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Mr. Abraham Cowley
Nat. 1618. Ob. 1667.

J. de Witt

T H E
W O R K S
O F

Mr. *Abraham Cowley*:

In Two VOLUMES.

Consisting of those
Which were formerly Printed;

And those which

He Design'd for the Press,

Publish'd out of the Author's

ORIGINAL COPIES.

W I T H T H E

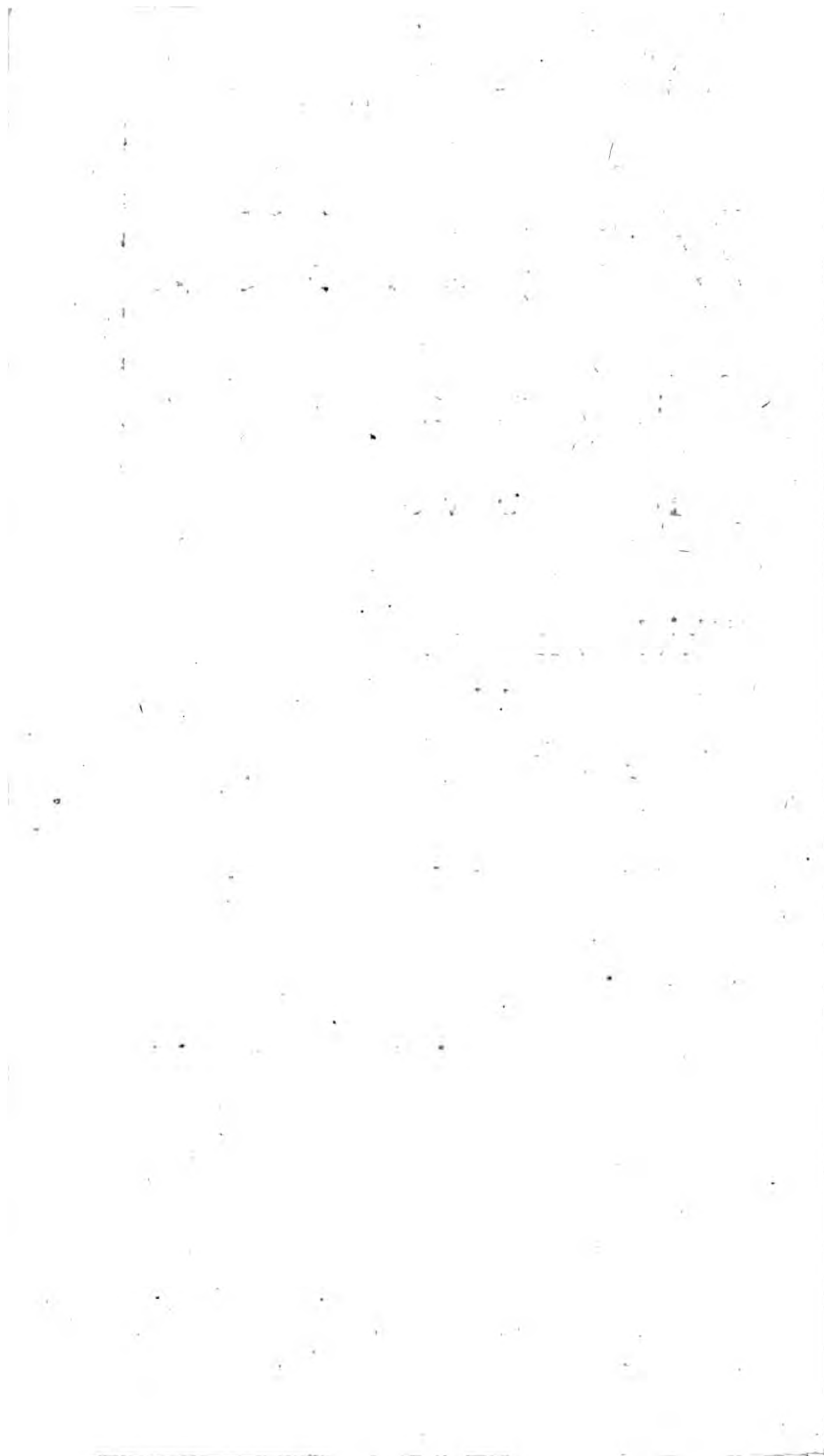
CUTTER of *Coleman-Street.*

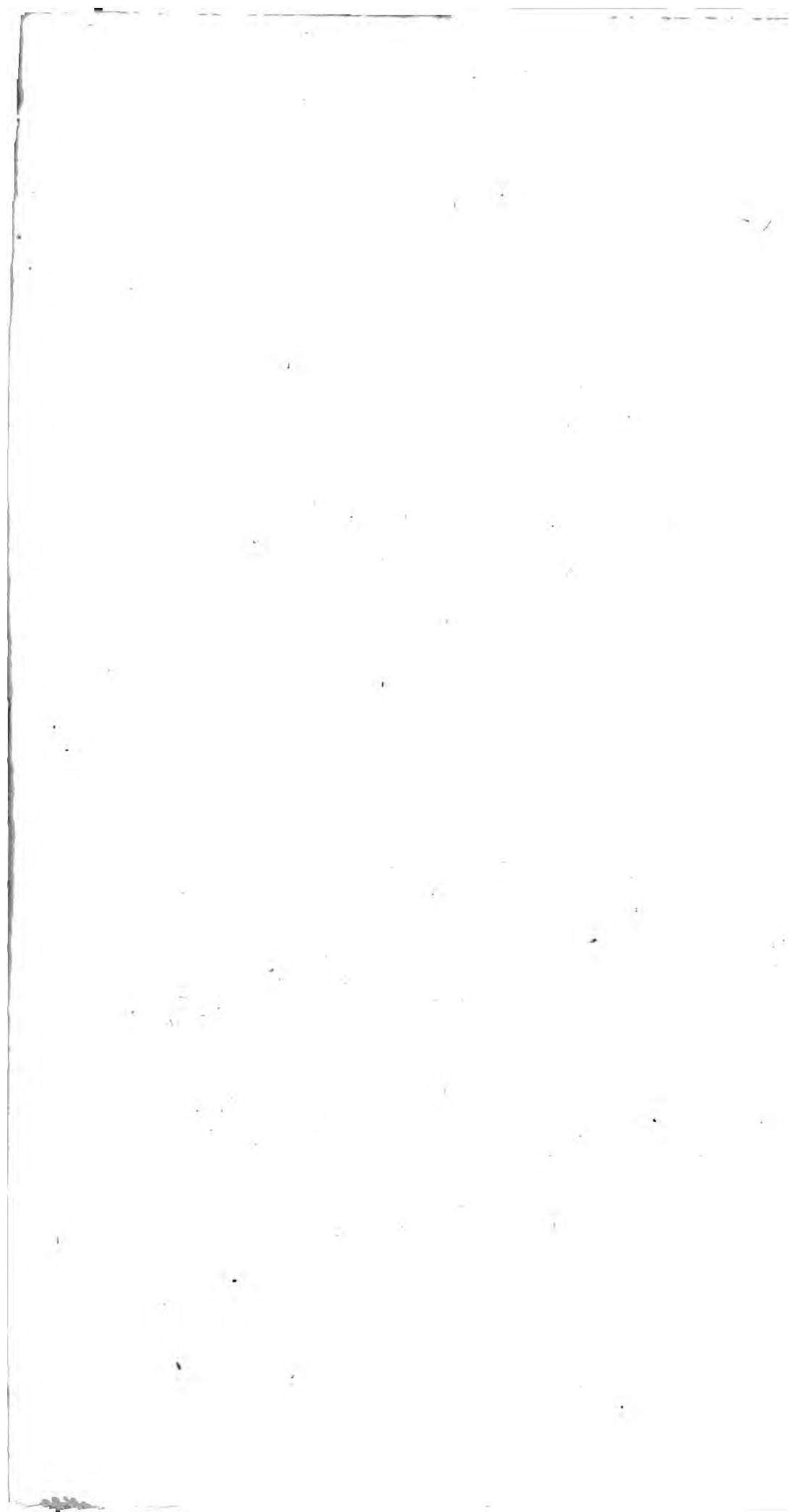
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ADORN'D WITH CUTS.

