr. DUKE.

AS through the flood to our expecting shore,
 The Royal Fleet the Pride of *Denmark* bore;
Nereus commanded silence through the Deep,
 And laid the Rage of warring Winds asleep,
 Whilst thus he sung and smooth'd the Ocean's brow,
 Go on in Triumph, happy Hero, go,
 Propitious Heaven that on thy Valour smiles,
 Prepares a full Reward for all thy toils,
 Thy Noble toils of War, that rise above
 All Recompence but thy bright *Anna's* Love:
 The fairest Nymph of all the *British* Race,
 Shall crown thy Courage, and thy Triumphs grace;
 For her thy Heart, not custom'd to obey,
 Shall lose its fierceness and just Homage pay;
 Where e'er she looks she makes a Heart a Prize,
 And ready Victory attends her Eyes.
 To her bright Form do's silver *Thetis* yield,
 And thou art Great as *Peleus* in the field:
 Nor were their happy Nuptials grac'd more high,
 When Gods descending left the empty'd Sky,
 Than shall be thine, when mighty *Charles* and *James*
 Shall bless your Love, and shall unite your Flames:
CHARLES that o'er all the watry Globe doth Reign,
 And lays his Laws o'er the obedient Main:
 And *James*, that in his Brother's Right hath dy'd
 So oft with Hostile Blood the swelling Tide;

'Tis for their Sakes my Waves thus gently flow,
 And I thus sing and bless you, as you go:
 'Tis the last time that I to you shall sing,
 Or my glad Waves to your attendance bring;
 For when those wondrous Beauties you shall see,
 That *Charles*, and *James*, and Heaven design for thee,
 Love shall confine thee to that happy Shore,
 Nor ever let thee part from that blest *Island* more.

On the DEATH of
 KING CHARLES II.

By Mr. William Bowles.

AH! where, protecting Providence! Ah! where }
 Those guardian *Angels*, and that watchful care, }
 That thro' arm'd Troops the Royal Charge un- }
 touch'd did bear!

From Civil Fury and Intestine Rage,
 Which exercis'd his Youth, and vex'd his Age,
 So often guarded; by a fierce Disease
 He falls surpriz'd in the fallacious Calm of Peace.

Ah! mighty Prince! thy Mercy, Virtue such,
 That Heav'n sure thought our Happiness too much;
 Inherent Goodness in thy Soul did shine,
 Thou bright Resemblance of the Pow'r Divine;
 For sure the Great Original is best
 By *Mercy*, join'd with mighty *Power*, express'd.
 In thy blest Reign how justly mixt appear
 The Father's Kindness, and the Prince's Care!
 Nor War, nor Exile, nor a Father's Blood,
 Nor just Revenge for injur'd Virtue, cou'd
 The native sweetness of his mind controul,
 Or change the Godlike Temper of his Soul.
 Contending Rebels seem'd in vain to strive,
 They could not more offend, than he forgive;

A nobler Triumph, and more glorious far,
 Than all the Trophies of destructive War:
 For mercy does a bloodless conquest find,
 And with sweet force the rudest Passions bind.

The gaping wounds of civil rage he mourn'd,
 And sav'd his Country first, and then adorn'd.
 Our dreadful Navy does in Triumph ride,
 And the World's riches flow with ev'ry tide;
 And, as those flying Tow'rs the Sea command,
 His Castles grace at once, and guard, the Land.
 To his Protection improv'd Arts we owe,
 And solid knowledge does from Trial grow;
 (All subject Nature ours) new Worlds are found,
 And Sciences disdain their ancient bound.

Augustus so, the storms of War o'er-blown,
Egypt subdu'd, and all the World his own,
 His softer hours in Arts of Peace employ'd,
 And *Rome* adorn'd, by Civil Fire destroy'd.
 Nor was he made only to bless our Isle,
 But born for Peace, did *Europe* reconcile;
 Contending Princes heard from him their Fate:
 And the World's motion on his Will did wait.

The threatenng Cloud we saw at last withdrawn,
 And a new Morn of Triumphs seem'd to dawn,
 Th' Auspicious Prospect did bright years foreshow,
 And Golden Times in long succession seem'd to flow:
 Once more he did our Civil jars compose,
 And gain'd new glories from his Pardon'd Foes;
 No private passion to revenge could draw,
 But Justice govern'd, and impartial Law.
 So just, yet so indulgently severe,
 Like Heav'n, he pity'd those he cou'd not spare.
 And, forc'd to draw the necessary sword,
 The sad effects of their own crimes abhorr'd.
 Now just Success the Royal Conduct Crown'd,
 And stubborn Factions their great Sovereign own'd, }
 But ah! black shades his sacred Head surround.
 Nor dost thou fall unwept: Three Kingdoms groan,
 And in their Ruler's Fate bewail their own.

Justice and equal Government are things
 That Subjects make more happy than their Kings.
 Thy Fame, best Prince, if Poets can divine,
 Shall the *Great Troublers* of the World outshine :
 Successful Robberies their Titles swell,
 But thine from Justice rise, and doing well.
 Thy deathless Cares beyond short life extend,
 And nobly to succeeding Times descend,
 And, that false Claims, and rising Wars might cease,
 Secur'd *Succession*, and secur'd our Peace,
 Thy latest Toil! How Barb'rous was the Rage,
 That of such Heroes would deprive our Age!
 What Wonders may we from that Prince expect,
 Whose private Valour could our Isle protect!
 Whom such amazing Virtues recommend,
 The kindest *Brother*, and the bravest *Friend*!

A P R O L O G U E

By Sir Charles Sedley.

ENVY and Faction rule the grumbling Age,
 The State they cannot, but they shake the Stage :
 This barren Trade some would engross, still hoping
 From our poor Port to banish interloping ;
 And like the plodding Lawyers take great care
 To elbow blooming Merit from the Bar.
 In ev'ry Age there were a sort of Men,
 As you do know, damn'd all was written then ;
 Thousands before 'em less provoke their pride,
 Than one poor Rival streining by their side.
 Such Vermin Criticks we expect to find,
 For Nature knows not how to lose a kind,
 The stinking Pole-Cat, or the Mole that's blind. }
 But against old, as well as new to rage,
 Is the peculiar frenzy of this Age.

Shakespear must down, and you must praise no more
Soft *Desmodena*, nor the jealous *Moor*.

Shakespear, whose fruitful Genius, happy Wit,
Was fram'd and finish'd at a lucky hit;
The pride of Nature, and the shame of Schools,
Born to create, and not to learn from Rules,
Must please no more; his Bastards now deride
Their Father's nakedness they ought to hide.
But when on Spurs their *Pegasus* they force,
Their jaded Muse is distanc'd in the Course.
All that is now hath been before, 'tis true;
But yet 'the Art, the Fashion, may be new:
Tho' old Materials the large Palace raise,
The skilful Architect deserves his praise.
If nothing please, you are not nice but sick,
'Tis want of stomach ever to dislike:
On our past Poets petty Juries sit,
The living sink beneath your present spite,
As if this were the Dooms-day of all Wit. }
But, Beaux, and Ladies, be you not too nice, }
You'll break our Lott'ry if none draw a Prize, }
Then down go half th' Artillery of your Eyes.
For this one Night do as kind Lovers use,
Tie up strict judgment, and let fancy loose.

A S O N G

To a Lady, who discovered a new Star
in *Cassiopeia*.

The Words and Tune by Mr. C. Dryden.

I.

A S *Ariana*, Young and Fair,
By Night the Starry Quire did tell,
She found in *Cassiopeia's* Chair
One beauteous light the rest excel:

This happy Star unseen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new-born Glory in the Skies.

II.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before she gaz'd the Lamp was dim;
But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew
That gave new Lustre to the Gem.

Bright Omen! what dost thou portend,
Thou threatning Beauty of the Sky?
What great, what happy Monarch's end!
For sure by thee 'tis sweet to dye.

III.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
We owe the Crescent in decay?
Or must the mighty *Gaul* Expire
A Victim to thy fatal Ray?
Such a presage will late be shown
Before the World in ashes lies;
But if less ruin will atone,
Let *Strephon's* only fate suffice.

A S O N G

By the E. of M.

I.

SINCE from my Dear *Astraa's* sight,
I was so rudely torn,
My Soul has never known delight,
Unless it was to mourn.

II.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her whose absence 'tis,
That makes me wish to die.

S O N G.

By Mr. Prior.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain cold Friendship you return :
 Your drops of Pity on my Fire,
 Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah ! would you have the flame suppress'd
 That kills the heart it heats too fast ;
 Take half my Passion to your Breast,
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

Æ N I G M A.

By Mr. Prior.

BY Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
 I dispose of all Honours, my self having none.
 I'm oblig'd by just Maxims to govern my Life,
 Yet I hang my own Master, and lie with his Wife.
 When men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
 And their Cudgels and Shovels away from them take.
 Fair Maidens and Ladies I by the hand get,
 And pick off their Diamonds though ne'er so well set.
 But when I have Comrades, we rob in whole bands,
 Then we presently take off your Lands from your
 hands.

But this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
 That you love me much more than you do your
 own Hearts.



V E R S E S. on the Snuff of a Candle;
made in Sickness.

By Mrs. W H A R T O N.

S E E there the Taper's dim and doleful Light,
In gloomy Waves silently rouls about,
And represents to my dim weary fight,
My Light of Life almost as near burnt out.

Ah Health! Best part and substance of our joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a shade)
Why dost thou partially thy self employ,
Whilst thy proud Foes as partially invade?

What we, who ne'er enjoy, so fondly seek,
Those who possess thee still, almost despise;
To gain immortal glory, raise the weak,
Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

Dear melancholy Muse, my constant guide,
Charm this coy Health back to my fainting Heart,
Or I'll accuse thee of vain-glorious pride,
And swear thou dost but feign the moving Art.

But why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muse;
Who for all sorrows mak'st me some amends?
Alas! Our sickly minds sometimes abuse
Our best Physicians, and our dearest Friends.



L' A L L E G R O.

By Mr. MILTON.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn [holy,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n, ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as some Sages sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair,
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides,

Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty,
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free:
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe,
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and horn,
Chearly rouse the ſlumbering morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Sometime walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thouſand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whiſt the Lantskip round it meaſures,

Ruffet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest :
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrfis* met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses ;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks found
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led :
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn

That ten day-labourers could not end.
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men.
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend,
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Johnsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespeare's* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed

Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

I L P E N S E R O S O.

By Mr. Milton.

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay mores that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue,
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon's* sister might beseem,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;

His daughter she (in *Saturnus* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
 Flowing with majeſtick train,
 And ſable ſtole of *Cypres* Lawn,
 O'er thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
 With eev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,
 And looks commercing with the ſkies,
 Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
 Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
 With a ſad Leaden downward caſt,
 Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muſes in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar ſing.
 And adde to theſe retired leaſure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure ;
 But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
 Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hiſt along,
 'Leſs *Philomel* will daign a Song,
 In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th' accuſtom'd Oke ;
 Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
 Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy !

Thee Chauntrefs oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curfew* sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans drowsie charm,
 To bless the doers from nightly harm:
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those *Demons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.

Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Museus* from his bower,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung ;
Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rusling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to sing
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by some Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such confort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale.
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes,
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live,

No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring.
 It was too wide a Peck :

And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great Collar (just)
 About our young Colt's Neck;

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
 Like little Mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the Light :

But oh ! she dances such a way !
 No Sun upon an *Easter-Day*,
 Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
 But she would not, she was so nice,
 She would not do't in Sight ;

And then she look'd as who should say
 I will do what I list to Day ;
 And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No Dazy makes Comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone)

For Streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a *Katherine Pear*,
 The Side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
 Some Bee had stung it newly.

But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
 That they might Passage get,

But she so handled still the Matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit,

But yet 'twas thought he guest her Mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an Hour or so.
 When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,
 Like new-faln Snow melting away,
 'Twas time, I trow, to part,
 Kiffes were now the only stay,
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 Good bw'y, with all my Heart;
 But just as Heav'n would have to cross it,
 In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset :
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;
 For had he left the Women to't,
 It wou'd have cost two Hours to do't,
 Which were too much that Night,
 At length the Candles out ; and now,
 All that they had not done, they do :
 What that is, who can tell ?
 But I believe it was no more
 Than thou and I have done before
 With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

*The Nymph complaining for the death
 of her Fawn.*

By Andrew Marvell, Esq;

THE wanton Troopers riding by
 Have shot my Fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
 That kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm : Alas nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wisht them ill ;
 Nor do I for all this ; nor will :

But, if my simple Pray'rs may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my Tears
 Rather than fail. But, O my Fears!
 It cannot die so. Heaven's King
 Keeps register of every thing:
 And nothing may we use in vain,
 Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain.

Unconstant *Sylvio*, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,
 One Morning (I remember well)
 Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
 Gave it to me: nay and I know
 What he said then; I'm sure I do.
 Said he, look how your Huntsman here
 Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his *Dear*.
 But *Sylvio* soon had me beguil'd.
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And, quite regardless of my Smart,
 Left me his Fawn, but took his Heart.

Thenceforth I set my self to play
 My solitary time away,
 With this: and very well content,
 Could so mine idle Life have spent.
 For it was full of sport; and light
 Of foot, and heart; and did invite
 Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
 Its self in me. How could I less
 Than love it? O I cannot be
 Unkind t' a Beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so.
 As *Sylvio* did, his Gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more than he.
 But I am sure, for ought that I
 Could in so short a time espy,
 Thy Love was far more better than
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
 I it at mine own fingers nurst.
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they,
 It had so sweet a Breath! And oft
 I blusht to see its foot more soft,
 And white, shall I say than my hand?
 NAY any Ladies of the Land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet.
 With what a pretty skipping grace,
 It oft would challenge me the Race:
 And when 'thad left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
 For it was nimbler much than Hinds;
 And trod, as if on the four Winds.

I have a Garden of my own,
 But so with Roses over grown,
 And Lillies, that you would it guess
 To be a little Wilderness.
 And all the Spring time of the year
 It only loved to be there.
 Among the beds of Lillies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lye:
 Yet could not, 'till it self would rise,
 Find it, although before mine Eyes.
 For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
 It like a bank of Lillies laid.
 Upon the Roses it would feed,
 Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those Roses on my Lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On Roses thus its self to fill:
 And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
 Had it liv'd long, it would have been
 Lillies without, Roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint:
 And die as calmly as a Saint.
 See how it weeps. The Tears do come
 Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
 So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
 The holy Frankincense doth flow.
 The brotherless *Heliades*
 Melt in such Amber Tears as these.

I in a golden Vial will
 Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill
 It till it do o'erflow with mine;
 Then place it in *Diana's* Shrine.

Now my sweet Fawn is vanish'd to
 Whither the Swans and Turtles go:
 In fair *Elyzium* to endure,
 With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
 O do not run too fast: for I
 Will but bespeak thy Grave, and die.

First my unhappy Statue shall
 Be cut in Marble; and withal,
 Let it be weeping too: but there
 Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;
 For I so truly thee bemoan,
 That I shall weep though I be Stone:
 Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
 My breast, themselves engraving there.
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
 Of purest Alabaster made:
 For I would have thine Image be
 White as I can, though not as Thee.



Y O U N G L O V E.

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq;*

I.

Come little Infant, Love me now,
 While thine unsuspected years
 Clear thine aged Father's brow
 From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
 By young Love old Time beguil'd :
 While our Sportings are as free
 As the Nurfes with the Child.

III.

Common Beauties stay fifteen ;
 Such as yours should swifter move ;
 Whose fair Blossoms are too green
 Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy Lamb,
 Or the wanton Kid, does prize,
 As the lusty Bull or Ram,
 For his morning Sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me: time may take
 Thee before thy time away,
 Of this Need we'll Virtue make,
 And learn Love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate ;
 And, if good she to us meant,
 We that Good shall antedate,
 Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as Kingdoms, frustrating
 Other Titles to their Crown,
 In the cradle crown their King,
 So all Foreign Claims to drown:

VIII.

So, to make all Rivals vain,
 Now I crown thee with my Love:
 Crown me with thy Love again,
 And we both shall Monarchs prove.

L Y C I D A S.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

By Mr. Milton.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
 Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bear
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he pass'es turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
 Toward Heav'ns descent had stop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'rgrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son

Whom Universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lethian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
 Were it not better don as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Neera's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun Life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all judging *Jove*;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd froud,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea
 That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest. [hold
 Blind 'mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithfull Herdsmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Ret inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet,
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Boyona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves ;

Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more:
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
 To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

A PANEGYRICK to my Lord Protector, of the present Greatness and joint Interest of his Highness and this Nation.

In the YEAR 1654.

By EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

WHile with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand
 Youbridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
 Protect us from our selves, and from the Foe,
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
 And own no Liberty, but where they may
 Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* shew'd his Face
 To chide the Winds, and save the *Trojan* Race;
 So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
 Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State;
 The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
 And the unwilling *Scotch*, to fetch their Doom.

The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
 With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet.
 Your Pow'r extends as far as Winds can blow,
 Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heav'n, that hath plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To ballance *Europe*, and her States to awe,
 In this Conjunction doth on *Britain* smile;
 The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.

Hither th' Oppressed shall henceforth resort
 Justice to crave, and Succour, at your Court;
 And then your Highness, not for our's alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.

Fame swifter than your winged Navy flies
 Thro' ev'ry Land that near the Ocean lies,
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her Head above the rest:

What

What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Seas, and you?

Lords of the World's great Waste, the Ocean, we
Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea,
And ev'ry Coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seats arrive;
While we descend at Pleasure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own Growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
So what our Earth and what our Heav'n denies,
Our ever-constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.

The Taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine;
And without Planting drink of ev'ry Vine.

To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs,
Gold (tho' the heaviest Metal) hither swims:
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men and warlike are our Steeds;
Rome (tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown)
Cou'd never make this Island all her own,

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conqu'ring *Henry* flourish'd, and now you ;
 For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State
 Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
 He wist not *Thetys* in her Lap did hide
 Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
 To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old Troops to Battel lead
 Against th' unwarlike *Persian*, and the *Mede* ;
 Whose hasty Flight did from a bloodless Field,
 More Spoils than Honour to the Victor yield.

A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
 The *Caledonians* Arm'd with Want and Cold,
 Have, by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
 Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind :
 Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
 Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know
 No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
 May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
 Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
 Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
 So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
 Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.

Like Favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
 Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State :

While by your Valour, and your bounteous Mind,
Nations, divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent:
She from her Fellow-Provinces wou'd go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
(Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News;
Our neighbour Princes trembled at their Roar:
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
And now you heal us with the Acts of Peace:
Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.

Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he Conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our Age mis-led,
And o'er this Nation such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which cou'd from Heav'n come down,
Was so much Pow'r and Piety in one.

One whose Extraction's from an ancient Line,
Gives Hope again that well-born Men may shine:
The meanest in your Nature mild and good,
The Noble rest secured in your Blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace
 A Mind proportion'd to fuch things as thefe ;
 How fuch a Ruling Sp'rit you cou'd refrain,
 And praëtise firft over your felf to reign.

Your private Life did a juft Pattern give
 How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Sons shou'd live ;
 Born to Command, your Princely Virtues flept
 Like humble *David's* while the Flock he kept :

But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming Courage, and your matchlefs Worth
 Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce Contention gave a prosp'rous End.

Still as you rife, the State, exalted too,
 Finds no Diftemper while 'tis chang'd by you ;
 Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when with-
 out Noife
 The rifing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deftroys.

Had you, fome Ages paft, this Race of Glory
 Run, with Amazement we shou'd read your Story ;
 But living Virtue, all Atchievements paft,
 Meets Envy ftill to grapple with at laft.

This *Cæfar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
 With lofing him, went back to Blood and Rage.
 Miftaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
 But cut the Bond of Union with that Stroke.

That Sun once fet, a thoufand meaner Stars
 Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars,
 To fuch a Tempeft as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.

If *Rome's* great Senate cou'd not wield that Sword
 Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord,

What Hope had ours, while yet their Pow'r was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Cou'd Order teach, and their high Sp'rits compose:
To ev'ry Duty cou'd their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Mane,
And angry grows; if he that first took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the next World, to find Repose, at last
It self into *Augustus*' Arms did cast:
So *England* now doth, with like Toil oppress'd,
Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instru't us what belongs unto our Peace;
Your Battels they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;

Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies overcome,
Of mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.

Illustrious Acts high Raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse;
Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we sing,
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olive bring,

To crown your Head; while you in Triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like *Joseph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence, and bow.

Three Poems on the Death of the late Lord Protector.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Spraz*
of *Oxford*, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

*Heroick Stanza's on the late Lord Protector: Written
after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.*

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice ;
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown ;
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raise,
Left all the World prevent what we should do,
And claim a Title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular ?
For in a round, what order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are ?

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
 For he was great e'er Fortune made him so;
 And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
 But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
 Nor was his Virtue poison'd soon as born,
 With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy Mistress to the young,
 But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
 Him at that Age her Favourites rank among,
 When she her best lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
 And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;
 Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
 By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
 We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
 Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join;
 Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
 First fought t' inflame the Parties, then to poise:
 The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
 And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
 He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain;
 He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd
 To stanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
 Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *East* subdue,

And made to Battles such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, tho' under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Protrait shew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it Perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treach'rous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,
Yet blest'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Feretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field,

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
 Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main,
 Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
 And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
 Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
 Each knew that side must Conquer he would own;
 And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,
 Than the light *Monfieur* the grave Don outweigh'd;
 His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
 Tho' *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
 For tho' that some mean Artists Skill were shown
 In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
 Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
 The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
 And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
 How she Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Virtues did survey,
 By intuition in his own large Breast,
 Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
 That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Virtue Heaven set out;
 The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
 Because it drains them when it comes about,
 And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
 Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;

Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

X X I X.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler Preys the *English* Lyon sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

X X X.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
Altho' an *Alexander* were her Guard.

X X X I.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize;

X X X I I.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

X X X I I I.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live;
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

X X X I V.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increase;
'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils decease.

X X X V.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
 But Faction now by habit does obey ;
 And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
 As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
 His Name a great Example stands, to show
 How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, War-
 den of *Wadham* College in Oxford.

S I R,

Seeing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends hands ; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general

favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government, not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your most Devoted, and Obliged Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

To the happy Memory of the late Lord Protector.

By Mr. SPRAT of Oxon. Pindarick Ode.

I.

TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
 From the Forgetfulness and Rage
 Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
 Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure:
 Thy Fame, like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
 Will of its self turn whiter too,
 Without what needless Art can do;
 Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,
 Tho' it were never heard or sung in Verse.
 Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
 They only want an Epitaph,
 That do remain alone
 Alive in an Inscription,
 Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble-stone;
 'Tis all in vain what we can do:
 All our Roses and Perfumes,
 Will but officious Folly show,
 And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs;

All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
 Are but unnecessary Duties here :
 The Poets may their Spices spare,
 Their costly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet :
 That need not be inbalm'd, which of it self is sweet ;

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
 Of our Obedience and our Love :
 For when the Sun and Fire meet,
 The one's extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright.
 So they that write of thee, and join
 Their feeble Names with thine,
 Their weaker Sparks with thy illustrious Light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought ;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.
 We know, blest'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
 Wants no addition of another's Beam ;
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them ;
 Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our Duty calls our Songs ;
 Duty commands our Tongues :
 Tho' thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Tho' Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice ;

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each Year
 Full of new Miracles did appear !
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or History !
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single Star ;

But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day ;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between :
 What shall I say, or where begin?
 Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown ;
 Like *Jove* sometimes with warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand ;
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
 So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least Grain of it,
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

I V.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
 Thou only to thy self wer't great,
 Whilst yet thy happy Bud
 Was not quite seen or understood,
 It then sure signs of future Greatness shew'd ;
 Then thy Domestick worth
 Did tell the World what it would be,
 When it should fit occasion see,
 When a full Spring should call it forth :
 As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
 Have the same Colours, the same red and white ;
 As in the open Day and Light ;
 The Sun doth only shew
 That they are bright, not make them so.
 So whilst but private Walls did know
 What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
 Then the same Virtues did appear,
 Tho' in a less and more contracted Sphere,
 As full, tho' not as large as since they were :
 And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho'
 At first so deep thou didst not go :

Tho' then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,
 Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
 Thy Purple was not made at once in haste,
 But after many other Colours past,
 It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
 And private Thoughts took up thy private Years;
 Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
 To change the World, and alter States,
 Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meauer things with equal Mein.
 That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestick way:
 So Government it self began
 From Family, and single Man,
 Was by the small relation first
 Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Virtue, and thy Courage call'd;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
 When the great Storms and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light;
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better Ease;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook;

When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong and certain Remedy
 Unto the Weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood :
 But that when the great Work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone ;
 That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The Husbandmen no Steel shall know,
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow ;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear :
 And tho' our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive Red ;
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph :
 So from that Crimson Flood,
 Which thou by Fate of times wert led,
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed :
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate ;
 But to refine the Church and State ;
 And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a Holy Island hence might grow,

Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 Which welcome Clouds do pour:
 Tho' they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy:
 But all the Filth and Mud to scour,
 And leave behind another Slime,
 To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in Battels and in Arms excel;
 That steelly Arms themselves might be
 Worn out in War as soon as thee;
 Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by thee;
 As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'st thy self, and mad'st them triumph too;
 Tho' they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
 Thou, the great Sun, gav'st Light to every Star;
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd in one.
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
 From Men God's Garden did defend:
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise;

X.

Thou fought'st not to be High or Great,
 Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
 But as the Vestal Hear,

Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
 Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms, like those which Ancient Heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou didst adore;
 And all the words thy Armies had,
 Were on an Heavenly Anvil made;
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
 Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire;
 Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
 Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too:
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
 What was reserv'd by Heaven and those blest Seats,
 And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XL

Tho' Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
 And did obey thy mighty Word;
 Tho' Fortune, for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy;
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
 Wert valiant and gentle too;
 Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe,
 Like Steel, when it much work has past,
 That which was rough does fine at last,
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smoother grow;
 Nor did thy Battels make thee Proud or High,
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not Thee:
 Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory.
 As when the Sun in a directer Line,
 Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success, and Victory to thy Tent;
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England, 'till thou did'st come,
 Confin'd her Valour home;

Then our own Rocks did stand
 Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
 And were to us as well
 As to our Enemies unpassable:
 We were asham'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the Dead.
 The *British* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Echo ran through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar:
 Thou his subdu'd Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws and from his Eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods;
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:
 Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

'Till thou command'st, that Azure Chain of Waves,
 Which Nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burden than an Ornament;
 Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours;
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was:
 And not as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,

Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderneys of Water sway'd;
 Thou did'st not only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke:
 He that ruled all the Main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:
 And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
 More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

'Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt;
 Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport;
 And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
 Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd:
 Our strength within it self did break,
 Like thundering Canons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,
 While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
 But now our Trumpets thou hast made to Sound
 Against our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground;
 And yet no Echo back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Isle,
 And all the World the while
 Is exercising Arms and Wars
 With Foreign or Intestine Jars.
 The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oyl,
 We give to all, yet know our selves no fear;
 We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
 Where-e'er we please our Swords to unsheath,
 Whilst we in calm and temperate Regions breath:
 Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every Corner of the World;
 Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,
 And yet the Sun himself the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the Glories of thy Peace
 Are not in number, nor in value less,

Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;

Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as found:
When now the Ship was well nigh lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,

By its Mariners endanger'd most,
When they their Ropes and Helms had left;
When the Planks asunder cleft,

And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
Thou a safe Land and Harbour for us found,
And savedst those that would themselves have
drown'd:

A work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no:
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
As if those Virtues only in thy Mind had seat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
Open in time of War,
When thou hadst greater cause of fear:
Religion and the awe of Heaven possess
All places and all times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beside;
Our after-times, and late Posterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal Work was done,
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Virtue kin,

Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
 'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
 And with a fine Thread weave out thy Loom:
 So one did bring the chosen People from
 Their Slavery and Fears,
 Led them through their pathless Road,
 Guided himself by God.

H'as brought them to the Borders; but a second hand
 Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

*Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late
 Lord Protector, ensuing the same.*

By Mr. WALLER.

[claim
 WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does
 In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
 His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
 And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air; So *Romulus* was lost.
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest mis'd their King;
 And from obeying, fell to worshipping.
 On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
 The Poplar too, whose Bough he wont to wear
 On his victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
 Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent:
 Our dying Hero, from the Continent
 Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
 As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.
 The Ocean, which so long our Hopes confin'd,
 Cou'd give no Limits to his vaster Mind:
 Our Bound's Enlargement was his latest Toil;
 Nor hath he left us Pris'ners to our Isle.
 Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
 And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils he did us disengage ;
 Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage :
 And, with wise Conduct, to his Country shew'd
 Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.
 Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
 To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too !
 Princes that fear'd him, grieve ; concern'd to see
 No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
 Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
 And, fighting, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath ;
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
 Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

The foregoing COPY answer'd.

By Mr. Godolphin.

'TIS well he's gone, (O! had he never been)
 Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin.
 The Pine, the Oak fell prostrate for his Urn,
 That with his Soul, his Body too might burn.
 Winds pluckt up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
 Roaring for Vengeance to the Heav'ns above.
 From Guilt, like his, great *Romulus* did grow,
 And in like Tempests to the Shades did go.
 Strange! that the lofty Trees themselves should fell,
 Without the Axe; so *Orpheus* went to Hell.
 At his Descent the stoutest Oaks were cleft,
 And this whole Wood its wonted Station left.
 On *Charles's* Throne the proud Usurper's dead,
 With ruin'd *England's* Tears about him spread;
 Those from our Eyes his Wrath and Madness rent,
 And those, alone, upon his Hearse are spent;
 Which mixt with Sighs, do weeping Clouds outvie,
 And lesser Storms of Wind and Rain supply.
 In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin,
 But our fierce Tyrant wore the Beast within:
 Whose Heart was brutish more than Face, or Eyes,
 And in the shape of Man was in disguise.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
 And made three Kingdoms perish by his Rage;
 Houses from Widows, Bread from Orphans rest,
 And his last Legacy to *Richard* left.
 One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
 Of Truth, Religion, and the Sacred Laws:
 So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
 Tho' he still Fought with Heav'n it self in's Hand.
 Nor cou'd Domestick Spoils confine his Mind,
 No Limits to his Fury, but Mankind.
 The *British* Youth to Foreign Coasts are sent
 Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment;
 Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
 Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
 The Rocks which from the World do *Britain* part,
 Were but weak Bars against his harder Heart;
 Whose Thoughts, nor Laws, nor cou'd the Ocean
 Mad as the Sea; and Lawless as the Wind. [bind,
 Where-ever Men, where-ever Pillage lies,
 Like rav'nous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies.
 Under the Tropick we are understood,
 And bring Home Rapine thro' a purple Flood.
 New Circulations form'd, our Blood is hurl'd,
 As round the lesser, so the greater World.
 Thus has the Rebel to his Country show'd,
 How to be Slaves at Home, and Thieves abroad.
 Such Circuits makes the Sun, but not such Harms;
 This burns the Places, that the other warms.
 Bad *Phaeton* a liker Course did run,
 Spoil'd equally, but less usurp'd the Throne.
 No wonder then, if we do Tears allow
 To him that gave us Wars, and Ruin too.
 Tyrants, that lov'd him, Grieve, concern'd to see
 There must be Punishment for Cruelty.
 Nature her self rejoiced at his Death,
 And on the Waters sung with such a Breath,
 As made the Sea dance higher than before,
 While her glad News came leaping to the Shore.

A PASTORAL upon the Death of her
Grace the Dutchess of ORMOND.

*Qua nihil majus, meliusve Terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt: quamvis redeant in Aurum
Tempora prisicum.* Horat.

M Y R T I L L O. A L E X I S.

M Y R T I L L O.

IF loaded Eye-lids, and a clouded Brow,
Cross'd Arms and rising Sighs, great Sorrow show;
And if one Friend may know another's care,
Why these sad Marks does my *Alexis* wear?

A L E X I S.

Alas, *Myrtillo!* cast thy eyes around,
And tell me, what like comfort's to be found?
The Sun has not sent forth one chearful Ray,
But worn a Cloud of Mourning all the day.
See how our drooping Flocks no Pastures heed,
But bleat about us, and neglect to feed!
Let Nature look in all her Orders sad;
Nor Envy dare to shew it, if she's glad;
Since nothing, nothing now can Joy restore,
For Fate has struck, and *Pyrrha* is no more.

M Y R T I L L O.

Pyrrha! for whom our daily vows we paid,
And best-lov'd Younglings on the Altar laid;
For whose long Well-fare, Life, and happy State,
All grateful Pray'rs on the good Gods did wait;
Whose Virtue Nymphs were taught to copy young,
For 'twas the Theme of ev'ry Shepherd's Song:
Has Fate at last prevail'd! And is SHE gone!
O whither now shall many wretched run!

The Injur'd, for Redress; the Poor, for Aid;
Worth, for Reward; or Grief, to be allay'd:
Since Justice, Pity, Bounty quits our Plains;
But Sorrow grows Eternal, and remains.

A L E X I S.

As full blown Flow'rs, that long have deck'd the
ground,
And with their Odours fill'd the Air around,
Bend down their Heads at last to Mother Earth,
And fade away, though to a second Birth;
Or as tall Cedars, who (admir'd) have stood
For many years the Glory of the Wood,
Finding in time their sacred Roots decay,
Are by the next rude tempest torn away,
So flourish'd *Pyrrha*, and as high did rise,
Adorn'd the Earth, and seem'd to reach the Skies.
Fair, without blemish; Lofty, without Pride:
But, Oh! the Tempest rose, and *Pyrrha* dy'd!
Gone then's all Spring, now Winter's only ours;
Sighs rise like Storms, and Tears must fall like

M Y R T I L L O. [Showers.

If full of Years and Honours *Pyrrha* fell,
Grief may with Swains of humbler Talents dwell,
While to a nobler work our minds we raise,
Suspend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praise.

A L E X I S.

As round Heaven's Throne whole Choirs of Angels
throng,
Yet all their Triumph's one Eternal Song:
So here on Earth shall *Pyrrha*'s Praises last,
Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waste.

M Y R T I L L O.

Then let us tune our Reeds; thou first the Lay
Begin; our Flocks shall listen, and I'll play:
So up to *Pyrrha*'s Fame our Notes we'll raise,
Suspend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praise.

ALEXIS.

Mean time, ye boundless Winds, your Gusts forbear,
 And all ye Hills and Valleys round give ear:
 Keep back ye Rivers, and forbear to run;
 Till the great Tale of *Pyrrha's* Fame be done:
 Then let each wind bear it where-e'er it blows,
 Catch it, ye Hills and Valleys, as it goes,
 With your assenting Ecchoes in the close. }
 Murmur it, Floods, as to your Seas ye creep,
 And with it add new Wonders to the Deep;
 For the Renown of *Pyrrha's* Name shall last
 Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waste.
 M Y R T I L L O. On then.

ALEXIS.

---As Stars before the rising day
 Seem in their Orbs to sink, and dive away;
 So all the Nymphs upon our fertile Plains,
 Though proud and cruel to their sighing Swains,
 When *Pyrrha's* pow'ful Charms approach'd, they
 And any Satyr might have then prevail'd: {fail'd,
 So much in blooming Youth cou'd she surprize,
 Sh'ad all the panting Hearts and wishing Eyes.
 Come then, ye Nymphs of *Arcadie*, draw near,
 Weep round her Earth, and all your Garlands tear;
 For *Pyrrha's* Beauty once no equal knew;
 But Fate has seiz'd *Her* now, and must have *You*.

M Y R T I L L O.

Pyrrha's bright Eyes enlightned every Grove,
 And fir'd at last *Alcander's* Heart with Love;
 The Nymph found him a Triumph worth her Charms,
 And she alone was fit to fill his Arms.
 Many did either Conquest wish t' have made,
 But only they each other could invade;
 For in her Form did Nature seem improv'd,
 And he was fram'd to Love, and be belov'd:
 Therefore Heav'n smil'd, and all the Stars look'd kind,
 When *Pyrrha* and *Alcander's* Hearts were join'd,

ALEXIS.

Who has not heard of great *Alexander's* Name,
 So long the Muses Task, and Pride of Fame?
Pan early chose, and made him great in Pow'r,
 When the *Wolves* rag'd, and did our Flocks devour,
 He took the guard of the molested Plains;
 Saw our Lambs fed, and cheer'd us frighted Swains;
 Wak'd with us 'midst dark Nights and pinching Colds,
 To drive the howling Monsters from our Folds:
 In all which time, *Pyrrha*, his charming Bride,
 Oft came, and watch'd as he did, by his side;
 Of his worst dangers still her part would bear,
 And for all Joys she gave him, ask'd but care.
 Now, ye poor Flocks, go bleat about, and stray;
 Ye Shepherds, cast your Scrips and Hooks away;
 Stretch'd on the ground, your fatal Loss bemoan,
 And call on *Pyrrha's* Name at ev'ry groan.

MYRTILLO.

Full fifty happy Years this matchless Pair
 Liv'd in unshaken Love; no jealous Care,
 Or mean Distrust, did once their Joys molest,
 So in a noble Off-spring were they blest
 Of warlike Youths, worthy their Father's Name,
 And Daughters, spotless as their Mother's Fame:
 Bold *Celadon*, the Darling of loud War,
 And *Strephon* now, whose pious Shoulders bear }
 The burden of his aged Father's Care;
 Young *Damon*, lovely as the Beams that play
 About our East, and lead the coming Day;
 Fair *Phyllida*, who was with *Azon* wed,
 And blest him with a faithful Fruitful Bed;
 Generous *Lysca* too, by Nature taught
 To recommend the poor Man's Cause unsought.

ALEXIS.

All these the Off-spring were of *Pyrrha's* Womb:
 Come then, ye Mothers, mourn around her Tomb:
 In *Pyrrha's* Name your Mystick Rites perform,
 When to your Aid ye would *Lucina* charm,

Either the lab'ring Matron's pangs to ease,
Or bless the Barren Mourner with increase.

M Y R T I L L O.

Oh! kind *Alexis*, still pursue thy Song,
How these fair Branches grew, or wither'd young.

A L E X I S.

Brave *Celadon* through Fate untimely fail'd,
And was by *Pan* and all his Train bewail'd;
Some mourning Muses sung him to his Tomb,
Yet others felt more grief, and thence were dumb.
Young *Damon* faded in his Beauty's Pride,
And *Phyllida* no less lamented dy'd.
But long may *Strephon's* Life rejoice the Years
Of good *Alcander*, and assist his Cares.
Fulness of time, kind Heav'n, to *Lysca* give,
'Tis for your Honour, Gods, that she should live;
For she, the more of days you her afford,
By her good Deeds will make *you* more ador'd;
Since *Lysca* was of pious *Pyrrha* born,
And *Pyrrha's* Virtues *Lysca's* Heart adorn.

M Y R T I L L O.

But what shall now give good *Alcander* joy?

A L E X I S.

The Gods, when Fate took *Celadon* away,
Call'd *Daphnis* forth, th' Heroick Race to run,
Which his great Parent had so well begun:
From *Celadon's* brave Loins young *Daphnis* came,
Full of his Heat, and conscious of his Fame;
Whose Mind his Father's Deeds did so employ,
He grew *Alcander's* Hopes, and *Pyrrha's* Joy.
Pyrrha lov'd *Daphnis*, and with pleasure found
The *Hero's* Virtues in the *Youth* abound.
When *Daphnis* languish'd, *Pyrrha* did provide
The charming soft *Amynta* for his *Bride*:
Amynta! tender as the Lambs that play
In Sunny morns, and Innocent as *they*;
Sweet as those Ev'ning Airs that gently blow
Where the rich fragrant Eastern Spices grow;

Calm as our Groves in a fair Summer's Night,
And lovely as the first-created Light.

Daphnis was born, *Amynta's* with him join'd,
To chase all sorrows from *Alcander's* mind;
To add new Honours to his store of Fame,
And a long Race of *Heroes* to his Name:
His Name, which shall, with *Pyrrha's* Praises, last
Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waste.

*Funeral Tears to the Sacred Memory of
our late Sovereign King CHARLES
the Second.*

THE Noon-day Star, that once out-fac'd the Sun,
Charles his bright Phosphor, has its period run:
And resting *Charles*, with more fix'd Glories crown'd,
Has past his mighty finish'd Circle round.
All th' untired race of *Prodigies*, the late
Continued shame of this Stupendious fate,
Which once his *Restoration* Lawrels bore;
Those never-sleeping Pores, now move no more.
Myriads of *Guardian Angels* all disband;
And *Wonders* wait no more on his Right Hand.
Whilst *Truth* invincible, unbyast *Right*,
Goodness unbounded, *Mercy* infinite;
Honour unfullyed; all the brightest Train
Of *Ministring Graces* t' his illustrious Reign,
Their *Royal Robes* to *Funeral Sables* turn
All Mourners o'er their *Sacred Master's* Urn:
But 'midst the *Tears* our streaming Sorrows pour
Three *wailing Kingdoms* in one *Loyal Showre*,
How feebly does our *Voice of Mourning* sound,
Whilst *Royal Eyes* in deeper Griefs lie drown'd?
No Heart like *James* with killing Loads o'er prest,
Kindest of *Brothers*, and of *Friends* the best.

So sad the pangs of parting Friendship prove,
 Immoderate *Grief*, and ever burning *Love*
 Rend his Great Soul, and their keen Passage force.
 Methinks I see him at the *Dire* Divorce;
 Whilst the Great *James* like Great *Telefia* stands,
 With Echoing Cries, and with up-lifted Hands,
 With rended Garments, and a flowing Showre
 Of bitt'rest Tears deplores the dismal Hour.
 Till from above behold the shining Sky;
 The fiery Steeds, and *flaming Chariot* fly.
 Th' ascending *Saint*, 'midst shouting *Angels* round,
 With purer Joys and brighter Diadems crown'd.
 Here with sad Ties he took his last Farewel,
 And grasp'd the *wondrous Mantle* as it fell.
 With Heav'nly transmigrating Glories fir'd, [inspir'd.
 Fill'd with the mounting *God*, with the whole *Charles*

O mighty *Charles*, what have not only we
 Three Kingdoms, but even *Empire* lost in thee?
 Founder of *Monarchy*, for thou alone
 Stood'st the unshaken Bulwark of the Throne.
 When the old Storm yawn'd for th' Imperial wrack,
 Thy Hand alone beat the fierce Torrent back:
Faction and *Schism* by thy strong Arm o'erthrown,
 Whilst a calm'd World was thy great work alone.
Glory and *Peace* but in thy *Sun-beams* play,
 Whilst thou'rt the *God* of our long *Halcyon* day.
 The old *Fanatick* Fiend, so late before
 Drunk with a Martyr'd Monarch's *Purple Gore*,
 Whilst with th' old Poison, and th' old Rage he stood,
 All thirsting for new Draughts of *Royal Blood*,
 The *Crown's* long Foe, and blackest Imp of *Hell*,
 His Sting just fastning, thou alone couldst quell.
 Thy Book of Fame with this last Glory fill'd:
 What shall Great *James* on thy Foundations build?
 Strike, Royal Heir, th' half conquer'd *Serpent* dead:
Charles bruis'd his Teeth, and thou shalt crush his Head.

Peace, *Union*, *Concord*, all so well begun;
 Tho' thou, Great *Charles*, thy Race like *Moses* run;

Thy People led by thy Miraculous Hand
 To th' *Milk* and *Honey* of a Blessed Land;
 Call'd hence too soon by the Almighty Voice:
 Saw'st but the *Borders* of the promis'd Joys:
 That God-like *Joshua* fills thy Royal Seat,
 Who thy unfinish'd Wonders shall compleat.

Translated Saint, now thy *full* Honours seize,
 Blest with thy own eternal Handmaid, *Peace*,
 Around thy Head immortal Honours play,
 Brighter than thy own Restoration-Day.
 Like thy own Mercy soft be thy Repose;
 Whilst on thy Brow that Perfum'd Fragrance flows,
 Sweeter than th' Odours even of that Rich fame
 That shall Embalm thy Everlasting Name.

An O D E.

By Mr. P R I O R.

I.

While Blooming Youth, and gay Delight,
 Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.
 My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
 For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely
 On Power, you know I must Obey;
 Exert a Legal Tyranny;
 And do an ill, because you may?
 Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore;
 Not see thy Mercy, and but dread thy Power?

III.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
 As well as *Cupid*, Time is blind:

Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
 The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:
 The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
 Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown
 A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish Humours on
 Seems but the sad Effect of Years:
 Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
 To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and Formal Bows
 Will show Thee just above Neglect:
 The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
 Will fettle into cold Respect:
 A talking dull *Platonick* I shall turn;
 Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
 Kindness and Constancy will prove
 The only Pillars, fit to bear
 So vast a Weight, as that of Love.
 If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, *Celia*, haste, while Youth invites,
 Obey kind *Cupid's* present Voice;
 Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
 And give thy Soul a Loose to joys:
 Let Millions of repeated Blissess prove,
 That thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care,
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside:

What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted *Eve*.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage ;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age :
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.

A S O N G.

I.

AT dead of Night, when rapt in sleep,
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip ;
Love led the Nymph astray.

II.

Loose and undrest she takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade ;
The conscious Moon gave all her Light,
To bless her ravish'd Lover's sight,
And guide the loving Maid.

III.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to assuage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys :
At such an hour, in such a Place,
What Lover could contain ?

IV.

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no succour gave ;
The cruel Stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour save.

V.

Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
 The Nymph expiring lay,
 No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
 Since no kind Stars were found above,
 She blush'd and dy'd away.

VI.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
 And Youth that did betray;
 And panting, dying with delight,
 She blest the kind transporting Night,
 And curst approaching Day.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.

O D E.

By Mr. THO. OTWAY.

TO a high Hill, where never yet stood Tree,
 Where only Heath, coarse Fern, and Furzes
 Where (nipt by piercing Air) [grow,
 The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze;
 Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze
 A wandring Bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing }
 Town, [down. }
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him
 'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
 Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
 When by the Word it first was made,
 E'er God had said,
 Let Grass and Herbs and every green thing grow,
 With fruitful Trees after their kind; and it was so.
 The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
 Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;

Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he caſt,
 Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt :
 And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his Moan :
 The diſtance of his future Joy
 Had been enough to give him Pain alone ;
 But who can undergo [Woe ?
 Deſpair of eaſe to come, with weight of preſent
 Down his afflicted Face
 The trickling Tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt a pace, }
 As left a path worn by their briny race.
 Swoln was his Breaſt with Sighs, his well-
 Proportion'd Limbs as uſeleſs fell,
 While the poor Trunk (unable to ſuſtain
 It ſelf) lay rackt, and ſhaking with its Pain.
 I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aſide, to ſee
 What the ſad cauſe could be
 Had preſs'd his State ſo low, and rais'd his Plaints ſo
 On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd, [high.
 Why ſo forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend.
 But, oh ! my words were hardly at an end, }
 When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
 My much-lov'd Friend : ſo down I fate,
 And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate :
 I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
 Of Sighs he eas'd his Breaſt, and thus began his Tale.

III.

I am a Wretch of honeſt Race :
 My Parents not obſcure, nor high in Titles were ;
 They left me Heir to no Diſgrace.
 My Father was (a thing now rare)
 Loyal and brave ; my Mother chaſt and fair.
 Their pledge of Marriage-vows was only I ;
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy :

They gave me generous Education, high
 They strove to raise my Mind, and with it grew
 their Joy.

The Sages that instructed me in Arts
 And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts, }
 And cheer my Parents longing hearts. }
 When I was call'd to a Dispute,
 My Fellow-Pupils oft stood mute:
 Yet never Envy did disjoin

Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine;
 Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did tast: }

But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last. }
 As I lay loosely on my bed, [Head, }
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my }

And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed, }
 A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busie I
 Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh) [dead.
 Pierc'd through my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's*
 It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted
 Senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,
 And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding Years.

The World was wide, but whither should I go?
 I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
 Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?

To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
 Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;
 Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
 But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd,
 My forward Spirit prompted me to find
 A Converse equal to my Mind:
 But by raw Judgment easily mis-led,
 (As giddy callow Boys
 Are very fond of Toys)

I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
 On every sort of Vanity I fed,

Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
 Bullies of o'er-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
 Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (such as think
 Mischievous midnight frolicks bred by Drink
 Are Gallantry and Wit,
 Because to their lewd understandings fit)
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
 To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent:
 'Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms,
 T'ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
 Or when she had him in her Arms,
 Secur'd his love with greater Art.
 I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
 No Beauty with my Muse's might compare.
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestick }
 Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair. [Air,
 Upon her Head a Crown she bore
 Of Laurel, which she told me should be mine:
 And round her Ivory Neck she wore
 A Rope of largest Pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With Jewels and with Gold, }
 Numberless to be told;
 Which in Imagination as I did behold, }
 And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
 Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never Poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By Royal Favour, and by endless Fame;
 But never told
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
 Thus by the Arts of this most sly
 Deluder was I caught,
 To her bewitching Bondage brought.
 Eternal Constancy we swore,
 A thousand times our Vows were doubled o'er.

And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
 I thought no Pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
 No Pair so happy as my Muse and I. }

VI.

Ne'er was young Lover half so fond
 When first his Puffage he lost,
 Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves,
 Bore witness of our daily Loves;
 And on the bark of every Tree
 You might the marks of our Endearments see.

Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
 Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
 His Muse in Caterwauling fits) }
 You might on every Rind behold, and swear
 I and my *Clio* had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
 With Off-springs of the choicest kinds,
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
 And been approv'd by Judgments of the best,
 But in this most transporting height,
 Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown
 I round me look'd, and found my self alone: }
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone. }

I try'd if I a Verse could frame:
 Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
 I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curst my dull Scull, and rail'd, }
 Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at }
 the last prevail'd. }

A Line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlock'd-for shape
 Of some deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
 Then I was at the hideous Issue of my Brains.