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M. V. Gucht Sculp.

M^r. Martin Clifford .

page 1. in the 1st



An Account of the

L I F E

A N D

W R I T I N G S

O F

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Written to

Mr. M. CLIFFORD.

S I R,



*M*R. *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my Care the Revising of all his Works that were formerly Printed, and the Collecting of those Papers which he had design'd for the Press. And he did it with this particular Ob-

VOL. I.

A 2

ligation,

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ligation, *That I should be sure to let nothing pass, that might seem the least Offence to Religion or good Manners.* A Caution which you will judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly, in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can scarce any Author be found, that has handled so many different Matters in such various sorts of Style, who less wants the Correction of his Friends, or has less reason to fear the Severity of Strangers.

According to his Desire and his own Intention, I have now set forth his *Latin* and *English* Writings, each in a Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Closet, which he had brought to any manner of Perfection. I have thus, Sir, perform'd the Will of the Dead. But I doubt I shall not satisfy the Expectation of the Living, unless some Account be here premis'd concerning this excellent Man. I know very well, that he has given the World the best Image of his own Mind in these Immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is still room enough left, for one of his familiar Acquaintance to say many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his Life, that may serve for the Information of his Readers, if not for the
Encrease

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Increase of his Fame; which without any such Helps, is already sufficiently establish'd.

This, Sir, were an Argument most proper for you to manage, in respect of your great Abilities, and the long Friendship you maintain'd with him. But you have an obstinate Aversion from publishing any of your Writings. I guess what Pretence you have for it, and that you are confirm'd in this Resolution by the prodigious Multitude and Imperfections of us Writers of this Age. I will not now dispute, whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our Reformation by your Example, than Reproofs. But however, seeing you persist in your purpose, and have refus'd to adorn even this very Subject, which you love so well; I beg your Assistance while I myself undertake it. This I do with the greater Willingness, because I believe there is no Man, who speaks of *Mr. Cowley*, that can want either Matter, or Words. I only therefore intreat you to give me leave to make you a Party in this Relation, by using your Name and your Testimony. For by this means, though the Memory of our Friend shall not be delivered to Posterity with the Advantage of your Wit, which were most to be desir'd;

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yet his Praise will be strengthen'd by the Consent of your Judgment, and the Authority of your Approbation.

Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London* in the Year one thousand six hundred and eighteen. His Parents were Citizens of a virtuous Life and sufficient Estate; and so the Condition of his Fortune was equal to the Temper of his Mind, which was always content with moderate things. The first Years of his Youth were spent in *Westminster* School, where he soon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. The Occasion of his first Inclination to Poetry, was his casual lighting on *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, when he was but just able to read. That indeed is a Poem fitter for the Examination of Men, than the Consideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whose Strength was not to be judg'd by the Number of his Years.

In the thirteenth Year of his Age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the Vigour and Force of a manly Wit. The first beginning of his Studies, was a Familiarity with the most solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digest-
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ed not only in his Memory, but his Judgment. By this Advantage he learn'd nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forsake, when he came to be a Man. His Mind was rightly season'd at first, and he had nothing to do, but still to proceed on the same Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this Defect in his Memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary Rules of Grammar. However he supply'd that want, by conversing with the Books themselves, from whence those Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this Benefit by it, that having got the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages, as he had done his own, not by Precept but Use, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With these extraordinary Hopes he was remov'd to *Trinity* College in *Cambridge*, where by the Progress and Continuance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were join'd in it, which seldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and lasting. This brought him into the Love and Esteem of the most eminent Members of that famous Society, and principally of

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your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*, whose Favours he since abundantly acknowledg'd, when his Benefactor had quite forgot the Obligation. His Exercises of all kinds, are still remember'd in that University with great Applause, and with this particular Praise, that they were not only fit for the Obscurity of an Academical Life, but have been shown on the true Theatre of the World. There it was that before the twentieth Year of his Age, he laid the Design of divers of his most Masculine Works, that he finish'd long after. In which I know not whether I should most commend, that a Mind so young should conceive such great things, or that it should be able to perfect them with such Felicity.

The first Occasion of his ent'ring into Business, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Hervey's* Death: Wherein he describ'd the highest Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendship, in an Age when most other Men scarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the Acquaintance of Mr. *John Hervey*, the Brother of his deceas'd Friend, from whom he receiv'd many Offices of Kindness through the whole Course of his Life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the Service of my Lord *St. Albans*.

When

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When the Civil War broke out, his Affection to the King's Cause drew him to *Oxford*, as soon as it began to be the chief Seat of the Royal Party. In that University he prosecuted the same Studies with a like Success. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his Duty in the War it self, for he was present and in Service in several of the King's Journies and Expeditions. By these Occasions, and the Report of his high Deserts, he speedily grew familiar to the chief Men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, tho' he was then very young, he had the entire Friendship of my Lord *Falkland*, one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That Affection was contracted by the Agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the Profoundness of his Knowledge, which was applauded by all the World, but more especially for those Qualities which he himself more regarded, for his Generosity of Mind, and his Neglect of the vain Pomp of Human Greatness.

During the Heat of the Civil War, he was settled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended

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attended her Majesty the Queen-Mother, when by the unjust Persecution of her own Subjects, she was forc'd to retire into *France*. Upon this wandring Condition of the most vigorous Part of his Life, he was wont to reflect, as the Cause of the long Interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no Reason to think that he lost so great a Space of Time, if we consider in what Business he employ'd his Banishment. He was absent from his Native Country above twelve Years; which were wholly spent either in bearing a Share in the Distresses of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpose he perform'd several dangerous Journeys into *Fersey, Scotland, Flanders, Holland*, or where-ever else the King's Troubles requir'd his Attendance. But the chief Testimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious Service he underwent in maintaining the constant Correspondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Trust he behav'd himself with indefatigable Integrity, and unsuspected Secrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own Hand, the greatest part of all the Letters that pass'd between their Majesties, and manag'd a vast Intelligence in many other Parts; which for some Years together

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gether took up all his Days, and two or three Nights every Week.

At length upon his present Majesty's Removal out of *France*, and the Queen-Mother's staying behind, the Business of that nature pass'd of course into other Hands. Then it was thought fit by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into *England*, and under pretence of Privacy and Retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the Posture of things in this Nation. Upon his Return he found his Country groaning under the Oppression of an unjust Usurpation. And he soon felt the Effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was seiz'd on by a Mistake, the Search having been intended after another Gentleman, of considerable Note in the King's Party. Being made a Prisoner, he was often examin'd before the Usurpers, who try'd all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their Ends. That Course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe Restraint; and scarce at last obtain'd his Liberty upon the hard Terms of a thousand Pound Bail, which Burden *Dr. Scarborough* very honourably took upon himself. Under these Bonds he continu'd 'till the general Redemption. Yet taking
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the Opportunity of the Confusions that follow'd upon *Cromwell's* Death, he ventur'd back into *France*, and there remain'd in the same Station as before, 'till near the time of the King's Return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justify his Loyalty to all the World; tho' some have endeavour'd to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few Lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I must not pass by in Silence, because it was the only Part of his Life that was liable to Misinterpretation, even by the Confession of those that envy'd his Fame. In this case perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to Men of moderate Minds, that what he there said was publish'd before a Book of Poetry, and so ought rather to be esteem'd as a Probleme of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his Defence in this matter may be laid on a surer Foundation. This is the true Reason that is to be given of his delivering that Opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the Royal Party very desperate. He perceiv'd the Strength of their Enemies so united, that 'till it should begin to break within it self, all Endeavours against it were like
to

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to prove unsuccessful. On the other side he beheld their Zeal for his Majesty's Cause to be still so active, that it often hurry'd them into inevitable Ruin. He saw this with much Grief. And tho' he approv'd their Constancy, as much as any Man living, yet he found their unseasonable shewing it, did only disable themselves, and give their Adversaries great Advantages of Riches and Strength by their Defeats. He therefore believ'd that it would be a meritorious Service to the King, if any Man who was known to have follow'd his Interest, could insinuate into the Usurpers Minds, that Men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could persuade the poor oppress'd Royalists to conceal their Affections for better Occasions. And as for his own Particular, he was a close Prisoner when he writ that against which the Exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the Ends for which he came hither, if he did not make some kind of Declaration of his peaceable Intentions. This was then his Opinion. And the Success of things seems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greatest Helps to the King's Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many
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of his best Friends dissembled their Counsels, and acted the same Designs, under the Disguises and Names of other Parties.