I tore my Paper, stabb'd my Pen,
 And swore I'd never write again,
 Resolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake; }
 I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake }
 I did my self undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest Store,
 My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
 I strait to Council call'd;
 Like some old faithful Friend, whom long ago
 I had casheer'd, to please my flatt'ring Fair.
 To me with readiness he did repair;
 Exprest much tender Chearfulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my Mind;
 And loyally did to me show,
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treache-
 I ask'd the Causes why. He said, [rous Muse.
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
 To all the Nine that on *Parnassus* dwell,
 Where those so fam'd, delightful Fountains swell
 Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
 And where Wit's lusty, shining God
 Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
 So whilst our Fortune smiles, our Thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and Fame's our bus'ness, and desire.
 Then, too, if we find
 A promptness in the Mind, }
 The Muse is always ready, always kind. }
 But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
 Her favour, all our Pleasure and rich Fancy dies, }
 And then th' young, slippery Jilt, the Muse too from }
 us flies.

VIII.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due ;
 And as right search into my self I made,
 I found all he had said
 Was very honest, very true.

Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend !
 And much my Muse I could not discommend ;
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's Grace,
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace, }
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her Face. }

Then to confirm me more,
 He drew the veil of Dotage from my Eyes : }
 See here, my Son, (said he) the valu'd Prize ; }
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise. }

I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
 With a more horrid Train

Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
 Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse
 In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce ;

A Wretch whom old Diseases did so bite,
 That he writ Bawdry sure in spight, }
 To ruin and disgrace it quite. }

Philosophers of old did so express
 Their Art, and shew'd it in their Nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering Sot
 Who a late *Session of the Poets* wrote.

Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool ;
 By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.

The other Birds have hooted him from light ;
 Much buffeting has made him love the Night,

And only in the dark he strays ; [his days, }
 Still Wretch enough to live, with worse Fools spends }
 And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays. }

Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
 Lord *Lampoon*, and *Monsieur Song*,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't
 To make her famous at the Court.

The *City Poet* too was there,
 In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the Honour
 To beget a *Pageant* on her
 For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.

Her Favours she to none deny'd :
 They took her all by turns aside.

Till at the last up in the rear there came
 The Poets Scandal, and the Muses Shame,
 A Beast of Monstrous guise, and *LIBELL* was
 his Name. }

But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred and where, and where
 he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
 Down in an obscure Vale,

'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours
 Where never Sun was seen by Eyes, [rise,
 Under a desert Wood

Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
 And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far farrag'd fed,
 An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,

Built of Mens Bones slaughter'd in Civil War,
 By Magick Art brought thither from afar.

There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,

That us'd to mumble Curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom Wants and Care had worn ;
 Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
 Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.

Sh^e appeared humble, but it was her Bride :
 Slow in her Speech, in semblance sanctify'd.
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;
 And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.

Her hellish Charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the Name of *Godliness*. }

All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace.

Honest Habits they all wore,
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine :

But inward of all Vices they had store,
 Greedy as Wolves, and sensual too as Swine.
 Like her, the Sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
 And for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because besides her self no Idol she'd endure.
 Though not to paint, sh'ad arts to change the Face,
 And alter it in Heav'nly fashion.
 Lewd *Whining* she defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
 And making *ugly faces* was *Mortification*.
 Her late dead Pander was of well-known fame,
 Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name :
 She a sworn Foe to KING, his Peace, and Laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) *THE*
GOOD OLD CAUSE.

X.

A Time there was, (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of Woe,
 When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
 And a *destroying Angel* was sent down,
 To scourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
 He came, and o'er all *Britain* stretch'd his conqu'ring
 Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholsome Grass[hand]:
 Grew of great stalk, its Colour gross,
 And melancholick pois'nous green ;
 Like those coarse sickly Weeds on an old Dunghill
 Where some Murrain-murther'd Hog, [seen,
 Poison'd Cat, or strangled Dog,
 In rottenness had long unburied laid,
 And the cold Soil productive made.
 Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
 And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare ;
 And, as our Destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire Commission ended, down there came
 Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame* :

Desolation soon he made,
 And our new *Sodom* low in Ashes laid.
 Distractions and Distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old Disguise,
 This *Witch* with all her Mischief-making Train
 Began to shew her self again.
 The Sons of old *Rebellion* strait she summon'd all ;
 Strait they were ready at her call :
 Once more th' old Bait before their Eyes she cast.
 That and her Love they long'd to tast ; }
 And to her Lust she drew them all at last.
 So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore) [Whore:
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his Father's

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing Eyes,
 Th' old Strumpet did her self disguise
 In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
 Affect'd Truth, much Modesty, and Grace,
 And (like a worn-out-Suburb-Trull) past there for a
 Thither all her Lovers flock'd, [new Face.
 And there for her support she found
 A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does
 With all ingredients for his bus'ness stockt, [sound,
 Not unlike him whose Story has a Place
 In th' Annals of Sir *Hudribras*.
 Of all her bus'ness He took care,
 And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair, }
 Had by him admittance there.
 By his Contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the Court.
 Those whose Ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill Manners had Preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
 Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
 In'rest in every Faction, every Sect she sought ;
 And to her Lure, flatt'ring their Hopes, she brought
 All those who use Religion for a Fashion.

All such as practise Forms, and take great Pains
 To make their *Godlines* their *Gains*,
 And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
 She by her Art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
 The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
 Out of the *King's* or *Bishop's* Hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
 Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
 Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
 Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
 With *May-day-Routs*, *November Squibs*, and burning
Fast-board Popes.

XII.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew,
 And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
 This monstrous, most detested *Birth*.
 Of Children born with Teeth w'ave heard,
 And some like Comets with a Beard;
 Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a *Wapping Drab*, or *Shoreditch Quean*,
 A form like this so hideous and so strange.
 To help whose Mother in her Pains, there came
 Many a well-known Dame.
 The Bawd *Hypocrisie* was there,
 And Madam *Impudence* the Fair:
 Dame *Scandal* with her squinting Eyes,
 That loves to set good Neighbours at debate,
 And raise Commotions in a jealous State,
 Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-spread L'es,
 With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*,
 But Midwife *Mutiny*, that busie Drab,
 That's always talking, always loud,
 Was she that first took up the Babe,
 And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears:
 To spight the Pillory it had no Ears.
 When strait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
 To the blest Family of *Fryn*.
 But *Scandal* offer'd to depose her word,
 Or oath, the Father was a Lord.
 The Nose was ugly, long, and big,
 Broad, and snowy like a Pig;
 Which shew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
 Love to cast stinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rhymes,
 And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
 And a hopeful Youth to make him.
 To nurse he strait was sent
 To a *Sister-witch*, though of another sort,
 One who profess't no good, nor any meant:
 All day she practis'd Charms, by night she hardly slept.
 Yet in the outcasts of a Northern factious Town,
 A little smoaky Mansion of her own,
 Where her Familiars to her did resort,
 A Cell she kept.
 Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God;
 And many an ugly loathsome Toad
 Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
 Under her Roof all dismal, black, and smoak'd,
 Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholsome Bats,
 Sprawling nests of little Cats;
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
 To make her Spells succeed and good,
 Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, when e'er man-
 kind she curst, [nurst.
 And with these Foster-brethren was our *Monster*
 In little time the Hell-bred Brat
 Grew plump and fat,
 Without his Leading-strings could walk,
 And (as the Sorceress taught him) talk,
 At seven years old he went to School,
 Where first he grew a foe to Rule.

Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought,
 Not that he wanted parts
 T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts ;
 But as negligent as sly,
 Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
 (By Nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
 And was obstinately dull.
 'Till spight of Nature, through great pains, the Sot,
 (And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
 At last in part began to understand.
 Some insight in the *Latin* Tongue he got ;
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand,
 For which his Guardians all thought fit,
 In Compliment to his most hopeful Wit,
 He should be sent to learn the Laws,
 And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
 As by nature he was bent
 To search in hidden paths, and things long buried find,
 A Wretch's Converse much he did frequent :
 One who this World, as that did Him, disown'd,
 And in an unfrequented Corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
 He led his hated life,
 Needy, and even of Necessaries bare.
 No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife :
 But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God,)
 Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
 With which of Beggars Scraps he bought. }
 Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got, }
 Not to be clean, but slake his Thirst.
 He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
 The Cell in which he (though but seldom) slept, }
 Lay likè a Den, unclean's'd, unswept : }
 And there those Jewels which he lov'd, he kept ; }

Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
 Of *Commons Privileges*, and the *Rights of Lords*.
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid
 All the *Acts, Resolves, and Orders* made,
 By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
 Through all the Changes of its Government :
 From which with readiness he could debate
 Concerning Matters of the State, [eight. }
 All down from *Goodly Forty one* to *Horrid Forty*
 XV.

His Friendship much our *Monster* sought
 By Instinct, and by Inclination too :
 So without much ado
 They were together brought. [taught.
 To him Obedience *Libell* swore, and by him was he
 He learnt of him all Goodness to detest ;
 To be ashamed of no Disgrace ;
 In all things, but Obedience, to be Beast ;
 To hide a Coward's Heart, and show a hardy Face.
 He taught him to call Government a Clog,
 But to bear bearings like a Dog :
 T'ave no Religion, Honesty, or Sense,
 But to *profess* them all for a Pretence.
 Fraught with these Morals, he began
 To compleat him more for Man :
 Distinguisht to him in an hour
 'Twixt *Legislative*, and *Judicial* power :
 How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
 And *Democracy*, by stealth ;
 To palliate it at first, and Cry
 'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*. }
 And *Treason Salus Populi* ;
 Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
 By fair *Committees of Association* ;
 How by a lawful means to bring,
 In Arms against himself the KING,
 With a distinguishing old Trick,
 'Twixt persons *Natural*, and *Politick* ;

How to make faithful *Servants Traytors*,
 Thorough-pac'd *Rebels Legislators*,
 And at last, *Troopers Adjutators*.

}

Thus well inform'd, and furnisht with enough
 Of such like wordy, canting Stuff,
 Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew
 A Leader in a factious Crew.

Where e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
 And swell'd with every word he spoke.

By which becoming sawcy Grace,
 He gain'd Authority and Place:

By many for Preferments was thought fit,
 For talking Treason without Fear or Wit;

For opening Failings in the State;

For loving noise and unsound Debate, [Hat.

And wearing of a Mystical green Ribband in his

}

XVI.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's skin,

He very dreadful grew,

But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,

And th' Hero to his Distaff drew,

His foes that found him, saw he was but Man:

So when my faithless *Clio* by her Snare

Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him

At once to hate and scorn him I began; [there,

To see how foolishly sh'ad dress'd,

And for diversion trickt the Beast.

He was Poetry all o're,

On ev'ry side, behind, before:

About him nothing could I see,

But particolour'd Poetry,

Painter's Advices, Letanies,

Ballads, and all the spurious excess

Of ills that Malice could devise,

Or ever swarm'd from a licentious Press,

Hung round about him like a Spell:

And in his own hand too was writ,

That worthy piece of modern Wit,
The Country's late Appeal.

But from such ills when will our wretched State
 Be freed? and who shall crush this Serpent's head?
 'Tis said, we may in Ancient Legends read
 Of a huge Dragon, sent by Fate
 To lay a sinful Kingdom waste;
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a Virgin broke his fast,
 'Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
 So hardly was their loss endur'd:
 The Lovers all despair'd, and sought their Tombs
 In the same Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were
 cur'd.

'Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
 Curst ends, to the Metropolis he came.
 His Cruelties renew'd again,
 And every day a Maid was slain.
 The curse through ev'ry Family had past,
 When to the Sacrifice at last
 Th' unhappy Monarch's only Child must bow:
 A *Royal Daughter* needs must suffer then, a *ROYAL*
BROTHER now.

XVII.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey;
 On Him has cast
 His sordid Venom, and prophan'd
 With spurious Verse his spotless Fame,
 Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to Ages last,
 When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
 Else tell me why (some Prophet that is wise)
 Heaven took such care
 To make him every thing that's rare,
 Dear to the Heart, desirous to the Eyes.
 Why do all Good men bless Him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his Foes?
 Why do the Brave all strive his Honour to defend?
 Why through the World is he distinguish'd most

By Titles, which but few can boast,
 A most *Just Master*, and a *Faithful Friend*?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of Him what Orphan can complain?
 Of Him what Widow make her Moan?
 But such as wish Him here again,
 And miss his Goodness now He's gone.
 If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true,
 Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the World's Esteem,
 Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all men
 Friends with Him?

XVIII.

When e'er his Life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful Country's sake,
 What Dangers or what Labours did He ever shun?
 Or what Wonders has not done?
 Watchful all night, and busie all the day,
 (Spreading his Fleet in sight of *Holland's* shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his Flags and Streamers play.
 Then did the *English* Lion roar,
 Whilst the *Belgian* couchant lay.
 Big with the thoughts of Conquest and Renown,
 Of *Britain's* Honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threat'ning Comet shin'd,
 Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
 But constant as the Stars that never move;
 Or as Women would have Love.
 The trembling Genius of their State
 Lookt out, and strait shrunk back his head,
 To see our daring Banners spread.
 Whilst in their Harbours they
 Like Batten'd Monsters weltring lay:
 The Winds, when Ours th'ad kiss'd, scorn'd with
 their Flags to play.
 But drooping like their Captains hearts,
 Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.

The Seamen seem'd t' have lost their Arts.
 Their Ships at Anchor now, of which w'had heard
 them boast, [Billow tost,
 With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings loose, by every
 Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unstrung;
 'Till at the last, provok'd with Shame,
 Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:
 Foxes in Council, and in Fight too Grave:
 Seldom true, and now not brave.
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of Fight,
 And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

XIX.

A bloody Battel next was fought,
 And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he }
 brought,
 With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
 To Him then every Heart was open, down
 From the Great Man to the Clown;
 In Him Rejoyc'd, to Him enclin'd:
 And as his Health round the glad Board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;
 And shew'd the fullness of his Mind.
 No discontented Vermin of ill Times
 Durst then affront him but in show;
 Nor *Libel* dash him with his dirty Rhymes:
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose Heart would not wish so too
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous mis-led Foes
 Against Him rose,
 With what Heroick grace
 He chose the weight of wrong to undergo?
 No tempest on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
 True witness of the Innocence within.
 But when the Messengers did Mandates bring
 For his retreat to Foreign Land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most *Loving BROTHER, Kindest KING*;

If in his heart Regret did rise,
 It never scapt his Tongue or Eyes:
 With steady Virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mightry Conqu'ror He obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
 Sad as the Bus'ness, fullen too,
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or Soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The Court, where Pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of Mourning, and of Woe.
 Desolate was every Room,
 Where men for News and Bus'ness use to come.
 With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes men walk'd,
 In corners and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent
 In leaving Blessings on his Children dear.
 To them with eager Haste and Love he went:
 The Eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
 But sad in Mind as deepest Night.
 What tenderest Hearts could say, betwixt them past;
 'Till Grief too close upon them crept:
 So sighing he withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,
 When on the next he fixt his Eyes,
 A tender Infant in the Nurse's Arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty Charms.
 And as to give the Farewel Kiss He near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little Arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
 Th' appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid
 To seek a Foreign Home. [him haste

The Summons he resolv'd t' obey;
 Disdaining of his Suffering to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting Throng,
 That blest him and about him hung.
 A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
 But for the Comfort that was near.
 His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
 That fed his Soul with Love;
 The cordial that can mortal Pains remove,
 To which all worldly Blessings else are Toys.
 I saw them ready for departure stand,
 Just when approach'd the *Monarch* of our Land, }
 And took the charming *Mourner* by the hand. }
 T'express all noblest Offices he strove
 Of *Royal Goodness*, and a *Brother's Love*.
 Then down to the Shore side,
 Where, to convey Them, did two Royal Barges ride,
 With solemn pace they past:
 And there so tenderly embrac'd,
 All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
 And their kind Pains touch'd each By-stander's
 Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair [heart,
 Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidst Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppress'd, still *Great*.
 Into th' expecting Boat with haste they went;
 Where, as the troubled *Fair one* to the Shore some
 wishes sent,
 For that dear Pledge sh'ad left behind,
 And as her Passion grew too mighty for her Mind,
 She of some Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
 Which, as upon her Check they lay,
 The happy *Hero* kist away.
 And, as shewept, blisht with Disdain, and smil'd.
 Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln
Thames:
 The well-struck Oars lave up the yielding Streams,

All fixt their longing Eyes, and wishing flood,
 'Till they were got into the wider Flood;
 Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more:
 Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

On Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. T. RYMER.

Waller is dead; and lofty Number's lost.
 Now *English* Verse (with nothing left to
 boast) }
 May hobble on, and vex good *Findar's* Ghost,
 What was it *Three* and *Eighty* Years to live?
 Short is this Boon to what the Muses give:
 They so Insur'd his Immortality,
 That scarce he knew, in any kind, to die.
Two Ages he the Sacred Garland bore;
 Peerless in this, and Prince of that before.
 Rare *Genius*, his; alike their Glory made,
 In glittering Courts, and in the Country Shade.
 There, by *four* Kings belov'd, how high he shone?
 Inseparable Jewel of the Crown;
 Yet thence no borrow'd Heat, or Lustre got,
 Warm of himself; and *Sun* he wanted not.
 And if the Diamond stood hard Fortune's shock,
 Thanks to his *old* Hereditary Rock.
 For all the Court, for all the Muses Snares;
 Our Journals also tell his publick Cares.
 From *James* to *James*, they count him o'er and o'er,
 In *four* Successive Reigns, a Senator.
 On him, amidst the legislative Throng,
 Their Eyes, and Ears, and every Heart they hung.
 Within *those* Walls if we *Apollo* knew,
 Less could he warm, nor throw a Shaft so true.

What Life, what Lightning blanch'd around the *Chair*?
 (It was no *House*, if *Waller* was not there:)
 And that Respect still to his Speech, or Nods,
 As he had come from Councils of the Gods.
 How would he tune their contradicting Notes?
 With ready *Wit* facilitate the Votes?
 And in his Verse, so ev'ry where display
 An *Air* of something Great, and something Gay?
 And, like *Amphion*, when he form'd a Town,
 Put Life in ev'ry Stock, and ev'ry Stone?
 Oh! had he liv'd one Meeting more to sit,
 How would the *Times* his generous Mind have hit?
 What he so long contested for, in vain,
 Set loose from all Ecclesiastick Chain,
 With Transport he would find Religion free,
 And now no longer a *Monopoly*.

Watch home, and Harbour; nay, shut up the Sea:
But who shall e'er with Heav'n our Traffick stay?
Or there erect a Block-house in the way?
Our stubborn Body is not us'd so ill;
It must no Rack (that foreign Engine) feel;
And yet they bring poor Conscience to the Wheel.
Error they scourge; so Children whip their Top;
The certain, only means to keep it up.

Thus would he play, and many a pointed Jest
 Still fling against the persecuting Beast.
 Easie to run in endless Histories;
 Tracing a Life of one who never dies.
 How he the Orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd:
 But, *Muses*, how he *Sung*, and how he *Lov'd*!
 What Spirit fills his Verse, your Care defines;
 Amongst the Stars how *Sacharissa* shines:
 How still her Altars fume with Sacrifice,
 When gone are all the Goddesses of *Greece*.
 Language and Wit he rais'd to such an height,
 We should suspect, with him, the Empire's Fate,
 Did not Auspicious *James* support the Weight,
 This Northern Speech refin'd to that degree,
 Soft *France* we scorn, nor envy *Italy*:

But for a fit Comparison must seek
In *Virgil's* Latin, or in *Homer's* Greek.

Anger is mad; and Choler mere Disease:
His *Muse* fought what was sweet, and what would please:
Still led where Nature's beauteous Rays entice;
Not touching vile Deformities, or Vice.
Here no *Chimera* skips, no *Goblin* frights;
No *Satyr's* here, nor Monster else, that bites.
Sweetness his very Vinegar allay'd;
And all his *Snakes* in Ladies Bosom play'd.
Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming Power;
His lucky hand made every thing a Flower.
So every *Shrub* to *Jessamin* improves;
And rudest *Holts*, to goodly *Myrtle* Groves.
Some, from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,
Have furnish'd a whole *Garden* of their own.
Some, by a *Spark* that from his *Chariot* came,
Take *Fire*, and blaze, and raise a *deathless* Name.
Others a luckless Imitation try;
And, whilst they *soar*, and whilst they venture high, }
Flutter and *founce*, but have not *Wing* to *fly*.
Some, in loose *Words* their empty Fancies bind,
Which whirl about, with *Chaff*, before the *Wind*.
Here, brave *Conceits* in the Expression fail:
There, *big* the *Words*, but with no *Sense* at all.
Still *Waller's* *Sense* might *Waller's* *Language* trust;
Both pois'd, and always bold, and always just.
None e'er may reach that strange Felicity,
Where Thoughts are easie, Verse so sweet, and free, }
Yet not descend one Step from Majesty.

On the Infanta of Portugal.

HOW Cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate,
To fix his Love so high;
That he must perish for her Hate,
Or for her Kindness dye?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Main'd,
 I'th' midst of all his Pain,
 He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
 'Twas better than Disdain.

III.

The Gentle Nymph long since design'd,
 For the proud Mounseur's Bed ;
 Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
 Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
 Suffers for Impotence :
 If Love be such a --- thing,
 What can be Innocence ?

An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax.

By the D. of Buckingham.

I.

Under this Stone does lie
 One born for Victory.

Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
 Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror would be.
 Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd :
 He had the Fierceness of the manliest Mind,
 And eke the Meekness too of Womankind. }
 He never knew what Envy was, or Hate ;
 His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
 And with another thing quite out of date,
 Call'd Modesty.

II.

He ne'er seem'd impudent, but in the Field ; a Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew her Face ;
 Had any Stranger spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those whom he had overcome,

And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
 Their Gesture and their Mien,
 They would have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been ;
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
 While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush to hear
 How often he had them defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life the part he bore
 Was Wonderful and Great ;
 And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last Retreat :
 For it's a stranger thing to find
 One Man of such a glorious Mind,
 As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
 Than Millions of the Polls and Braves,
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a Pother make,
 Through Dulness and Mistake,
 In seeking after Power, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
 And with Expence of Blood had bought
 Store great enough he thought,
 Of Fame and of Renown ;
 He then his Arms laid down,
 With full as little Pride
 As if he had been of his Enemy's side,
 Or one of them cou'd do that were undone ;
 He neither Wealth nor Places sought ;
 For others, not himself he fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
 And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble ;
 He might have been a King,
 But that he understood
 How much it is a meaner thing
 To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good,

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
 And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
 Remembring what in Fight he did before :
 And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.
 So blest of all, he dy'd ; but far more blest were we,
 If we were sure to live, 'till we could see
 A Man as great in War, in Peace as just as he.

To the Memory of my Noble Friend,
 Mr. WALLER.

By Sir JOHN COTTON, Bar.

NOT Sleep, beneath the Shade in Flow'ry Fields,
 To th' weary Traveller more Pleasure yeilds ;
 Nor, to assuage his Thirst, the living Spring,
 I'th' heat of Summer, more delight does bring ;
 Than unto me thy well tun'd *Numbers* do,
 In which thou dost both *please* and *profit* too.
 Born in a Clime where Storms and Tempests grow ;
 Far from the Place where *Helicon* does flow :
 The *Muses* travel'd far to bless thy Sight,
 And taught thee how to *Think*, and how to *Write*.
 Th' * *Ascræan* Shepherd tells us he indeed * *Hesiod*.
 Had seen them dancing, while his *Flocks* did feed.
 Not *Petrarch's Laura*, nor bright *Stella's Fame*,
 Shall longer live than *Sachariffa's Name*.
 Thou do'st not write like those, who brand the Times,
 And themselves most, with sharp *Satyrick Rhimes* :
 Nor does thy *Muse*, with *smutty Verses*, tear
 The modest Virgin's chaste and tender Ear.
 Free from their Faults, what e'er thy *Muse* indites,
 Not *Ovid*, nor *Tibullus* softer writes.

The choice of tuneful Words t'express our Thought,
 By thy Example we have first been taught.
 Our English † *Virgit*, and our *Pindar* too, † *Cowley*,
 In this ('tis said) some Negligence did shew.
 I'll add but this, lest while I think to raise
 Thy Worth, I kindly injure thee with Praise ;
 Thy Verses have a *Genius*, and must
 Live until all things crumble into *Dust*.

Upon my Noble Friend, Mr. WALLER.

By Sir Thomas Higgons.

THOUGH I can add but little to his Name,
 Whose Muse hath giv'n him such immortal Fame;
 Yet, in the Crowd of those who dress his Hearse,
 I come to pay the Tribute of a Verse.
Athens and *Rome*, when Learning flourish'd most,
 Could never such a finish'd Poet boast :
 Whose matchless softness in the *English* Tongue
 Out-does what *Horace*, or *Anacreon* Sung.
 Judgment does some to Reputation raise ;
 And for Invention others wear the *Bayes* :
 He possesseth both, with such a Talent still,
 As shew'd not only force of *Wit*, but *Skill*.
 So faultless was his Muse, 'tis hard to know
 If he did more to *Art*, or *Nature* owe.
 Read where you will, he's Musick all along,
 And his Sense easie, as his Thought is strong.
 Some striving to be *Clear*, fall *Flat* and *Low* ;
 And when they think to mount, *obscure* they grow ;
 He is not darker for his lofty Flight ;
 Nor does his Easiness depress his Height ;
 But still perspicuous, wheresoe'er he fly,
 And, like the Sun, is brightest, when he's high,
 Ladies admire, and taste his gentle Vein,
 Which does the greatest Statesmen entertain,

His Verses do all sorts of Readers warm,
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm.
 Nor did he all Men in his Verse out-do,
 But gave the Law in Conversation too:
 He tun'd the Company where-e'er he came,
 Still leaving with them something of his Flame.
 He seem'd by Nature made for every thing,
 And could harangue, and talk, as well as sing;
 Persuade in Council, and Assemblies lead;
 Now make them bold, and then as much afraid:
 Give them his Passions, make them of his Mind;
 And their Opinion change, as he inclin'd.
 The *English* he hath to Perfection brought;
 And we to speak are by his Measures taught.
 Those very *Words*, which are in Fashion now,
 He brought in Credit half an Age ago.
 Thus *Petrarch* mended the *Italian* Tongue;
 And now they speak the Language which he sung.
 They both like Honour to their Countries do;
 Their Saints they both inimitably woo.
 They both alike Eternity do give:
 And *Sacharissa* shall with *Laura* live.

U P O N T H E

Duke of *BUCKINGHAM*'s

Being in Disgrace at Court, in the Year 1674.

WHEN *great Men* fall, *great Griefs* arise,
 In one, two, three, four *Families*.
 When *this Man* fell, there rose *great Sorrow*
 In *Rome, Geneva, Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*.



DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

By Andrew Marvell, Esq;

I.

Daphnis must from *Chloe* part :
Now is come the dismal Hour
That must all his Hopes devour,
All his Labour, all his Art.

II.

Nature, her own Sexes foe,
Long had taught her to be coy ;
But she neither knew t' enjoy,
Nor yet let her Lover go.

III.

But with this sad News surpriz'd,
Soon she let that Niceness fall ;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz'd.

IV.

He, well read in all the ways
By which Men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that, the Fort to gain,
Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

V.

But he came so full possess'd
With the Grief of Parting thence,
That he had not so much Sense
As to see he might be blest.

VI.

Till Love in her Language breath'd
Words she never spake before ;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath'd.

VII.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the latest minute's run

When poor *Daphnis* is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

VIII.

At that *Why*, that *Stay my Dear*,
His disorder'd Locks he tare;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel Fate forswear.

IX.

As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then streight again is fled.

X.

So did wretched *Daphnis* look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this Lover's Ghost
Thus his Leave resolved took.

XI.

Are my Hell and Heaven join'd
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

XII.

Ah my *Chloe* how have I
Such a wretched Minute found,
When thy Favours should me wound
More than all thy Cruelty?

XIII.

So to the condemned Wight
The delicious Cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short Delight.

XIV.

But I will not now begin
Such a Debt unto my Foe;
Nor to my Departure owe
What my Presence could not win,

XV.

Absence is too much alone :
 Better 'tis to go in Peace,
 Than my Losses to increase
 By a late Fruition.

XVI.

Rather I away will pine
 In a manly Stubbornness,
 Than be fatted up express
 For the *Canibal* to dine.

XVII.

Whilst this Grief does thee disarm,
 All th' Enjoyment of our Love
 But the ravishment would prove
 Of a Body dead while warm.

XVIII.

Gentler times for Love are meant :
 Who for parting Pleasure strain,
 Gather Roses in the Rain,
 Wet themselves and spoil their Scent.

XIX.

Farewel therefore all the Fruit
 Which I could from Love receive :
 Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
 Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XX.

Fate I come, as dark, as sad,
 As thy Malice could desire ;
 Yet bring with me all the Fire
 That Love in his Torches had.

XXI.

At these words away he broke ;
 As who long has praying ly'n,
 To his Head's-man makes the Sign,
 And receives the parting Stroke.

XXII.

But hence Virgins all beware.
 Last Night he with *Phlogis* slept ;

This Night for *Dorinda* kept;
And but rid to take the Air.

XXIII.

Yet he does himself excuse;
Nor indeed without a Cause.
For, according to the Laws,
Why did *Chloe* once refuse?

Monsieur St. Euremont. 1684.

W *Aller, qui ne sent rien des Maux de la vieillesse,
Dont la vivacité fait honte aux jeunes Gens;
S'attache à la Beauté pour vivre plus long temps,
Et ce qu'on nomeroit dans un autre foiblesse,
Est en ce rare Esprit une sage tendresse,
Qui le fait résister à l'injure des Ans.*

In English, by T. R.

Vain Gallants, look on *Waller*, and despair:
He, only he, may boast the Grand Receipt;
Of *Fourscore* Years he never feels the weight:
Still in his Element, when with the Fair;
There gay, and fresh, drinks in the *rosie* Air:
There happy, he enjoys his leisure hours;
Nor thinks of *Winter*, whilst amidst the *Flowers*.

Upon the Inimitable Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. George Granville.

THE *Witty*, and the *Brave*, survive the Tomb;
Poets, and *Heroes*, Death it self o'ercome:
By what they write, or act, Immortal made,
They only change their World, but are not Dead.

Waller can never die, of Life secure
 As long as *Fame*, or aged *Time*, endure.
 A *Tree of Life* is Sacred Poetry;
 Whoe'er has leave to taste, can never die.
 Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
 Who, against Nature's Will do pluck the Tree;
 They nibble, and are *Damn'd*: But only those
 Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose.
Waller was Nature's Darling, free to taste
 Of all her Store; the Master of the *Feast*:
 Not like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
 But Lord of all the spacious *Paradise*.
 Mysteriously the Bounteous Gods were kind,
 And in his Favour Contradictions join'd.
 Honest and Just, yet courted by the Great;
 A Poet, yet a plentiful Estate:
 Witty, yet wise; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd;
 And shew'd the Age could be with *Merit* pleas'd.
 Malice and Spite, to Virtue certain Foes,
 Were dumb to him, nor durst his Fame oppose;
 Those cruel Wolves he tam'd, their Rage disarm'd,
 And, with his tuneful Song, like *Orpheus* charm'd.
 To *Love*, or *Business*, both he was inclin'd,
 Could counsel Senates, or make *Virgins* kind:
 The Factious, with persuasive Rhetorick, move,
 Or teach disdainful *Fair Ones* how to love;
 The stubborn of each Sex, to Reason bring:
 Like *Cato* he could Speak, like *Ovid* Sing.
 Our *British* Kings are rais'd above the Hearse,
 Immortal made, in his immortal Verse.
 No more are *Mars* and *Jove* Poetick Theams,
 But the two peaceful *Charleses*, and Great *James*,
Julia, and *Delia*, do no more delight,
 But *Sacharissa* now is only bright.
 Nor can the *Paphian* Goddess longer move;
 But *Gloriana* is the Queen of Love.
 The Father of so many Gods is he,
 He must himself be sure some Deity,

Minerva and Apollo shall submit,

And Waller be the only God of Wit.

This equal Rise be to his Merit given,

On Earth the King, the God of Verse in Heaven.

*Ariadne deserted by Theseus, as she
sits upon a Rock in the Island Naxos,
thus complains.*

By Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

T*heseus! O Theseus* heark! but yet in vain
Alas deserted I complain!

It was some neighbouring Rock, more soft than he,
Whose hollow Bowels pitied me,
And beating back that false, and cruel Name,
Did comfort and revenge my Flame.

Tell me you Gods, who e'er you are,
Why, O why made you him so fair?

And tell me, Wretch, why thou
Mad'st not thy self more true?
Beauty from him may Copies take,
And more Majestick Heroes make,
And falshood learn a while,
From him too, to beguile.

Restore my Clew,
'Tis here most due,
For 'tis a Labyrinth of more subtile Art,
To have so fair a Face, so foul a Heart.

The ravenous Vulture tear his Breast,
The rowling Stone disturb his Rest:
Let him next feel
Ixion's Wheel,

And add one Fable more
 To cursing Poets store;
 And then----yet rather let him live, and twine
 His Woof of days, with some thred stoln from mine;
 But if you'll torture him, how e'er,
 Torture my Heart, you'll find him there,

Till my Eyes drank up his,
 And his drank mine,
 I ne'er thought Souls might kiss,
 And Spirits join:
 Pictures till then
 Took me as much as Men,
 Nature and Art
 Moving alike my Heart.
 But his fair Visage made me find
 Pleasures and Fears,
 Hopes, Sighs, and Tears,
 As several Seasons of the Mind.
 Should thine Eye, *Venus*, on his dwell,
 Thou wouldst invite him to thy Shell,
 And Caught by that live Jet
 Venture the second Net,
 And after all thy Dangers, faithless he,
 Shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee,

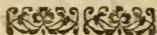
The Streams so court the yielding Banks,
 And gliding thence ne'er pay their Thanks.
 The Winds so woo the Flow'rs,
 Whisp'ring among fresh Bow'rs,
 And having robb'd them of their Smells,
 Fly thence perfum'd to other Cells.
 This is familiar Hate to Smile and Kill,
 Though nothing please thee, yet my Ruin will.
 Death hover, hover o'er me then,
 Waves let your Crystal Womb
 Be both my Fate, and Tomb,
 I'll sooner trust the Sea, than Men.

And yet O Nymphs below who sit,
 In whose swift Floods his Vows he writ ;
 Snatch a sharp Diamond from the richer Mines,
 And in some Mirrour grave these sadder Lines,
 Which let some God convey
 To him, that so he may
 In that both read at once, and see
 Those looks that caus'd my Destiny.

In *Thetis* Arms I *Ariadne* sleep,
 Drown'd first by my own Tears, then in the deep ;
 Twice banished, first by Love, and then by Hate,
 The Life that I preserv'd became my Fate ;
 Who leaving all, was by him left alone,
 That from a Monster freed, himself prov'd one,

That then I----But look ! O mine Eyes
 Be now true Spies,
 Yonder, yonder
 Comes my Dear,
 Now my Wonder,
 Once my Fear.

See Satyrs dance along
 In a confused Throng,
 While Horns and Pipes rude noise
 Do mad their lusty Joys,
 Roses his forehead Crown,
 And that recrowns the Flow'rs,
 Where he walks up and down
 He makes the desarts Bow'rs,
 The Ivy, and the Grape
 Hide, not adorn his Shape.
 And Green Leaves Cloath his waving Rod,
 'Tis either *Theseus*, or some God.



The Deserted SWAIN.

THE Muses Darling, Pride of all the Plains,
Daphnis, the soft, the sweetest of the Swains
 Long reign'd in Love, for every Nymph he view'd,
 He caught, he only lookt and he subdu'd :
 But now the melancholly Youth retires
 Thro' shady Groves, and wanders thro' the Briars
 Sad and alone : At last beneath a shade
 Of spreading Elm and Beech supinely laid }
 He sigh'd, he shook his Head, and thus he said : }
 When I so long, so faithfully did wooe,
 And did what Constancy and Truth could do,
 Why is my Suit refus'd, my Prayers in vain,
 And warm Endeavours damp'd by cold disdain ?
 Must Sights the lean rewards of Virtue prove !
 Unhappy *Daphnis*, fatal in thy Love ! [Bee,
 Long drought the Flow'rs, and storms the lab'ring
 And unsuccessful Love hath ruin'd thee.
 This Heaven, (had I observ'd the Omen well)
 As conscious of my Fate, did oft foretell ;
 It show'd my flattering Hope should disappear,
 And waste like Vapours tost in sitting Air.
 Last Night when careful of my Flocks I went
 To see my Lambs were fed, and Folds were pent,
 A Flame shone round my Head, but soon the Light
 Decay'd, and all around stood deepest Night.
 But is *Urania* so averse to Love !
 Could none of all the Rival Shepherds move ?
 Ah, *Ægon*, how I envy thy Success !
 Thy Fortune greater, tho' thy Charms were less :
 Without a long fatigue, and tedious Suit
 The Door was open'd, and you reach'd the Fruit :
 Oh how I pine at thy surprizing Joys !
 Die *Daphnis*, she is partial in her Choice.
 Yet once I hop'd (what cannor Love perswade ?)
 More kind returns from the obliging Maid :

Her Looks were soft, smiles on her Cheeks did lye,
 No cloudy frowns obscur'd the pleasing Sky:
 Nor could I think that e'er the time would come
 When constant Love should prove the Lover's doom:
 The Flowers I pluckt, the Garlands which I wove
 She took, and wore as Badges of my Love:
 She heard my Songs, nor did my Art contemn,
 And sometimes she would stoop to be my Theme:
 'Dametas envy'd, Colin tun'd my Lays,
 Whilst she sat by, and gladly heard her praise:
 Sooner shall Dolphins o'er the Mountains swim,
 Does graze on Floods, and Bees forget their Thime,
 Than I that day, when with a smile she led
 The joyful *Agon* to her promis'd Bed.
 With what a high disdain he marcht along,
 And proudly lookt on the despairing Throng!
 Yet he ne'er fed the Flocks, ne'er pent the Fold,
 Nor bore the Summer's Heat, nor Winter's cold;
 But he had Wealth, and that alone betray'd
 The heedless Mind of the unthinking Maid.
 Curst be the wretch that first did Gold dispense,
 And robb'd the happy Plains of Innocence!
 Am I refus'd because my Suit was plain,
 The artless Courtship of an humble Swain?
 You know me not, nor yet the Pains I took,
 Whilst *Agon* slept, to feed the weary Flock;
 How often have the Nymphs beheld me sweat
 Beneath the Fury of the Summer's Heat,
 How often seen the Frost bind up my Hair,
 And cry'd, Ah *Daphnis*, worn with too much Care!
 But what avails my Care, what boots my Pain,
 But only yields a larger subject to complain.



ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty CHARLES the Second, 1660.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

NOW with a general Peace the World was blest,
 While Ours, a World divided from the rest,
 A dreadful Quiet felt, and worser far
 Than Arms, a sullen Interval of War:
 Thus when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring
 E'er yet abroad the winged Thunder flies, [Skies,
 An horrid Stillness first invades the Ear,
 And in that silence we the Tempest fear.
 Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost,
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
 Though in his life he Blood and Ruin breath'd,
 To his now guideless Kingdom Peace bequeath'd.
 And Heaven that seem'd regardless of our Fate,
 For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,
 Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace
 As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease.
 We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
 Must grow a Lillie to the Lillies side,
 While our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed,
 Whom our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed.
 For his long absence Church and State did groan;
 Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne;
 Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost
 To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal cross:
 Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd Gray hairs that once good Days had seen:

We thought our Sixes, not with their own content,
 Had e'er we came to age our Portion spent.
 Nor could our Nobles hope, their bold Attempt
 Who ruin'd Crowns, would Coronets exempt :
 For when by their designing Leaders taught
 To strike at Pow'r which for themselves they sought,
 The Vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
 Their blood to action by the Prize was warm'd.
 The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,
 Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shown.
 Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* scal'd the Sky,
 And forc'd Great *Jove* from his own Heaven to fly,
 (What King, what Crown from Treason's reach is free,
 If *Jove* and Heaven can violated be?)
 The lesser Gods that shar'd his prosp'rous State,
 All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'rer's Fate.
 The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,
 As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy :
 Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage Liberty,
 Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd
 E'er Empires Arts their Breasts had civiliz'd.
 How Great were then our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
 Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us !
 He toss'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
 Heir to his Father's Sorrows, with his Crown,
 Could taste no sweets of Youth's desired Age,
 But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Estate
 His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.
 His Wounds he took like *Romans* on his Breast,
 Which by his Virtue were with Laurels dress'd :
 As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
 So did he live above his Banishment.
 That Sun, which we beheld with couz'ned eyes,
 Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.
 How easie 'tis when Destiny proves kind,
 With full spread Sails, to run before the Wind !

But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
 He would not like soft *Otho* Hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
 These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger sought;
 And *Piso* to Adopted Empire brought.
 How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts express,
 That must his Suff'rings both regret and bless!
 For when his early Valour Heav'n had cross'd,
 And all at *Worc'ster* but the Honour lost,
 Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Throne,
 He made all Countries where he came his own,
 And viewing Monarchs secret Arts of sway
 A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's Anointed was his Crime,
 And when restor'd made his proud Neighbours rue
 Those choice Remarks he from his Travels drew:
 Nor is he only by Afflictions shown
 To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
 His Right indears it much, his Purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer e'er he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his Actions stain.
 To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into Method brought:
 As they who first Proportion understand,
 With easie Practice reach a Master's hand.
 Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
 On Night, the honour'd name of *Counsellor*,
 Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous Fortune blind,
 We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.
 In such adversities to Scepters train'd,
 The name of *Great* his famous Grandfire gain'd:
 Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
 With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight;
 Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast Pow'rs,
 As holy and as Catholick as ours:

'Till Fortune's fruitless spight had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease,
No action leave to busie Chronicles;
Such whose supine felicity but makes
In story *Chasmes*, in *Epocha's* mistakes;
O'er whom *Time* gently shakes his wings of Down,
'Till with his silent Sickle they are mown:
Such is not *Charles* his too too active age,
Which govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,
Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.
Tremble, ye Nations, who secure before,
Laught at those Arms that 'gainst our selves we bore;
Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,
Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail.
With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows?
To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes:
A Bull to thee, *Fortunus*, shall be slain,
A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main:
For those loud Storms that did against him rore,
Have cast his shipwrack'd Vessel on the Shore.
Yet as wise Artists mix their Colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
Without offending the well couz'ned sight,
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To Flow'rs, that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,
But raging Floods pursue their hasty Thaw:
Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthnèd day.
Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
A Gift unhop'd without the price of war.

Yet as he knew his Blessing's worth, took care
 That we should know it by repeated Pray'r;
 Which storm'd the Skies and ravish'd *Charles* from
 As Heav'n it self is took by violence. [thence,
Booth's forward Valour only serv'd to shew,
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
 Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour
 Not come; so like the watchful Travellor,
 That by the Moon's mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes.
 'Twas *MONK* whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.
 The blessed Saints that watch'd this turning Scene,
 Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small Clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
 Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore,
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond *Chimera's* we pursue,
 As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue;
 But when our selves to action we betake,
 It shuns the Mint like Gold that Chymists make:
 How hard was then his Task, at once to be,
 What in the Body natural we see?
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the Brain,
 Through viewless Conduits Spirits to dispense
 The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripened Fruit of wise delay.
 He like a patient Angler, e'er he strook,
 Would let them play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it strait doth crush.
 Wise Leaches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
 While growing Pains pronounce the Humours crude;
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
 'Till some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill.

Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear,
 To scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess.
 Once Sacred house, which when they enter'd in,
 They thought the place could sanctifie a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
 While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they drink.
 And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls,
 So these when their black Crimes they went about,
 First timely charm'd their useles Conscience out.
 Religion's Name against it self was made;
 The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade:
 Like Zealous Missions, they did Care pretend
 Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.
 Th' incens'd Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
 An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,
 Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the Ground
 And Martial Brass, bely the Thunder's Sound.
 'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
 To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.
 Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his Wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.
 Henceforth their Fogue must spend at lesser rate,
 Than in its Flames to wrap a Nation's Fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set,
 A virtuous Shame within us to beget.
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mixt with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our blis.
 Like early Lovers whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their Jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their Fires again.
 'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o'er
 Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring shore,

To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade.
 Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren Shore,
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
 Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
 True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King!
 While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
 And willing Winds to their low'd Sails denied.
 The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart out,
 The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;
 And last the Cannons voice that shook the Skies,
 And, as it fares in sudden Extasies,
 At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes. }
 The *Naseby*, now no longer *England's* shame,
 But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,
 (Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets
 The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;
 The *Swift-sure* groans beneath *Great Glouc'ster's* weight.
 Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,
 He that was born to drown might cross the Seas:
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
 The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.
 The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage bless'd,
 Which in his right had Miracles confess'd.
 The Winds that never Moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
 Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
 Their straightned Lungs, or conscions of their Charge.
 The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear,
 In richer Azure never did appear:
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

AND welcom now (*Great Monarch,*) to your own;
 Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion*:
 It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
 As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.

The Land returns, and in the white it wears,
 The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
 But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth shew,
 Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too ;
 By that same Mildness, which your Father's Crown
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
 Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give
 A sight of all he could behold and live ;
 A Voice before his Entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy in his Name.
 Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your Cause,
 Your Goodness only is above the Laws ;
 Whose rigid Letter while pronounc'd by you
 Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew
 When through *Arabian* Groves, they take their flight,
 Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spight.
 And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine
 The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,
 So tears of Joy for your returning spilt,
 Work out and expiate our former Guilt.
 Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dover's* Strand,
 Who in their haste to welcom you to Land
 Choak'd up the Beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore.
 While spurr'd with eager thoughts of past Delight,
 Those who had seen you, court a second sight ;
 Preventing still your Steps, and making haste
 To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
 How shall I speak of that triumphant Day
 When you renew'd th' expiring Pomp of *May* !
 (A Month that owns an Interest in your Name :
 You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)
 That Star that at your Birth shone out so bright,
 It stain'd the duller Sun's Meridian light,
 Did once again its potent Fires renew,
 Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter Series is begun,
 Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run ;
 Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest Corners of the Sky.
 Our Nation, with united Int'rest blest,
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
 But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow.
 Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide Command
 Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land :
 And as old Time his Off-spring swallow'd down,
 Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.
 Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine free,
 Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be :
 Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear
 Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.
Spain to your Gift alone her *Indies* owes,
 For what the Pow'rful takes nor, he bestows.
 And *France* that did an Exile's Presence fear,
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful Names of Parties cease,
 And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.
 The discontented now are only they
 Whose Crimes before did your just Cause betray :
 Of those your Edicts some reclaim from Sins,
 But most your Life and blest Example wins.
 Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way
 By paying Vows, to have more Vows to pay !
 Oh happy Age ! Oh times like those alone,
 By Fate reserv'd for great *Augustus* Throne !
 When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreshew
 The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*.



To His Sacred MAJESTY, a Panegyrick on His Coronation, 1660.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IN that wild Deluge where the World was drown'd,
 When Life and Sin one common Tomb had found,
 The first small Prospect of a rising Hill
 With various Notes of Joy the Ark did fill:
 Yet when that Flood in its own depths was drown'd,
 It left behind it false and slipp'ry Ground;
 And the more solemn Pomp was still deferr'd
 Till new-born Nature in fresh Looks appear'd:
 Thus (Royal Sir,) to see you landed here
 Was cause enough of Triumph for a Year:
 Nor would your Care those glorious Joys repeat,
 Till they at once might be secure and great:
 Till your kind Beams by their continu'd stay
 Had warm'd the Ground, and call'd the Damps away.
 Such Vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries,
 Then soonest vanish when they highest Rise.
 Had greater haste these sacred Rights prepar'd,
 Some guilty Months had in your Triumphs shar'd:
 But this untainted Year is all your own,
 Your Glory's may without our Crimes be shown.
 We had not yet exhausted all our Store,
 When you refresh'd our Joys by adding more:
 As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd Celestial Dew,
 You give us Manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad Ruins are remov'd from sight,
 The Season too comes fraught with new Delight;
 Time seems not now beneath his Years to stoop,
 Nor do his Wings with sickly Feathers droop:
 Soft western Winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
 And open'd Scenes of Flow'rs and Blossoms bring
 To grace this happy Day, while you appear
 Not King of us alone but of the Year,

All Eyes you draw, and with the Eyes the Heart,
 Of your own Pomp, your self the greatest Part:
 Loud Shouts the Nation's Happiness proclaim,
 And Heav'n this Day is feasted with your Name.
 Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view,
 From their high Standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave Train each singles out a Prey,
 And longs to date a Conquest from your Day.
 Now charg'd with Blessings while you seek repose,
 Officious Slumbers haste your Eyes to close:
 And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
 The pleasing Shapes of all you saw before.
 Next, to the sacred Temple you are led,
 Where waits a Crown for your more sacred Head:
 How justly from the Church that Crown is due,
 Preserv'd from Ruin and restor'd by you!
 The grateful Quire their Harmony employ
 Not to make greater but more solemn Joy.
 Wrapt soft and warm your Name is sent on high,
 As Flames do on the Wings of Incense fly:
 Musick her self is lost, in vain she brings
 Her choicest Notes to praise the best of Kings:
 Her melting Strains in you a Tomb have found,
 And lye like Bees in their own Sweetness drown'd.
 He that brought Peace and Discord could atone,
 His Name is Musick of it self alone.
 Now while the sacred Oil anoints your Head,
 And fragrant Scents, begun from you, are spread
 Through the large Dome, the Peoples joyful Sound
 Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd Ground:
 Which in one Blessing mixt descends on you,
 As heightned Spirits fall in richer Dew.
 Not that our Wishes do increase your Store,
 Full of your self you can admit no more:
 We add not to your Glory, but employ
 Our time like Angels in expressing Joy.
 Nor is it Duty or our Hopes alone
 Create that Joy, but full Fruition;

We know those Blessings which we must possess,
 And judge of future by past Happiness:
 No Promise can oblige a Prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.
 A noble Emulation heats your Breast,
 And your own Fame now robs you of your Rest:
 Good Actions still must be maintain'd with good,
 As Bodies nourish'd with resembling Food.
 You have already quench'd seditious Brand;
 And Zeal (which burnt it) only warms the Land.
 The jealous Sects that dare not trust their Cause
 So far from their own will as to the Laws,
 You for their Umpire and their Synod take,
 And their Appeal alone to *Cesar* make.
 Kind Heav'n so rare a Temper did provide,
 That Guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our Crimes oblivion may be set,
 But 'tis our King's Perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough Northern Climes
 From milder Heav'ns you bring, without their Crimes:
 Your Calmness does no after-Storms provide,
 Nor seeming Patience mortal Anger hide.
 When Empire first from Families did spring,
 Then every Father govern'd as a King;
 But you that are a Sovereign Prince, allay
 Imperial Pow'r with your paternal Sway.
 From those great Cares when ease your Soul unbends,
 Your Pleasures are design'd to noble Ends:
 Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,
 Your Thoughts themselves in that blue Empire please.
 Hither in Summer Ev'nings you repair
 To take the fraischeur of the purer Air:
 Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,
 With *Cesar's* Heart that rose above the Waves.
 More I could sing, but Fear my Numbers stays;
 No Loyal Subject dares that Courage praise.
 In stately Frigats most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn Battels fire your martial Mind.