This, Sir, you can testify to have been the innocent Occasion of these Words, on which so much Clamour was rais'd. Yet seeing his good Intentions were so ill interpreted, he told me, the last time that ever I saw him, that he would have them omitted in the next Impression, of which his Friend Mr. *Cook* is a Witness. However, if we should take them in the worst Sense, of which they are capable; yet methinks for his maintaining one false Tenent in the Political Philosophy, he made a sufficient Atonement by a continual Service of twenty Years, by the perpetual Loyalty of his Discourse, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cause. And to speak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that Life must needs be very unblamable, which had been try'd in Business of the highest Consequence, and practis'd in the hazardous Secrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing disgraceful be produc'd against it, but only the Error of one Paragraph, and a single Metaphor.

But

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But to return to my Narration, which this Digression has interrupted: Upon the King's happy Restoration, *Mr. Cowley* was past the fortieth Year of his Age; of which the greatest Part had been spent in a various and tempestuous Condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his Life to his Curiosity and Experience. He had enjoy'd many excellent Occasions of Observation. He had been present in many great Revolutions, which in that tumultuous Time disturb'd the Peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the Splendor of the highest Part of Mankind. He had liv'd in the Presence of Princes, and familiarly convers'd with Greatness in all its Degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright: For to scorn the Pomp of the World before a Man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

He was now weary of the Vexations and Formalities of an active Condition. He had been perplex'd with a long Compliance to Foreign Manners. He was fatiated with the Arts of Court; which sort of Life, tho' his Virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the
Reasons

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Reasons that mov'd him to forego all publick Employments, and to follow the violent Inclination of his own Mind, which in the greatest Throng of his former Business, had still call'd upon him, and represented to him the true Delights of solitary Studies, of temperate Pleasures, and of a moderate Revenue, *below the Malice and Flatteries of Fortune.

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a Retirement, by reason of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adher'd, which had put him quite out of all the Roads of Gain. Yet, notwithstanding the Narrowness of his Income, he remain'd fix'd to his Resolution, upon his Confidence in the Temper of his own Mind, which he knew had contracted its Desires into so small a Compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But upon the Settlement of the Peace of our Nation, this Hinderance of his Design was soon remov'd; for he then obtain'd a plentiful Estate, by the Favour of my Lord St. *Albans*, and the Bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*; to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected as his principal Patrons. The last of which

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to mention, not only for *Mr. Cowley's* sake, but my own: Tho' I cannot do it, without being ashamed, that having the same Encourager of my Studies, I should deserve his Patronage so much less.

Thus he was sufficiently furnish'd for his Retreat. And immediately he gave over all Pursuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous Thoughts had remain'd in his Mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfy'd. In his last seven or eight Years he was conceal'd in his beloved Obscurity, and possess'd that Solitude, which from his very Childhood he had always most passionately desir'd. Tho' he had frequent Invitations to return into Business, yet he never gave Ear to any Persuasions of Profit or Preferment. His Visits to the City and Court were very few; his Stays in Town were only as a Passenger, not an Inhabitant. The Places that he chose for the Seats of his declining Life, were two or three Villages on the Bank of the *Thames*. During this Recess his Mind was rather exercis'd on what was to come, than what was pass'd; he suffer'd no more Business, nor Cares of Life to come near him, than what were enough to keep his Soul awake, but not to disturb it.

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Some few Friends and Books, a chearful Heart, and innocent Conscience, were his constant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himself: He only dedicated it to the Service of his Maker, to describe the great Images of Religion and Virtue where-with his Mind abounded. And he employ'd his Musick to no other Use, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by singing the Praises of God and of Nature, to drive the evil Spirit out of Mens Minds.