What to your Cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
 When ev'n your Pleasures serve for our Defence.
 Beyond your Court flows in th' admitted Tide,
 Where in new Depths the wond'ring Fishes glide:
 Here in a Royal Bed the Waters sleep,
 When tir'd at Sea within this Bay they creep.
 Here the mistrustful Foul no harm suspects,
 So safe are all things which our King protects.
 From your lov'd *Thames* a Blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you;
 A Queen, from whose chaste Womb, ordain'd by Fate,
 The Souls of Kings unborn for Bodies wait.
 It was your Love before made Discord cease:
 Your Love is destin'd to your Country's Peace.
 Both *Indies* (Rivals in your Bed) provide
 With Gold or Jewels to adorn your Bride.
 This to a mighty King presents rich Ore,
 While that with Incense does a God implore.
 Two Kingdoms wait your Doom, and as you chuse,
 This must receive a Crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your Royal Oak, like *Jove's* of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies fore-told:
 Propitious Oracles are begg'd with Vows,
 And Crowns that grow upon the sacred Boughs.
 Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nation's Fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful Love or Hate:
 Chuse only, (Sir,) that so they may possess
 With their own Peace their Childrens Happiness.

*To my Lord CHANCELLOR, pre-
 sented on New-Years-Day, 1662.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

My LORD,

While flattering Clouds officiously appear
 To give themselves, not you, an happy Year;

And by the greatness of their Presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well they love ;
 The Muses (who your early Courtship boast,
 Though now your Flames are with their Beauty lost,)
 Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot,
 They were your Mistresses, the World may not :
 Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
 Their former Beauty by your former Love ;
 And now present, as ancient Ladies do,
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to wooe.
 For still they look on you with such kind Eyes,
 As those that see the Churches Sov'reign rise ;
 From their own Order chose, in whose high State,
 They think themselves the second Choice of Fate.
 When our great Monarch into Exile went,
 Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment :
 Thus once when *Troy* was wrapt in Fire and Smoak,
 The helpless Gods their burning Shrines forsook ;
 They with the vanquisht Prince and Party go,
 And leave their Temples empty to the Foe :
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great Charge which Nature did ordain ;
 And their lov'd *Druids* seem reviv'd by Fate,
 While you dispense the Laws and guide the State.
 The Nations Soul (our Monarch) does dispense,
 Through you, to us his vital Influence ;
 You are the Chancel where those Spirits flow,
 And work them higher as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our Eye,
 Until the Earth seems join'd unto the Sky :
 So in this Hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our King and you :
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
 So well your Virtues do with his agree,
 That though your Orbes of different Greatness be,
 Yet both are for each others use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.

Nor could another in your Room have been,
 Except an Emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his Cares impart,
 And share his Burden where he shares his Heart.
 In you his Sleep still wakes; his Pleasures find
 Their share of Bus'ness in your lab'ring Mind:
 So when the weary Sun his Place resigns,
 He leaves his Light, and by Reflection shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where publick Laws
 Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause,
 In your Tribunal most her self does please;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease;
 And, like young *David*, finds her strength the more,
 When disincumber'd from those Arms she wore:
 Heaven would your Royal Master should exceed
 Most in that Virtue, which we most did need,
 And his mild Father (who too late did find
 All Mercy vain, but what with Pow'r was join'd,)
 His fatal Goodness left to fitter Times,
 Not to increase but to absolve our Crimes:
 But when the Heir of this vast Treasure knew
 How large a Legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any Subject to retain,)
 He wisely ty'd it to the Crown again:
 Yet passing through your Hands it gathers more,
 As Streams, through Mines, bear Tincture of their Ore.
 While Emp'rique Politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a Cheat;
 You boldly shew that Skill which they pretend,
 And work by Means as noble as your End:
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the Clue,
 As Men do Nature, till we came to you.
 And as the *Indies* were not found, before
 Those rich Perfumes, which from the happy shore,
 The Winds upon their Balmy Wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty Sweetness first their World betray'd;
 So by your Counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd World in you.

By you our Monarch does that fame assure,
 Which Kings must have, or cannot live secure :
 For prosp'rous Princes gain their Subjects Heart,
 Who love that Praise in which themselves have part :
 By you he fits those Subjects to obey,
 As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey
 His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs,
 By his bright Ministers the Stars inclines.

Our setting Sun from his declining Seat,
 Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of heat :
 And when his Love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true ;
 Made you the Fav'rite of his last sad Times,
 That is a Suff'rer in his Subjects Crimes :
 Thus those first Favours you receiv'd were sent,
 Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly Punishment.
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your Destiny,
 Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by :
 And wrapt your Fate among her precious Things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
 Shewn all at once you dazled so our Eyes,
 As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surpris ;
 When springing forth from *Jove's* new-closing wound,
 She struck the warlike Spear into the Ground ;
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,
 Whose restless Motions less than Wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour but from noise ;
 And War more force but not more Pains employs :
 Such is the mighty Swiftnes of your Mind,
 That (like the Earth's,) it leaves our Sense behind,
 While you so smoothly turn and roul our Sphear,
 That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.
 For as in Nature's Swiftnes, with the throng
 Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded Eye :
 (Mov'd by the Soul of the same harmony,)

So carry'd on by your unwearied Care,
 We rest in Peace, and yet in motion share.
 Let Envy then those Crimes within you see,
 From which the happy never must be free;
 (Envy that does with Misery reside,
 The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride;)

Think it not hard, if at so cheap a Rate
 You can secure the Constancy of Fate,
 Whose kindness sent, what does their Malice seem,
 By lesser Ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak show'r a Tempest call,
 But drops of heat that in the Sun-shine fall,
 You have already weary'd Fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe;
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty, that it stops her Wheel.
 In all things else above our humble Fate,
 Your equal Mind yet swells not into State,
 But like some Mountain in those happy Isles,
 Where in perpetual Spring young Nature smiles,
 Your Greatness shews: no horror to affright,
 But Trees for shade, and Flow'rs to court the Sight;
 Sometimes the Hill submits it self awhile
 In small Descents, which do its height beguile;
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
 Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
 Your Brow which does no fear of Thunder know,
 Sees rouling Tempests vainly beat below;
 And (like *Olympus* top,) th' Impression wears
 Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.
 Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time
 Your age but seems to a new Youth to climb.
 Thus Heav'nly bodies do our time beget;
 And measure Change, but share no part of it.
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this New-Year, whose motions never cease;
 For since the glorious Course you have begun
 Is led by *CHARLES*, as that is by the Sun,

It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the Center of it is above.

On the Death of Mr. WALLER:

By Mr. BEVILL HIGGONS.

AH! had thy Body lasted, as thy Name;
Secure of Life, as now thou art of Fame;
Thou had'st more Ages than old *Nestor* seen:
Nor had thy *Phœbus* more Immortal been.

To thee alone we are beholden more
Than all the Poets of the Times before.
Thy Muse, inspir'd with a genteeler Rage,
Did first refine the Genius of our Age.
In thee a clear and female Softness shin'd,
With Masculine Vigour, Force, and Judgment join'd.
You, in soft Strains, for Courts and Ladies, sung,
So natural your Thought, so sweet your Song,
The gentle Sex did still partake your Flame,
And all the Coynefs of your Mistress blame;
Still mov'd with you, did the same Passions find,
And vow'd that *Sacharissa* was unkind.

Oh! may the World ne'er lose so brave a Flame;
May one succeed in Genius, and in Fame.
May, from thy Urn, some *Phoenix, Waller*, rise,
Whom the admiring World, like thee, may prize;
May he, in thy immortal Numbers, sing,
And paint the Glories of our matchless King:
Oh! may his Verse of mighty *Waller* taste,
And mend the coming Age, as you the last.

Within that sacred Pile where Kings do come,
Both to receive their Crowns, and find a Tomb,
There is a lonely Isle; which holy Place
The lasting Monuments of Poets grace.
Thither, amongst th' inspired Train, convey,
And, in their Company, his Ashes lay:

Let him with *Spencer* and great *Cowley* be,
 He, who is much the greatest of the Three.
 Tho' there so many Crowns and Mitres lye,
 (For Kings, and Saints, as well as we, must die)
 Those venerable Walls were never blest,
 Since their Foundation, with a nobler Guest.

With them, great Soul, thou shalt Immortal live,
 And, in thy deathless Numbers, Fate survive:
 Fresh, as thy *Sachariffa's* Beauty, still
 Thy Bays shall grow, which Time can never kill.
 Far as our conqu'ring *British* Lyon roars,
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest Shores,
 Where-e'er is known or heard the *English* Name,
 The distant World shall hear of *Waller's* Fame.
 Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,
 And all the World, in the supreamest Fire;
 When *Horace* and fam'd *Virgil* die, when all
 That's Great, or Noble, shall together fall.

On the Death of E. WALLER, Esq;

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

HOW, to thy Sacred Memory, shall I bring
 (Worthy thy Fame) a grateful Offering?
 I, who by Toils of Sickness, am become
 Almost as near as thou art to a Tomb?
 While every soft, and every tender Strain
 Is ruff'd, and ill-natur'd grown with Pain.
 But, at thy Name, my languisht Muse revives,
 And a new Spark in the dull Ashes strives.
 I hear thy tuneful Verse, thy Song Divine;
 And am inspir'd by every charming Line.
 But, Oh!-----
 What Inspiration, at the second Hand,
 Can an Immortal Elegy Command?

Unless, like Pious Offerings, mine should be
 Made Sacred, being Consecrate to thee.
 Eternal, as thy own Almighty Verse,
 Should be those Trophies that adorn thy Hearse.
 The Thought Illustrious, and the Fancy young;
 The Wit Sublime, the Judgment Fine and Strong;
 Soft, as thy Notes to *Sachariffa* fung. }
 Whilst 'mine, like Transitory Flowers, decay,
 That come to deck thy Tomb a short-liv'd Day.
 Such Tributes are, like Tenures, only fit
 To shew from whom we hold our Right to Wit.

Hail, wondrous Bard, whose Heav'n-born Genius first
 My Infant Muse, and Blooming Fancy Nurst.
 With thy soft Food of Love I first began,
 Then fed on nobler Panegyrick Strain,
 Numbers Seraphic! and, at every View,
 My Soul extended, and much larger grew:
 Where-e'er I read, new Raptures seiz'd my Blood;
 Methought I heard the Language of a God.

Long did the untun'd World in Ign'rance stray;
 Producing nothing that was Great and Gay, }
 Till taught by thee, the true Poetick way.
 Rough were the Tracts before, Dull and Obscure;
 Nor Pleasure, nor Instruction could procure.
 Their thoughtless Labour could no Passion move;
 Sure, in that Age, the Poets knew not Love:
 That Charming God, like Apparitions, then
 Was only talk'd on, but ne'er seen by Men:
 Darkness was o'er the Muses Land displaid,
 And even the chosen Tribe unguided straid.
 Till, by thee rescu'd from th' *Egyptian* Night, }
 They now look up, and view the God of Light,
 That taught them how to Love, and how to Write;
 And to Enhance the Blessing which Heav'n lent,
 When for our great Instructor thou wert sent,
 Large was thy Life, but yet thy Glories more; }
 And, like the Sun, did still dispense thy Power,
 Producing something wondrous ev'ry hour: }

And, in thy Circular Course, didst see
 The very Life and Death of Poetry.
 Thou saw'st the Generous Nine neglected lie,
 None listning to their Heav'nly Harmony;
 The World being grown to that low Ebb of Sense,
 To disesteem the noblest Excellence;
 And no Encouragement to Prophets shewn,
 Who in past Ages got so great Renown.
 Though Fortune Elevated thee above
 Its scanty Gratitude, or fickle Love;
 Yet, fullen with the World, untir'd by Age,
 Scorning th' unthinking Crowd, thou quit'st the Stage.

On SOLITUDE.

O! *Solitude* my sweetest Choice,
 Places devoted to the Night,
 Remote from Tumult, and from Noise
 How you my restless Thoughts delight!
 O Heavens! what content is mine,
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the Nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have rever'd,
 To look to day as fresh and green
 As when their Beauties first were seen?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them so,
 And with such amorous Breath enfold,
 That we by nothing else can know,
 But by their Height that they are Old.
 Hither the Demi-Gods did fly
 To seek a Sanctuaty; when
 Displeas'd *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
 To pour a Deluge upon Men,
 And on these Boughs themselves did save,
 Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
 So curiously by *Flora* drest,
 In melting Notes, her Case forlorn,
 To entertain me, hath confes'd.
 O! how agreeable a Sight
 These hanging Mountains do appear,
 Which the Unhappy would invite
 To finish all their Sorrows here.
 When their hard Fate makes them endure
 Such Woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Desolations make
 These Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
 Who in vast heaps their Spring forsake
 This solitary Vale to pierce?
 Then sliding just as Serpents do
 Under the Foot of every Tree,
 Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too;
 Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
 As in her native Bed, is grown
 A Queen upon a Chrystal Throne.

V.

This Den beset with River-Plants,
 O! How it does my Senses charm:
 Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows wants,
 Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
 Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
 May, with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
 As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
 Where we the nimble Frogs may see,
 Who frighted to retreat do fly,
 If an approaching Man they spy.

VI.

Here Water-Fowl repose enjoy,
 Without the interrupting care,
 Lest Fortune should their Bliss destroy
 By the malicious Fowlers Snare.

Some ravish'd with so bright a Day,
 Their Feathers finely Prune and Deck,
 Others their amorous Heats allay,
 Which yet the Waters could not check:
 All take their innocent Content
 In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold approach,
 This Stream did never entertain;
 Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
 Whilst either Season did remain.
 No thirsty Traveller came near,
 And rudely made his Hand his Cup,
 Nor any hunted Hind hath here
 Her hopeless Life resigned up,
 Nor ever did the treacherous Hook,
 Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the sight
 Of these old ruin'd Castle Walls,
 In which the utmost Rage and Spight
 Of Time's worst Insurrection falls?
 The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
 And wanton Devils make retreat,
 Who in malicious Sport appear,
 Our Senses both t' afflict and cheat.
 And here within a thousand Holes
 And nests of Adders and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
 That mortal Augury of Fate,
 Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
 Which in these gloomy Places wait.
 On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
 A Carcass, which did once belong
 To one that Hang'd himself for Love
 Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong:
 Who though she saw his Love and Truth,
 With one Look would not save the Youth.

X.

But Heav'n which judgeth equally,
 And its own Laws will still maintain,
 Rewarded soon her Cruelty
 With a deserv'd and mighty Pain :
 About this squalid heap of Bones,
 Her wandring and condemning Shade,
 Laments in long and piercing Groans
 The Destiny her Rigour made ;
 And farther to augment her Fright,
 Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

There upon Antick Marble trac'd,
 Devices of Pastimes we see,
 Here Age has almost quite Defac'd,
 What Lovers carv'd on every Tree.
 The Cellar, here, the highest Room,
 Receives when e'er its Rafters fail,
 Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam,
 Of the sly Spider and the Snail :
 And th' Ivy in the Chimney we,
 Find shaded by a Walnut Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
 Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
 That should the Sun himself descend,
 I think he could not see a Jot.
 Here Sleep within a heavy lid
 In quiet sadness locks up Sense,
 And every Care he does forbid,
 Whilst in the Arms of Negligence :
 Lazily on his Back he's spread,
 And sheaves of Poppey are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
 Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
 Poor Echo ceases not to Rave
 On her *Narcissus*, wild and nice :

Hither I softly steal a Thought,
 And by the softer Musick made;
 With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught,
 Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
 Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
 To serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from these Ruins I retire,
 This horrid Rock I do invade,
 Whose lofty Brow seems to enquire
 Of what materials Mists are made:
 From thence descending leisurely,
 Under the Brow of this steep Hill,
 It with great Pleasure I descry,
 By waters undermin'd, until
 They to *Palamon's* Seat did Climb,
 Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd,
 To be upon the Ocean's Shore,
 When she begins to be appeas'd,
 And her fierce Billows cease to roar!
 And when the hairy Tritons are
 Riding upon the shaken Wave,
 With what strange sound they strike the Air,
 Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
 Whose shrill Report, does every wind
 Unto his due submission bind!

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,
 Trembling and Murmuring in the Bay,
 And rows its self upon the shells,
 Which it both brings and takes away.
 Sometimes exposes on the Strand,
 Th' effects of *Neptune's* Rage and Scorn,
 Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
 And Ships that were in Tempests torn,

With Diamonds and Amber-greece,
And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating Mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while,
New Heavens in her face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his Picture view,
That our Eyes can hardly tell,
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake,
My thoughts are at a noble Strife;
This my fantastick Landskip take,
Which I have Copied to the Life.
I only seek the Defarts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with Discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the Converse most truly mine,
Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou may'st in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious Rays have shin'd,
To enlighten my Conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that Fury does controul,
And as the Object I survey,
The Notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconfin'd and free,
As the Flame which transported me.

XX.

Oh! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest Wit,

Where I have learn'd *Apollo's* Lore,
 Without the pains to study it:
 For thy sake I in Love am grown,
 With what thy fancy does pursue;
 But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,
 Because it needs must hinder me
 From seeing, and from serving thee.

To Mr. RILEY,

Drawing Mr. WALKER's Picture.

By Mr. T. Rymer.

NOT Flesh and Blood can *Riley's* Pride confine,
 He must be adding still some Ray Divine:
 Nor is content when he true Likeness shows,
 Unless that Glory also crown the Brows.
 This Subject, *Riley*, this (for long has he
 Scow'rd the bright Roads of Immortality)
 New Rapture wants: no human Touch can reach
 His Lawrels, and Poetick Triumph's pitch.
 On Face and Out-side stay thy bold Design;
 'Tis Sacred, 'tis *Apollo's* all within.
 Thou may'st slight Sketches of the Surface shew,
 Not vex the Mine, whence God-like Treasures flow.
 Came twenty Nymphs, his Muse contented all,
 None went away without her Golden Ball;
 The Gods of old were not so liberal. }
 How many, free from Fate, enjoy his Song,
 Drink Nectar, ever Gay, and ever Young?
 Tho' to thy Genius no Attempt is vain,
 Think not to draw the Poet, but the Man.
 Yet, *Riley*, thus thou endless Fame must share!
 His Generous Pen thy Pencil shall prefer, }
 It draw him Man, and he make it a Star.

A Character of the ENGLISH.*In Allusion to Tacit. de Vit. Agric.*

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

THE Freeborn *English*, Generous and Wise,
 Hate Chains, but do not Government despise:
 Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they,
 When lawfully exacted, freely pay.
 Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear;
 More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
 Justice with them is never held severe. }
 Here Power by Tyranny was never got;
 Laws may perhaps ensnare them, Force cannot:
 Rash Counsels here have still the same Effect;
 The surest way to reign, is to protect.
 Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
 Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill;
 Forsaken most when they're most Absolute,
 Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute.
 To force that Guard, and with the worst to join, }
 Can never be a prudent King's Design;
 What King would chuse to be a *Catiline*?
 Break his own Laws, stake an unquestion'd Throne,
 Conspire with Vassals to usurp his own?
 'Tis rather some base Favourite's vile Pretence,
 To tyrannize at the wrong'd King's Expence.
 Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrant's Lust,
 While the rackt People crawl and lick the Dust.
 The mighty Genius of this Isle disdains
 Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to servile Yoke did never bow:
 What Conquerors ne'er presum'd, who dares do now?
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
 To have enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.



THE
MEDALL.

A
SATYR

AGAINST
SEDITION.

By the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

*Per Graiùm populos, mediaque per Elidis Urbem
Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat Honores.*

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

1872

M. D. O. M. M.

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1872

E P I S T L E

T O T H E

W H I G S.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'Tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole Party: Especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: All his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanc'd, that many a poor Polande who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: And though he sate not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they

can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: The Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: For it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were Virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the Person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you) who, out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factionous Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your Zeal for the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the Licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You

complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: If you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: And if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen, from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd, the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English People, is from Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: Or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davilla, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the

same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murther'd Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza: Or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrin of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justifie nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantrys of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent, So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'Tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: One with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd, which yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe, as your own Fury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: For then you may assure yourselves of a clear Victory, without the least Reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custom, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: And for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyr, make

me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signifie the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen. you know. have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: And even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhimer. as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Reginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawy Jack, and Atheistlick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him? by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew

his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? He has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble Servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.



Upon the AUTHOR of the following
P O E M.

ONCE more our awful Poet Arms, t'engage
 The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
 Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
 Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;
 Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
 Nor loos'd his Satyr 'till the needful Hour:
 His Sov'raign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
 Wak'd his avenging Genius to its Aid.
 Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.
 With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t'engage,
 Secure of Conquest he rebates his Rage;
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
 To less infected Members gentle found,
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.
 Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
 Their wretched dogrel Rhymers forth they bring
 To Snarl and Bark against the Poet's King;
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before!
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
 But on their pow'rful Patrons turns his Stile.
 A Stile so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
 The vital Poison, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

To the Unknown Author of the following Poem, and that of Absalom and Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
 Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
 They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
 Divine effects a cause Divine did shew;
 Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
 Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare }
 Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful Song
 Glides in a peaceful Majesty along;
 No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
 The easie passage of his silent wave;
 So sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
 Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woove;
 Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
 Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
 How sweet do's Virtue in your dress appear?
 How much more charming, when much less severe?
 Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
 With all th' allurements of your happy Stile;
 Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
 And into sense th' unthinking many cheat:
 So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
 Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
 So he the savage herd to reason drew,
 Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you;
 O that you would with some such powerful Charm,
 Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
 Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theam afford,
 Or the great Deeds of God-like *James's* Sword;
 Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
 Another Fleet might pass the subject main,
 Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
 Or such an *Ossory* as you did moan;

While in such Numbers you, in such a strain
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;
Tho' each in vain such various ill's employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ill's enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than
before.

Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,
Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* Race,
Thou only fit to fill Great *Charles's* Place.

Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too stubborn Isle!
Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* Soil!
Are those dear Proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
While all thy Streams with Milk, thy Lands with
Honey flow?

No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
In civil Fury, and intestine Rage:
No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peaceful Breast,
While in such charming Notes divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.



THE

M E D A L L.

A SATYR *against* SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
 Which *English* Ideots run in crowds to see,
 The *Polish Medal* bears the prize alone :
 A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive ;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive :
 So like the Man ; so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 One side is fill'd with Title and with Face ;
 And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
 On the Reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys ;
 O'er which our mounting Sun his Beams displays.
 The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval Voice,
Latamur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoice*.
 The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd :
 And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
 Five days he sate, for every cast and look ;
 Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
 But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
 Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* ?
 O, cou'd the Stile that copy'd every grace,
 And plough'd such Furrows for an Eunuch Face,
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !
 A Martial Heroe first, with early Care,
 Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to War.

A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
 (So young his hatred to his Prince began.)
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)
 A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear.
 Bart'ring his venal Wit for fums of Gold,
 He cast himself into the Saint-like Mould;
 Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain
 The lowdest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train.
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
 His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
 There split the Saint: For Hypocritick Zeal
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
 Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope:
 Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack:
 His nimble Wit outran the heavy Pack.
 Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay;
 Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;
 They took, but not rewarded, his Advice;
 Villain and Wit exact a double price.
 Pow'r was his Aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
 The Wretch turn'd Loyal in his own Defence;
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince. }
 Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust;
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Ev'n in the most sincere Advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years,
 Made him uneasie in his lawful Gears.
 At best as little honest as he cou'd:
 And, like white Witches, mischievously Good.
 To his first Biass, longingly he leans;
 And rather wou'd be great by wicked Means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)

From hence those Tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
 What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
 When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar?
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
 But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest;
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate;
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to arbitrary Sway;
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the Sail;
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
 And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a Vail. }
 He Preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
 That Claims successive bear no binding force;
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course;
 Maintains the Multitude can never err;
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
 The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;
 The most have still their *Int'rest* in their Eyes; }
 The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
 Pow'r is thy Essence; wit thy Attribute!
 Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay, [way!
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths, in thy *Pindarick*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
 As righteously they did those dooms repent;
 Still they were wise, what ever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extreams they run;
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then;
 But now the World's o'er-stock'd with prudent Men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best;

Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;
 And our own Worship only true at home.
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns ;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their Turns.
 A tempting Doctrine, plausible and new :
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true !
 Who, to destroy the Seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent Right in Monarchs did declare :
 And, that a lawful Pow'r might never cease,
 Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace.
 Thus, Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
 In equal Balances were justly cast :
 But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot-mouth'd Horse ;
 Instructs the Beast to know his native Force ;
 To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
 Too happy *England*, if our good we knew ;
 Wou'd we possess the Freedom we pursue !
 The lavish Government can give no more :
 Yet we repine ; and plenty makes us poor.
 God try'd us once ; our Rebel-Fathers fought ;
 He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they fought :
 Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
 The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
 We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails ;
 Ah, what is Man, when his own wish prevails !
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill ;
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !
 That Kings can do no wrong we must believe :
 None can they do, and must they all receive ?
 Help Heaven ! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their Pow'r !
 Already they have lost their best Defence,
 The Benefit of Laws, which they dispence.
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd ;
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.

And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record,
The Stamp and Coin of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
Mumbl'ing to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass;
Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.

The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on blood, !
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;

But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd Sore,
Then, Justice and Religion they forswore; }
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.

Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd ;
And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause ;
And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.

But that's no News to the poor injur'd Page ;
It has been us'd as ill in every Age :

And is constrain'd, with Patience, all to take ;
For what defence can *Greek* and *Hebrew* make ?

Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize ;
They make it speak whatever Sense they please !

'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t'enquire ;
But, since our Sects in Prophecy grow higher, }
The Text inspires not them ; but they the Text

inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert !

Or separate thy found, from thy corrupted Part !
I call'd thee *Nile* ; the Parallel will stand :

Thy tides of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land ;
Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find ;
Engender'd on the Slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee ;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.

Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous Band ;
But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true ;
Nor are thy disinchant'd Burghers few.

The Head is Loyal which thy Heart commands ;
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands ?
 The wife and wealthy love the surest way ;
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave ;
 None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
 Those let me curse ; what vengeance will they urge,
 Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge ;
 Nor sharp Experience can to Duty bring,
 Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King !
 In Gospel Phrase their Chapmen they betray :
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
 The Knack of Trades is, living on the Spoil ;
 They boast, ev'n when each other they beguile.
 Customes to steal is such a trivial Thing,
 That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.
 All Hands unite of every jarring Sect ;
 They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
 They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone ;
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.
 Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the Plan
 Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo ;
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murder too.
 What means their Trait'rous Combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd ;
 Successful Crimes alone are justify'd.
 The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
 Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
 Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of Defence ;
 At first without, at last against their Prince.
 If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,
 The same bold Maxim holds in God and Man :
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun
 He shou'd be forc'd to Crown another Son.
 Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse :
 By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse ; }
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.
 Which, though not actual, yet all Eyes may see
 'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be ;
 For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise.
 Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal ;
 Chop up a Minister, at every meal :
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King ;
 But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
 From thence, t' assume the Pow'r of Peace and War ;
 And ease him by degrees of publick Care.
 Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
 He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name ; }
 And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the }
 Game.

For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think ?
 These are the cooler Methods of their Crime ;
 But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time ;
 Or utmost Bounds of Loyalty they stand ; }
 And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band,
 That waits impatient for the last Command. }
 Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain :
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scoure the Plain ;
 And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue ;
 The Most have Right, the Wrong is in the Few.
 Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show ;
 For, in some Soils Republicks will not grow :
 Our Temp'rate Isle will no extreams sustain,
 Of Pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign :
 But slides between them both into the best ;
 Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch blest.
 And though the Climate, vex'd with various Winds,
 Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
 The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds ;
 To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples Hearts,
 (O-crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
 Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
 And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord ;
 What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
 Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call ; [all. }
 For all must curse the Woes that must descend on }
 Religion thou hast none : thy *Mercury*
 Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through thee.
 But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains ;
 And the pox'd Nation feels thee in their Brains.
 What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
 Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
 That preach up thee for God ; dispence thy Laws ;
 And with thy Stum ferment their fainting Cause ?
 Fresh Fumes of Madness raise ; and toil and sweat
 To make the formidable Cripple great.
 Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
 Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
 Thy canting Friends thy mortal Foes wou'd be ;
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree.
 For thine, (if thou hast any) must be one
 That lets the World and Human-kind alone :
 A jolly God, that passes Hours too well
 To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
 That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit ;
 And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
 A Tyrant theirs ; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
 A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints ;
 A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad ;
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
 What all but Fools, by common Sense may know :
 If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
 And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
 Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage }
 Shall reap that Harvest of rebellious Rage, }
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age. }

The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
 Which wanting Vent, the Nation's Health infects,
 Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
 The various Venoms on each other prey.
 The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual Pride,
 Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
 His Brethren damn, the civil Pow'r defie;
 And parcel out Republick Prelacy.
 But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
 And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
 Crane.

The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
 In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend }
 About their impious Merit shall contend.
 The surly Commons shall respect deny;
 And juttle Peerage out with Property.
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary Sway;
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim, }
 In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame;
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name. }

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd engage;
 Or Wars of exil'd Heirs, or foreign Rage, }
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
 And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest, }
 Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

-----*Pudet hac opprobria vobis*
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.



The entire *Episode* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*,
translated from the Fifth and Ninth
Books of *Virgil's Æneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the First Part of the EPISODE
in the Fifth Book, with the rest of the
foregoing POEM.

Aeneas having buried his Father *Anchises* in Sicily; and setting sail from thence in search of Italy, is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed: After a Year's wandering, he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend *Acestes*, King of that part of the Island, who was born of Trojan Parentage: He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with divine honours; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race; in which *Nisus* and *Euryalus* were engag'd amongst other Trojans and Sicilians.

FROM thence his way the Trojan Hero bent,
Into a grassy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding wood;
Full in the midst of this fair Valley, stood
A native Theater, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o'er-look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend in solemn state:
High on the new rais'd Turf their Leader sate:
Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
Desire of honour, and the Prize invite:
The Trojans and Sicilians mingled stand,
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the foremost of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus for friendship to the Boy renown'd.

Diores next of *Friam's* Regal Race,
 Then *Salius*, join'd with *Patron*, took his place :
 But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
 The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.
 Then two *Sicilian* Youths; the name of this
 Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes* :
 Two jolly Huntsmen in the Forest bred,
 And owning old *Acestes* for their Head.
 With many others of obscurer name,
 Whom Time has not deliver'd o'er to Fame :
 To these *Aeneas* in the midst arose,
 And pleasingly did thus his mind expose.
 Not one of you shall unrewarded go;
 On each I will two *Cretan* Spears bestow,
 Pointed with polish'd Steel; a Battle-ax too,
 With Silver studded; these in common share.
 The foremost three shall Olive Garlands wear :
 The Victor, who shall first the Race obtain,
 Shall for his Prize a well-breath'd Courser gain,
 Adorn'd with Trappings; to the next in fame,
 The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,
 With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd,
 Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd :
 The third this *Grecian* Helmet must content.
 He said: to their appointed Base they went.
 With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
 And starting all at once, the Station leave.
 Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager view :
 Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd,
 Not storm's, nor thunder equal half his haste.
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came *Salius*, then; a distant space behind,
Euryalus the third.
 Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
 Step after Step, and almost side by side;
 His shoulders pressing, and in longer space,
 Had won, or left at least a doubtful Race.

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,
 Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
 Moist with the blood of Oxen lately slain;
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his way,
 But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
 Nor mindless then *Euryalus* of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
 He strove th' immediate Rival to oppose,
 And caught the foot of *Salius* as he rose;
 So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain:
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
 And cuts the Crowd; applauding peals attend
 The Conqu'ror to the Goal, who conquer'd thro' his
 Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came, [friend.
 By two misfortunes, now the third in fame.
 But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
 For Justice, deafens and disturbs the Crowd:
 Urges his cause may in the Court be heard,
 And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
 But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
 His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
 Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim:
 Besides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
 Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,
 If the first Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
 Then thus the Prince: Let no disputes arise;
 Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
 But give me leave her Errors to amend,
 At least to pity a deserving friend.
 Thus having said,
 A Lion's Hide, amazing to behold,
 Pond'rous with bristles, and with paws of gold,
 He gave the Youth; which *Nisus* griev'd to view:
 If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
 Said he, and falling is to rise by you,

What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
 Who merited the first rewards and fame!
 In falling both did equal fortune try,
 Would fortune make me fall as happily!
 With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
 His hands and body all besmear'd with blood:
 Th' indulgent Father of the people smil'd,
 And caus'd to be produc'd a massie Shield
 Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
 Long since from *Neptune's* bars in triumph brought;
 With this, the graceful Youth he gratify'd:
 Then the remaining presents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the
Episode, translated out of the Ninth
 Book of *Virgil's Æneids*, with the fore-
 going part of the Story.

*The War being now broke out betwixt the Trojans and
 Latins; and Æneas being overmatch'd in numbers by
 his Enemies, who were aided by King Turnus, he for-
 tifies his Camp, and leaves in it his young Son Asca-
 nius, under the direction of his chief Counsellors and
 Captains; while he goes in person, to beg Succours from
 King Evander and the Tuscans. Turnus takes ad-
 vantage of his absence, and assaults his Camp: The
 Trojans in it, are reduc'd to great extremities; which
 gives the Poet the occasion of continuing this admirable
 Episode, wherein he describes the friendship, the gene-
 rosity, the adventures, and the death of Nisus and
 Euryalus.*

THE Trojan Camp the common danger shar'd;
 By turns they watch'd the Walls; and kept the
 Nightly Guard:
 To Warlike *Nisus* fell the Gate by Lot,
 (Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntress *Ida* got:

And sent to Sea *Aeneas* to attend,) [send. }
 Well could he dart the Spear, and Shafts unerring }
 Beside him stood *Euryalus*, his ever faithful Friend. }
 No Youth in all the *Trojan* Host was seen
 More beautiful in arms, or of a Nobler meen ;
 Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun ;
 One was their Friendship, their Desire was one :
 With minds united in the Field they warr'd,
 And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.
 Then *Nisus* thus :

Or do the Gods this warlike Warmth inspire,
 Or makes each Man a God of his desire ?
 A noble Ardour boils within my Breast,
 Eager of Action, Enemy of Rest ;
 That urges me to Fight, or undertake
 Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
 Thou seest the Foe secure : How faintly shine
 Their scatter'd Fires ? the most in Sleep supine ;
 Dissolv'd in Ease, and drunk with Victory :
 The few awake the fuming Flaggon ply ;
 All hush'd around : Now hear what I revolve [resolve.
 Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
 Our absent Lord both Camp and Council mourn ;
 By Message both would hasten his return :
 The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
 (For Fame is recompence enough to me)
 Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
 A way that safely will my Passage guide.

Euryalus stood listning while he spoke,
 With Love of Praise and noble Envy strook ;
 Then to his ardent Friend expos'd his mind : }
 All this alone, and leaving me behind ! }
 Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd ?
 Think'st thou my Share of honour I will yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the Field ?
 Not so my Father taught my Childhood Arms,
 Born in a Siege, and bred amongst Alarms :

Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
 Or of the Heav'n-born Heroe I attend.
 The thing call'd Life with ease I can disclaim;
 And think it over-fold to purchase Fame.
 To whom his Friend;
 I could not think, alas, thy Tender Years
 Would minister new matter to my Fears:
 Nor is it just thou shouldst thy Wish obtain;
 So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again
 To those dear eyes; or if a God there be
 To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
 But if some one, as many sure there are,
 Of adverse accidents in doubtful War,
 If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life, I would not perish all:
 Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
 Do thou remain to mourn thy Lover's fate;
 To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
 Or buy it back, and Fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or if hard Fortune shall my Corps deny
 Those dues, with empty Marble to supply.
 O let not me the Widow's tears renew,
 Let not a Mother's curse my name pursue;
 Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
 Left the fair Coast of fruitful *Sicily*;
 Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
 When every weary *Matron* staid behind.
 To this *Euryalus*, Thou plead'st in vain,
 And but delay'st the cause thou canst not gain:
 No more, 'tis loss of time: With that he wakes
 The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes!
 The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
 To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
 Now every living thing lay void of care,
 And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, share:
 Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council sate,
 And call'd their Chief Commanders, to debate }
 The weighty business of th' indanger'd State. }

What next was to be done, who to be sent
 T' inform *Aeneas* of the Foes intent.
 In midst of all the quiet Camp they held
 Nocturnal Council; each sustains a Shield,
 Which his o'er-labour'd Arm can hardly rear;
 And leans upon a long projected Spear.
 Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
 And beg admittance, eager to be heard;
 Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd. }
Ascanius bids them be conducted in;
 Then thus, commanded, *Nisus* does begin.
 Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
 Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
 The Foes securely drench'd in Sleep and Wine
 Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly shine.
 And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
 Cov'ring the plain, and Clouding all the Skies,
 Betwixt the spaces we have mark'd a way,
 Close by the Gate and Coasting by the Sea;
 This Passage undisturb'd, and unesp'y'd
 Our Steps will safely to *Aeneas* guide.
 Expect each hour to see him back again
 Loaded with spoils of Foes, in Battle slain:
 Snatch we the lucky Minute while we may,
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way:
 For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have seen
 The rising Turrets with the stream between;
 And know its winding Course, with every foerd.
 He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the word.
 Our Country Gods in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the *Trojan* race;
 While we behold such springing worth appear,
 In youth so brave, and breasts so void of fear.
 (With this he took the hand of either Boy,
 Embrac'd them closely both, and wept for joy:)
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 What recompence for such desert, decree!
 The greatest sure and best you can receive,
 The Gods, your vertue, and your fame will give:

The Rest, our grateful General will bestow;
 And young *Ascanius*, 'till his Manhood, owe.
 And I whose welfare in my Father lies,
 (*Ascanius* adds,) by all the Deities,
 By our great Country, and our household Gods,
 By Hoary *Vesta's* rites, and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both, on you my Fortune stands,
 That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 (For I no other loss but only his can mourn,)
Nisus your gift shall two large Goblets be,
 Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
 And high emboss: which when old *Priam* reign'd
 My conqu'ring Sire, at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
 And more, two Tripods cast in antick mould,
 With two great Talents of the finest Gold,
 Besides a Bowl which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
 The Present that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
 But if in Conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
 When Spoils by Lot the Victors shall obtain,
 Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest;
 That, and his golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
 And Shield, from lot exempted, thou shalt share;
 With these, twelve captive Dam'sels young and fair:
 Male Slaves as many; well appointed all
 With Vests and Arms, shall to thy Portion fall:
 And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
 The large demenes the *Latian* King possessest.
 But thou, whose Years are more to mine ally'd,
 No fate my vow'd Affection shall divide
 From thee, O wondrous Youth: Be ever mine,
 Take full Possession, all my Soul is thine;
 My life's Companion, and my bosom Friend;
 One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend.
 My Peace shall be committed to thy Care,
 And to thy Conduct my Concerns in War.
 Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd;
 What ever Fortune, good or bad, betide,

The same shall be my Age, as now my Youth;
 No time shall find me wanting to my Truth.
 This only from your Bounty let me gain;
 (And this not granted, all rewards are vain:)
 Of *Priam's* Royal Race my Mother came,
 And sure the best that ever bore the Name:
 Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
 From me departing; but o'erspent and old,
 My Fate she follow'd; ignorant of this
 Whatever danger, neither parting kifs,
 Nor pious Blessing taken, her I leave;
 And in this only Act of all my Life deceive:
 By this your hand and conscious Night I swear,
 My Youth so sad a Farewel cou'd not bear.
 Be you her Patron, fill my vacant Place;
 (Permit me to presume so great a Grace;)
 Support her Age, forsaken and distressed;
 That hope alone will fortifie my Breast,
 Against the worst of Fortunes and of Fears:
 He said; th' Assistants shed presaging Tears.
 But above all, *Ascanius*, mov'd to see
 That image of paternal Piety.

Then thus reply'd,-----

So great Beginnings in so green an Age
 Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage;
 Thy Mother all the Privilege shall claim
Creüsa had; and only want the Name.
 Whate'er event thy enterprife shall have,
 'Tis Merit to have born a Son so brave.
 By this my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear,
 (My Father us'd it) what returning, here
 Crown'd with success, I for thy self prepare,
 Thy Parent and thy Family shall share:
 He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,
 From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
 Magnificent with Gold; *Lycaon* made,
 And in an Iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the Blade.

This was his Gift: while *Mnestheus* did provide
 For *Nisus* Arms; a grisly Lion's Hide;
 And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of }
 temper try'd. }

Thus arm'd they went: the noble *Trojaus* wait
 Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
 With Pray'rs and Vows above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far above his years.
 And Messages committed to their care;
 Which all in Winds were lost, and empty air.
 The Trenches first they pass; then took their way,
 Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
 To many fatal e'er themselves were slain:
 The careless Host dispers'd upon the Plain
 They found, who drunk with Wine supinely snore:
 Unharness'd Chariots stand upon the shore;
 Midst wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
 A Medly of Debauch and War they lie.
 Observing *Nisus* shew'd his friend the sight;
 Then thus: behold a Conquest without fight.
 Occasion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
 Our way lies there, stand thou upon the guard;
 And look behind, while I securely go
 To cut an ample passage through the Foe.
 Softly he spoke; then stalking took his way,
 With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay,
 His head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he puff'd his breath.
 A King, and Prophet, by King *Turnus* lov'd,
 But fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.
 Three sleeping Slaves he soon subdues: then spies
 Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies:
 His Armour Bearer first, and next he kills
 His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,
 And his lov'd Horses; last invades their Lord,
 Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword:
 The gasping head flies off: a purple flood
 Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the blood;

Which by the spurning heels dispers'd around
 The bed, besprinkles and bedews the ground.
 Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus*, and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
 The night: opprest with wine and slumber lay
 The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play; }
 More lucky, had it been protracted till the day. }
 The famish'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
 O'er-leaps the fences of the nightly fold,
 The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws;
 Wrapt up in silent fear, they lie and pant beneath
 Nor with less rage *Euryalus* imploys [his paws.
 The vengeful Sword, nor fewer foes destroys;
 But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew;
 Which *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhatus* slew,
 With *Abaris*: in sleep the rest did fall;
 But *Rhatus* waking, and observing all,
 Behind a mighty Jar he slunk for fear;
 The sharp edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there:
 Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side;
 The cruel Sword return'd in crimson dy'd.
 The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
 Pours out; the purple Soul comes floating in the flood.
 Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive;
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
 The warlike Horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus the discipline observ'd, and said,
 Our eagerness of blood may both betray:
 Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,
 Foe to these nightly thefts: No more, my friend;
 Here let our glutted Execution end;
 A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made:
 The bold *Euryalus*, though loath, obey'd:
 Rich Arms and Airas which they scatter'd find,
 And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
 Yet fond of gaudy Spoils, the Boy would stay
 To make the proud Caparisons his prey,
 Which deck'd a neighb'ring Steed. ---

Nor did his Eyes less longingly behold
 The Girdle studded o'er with Nails of Gold,
 Which *Rhamnes* wore: This Present long ago
 On *Remulus* did *Cadicus* bestow,
 And absent join'd in hospitable Ties.
 He dying to his Heir bequeath'd the prize:
 'Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppress'd
 He fell, and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These gaudy spoils *Euryalus* now bears;
 And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears:
Messapus Helm he found amongst the dead,
 Garnish'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
 They leave the Camp and take the safest road;
 Mean time a Squadron of their foes abroad,
 Three hundred Horse with Bucklers arm'd, they spy'd,
 Whom *Volsens* by the King's command did guide:
 To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
 And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
 Approaching near their utmost lines they draw;
 When bending tow'rd's the left, their Captain saw
 The faithful pair; for through the doubtful shade
 His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd;
 On which the Moon with full reflection play'd. }
 'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volsens* from the crowd)
 These Men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
 Stand, stand! why thus in Arms? And whither bent?
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
 Silent they make away; and haste their flight
 To neighb'ring Woods; and trust themselves to night,
 The speedy horsemen spur their Steeds, to get
 'Twixt them and home; and every path beset,
 And all the windings of the well known Wood;
 Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
 With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn,
 Where tracks of Bears had scarce a passage worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, mis-led the younger from his way:
 But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier haste,
 Who now, unknowing, had the danger past,

And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba's* name so call'd;
 Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen stall'd.
 'Till turning at the length he stood his ground,
 And vainly cast his longing eyes around
 For his lost friend!

Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind,
 Where shall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find!
 Or what way take! Again he ventures back,
 And treads the Mazes of his former track,
 Thro' the wild wood: at last he hears the Noise
 Of trampling Horses, and the riders voice.
 The Sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
 His Foes inclosing, and his Friend pursu'd,
 Forelaid, and taken, while he strove in vain
 The Covert of the neighb'ring Wood to gain.
 What should he next attempt, what arms employ
 With fruitless force to free the Captive Boy?
 Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword;
 And die by him whom living he ador'd?
 Resolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he shook,
 And casting to the Moon a mournful look,
 Fair Queen, said he, who dost in woods delight,
 And Grace of Stars, the Goddess of the Night;
 Be present, and direct my Dart aright. }
 If e'er my pious Father for my sake,
 Did on thy Altars grateful offerings make,
 Or I increas'd them with successful toils;
 And hung thy Sacred Roof with savage Spoils,
 Through the brown shadows guide my flying Spear
 To reach this Troop: Then poizing from his ear
 The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
 Through the divided shades the deadly Javelin flew;
 On *Sulmo's* back it splits: the double dart
 Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
 He staggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
 And with short Sobbs, he gasps away his breath.
 Ah stand amaz'd; a second Javelin flies
 From his stretch'd arm, and hisses through the Skies:

The Lance through *Tágus* Temples forc'd its way ;
 And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
 Fierce *Volscens* foams with rage ; and gazing round,
 Descry'd no Author of the fatal wound,
 Nor where to fix revenge : But thou, he cries,
 Shalt pay for both ; and at the Pris'ner flies,
 With his drawn Sword : Then, struck with deep de-
 The fatal sight the Lover could not bear ; [spair,
 But from his Covert rusht in open view ;
 And sent his voice before him as he flew ;
 Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone :
 The crime confess'd ; the fact was all my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless Youth,
 Ye Moon and Stars bear witness to the Truth ;
 His only fault, if that be to offend,
 Was too much loving his unhappy friend.
 Too late, alas, he speaks ;
 The Sword, which unrelenting fury guides,
 Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender sides ;
 Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
 Gush'd out a Crimson stream and stain'd the ground ;
 His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
 Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppress'd,
 By the keen Share : or Poppy on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
 Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
 Drove *Nisus* headlong on the Hostile Crowd ;
Volscens he seeks, at him alone he bends ;
 Born back, and push'd by his surrounding friends,
 He still press'd on ; and kept him still in sight ;
 Then whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his might ;
 Th' unerring Weapon flew ; and wing'd with death,
 Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his breath.
 Dying he flew : and stagg'ring on the plain,
 Sought for the Body of his Lover slain :
 Then quietly on his dear Breast he fell ;
 Content in death to be reveng'd so well.
 O happy pair ! for if my verse can give
 Eternity ; your fame shall ever live :

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies,
And spread where-e'er the *Roman* Eagle flies.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

The *Epithalamium* of HELEN and
MENE LAUS.

By Mr. Dryden.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted
flowers bespread.

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why happy Bridegroom, why
E'er yet the Stars are kindled in the Sky,
E'er twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed!
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowsy Drone,
Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone:
Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, 'till the break of day:

Give us this Evening; thou hast Morn and Night,
 And all the year before thee, for delight.
 O happy Youth! to thee among the crowd
 Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud;
 And every lucky *Omen* sent before,
 To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.
 Of all our Heroes thou canst boast alone,
 That *Jove*, when e'er he Thunders, calls thee Son:
 Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare;
 With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare: }
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
 A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:
 But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.
 Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
 Twelvescore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
 While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
 And there in manly exercise contend,
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost;
 And hide the Beauties that we made our boast.
 So, when the Night and Winter disappear,
 The Purple morning rising with the year
 Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:
 So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest:
 As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,
 Or as *Thessalian* Steeds the race adorn:
 So Rosie-colour'd *Helen* is the pride
 Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.
 Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend }
 In Basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
 With *Pallas* in the Loom she may contend.
 But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
 And the mute strings with Vocal Souls inspire:
 Whether the learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
 Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
 None can record their Heavenly praise so well
 As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand *Cupids* dwell.

O fair, O graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
 But whom to morrows Sun a Matron shall behold:
 Yet e'er to morrows Sun shall show his head,
 The dewy paths of meadow's we will tread,
 For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head,
 Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
 As bleating Lambs their absent Mother mourn.
 Our noblest Maids shall to thy name bequeath
 The Boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
 This Monument, thy Maiden beauties due,
 High on a Plane Tree shall be hung to view:
 On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
 Thy Name engrav'd; and worship *Helen's Tree*:
 Balm, from a Silver-box distill'd around,
 Shall all bedew the Roots and scent the sacred Ground;
 The Balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
 But *Helen's Name* will keep it ever young.
 Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, Son-in-Law to *Jove*!
 With fruitful joys, *Latona* bless your Love;
 Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,
 Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
 Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,
 Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.
 From generous Loins a generous Race will spring,
 Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you, a King.
 Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
 Sleep close, with folded Arms, and Breast to Breast.
 Rise in the morn; but oh before you rise,
 Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.
 We will be with you e'er the crowing Cock
 Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd Flock:
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
 And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle won.



IDYLLIUM XXIII.

The Despairing L O V E R.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WITH inauspicious Love, a wretched Swain
 Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
 Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
 She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
 Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
 His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd:
 Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel Darts,
 Nor fear'd his awful Pow'r on human Hearts;
 But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
 Or with disdainful Glances shot him dead.
 No kifs, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy:
 No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
 But as a hunted Panther casts about [scout,
 Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning Ears to
 So she, to shun his Toils, her cares imploy'd,
 And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
 Her Mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
 Her Eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
 Her fallow Checks her envious mind did show,
 And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a
 Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape, [Shrew.
 His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape:
 And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn
 But fann'd the Fuel that too fast did burn.
 Long time, unequal to his mighty Pain,
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
 At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
 With Tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.
 With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love;
 And any heart, but only hers, wou'd move:
 Trembling before her bolted doors he stood;
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:

Staring his Eyes, and haggard was his look;
 Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.
 — Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,
 Thy Tygres heart belies thy Angel Face:
 Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone;
 Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown:
 Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
 But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd.
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
 But take this Gift, the last that I can give.
 This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,
 Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome Life;
 This moment puts an end to all my Pain;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
 Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
 I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,
 To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
 There happily to lose my long desires:
 But ah, what draught so deep to quench my Fires?
 Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones,
 And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans:
 What I have suffer'd here ye know too well:
 What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
 The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
 The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
 White Lillies hang their Heads and soon decay,
 And whiter Snow in minutes melts away:
 Such is your blooming Youth, and withering so;
 The time will come, it will, when you shall know
 The rage of Love; your haughty heart shall burn
 In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
 Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least
 My dying Prayers, and grant my last Request!
 When first you ope your Doors, and passing by
 The sad ill-omen'd Object meets your Eye,
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
 The breathless Wretch, so made by you, survey:

Some cruel Pleasure will from thence arise,
 To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
 I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear.)
 The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :
 Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
 And spread your Mantle o'er my grizly Face ;
 Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss :
 O envy not the dead, they feel not blifs !
 Nor fear your kisses can restore my Breath ;
 Even you are not more pittiless than death.
 Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
 Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.
 Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast,
 And hail me thrice to everlasting rest :
 Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,
 A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here : }
 Oh, Passengers, *Aminta's* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love ;
 He heav'd with more than humane force, to move
 A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,) [Beam :
 And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring
 Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws ;
 And fitted to his Neck the fatal Noose :
 Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
 Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.
 The bounce burst ope the door ; the scornful Fair
 Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet
 Nor wept his Fate, nor cast a pitying Eye, [in Air,
 Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by :
 And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
 Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the touch.
 Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move ;
 The bath was sacred to the God of Love :
 Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
 Stood threatenng from a Pedestal on high :
 Nodding a while ; and watchful of his blow,
 He fell ; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
 below :

Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
 And this her last expiring Voice was heard;
 Lovers farewell, revenge has reacht my scorn;
 Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roicomon, on
 his intended Voyage to Ireland.*

By Mr DRYDEN.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
 And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
 And he, who rules the raging Wind,
 To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
 And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
 Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
 As thou, to whom the Muse commends
 The best of Poets and of Friends,
 Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the Shore:
 And save the better part of me,
 From perishing with him at Sea.
 Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
 In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
 Or his at least, in hollow wood
 Who tempted first the briny Flood:
 Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the Shore;
 Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
 What form of death cou'd him affright,
 Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,

Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
 And monsters rolling in the deep?
 Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
 With Storms above, and Rocks below!
 In vain did Nature's wife command
 Divide the Waters from the Land,
 If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
 Invade th' inviolable Main;
 Th' eternal Fences over leap;
 And pass at will the boundless Deep.
 No toil, no hardship can restrain
 Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;
 The more confin'd, the more he tries,
 And at forbidden quarry flies.
 Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
 And stole from Heaven the seed of Fire:
 A train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,
 The Robbers blazing track pursue;
 Fierce Famine, with her Meagre Face,
 And Favours of the fiery Race,
 In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
 All brooding on the blasted Ground:
 And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
 Comes up to shorten half our date.
 This made not *Dedalus* beware,
 With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
 To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
 Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey,
 Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes
 Are safe from our audacious Crimes;
 We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
 And pull th' unwilling thunder down.



On the Prince's going to *England* with an Army to restore the Government, 1688.

*Hunc saltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere Sæclo
Ne prohibete-----* Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.

By Mr. WOLSELEY:

ONce more a FATHER and a SON fall out:
The World involving in their high Diſpute;
Remoteſt *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the leſſer Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
A Prize well worth th' uncommon Venture run.
Him a falſe Pride to govern unreſtrain'd,
And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,
Millions oppreſſing to enrich a few.
Him Juſtice urges, and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his Life as glorious as his Name. }
For Law and Reaſon's Power he does engage,
Againſt the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
There, all the Liſenſe of unbounded Might;
Here, conſcious Honour, and deep Senſe of Right, }
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.
Greatneſs the one, Glory the other fires;
This only can deſerve, what that deſires.
This ſtrives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what they moſt abhor and fear.
Cæſar and *Pompey's* Cauſe by *Cato* thought }
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at laſt *Pharſalia* muſt be fought.
Ye fatal Siſters! now to Right be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

VIRGIL

VIRGIL'S

ECLOGUES.

TRANSLATED

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

KIRK'S

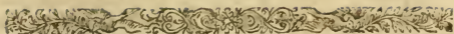
RECORDS

THE

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THE
FIRST ECLOGUE.

By JOHN CARYLL, Esq;

The Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the Name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general Calamity of his Mantuan Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of Cremona; who in the Civil Wars, joined with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melitœus, as also by Amaryllis, the City of Rome, by Galatea, that of Mantua are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God; and the better to set this off, he brings in Melitœus, viz. by Mantuan Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country men, Virgil shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty. And because Slaves did not commonly use to be enfranchis'd 'till Age had made them useles for Labour; to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old Man. as by the Candidior Barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently

appears; though in reality Virgil at that time was young, and then first made known to Augustus, by the Recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends, Varus and Mæcenas.

TITRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oaks diffuse,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.
We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amaryllis*' Name.

TITRUS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)
O *Melibæus*! did this Grace bestow.
The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed:
He every Blessing on his Creatures brings; [sings.
By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herdsman

MELIBEUS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate,
Which thus exempts you from our wretched State.
Look on my Goats that browz, my Kids that play,
Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,
And this poor Mother of a new fall'n Pair,
(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair!)
Has left 'em in yond Brakes, beside the way,
Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of Prey.
Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,
This dire Calamity I had divin'd.
'Twas oft foretold me by Heaven's loudest Voice,
Rending our tallest Oaks with dismal Noise:
Ravens spcke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow Tree were heard to grone.
But say: What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd?

TITIRUS.

The place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd
 Was like our *Mantua*, where, on Market-days,
 We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherd's praise;)
 So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,
 And so the great I measur'd by the less.
 But other Towns when you to her compare,
 They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

MELIBEUS.

What great Occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITIRUS.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come:
 She came not till cold Winter did begin,
 And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin,
 Nor then, till *Galatea* I forsook,
 For *Amaryllis* daign'd on me to look.
 No hope for Liberty, I must confess,
 No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,
 Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain:
 For though my Flock her Altars did maintain,
 Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,
 Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,
 Yet still with empty hands I trotted home.

MELIBEUS.

I wonder'd (*Galatea*!) whence should come,
 Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long!
 Ungather'd on their Trees thy Apples hung?
 Absent was *Tityrus*! Thee every Dale,
 Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITIRUS.

What should I do? I could not here be free,
 And only in that place could hope to see }
 A God propitious to my Liberty. }
 There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold, }
 Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold, }
 My loaded Altars never shall be cold. }
 He heard my Prayers, Go home (he cry'd) and feed
 In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed,

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man! thy Farm untouch'd remains,
 And large enough; tho' it may ask thy Pains,
 To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains. }
 Thy teeming Ewes will no strange Pastures try,
 No Murrain fear from tainted Company.
 Thrice happy Swain! guarded from *Sirian* Beams,
 By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
 Look on that bordering Fence, whose *Olier* Trees
 Are fraught with Flowers, whose Flowers are fraught
 with Bees:

How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
 (Your sleep to tempt) a Concert does prepare!
 At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
 The Wood-man joins with these his Rustick Songs:
 Stock-Doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
 Those in a Hoarser, these a softer Note. [Throat,

TITRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall dwellers change:
 Fish on dry Ground, Stags shall on Water range:
 The *Parthians* shall commute their Bounds with *Frances*,
 Those shall on *Soan*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,
 E'er I his God-like Image from my Heart,
 Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we must come to Parts remote, unknown,
 Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
 These Frozen *Soythia*, and parcht *Africk* those,
Cretan Oasis others must inclose:
 Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,
 Doom'd to an Isle, from all the World disjoin'd.
 Ah! must I never more my Country see,
 But in strange Lands an endless Exile be?
 Is my eternal Banishment decreed,
 From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and Reed?
 Must impious Soldiers all these Grounds possess,
 My Fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes?
 Did I for these *Barbarians* Plow and Sow?
 What dire effects from civil Discord flow!

Graft Pears (O *Melibens!*) plant the Vine !
 The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine. }
 Farewel my Goats ! a happy Herd, when mine ! }
 No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
 Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
 Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
 The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
 I part with every Joy, parting from you ;
 Then farewel all the World ! Verses and Pipe, adieu !

T I T R U S.

At least this Night with me forget your Care ;
 Chesnuts, and well-prest Cheese shall be your Fare ;
 For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
 And curling Smoak from Village tops ascends.

The SECOND ECLOGUE.

English'd by Mr. TATE.

A Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,
 The lov'd *Alexis* was his Master's Joy.
 No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
 But daily walk'd where shady Beeches grew :
 Where stretch'd on Earth, alone he thus complains,
 And in these accents tells the Groves his Pains.
 Cruel *Alexis!* hast thou no remorse?
 Must I expire, and have my Songs no force?
 'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
 The very Lizards hide, that love the Sun.
 The Reapers home to dinner now repair,
 While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and Fare.
 Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,
 Heat only known to Locusts and to me.
 Oh was it not much better to sustain,
 The angry days of *Amaryllis's* Reign?
 Or still be subject to *Menalchas's* sway, [than Day.
 Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more fair

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,
 The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm:
 Thou both disdain'st my Person and my Flame,
 Without so much as asking who I am!
 How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
 Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies flow.
 A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,
 And all the Year upon New-milk I feed.
 Besides, the fam'd *Amphion's* Songs I sing,
 That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.
 Nor am I so deform'd; for t'other Day,
 When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
 As on the Clifts, above the Sea I stood,
 I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
 And if I look as handsome all the Year,
 To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear.
 Ah! wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,
 And love, like me, to wound the Stag in flight!
 Where wholesome Mallows grow our Kids to drive,
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
 From *Pan* the Reed's first use the Shepherd knew,
 'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
 Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
 Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.
 What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
 For half the noble Skill I offer you?
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave;
 And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine:
 Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
 With streak of lovely white enamell'd o'er;
 Who drein the bagging Udder twice a-day,
 And both at home for thy Acceptance stay.
 Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
 Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts and me.
 Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
 The richest Presents that the Spring can make.

See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee :
 Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she,
 With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets join'd,
 A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd.
 My self with downy Peaches will appear,
 And Chesnuts, *Amaryllis* dainty. Chear :
 I'll crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
 Together bound, because their sweets agree.
 Unbred thou art, and homely, *Corydon*,
 Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won :
 Nor canst thou hope, if Gifts his Mind cou'd sway,
 That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
 Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
 Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my Streams.
 Whom fly'st thou ? Gods themselves have had aboard
 In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God.
 Let *Pallas* in the Towns she built, reside,
 To me a Grove's worth all the World beside :
 Lions chase Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,
 That very Kid seeks Heaths of Flow'ring time,
 While *Corydon* pursues with equal Flame,
Alexis, thee ; each has his several Game.
 See how the Ox unyok'd brings home the Plow,
 The Shades increasing as the Sun goes low.
 Blest Fields reliev'd by Night's approach so soon,
 Love has no Night ! 'tis always raging Noon !
 Ah *Corydon* ! what frenzy fills thy Breast ?
 Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.
 Luxurious sprouts shut out the rip'ning Ray,
 The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away.
 Recal thy Senses, and to work with speed,
 Of many Utensils thou stand'st in need.
 Fall to thy Labour, quit the peevish Boy ;
 Time, or some new Desire shall this destroy.



The SECOND ECLOGUE.

English'd by Mr. CREECH.

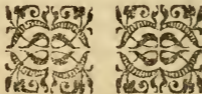
The Shepherd Corydon wooes Alexis; but finding he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Passion.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon (hard Fate) an humble Swain }
 Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain; }
 He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again; }
 Yet every day through Groves he walk'd alone,
 And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
 Cruel Alexis! can't my Verses move!
 Hast thou no Pity? must I die for Love?
 Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,
 And every Lizard creeps into his Hole:
 Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,
 And brings their Meat, their Onions and their Leeks:
 And whilst I trace thy Steps, in every Tree
 And every Bush, poor Insects sigh with me:
 Ah! had it not been better to have born
 The peevish *Amaryllis* Frown and Scorn,
 Or else *Ménalcas*, than this deep despair?
 Though he was black, and thou art lovely fair!
 Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
 Trust not too much, sweet Youth, to that fair Face:
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,
 We gather Black-berries when we scorn the white.
 Thou dost despise me, thou dost scorn my Flame,
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am:
 A thousand tender Lambs, a thousand Kine,
 A thousand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
 My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
 Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.

I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains.
 Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,
 And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
 And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,
 As fair as *Daphnis*, if that Glass be true.
 Oh that with me, thee humble Plains would please,
 The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
 Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
 Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling Snare!
 Then you and I would sing like *Pan* in shady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep and harmless Shepherd loves. }
 Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,
 To learn to Pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
 I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd;
 Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
 He said, Here, take it for a Legacy,
 Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee, }
 He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me. }
 Besides, I found two wanton Kids at play
 In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,
 Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,
 Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you:
 These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
 But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain:
 Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
 With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
 The Rose, and thousand other fragrant Flowers,
 To please thy Senses in thy softest hours;
 These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
 Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
 I'll seek for Chestnuts too in every Grove,
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
 The glossie Plumbs, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
 Delightfull All, and many a pretty thing:
 The Lawrel and the neighb'ring Myrtle Tree,
 Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree [thee. }
 And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to }

Ah *Corydon*! thou art a foolish Swain,
 And coy *Alexis* doth thy Gifts disdain;
 Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could wooe,
Iolas can present him more than you.
 What doth the mad Man mean? He idly brings
 Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
 Ah! whom dost thou avoid; whom fly? the Gods
 And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:
 Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,
 Live there, let us delight in Woods alone:
 The Boar the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,
 The Kid her Thyme, as fast as t'other do's,
Alexis Corydon, and him alone,
 Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own:
 Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
 The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now:
 And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,
 Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love!
 Ah *Corydon*! what fury's this of thine!
 On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:
 Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare
 Thy Harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,
 Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
 Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.



The THIRD ECLOGUE:

Or, P A L Æ M O N.

English'd by Mr. Creech.

Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager. Palæmon coming that way by chance, is chosen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controversie.

M E N A L C A S.

T ELL me *Dametas*, tell whose Sheep these are?

D A M E T A S.

Ægon's, for *Ægon* gave 'em to my care.

M E N A L C A S.

Whilst he *Neara* Courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I shall prove the happier Swain,
Poor Sheep! whilst he his hopeless Love pursues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ewes:
The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins swigg the Teat,
But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

D A M E T A S.

No more of that, *Menalcas*. I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool design'd,
And what had happen'd, but the Nymphs were kind.

M E N A L C A S.

'Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the Clown
Spoil *Mico's* Vines, and cut his Olives down.

D A M E T A S.

Or rather when, where those old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphnis's* Arrows and his Bow,
You saw them given to the lovely Boy,
Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his Joy;

But hopes of sweet revenge thy Life supply'd,
And hadst thou not done mischief, thou hadst dy'd.

M E N A L C A S.

What will not Master Shepherds dare to do,
When their base Slaves pretend as much as you?
Did not I see, not I, you pilfering Sot,
When you lay close, and snapt rich *Damon's* Goat?
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, The Robber, see,
Guard well your Flock; you skulkt behind a Tree.

D A M E T A S.

I tell thee Shepherd, 'twas before my own,
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he lost.

M E N A L C A S.

You pipe with him! thou never hadst a Pipe,
Well join'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under Hedges to the long-ear'd Rour,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a fereeching Note.

D A M E T A S.

And shall we have a trial of our Skill?
I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves she suckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails; Now speak, what dare you lay?

M E N A L C A S.

I cannot stake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but small my Stock:
Besides, my Father's covetously cross,
My Stepdame curst, and they will find the loss:
For both strict Eyes o'er all my Actions keep,
One counts my Kids, and both twice count my Sheep.
But yet I'll lay what you must grant as good,
(Since you will lose) two Cups of Beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work Divine,
And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine;
So curiously he hits the various Shapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the blushing Grapes;
It doth my Eyes, and all my Friends delight,
I'm sure your Mouth must water at the sight:

Within two Figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't ? that made the Sphear, }
 And show'd the various Seasons of the Year,
 What time to sheer our Sheep, what time to plow,
 'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean 'till now.

D A M E T A S.

Alcimedon too made me two Beechen Pots,
 And round the Handles wrought smooth Ivy knots ;
Orpheus within, and following woods around,
 With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.
 I never us'd them, never brought them forth ;
 But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

M E N A L C A S.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
 And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by ;
 See, 'tis *Palamon* ; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
 'Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

D A M E T A S.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st Swain,
 I scorn to turn my back for any Man ;
 I know my self ; but pray judicious Friend,
 ('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

P A L A E M O N.

Since we have chosen a convenient place, [Grass,
 Since Woods are clear'd with Leaves, the Fields with
 The Trees with Fruit, the Year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next *Menalcas* play,
 By turns, for Verse the Muses love by turns.

D A M E T A S.

My Muse begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
 The God loves me, and doth my verses love.

M E N A L C A S.

And *Phæbus* mine : on *Phæbus* I'll bestow
 The blushing Hyacinth, and Laurel bough.

D A M E T A S.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o'er the Green,
 And Apples throws, then hides, yet wou'd be seen,

M E N A L C A S.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Passion tell,
Our Dogs scarce know my *Delia* half so well.

D A M E T A S.

I'll have a Gift for *Phyllis* e'er 'tis long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their young.

M E N A L C A S.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I sent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

D A M E T A S.

What things my Nymph did speak; what tales of Love!
Winds bear their Musick to the Gods above.

M E N A L C A S.

What boot's it, Boy, you not contemn my Flame?
Since whilst I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

D A M E T A S.

My Birth-day comes, send *Phyllis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing-time, *Iolas* come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love *Phyllis*, for her Charms excel,
She sigh'd, farewell, dear Youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

Wolves ruin Flocks, Wind Trees, when newly blown,
Storms Corn, and me my *Amaryllis*'s Frown.

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the Corn, Kids browz the tender Tree,
The Goats love fallow; fair *Amyntas* me.

D A M E T A S.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a rustick Song,
Muse feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's Command.
Muse feed the Bulls that push, and spurn the Sand.

D A M E T A S.

Let *Pollio* have what e'er thy wish provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

M E N A L C A S.

He that loves *Bavins* Songs, may fancy thine,
The same may couple Wolves, and shear his Swine.

D A M E T A S.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a Sting.

M E N A L C A S.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

D A M E T A S.

Kids from the River drive, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

M E N A L C A S.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk-maid stroaks an empty Teat.

D A M E T A S.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

M E N A L C A S.

Sure these feel none of Love's devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, and yet they drain the Dams:
Ah me! what Sorcerers has bewitch'd my Lambs!

D A M E T A S.

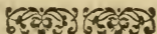
Tell me where Heaven is just three Inches broad,
And I'll believe thee Prophet, or a God.

M E N A L C A S.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising Flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* shall be yours.

P A L A E M O N.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk e-
nough.



The FOURTH ECLOGUE.

P O L L I O.

English'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth day of Salonius, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's Birth.

S*icilian* Muse begin a loftier strain! [Plain,
 Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade the
 Delight not all; if thither I repair,
 My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's Care.
 The last great Age foretold by sacred Rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd Course, *Saturnian* times
 Rowl round again, and mighty Years, begun
 From their first Orb in radiant Circles run.
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends;
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends;
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mother's Pains
 And haste the glorious Birth, thy own *Apollo* reigns!
 The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph Grace;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their ap-
 pointed Race. }
 The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty World no more.
 The Son shall lead the Life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.
 The jarring Nations he in Peace shall bind,
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring) }
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.

The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lions feed.

His Cradle shall with rising Flowers be crown'd ;
 The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred Ground
 Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.

But when Herbeck Verse his Youth shall raise,
 And form it to Hereditary Praise ;

Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.

The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,
 And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall
 creep.

Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The Merchant still shall plough the Deep for gain :
 Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round ;
 And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful Ground.

Another *Tiphys* shall new Seas explore,

Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore

Shall land the chosen Chiefs :

Another *Helen* other Wars create,

And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan* fate :

But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,

The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego ;

No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware ;

For every Soil shall every Product bear.

The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin, [Vine: }
 No Plow shall hurt the *Glete*, no Pruning-hook the }
 Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine.

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
 With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they his happy Web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in Years, to awful Honours move,
 O of Cœlestial Stem! O foster Son of *Jove*!
 See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
 See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air, [pear.
 And joyful Ages from behind, stand crowding to ap-
 To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my Breath prolong,
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bays:
 Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre.
 Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges shou'd their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about [out;
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother single
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and Tra-
 vel to requite.
 Then smile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless
 the Bed.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

DAPHNIS.

English'd by Mr. DUKE.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

M*Opsus*, since chance does us together bring,
 And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
 Why sit we not beneath this secret Shade,
 By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

M O P S U S.

Your Age commands Respect, and I obey,
 Whether you in this lonely Copse will stay,
 Where western Winds the bending Branches shake,
 And in their play the Shades uncertain make:
 Or whether to that silent Cave you go,
 The better choice! and see the wild Vines grow
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
 And in the Cave their purple Clusters shed!

M E N A L C A S.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

M O P S U S.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too?

M E N A L C A S.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful Flame
 Of dying *Phylis*, whether *Alcon's* Fame,
 Or *Codrus's* Brawls thy willing Muse provoke;
 Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

M O P S U S.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,
 That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
 And set to sweetest Notes; yes, I'll begin,
 And after that, bid you *Amyntas* sing.

M E N A L C A S.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,
 Yields to the beauteous Blushes of the Rose,
 Or bending Osiers to the Olive Tree;
 So much, I judge, *Amyntas* yields to thee.

M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Discourse, here put an end,
 This is the Cave, sit and my Verse attend.

When the sad Fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
 The pitying Nymphs dissolv'd in pious Tears.
 Witness, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries,
 Witness, you Floods, swoln with their weeping Eyes,
 The mournful Mother (on his Body cast)
 The sad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,

And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
 The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
 Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
 Nor thirsty Herds to the cold River drive;
 The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his
 And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed. [Head,
Daphnis, thy death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,
 And Hills and Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis *Armenian* Tygers fierceness broke,
 And brought 'em willing to the sacred Yoke:
Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain
 The Revels of his consecrated Train;
 The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
 And their long Spears with cluster'd Branches bound.
 As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
 As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;
 Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all
 That glory'd to be thine: Since thy sad Fall,
 No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,
 And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.
 Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,
 Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow;
 And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,
 The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn. [ground,
 Come Shepherds, strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd
 The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround;
Daphnis these Rites requires: to *Daphnis*' Praise
 Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,
Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis lie;
Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse,
 As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass;
 As freshest Springs that through green Meadows pass,
 To one that's parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.
 In thee thy Master does his Equal meet:
 Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
 Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
 Will raise; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?
 For neither can there be a subject higher,
 Nor, if the praise of *Stimichon* be true,
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

M E N A L C A S.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious Show, [go,
 Thro' Heav'n's bright Pavement does triumphant }
 And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt Stars }
 below :

Therefore new Joys make glad the Woods, the Plains,
Pan and the *Dryades*, and the chearful Swains.

The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay,
 No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray,
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and Nature }
 does obey. }

Hark! the glad Mountains raise to Heaven their
 Voice!

Hark! the hard Rocks in mystick tunes rejoyce!
 Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs resound,
 A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is crown'd!

O be propitious? O be good to thine!
 See! here four hallow'd Altars we design,
 To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,
 To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise:
 Sacred to thee they each returning year
 Two bowls of Milk and two of Oil shall bear:
 Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
 Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raise,
 Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,
 And give a taste of *Nectar* here below.

Dametas shall with *Libtian* *Ægon* join,
 To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine,

Alpheibæus with a reeling Gate,
 Shall the wild Satyrs dancing imitate.
 When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
 When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,
 These Honours ever shall be thine; the Boar
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more;
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,
 E'er, *Daphnis*, we forget our Songs to thee:
 Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year
 Shall, as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, bear.
 To thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are

M O P S U S. [not paid.

What Present worth thy Verse, can *Mopsus* find?
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern Wind
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
 Not sounding shores beat by the murm'ring tide,
 Nor Rivers that through stony Valleys glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take: And 'tis the same
 That play'd poor *Corydon's* unhappy Flame: *Ecl. 2.*
 The same that taught me *Melibæus's* Sheep. *Ecl. 3.*

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,
 Adorn'd with Brass, which I have oft deny'd
 To young *Antigenes* in his Beauty's pride:
 And who cou'd think he then in vain could sue?
 Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.



The SIXTH ECLOGUE.

S I L E N U S.

English'd by the Earl of Roscomon.

My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latin, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.

I First of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural Strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell among ¹ *Sicilian* Swains,
 When my ² *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
 And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phæbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuse,
 And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse.
 A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flock should feed,
 And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises, ³ *Varus*, and thy Wars)
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,
 And every Grove and every Eccho ring.
Phæbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
 And none who under that Protection came,
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame.

}
}

Proceed my Muse.

⁴ Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*, chanc'd to stray,
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silennus* lay,

Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boyl in each extended Vein;
 His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use;
 Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his instructive Song:
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Agle, the fairest 6 *Nais* of the Flood,
 With a 7 Vermilion Dye his Temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
 (She shall be satisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
 The knotty Oaks their listning branches bow'd,
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd; }

For lo! he sung the World's stupendious Birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
 And purer Fire, through universal Night
 And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
 From whence th' innumerable race of things,
 By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
 Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;
 How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
 While from above, 'adorn'd with radiant Light,
 A new-born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight;
 How Vapours turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
 And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty Ground supply;
 How the first Forrest rais'd its shady Head, [fed.
 Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown Mountains

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,
 And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire
 8 Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly Fire)

Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endless prey,
 Severely pays for animating Clay. [tell ?]
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
 Into whose Arms the lovely *9 Hylas* fell ;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with compassion told *Pasiphae's* fault, [thought ?
 Ah ! wretched Queen ! whence came that guilty
 The ¹⁰ Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
 And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat.

Ah ! wretched Queen ! while you on Mountains stray,
 He on soft Flow'rs his snowy side does lay ;
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love :
 Surround, my Nymphs, she cries, surround the Grove ;
 Perhaps some footsteps printed in the Clay,
 Will to my Love direct your wandering way ;
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I come,
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid ;
 And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,
 While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd ;
 All he describ'd was present to their Eyes,
 And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will
 Guide wandering ¹¹ *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill :
 (Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
 With deep respect the learned Senate rose,
 And ¹² *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)
 The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd :
 This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,
 To this, the Muses Gift, join thy harmonious Song ;
 Charm'd by these strings, Trees starting from the
 ground,
 Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.

Thus consecrated, thy ¹³ *Grynaan Grove*
Shall have no equal in *Apollo's Love*.

Why should I speak of the ¹⁴ *Megarian Maid*,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?
And ¹⁵ her, who round with barking Monsters arm'd,
The wandering *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
¹⁶ Whose only hope on shatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled Friends.

Or tell the *Toracian Tyrants* alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela's Rape*,
Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her

Whatever near ¹⁷ *Eurota's* happy Stream [own.
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's Theam*,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And send his Mystick numbers through the Sky,
'Till Night began to spread her gloomy Vail,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, [sign'd.
And to prevailing shades the murmuring World re-

P O S T S C R I P T.

- 1 **S**icilian-----*Virgil in his Eclogue, imitates Theocritus a Sicilian Poet.*
- 2 **T**halia-----*The name of the Rural Muse.*
- 3 **V**arus-----*A great Favourite of Augustus, the same that was kill'd in Germany, and lost the Roman Legions.*
- 4 **C**hromis and **M**nasyllus-----*Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds; any where (that I remember) but here.*

- 5 They bound-----Proteus, Pan, and Silenus would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
- 6 Nais-----The Latin word for a Water-Nymph.
- 7 Vermilion Dye-----The colour that Pan and Silenus lov'd best.
- 8 Rival'd the Sun-----Minerva delighted with the Art and Industry of Prometheus (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. Ovid. 2. M.
- 9 Hylas-----Favourite of Hercules, who was drown'd in a well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole him away: I use the word resounds (in the present Tense) because Strabo (who lived at the same time as Virgil) seems to intimate, that the Prusians continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud Cries.
- 10 The Maids of Argos-----Daughters of Praxis, King of Argus, who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to Juno's, who in revenge, struck them with such madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by Melampodes with Hellebore, and for that reason, black Heilbore is called Melampodion.
- 11 Gallus-----An excellent Poet and great Friend of Virgil, he was afterwards Prator of Ægypt, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same Gallus you read of in the last Eclogue: And Suidas says, that Virgil means him by Aristæus, in the divine Conclusion of his Georgicks.
- 12 Linus, Son of Apollo and Calliope.
- 13 The Grynæan Grove-----Consecrated to Apollo; by this he means some Poem writ upon that subject by Gallus.

- 14 The Megarian Maid-----Scylla, *Daughter of Nisus King of Megara, who falling in Love with Minos, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.*
- 15 Her who round-----*Another Scylla, Daughter of Phorcis, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by Circe; and she, in despair, flung her self into the Sea.*
- 16 Whose only Hope-----*Ulysses's Ships were not lost, though Scylla devoured several of his Men.*
- 17 Eurotas-----*A River in Greece whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; Apollo retired thither to lament the Death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.*

The SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

English'd by Mr. Adams.

This Eclogue is wholly Pastoral, and consists of the Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrsis and Corydon, to the hearing of which Melibœus was invited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.

M E L I B O E U S.

WHile *Daphnis* sat beneath a whisp'ring shade,
Thyrsis and *Corydon* together fed
 Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with softest Wooll
 Were cloath'd, his Goats of sweetest Milk were full.
 Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth,
 The worthy Pride of blest *Arcadia* both;
 Each with like Art, his tuneful Voice cou'd raise,
 Each answer readily in Rural Lays;
 Hither the father of my Flock had stray'd,
 While shelters I for my young Myrtles made;
 Here I fair *Daphnis* saw; when me he spy'd,
 Come hither quickly, gentle Youth! he cry'd.

Your Goat and Kids are safe, O seek not those,
 But if you've leisure, in this Shade repose:
 Hither to water, the full Heifers tend,
 When length'ning Shadows from the Hills descend,
Mincius with Reeds here interweaves his bounds,
 And from that sacred Oak a busie swarm resounds.
 What should I do? nor was *Alcippe* there,
 Nor *Phyllis*, who might of my Lambs take care; }
 Yet to my Business, I their Sports prefer.
 For the two Swains with great Ambition strove,
 Who best could tune his Reed, or best could sing
 his Love;

Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose; }
 In Verse alternate each quick fancy flows;
 These sang young *Corydon*, young *Thyrsis* those.

C O R Y D O N.

Ye much lov'd Muses! such a Verse bestow,
 As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow;
 Or if all can't obtain the Gift Divine,
 My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

T H Y R S I S.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
 Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spight be torn;
 Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
 Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

C O R Y D O N.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boar's Head,
 By little *Mycon's* on thy Altar laid:
 If this continue, *Delia*! thou shalt stand
 Of smoothest Marble by the skilful'st Hand.

T H Y R S I S.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus*, every year
 Expect, a little Garden is thy care:
 Thou'rt Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
 If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

C O R Y D O N.

O *Galatea*! sweet as *Hybla's* Thyme;
 White as, more white, than Swans are in their prime,

Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e'er thy *Corydon's* thy care,

T H Y R S I S.

O may I harsh as bitterest Herbs appear,
Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-weeds are,
If years seem longer than this tedious day;
Haste home my Glutton Herd, haste haste away.

C O R Y D O N.

Ye Mossie Springs! ye Pastures! softer far
Than thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

T H Y R S I S.

Here on my Hearth a constant flame does play,
And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their Banks, or Wolves do Number mind.

C O R Y D O N.

Look how the Trees rejoice in comely Pride,
While their ripe Fruit lies scatter'd on each side;
All Nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay,
From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away.

T H Y R S I S.

The dying Grass with sickly Air does fade,
No Field's unparcht, no Vines our Hills do shade;
But if my *Phyllis* come, all sprouts again,
And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly Rain.

C O R Y D O N.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phæbus* loves,
Fair *Venus* cherishes the Myrtle Groves,
Phyllis the Hazels loves, while *Phyllis* loves that Tree,
Myrtles and Laurels of less fame shall be.

T H Y R S I S.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods:
If oft thy Swain, fair *Lycidas*, thou see,
To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

M E L I B O E U S.

These I remember well

While vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,
 Thence *Corydon*, young *Corydon* does reign
 The best, the sweetest on our wondring Plain. }

The EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

English'd by Mr. Stafford.

SAD *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Muse
 I sing: to hear whose Notes the Herds refuse
 Their needful Food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,
 And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise. }
 I sing sad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Lays;
 And thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
 The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
 Smile on my Verse: is there in Fate an hour
 To swell my numbers with my Emperour?
 There is, and to the World there shall be known
 A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.
 Amidst the Laurels on thy Front Divine, }
 Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine:
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be thine.
 Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,
 And well pleas'd Herds yet roul'd upon the dew;
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
 And sung, Rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
 Rise, rise, while *Nisa's* falshood I deplore,
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and me, [mony.
 To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-
 On *Manalus* stand ever-ecchoing Groves,
 Still trusted with the harmleis Shepherds loves:
 Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and Verse agree,
 To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.

Mopsus is *Nisa's* choice; how just are Lovers fears?
Now Mares with Griffins join, and following years
Shall see the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.

O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, and fling
Thy Nuts, see modest *Hesper* quits the Sky.

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.

O happy Nymph, blest in a wondrous Choice,

For *Mopsus* you contemn'd my Verse and Voice:

For him my Beard was shaggy in your Eye;

For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. [mony. }

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

mony. When first I saw thee young and charming too,
'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.

My thirteenth year was downy on my Chin,
And hardly could my hands the lowest branches win;
How did I gaze? how did I gazing die?

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wast bred,
And *Thracian* Rocks thy Infant fury fed:

Hard soul'd, and not of human Progeny.

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children flew:
Was she more cruel, or more impious he?

An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she. }

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-
mony.

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose;
From Reeds and Thystles, Balm and Amber spring,
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to sing:
Let *Tityrus* in Woods with *Orpheus* vie,

And soft *Arion* on the Waves desie; [mony. }

To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

mony. Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods:

From yon high Cliff, I'll plunge into the Floods.

O *Nisa* take this dismal Legacy,

Now cease my Pipes and Muse, cease all your harmony.

Thus he. *Alphesibæus* Song rehearse,
 Ye sacred Nine, above my Rural Verse.
 Bring Water, Altars bind with mystick Bands,
 Burn Gums and Vervain, and lift high the Wands;
 We'll mutter sacred Magick till it warms
 My icy Swain; 'tis Verse we want; my charms, }
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

By charms compell'd the trembling Moon descends,
 And *Circe* chang'd, by charms, *Ulysses'* Friends;
 By Charms the Serpent burst: ye pow'rful Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
 Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.
 Unequal numbers please the Gods: My Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Three knots of treble colour'd Silk we tye;
 Haste *Amaryllis*, knit 'em instantly:
 And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains; my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Just as before this Fire the Wax and Clay }
 One melts, one hardens, let him waste away. }
 Strew Corn and Salt, and burn those leaves of Bay.
 I burn these Leaves, but he burns me: my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage as when the bellowing Kind,
 Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find
 Their Mates; when tir'd, their trembling Limbs
 they lay

Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day:
 Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swain's,
 Which to the Earth I cast: Ah dear remains!
 Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph: My Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Mæris himself these Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poison sought;
 Aided by these, he now a Wolf becomes,
 Now draws the buried stalking from their Tombs.

The Corn from Field to Field transports : My Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Cast o'er your Head the Ashes in the Brook,
Cast backward o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
I strive, but Gods and Art he flights : My Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold new Flames from the dead Alhes rise, }
Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies, }
For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our Eyes? }
Or do we Lovers dream ? cease, cease, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my Arms.

The same E C L O G U E.

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherds envy, and the Fields delight :
Whom as they strove, the list'ning Heifers stood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food ;
They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves, and led
The wandring Rivers from their wonted Bed.

I Damon and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherds Envy, and the Fields delight.
And you great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with Victorious Troops pass o'er
Timavus Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore ;
Shall I, beginning with these Rural Lays, }
Ever my Muse to such Perfection raise, }
As without rashness to attempt your Praise,
And thro' the subject World your Deeds rehearse ?
Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse !
My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring ;
You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.

Mean while among your Laurel wreaths allow
This Ivy branch to shade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun dispell'd the shades of Night,
Whilst dewy browz the Cattel does invite ;
When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan,
The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thou drowsie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day ;
Whilst I by *Nisa* baffled and betray'd,
Dying, to Heaven accuse the perjur'd Maid.
But Prayers are all lost Breath ; the Powers above
Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
'Tis a most blessed Place, that *Arcady* !
And Shepherds biefs'd, who in those Coverts lie !
Musick and Love is all their Business there,
Pan doth himself part in those Consorts bear :
The Vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Mopsus does *Nisa* a cheap Conquest gain,
Presented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain.
What hour secure, what respite to his Mind
In this false World can a poor Lover find ?
Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles wooe,
And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs pursue :
These may indeed subject of wonder prove,
But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.

Mopsus buy Torches : *Hymen* you must join ;
Bespeak our *Bride-Cake*, *Hesperus* all is thine.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
A worthy Match, and just reward of Pride !
Whilst you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride !
Too long my Beard, nor smooth enough my Face :
And with my Person, you my Flocks disgrace.

There are revenging Gods, proud Nymphs, there are,
And injur'd Love is Heav'n's peculiar care.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought,
Your Mother you into our Garden brought,
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges fought;
The fairest Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away, [astray.
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute led

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know you, for my self, too late:
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.

Trust not this flattering Voice, or smiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *British* Race,
She-Wolves gave suck to the *pernicious* Boy,
The *Shepherds* he, they do the *Flocks* destroy.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mischief is all his sport; at his Commands,
In her Son's Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands;
A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that cruelty she learn'd of you.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
Now into all extravagance will run:
The *Tamarisk* bright *Amber* shall distil,
And the coarse *Elder* bear soft *Daffadil*.
Shortly the *Screech-Owl*, with her boading Throat,
The *Swans* shall *Rival* in their dying Note,
S----- and *O-----* the *Bays* shall claim,
And equal *Dr-----* and *Ros-----*'s Fame.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the Work sink with me ! farewell ye Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and Conscious of my Loves :
 Down from the Precipice my self I'll cast,
 Accept this present *Nisa*---'tis my last.

-Then cease, my Flute, for ever cease, thy strains,
 Bid a sad silence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

The NINTH ECLOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*When Virgil by the favour of Augustus had recover'd
 his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to
 take possession, he was in danger to be slain by
 Arius the Centurion, to whom these Lands were
 assign'd by the Emperour in Reward of his Service
 against Brutus and Cassius. This Eclogue there-
 fore is fill'd with Complaints of his hard Usage;
 and the Persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of
 Virgil, and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO, *Moeris* ! whither on thy way so fast ?
 This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
 (Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
 When the grim Captain in a surly tone
 Cries out, Pack up ye Rascals and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,
 And these two Kids, t' appease his angry Mood }
 I bear, of which the Devil give him good. }

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas fav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed; but Songs and Rhimes
Prevail as much, in these hard iron Times,
As would a plume of trembling Fowl, that rise
Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,
To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
And *Moeris* not surviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the sacred Muses to assail?
Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse!
Or *Amaryllis* praise that Heavenly Lay,
That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way;
O *Tityrus*, tend my Herd and see them fed,
To Morning Pastures, Evening Waters led:
And 'ware the *Libyan* Ridgil's butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
Obnoxious by *Cremona's* neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend;
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:

At least the Shepherds seem to like my Lays,
 But I discern their flattery from their praise :
 I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire ; [Quire.
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like

M O E R I S.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind :
 Nor are they Verses of a vulgar kind.
 Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake,
 What pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse
 murmurs make ?

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring ;
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick dirty sing ;
 See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the
 Ground, }
 The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd,
 And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around ; }
 Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the Shore.

L Y C I D A S.

Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight ;
 The same you sung alone one starry Night ;
 The tune I still retain, but not the words.

M O E R I S.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,
 To know the seasons when the Stars arise ?
 See *Cesar's* Lamp is lighted in the Skies :
 The Star, whose Rays the blushing Grapes adorn,
 And swell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
 Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot ;
 Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the Fruit.
 The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time
 Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhime :
 I cou'd have once sung down a Summer's Sun,
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
 My Voice grows hoarse ; I feel the Notes decay,
 As if the Wolves had seen me first to day.
 But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more;
 And now the Waves roul silent to the shore.
 Hush! Winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
 As if the tuneful Song they did attend:
 Already we have half our way o'ercome;
 Far off I can discern *Bianor's* Tomb;
 Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a Bow'r
 Of wreathing Trees, in singing waste an hour.
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've day before us, yet to reach the Town:
 Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating storm to bear.
 And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
 Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

M O E R I S.

Cease to entreat me, let us mind our way;
 Another Song requires another day.
 When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoice,
 And find a friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

The TENTH ECLOGUE.

G A L L U S.

English'd by Mr. Stafford.

S*icilian* Nymph, assist my mournful strains;
 The last I sing in Rural Notes to Swains:
 Grant then a Verse so tender and so true,
 As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
 Who can deny a Verse to Grief and *Gallus* due?
 So, when thy waters pass beneath the Tide,
 Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
 Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapless Vows;
 While, on the tender Twigs the Cattel browz:
 Nothing is deaf; Woods listen while we sing,
 And echoing Groves resound, and Mountains ring.

Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
 When to unpity'd flames he was betray'd?
 Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
 Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay:
 The Bays, whose Honours he so long had kept,
 The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
 When stretch'd beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,
 The Mountain Pines and *Manalus* did groan,
 And cold *Lycæus* wept from every stone. }
 His Flock surrounded him: nor think thy fame
 Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
 E'er thou and I our Sheep to Pastures led,
 His Flocks the Goddesses-lov'd *Adonis* fed.
 The Shepherds came; the sluggish Neat-herd Swains,
 And Swine-herds reeking from their Mast and Grains.
 All ask'd from whence this frenzy? *Phæbus* came
 To see his Poet, *Phæbus* ask'd the same:
 And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
 Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare [of War? }
 The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms
Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
 A wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.
Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too, }
 His Skin all dy'd of a vermilion hue:
 He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue?
 Nor satisfy'd with Dew the Grass appears,
 With browz the Kids, nor cruel Love with Tears.
 When thus (and sorrow melted in his Eyes)
Gallus to his *Arcadian* Friends replies:
 Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,
 (For you *Arcadian* Swains should sing alone:)
 How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,
 If you adorn'd my Love, and mourn'd my Grave?
 O that your Birth and Business had been mine,
 To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine!
 Had *Phyllis*, or had *Galatea* been
 My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,

(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?)

Secure in that unenvied state, among
The Poplars, I my careless Limbs had flung;
Fhyllis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* sung.
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country yields,
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the laugh-
ing Fields.

Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see,
Where I could melt away my years with thee.

But furious Love denies me soft repose,
And hurls me on the pointed Spears of Foes.
While thou (but ah! that I should find it so,)
Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, dost go
Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.

Yet, flying me, no hardship may'st thou meet;
Nor Snow nor Ice offend those tender Feet.

But let me run to Desarts, and rehearse

On my *Sicilian* Reeds *Euphorion's* Verse;
Ev'n in the Dens of Monsters let me lie,
Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.

On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe;
And as the rinds encrease, the Love shall grow.

Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Manalus* resort,
I'll make the Boar my danger and my sport.

When, from the Vales the jolly cry resounds,
What rain or cold shall keep me from my Hounds?

Methinks my Ears the sprightly Consort fills;
I seem to bound thro' Woods and mount o'er Hills.

My Arm of a *Cydonian* Jav'lin seiz'd,
As if by this my madness cou'd be eas'd;

Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd:
My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verse
I hate,

And Woods; for ah, what toil can stubborn Love
Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go, [abate!
And shiver in the cold *Sithonian* Snow,

Or to the swarthy *Ethiops* Clime remove,
 Parch'd all below, and burning all above,
 Ev'n there wou'd Love o'er-come; then, let us
 yield to Love. }

Let this sad Lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,
 While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd:
 My Rural Numbers, in their homely guise,
Gallus, because they came from me, will prize:
Gallus, whose growing Love my Breast does rend,
 As shooting Trees the bursting Bark distend.
 Now rise, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
 And *Juniper* is an unwholsome shade: [Mildew fade. }
 Blasts kill the Corn by Night, and Flow'rs with
 Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar; away
 My Kids, for you have had a feast to day.

The LAST ECLOGUE.

Translated, or rather Imitated in the
 Year 1666.

By Sir William Temple, Bar.

ONE labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield,
 Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
 Some Verses to my *Gallus* e're we part,
 Such as may one day break *Lycoris* Heart,
 As she did his; who can refuse a Song,
 To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!
 So mayst thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,
 When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.
 Begin, and sing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
 Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires
 Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
 An answer comes from every trembling Leaf.
 What Woods, what Forests had intic'd your stay?
 Ye *Naiades*, why came ye not away!

When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnassus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
 To stop your Course; nor could your hasty flight
 Be stay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
 Him the fresh Laurels, him the lowly Heath
 Bewail'd with dewy Tears; his parting Breath
 Made lofty *Manalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycaean Marbles wept when he was dead.
 Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,
 His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
 As he on Love; such kind and gentle Sheep,
 Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.
 There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
 Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Frosts and Winds.
 All ask him whence, for whom this fatal Love?
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
 Why *Gallus*! why so fond? he says; thy flame,
 Thy care, *Lycoris*, is another's game;
 For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues
 Thorough the mid-day Heats and morning Dews;
 Over the snowy Cliffs and frozen Streams,
 Through noisie Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy Dreams.
 She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
 Hanging his mournful Head, *Phœbus* in vain
 Offers his Herbs, employs his Counsel here;
 'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a Tear.
 What shakes the Branches! what makes all the Trees
 Begin to bow their Heads, the Goats their Knees?
 Oh! 'tis *Sylvanus*, with his mossie Beard
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
 Of Wood-born Satyrs; see! he shakes his Spear,
 A green young Oak, the tallest of the year.
Pan, the *Arcadian* God, forsook the Plains,
 Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.
 We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
 Painted with Berries-juice; we saw him stand
 And gaze upon his Shepherd's bathing Eyes;
 And what! no end, no end of Grief, he cries!

Love little minds all thy consuming care,
 Or restless Thoughts, they are his daily fare.
 Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs,
 Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
 Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
 And touch'd the Shepherd with his Hazle Rod :
 He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
 But yet *Arcadians* is my Grief allay'd,
 To think that in these Woods, and Hills, and Plains,
 When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
 Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd
 By *Phæbus* ; Oh ! how gently shall these tir'd
 And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,
 While your sweet Notes my Love immortal keep !
 Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
 Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
 Or wield a hook, or prune a branching Vine,
 And known no other Love, but, *Phyllis*, thine ;
 Or thine, *Amyntas* ; what though both are brown,
 So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down ;
 Amongst the Vines, the Willows and the Springs,
Phyllis makes Garlands, and *Amyntas* sings.
 No cruel Absence calls my Love away,
 Farther than bleating Sheep can go astray :
 Here my *Lycoris*, here are shady Groves,
 Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our Loves
 And Lives may here together wear, and end :
 O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend !
 I now am hurried by severe Commands
 Into remotest Parts, among the Bands
 Of armed Troops ; there by my Foes pursu'd,
 Here by my Friends ; but still my Love subdu'd.
 Thou far from home, and me, art wand'ring o'er
 The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,
 The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet ?
 Ah, gently, gently, least thy tender Feet
 Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely Arms ;
 The Northern cold relents not at their Charms :

Away I'll go into some shady Bowers,
 And sing the Songs I made in happier hours,
 And charm my woes. How can I better chuse,
 Than amongst wildest Woods my self to lose,
 And carve our Loves upon the tender Tree;
 There they will thrive. See how my Loves agree
 With the young Plants: look how they grow together,
 In spite of absence, and in spite of Weather.
 Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er
 Yon woody Hill; I'll chase the grizly Boar,
 I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs resort;
 No Frosts, no Storms, shall slack my eager Sport.
 Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
 And hollow sounding Woods: look how my Locks
 Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my Shafts are
 My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done. [gone,
 Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;
 Nor can our toils that angry God appease.
 Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me more,
 Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
 No sport, no labour, can divert my Grief:
 Without *Lycoris* there is no relief.
 Though I should drink up *Heber's* Icy streams,
 Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery Beams
 Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
 Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

The End of the FIRST PART.



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