Of his Works that are Publish'd, it is hard to give one general Character, because of the Difference of their Subjects; and the various Forms and distant Times of their Writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the several Shapes of his Style, there is still very much of the Likeness and Impression of the same Mind; the same unaffected Modesty, and natural Freedom, and easie Vigour, and chearful Passions, and innocent Mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike Conditions, in the University and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent Skill what was good in both States. In his Life he join'd the In-

nocence

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nocence and Sincerity of the Scholar, with the Humanity and good Behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulness of the other.

If any shall think that he was not wonderfully curious, in the Choice and Elegance of all his Words: I will affirm with more Truth on the other side, that he had no manner of Affectation in them; he took them as he found them made to his Hands; he neither went before, nor came after the Use of the Age. He forsook the Conversation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He understood exceeding well all the Variety and Power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all sorts with great Happiness. If his Verses in some Places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his Choice, not his Fault. He knew that in diverting Mens Minds, there should be the same Variety observ'd as in the Prospects of their Eyes; where a Rock, a Precipice, or a rising Wave, is often more delightful than a smooth, even Ground, or a calm Sea. Where the Matter requir'd it, he was as gentle as any Man; but where higher Virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact Numerosity was not then

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his main Care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his Pieces with Roughness, and with more Contractions than they are willing to allow. But these Admirers of Gentleness without Sinews, should know that different Arguments must have different Colours of Speech; that there is a kind of Variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: That as the peculiar Excellence of the Feminine kind, is Smoothness and Beauty; so Strength is the chief Praise of the Masculine.

He had a perfect Mastery in both the Languages in which he writ: But each of them kept a just Distance from the other; neither did his *Latin* make his *English* too old, nor his *English* make his *Latin* too modern. He excell'd both in Prose and Verse; and both together have that Perfection, which is commended by some of the Ancients above all others, that they are very obvious to the Conception, but most difficult in the Imitation.

His Fancy flow'd with great Speed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his Judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of Breath. He perfectly practises the hardest Secret of good Writing, to know when he
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has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his Power, to have said much more. In the particular Expressions there is still much to be applauded, but more in the Disposition and Order of the whole. From thence there springs a new Comeliness, besides the Feature of each Part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be desir'd. But it seems all to arise out of the Nature of the Subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his Pains admirably well.

The Variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is so large, that there is scarce any Particular of all the Passions of Men, or Works of Nature, and Providence, which he has pass'd by undescrib'd. Yet he still observes the Rules of Decency with so much Care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the softer Affections, or delights him with inoffensive Raillery, or teaches the familiar Manners of Life, or adorns the Discoveries of Philosophy, or inspires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all these Matters that are so wide asunder, he still proportions a due Figure of Speech, and a proper Measure of Wit. This indeed is most
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remarkable, that a Man who was so constant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his Mind, should yet be so changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the highest Degree of Excellence.

If there needed any Excuse to be made, that his Love-Verses should take up so great a Share in his Works, it may be alledg'd that they were compos'd, when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that sort of Writings. If Devout or Virtuous Men will superciliously forbid the Minds of the Young, to adorn those Subjects about which they are most Conversant; they would put them out of all Capacity of performing graver Matters, when they come to them. For the Exercises of all Mens Wits, must be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and use in lighter Arguments, they grow up at last to excel in the most weighty. I am not therefore asham'd to commend Mr. *Cowley's* Mistress. I only except one, or two Expressions, which I wish I could have prevail'd with those that had the Right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet so much was written on a Subject so Delicate, that can less offend

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offend the severest Rules of Morality. The whole Passion of Love is inimitably describ'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes, and Joys, and Disquiets. Besides this amorous Tenderness, I know not how in every Copy, there is something of more useful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully insinuated, and every where there may be something found, to inform the Minds of wise Men, as well as to move the Hearts of young Men, or Women.

The Occasion of his falling on the Pindaric way of Writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindar's Works*, in a Place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then consider'd at leisure the Height of his Invention, and the Majesty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *English*. And he perform'd it without the Danger that *Horace* presag'd to the Man who should dare to attempt it.

If any are displeas'd at the Boldness of his Metaphors, and Length of his Digressions, they contend not against Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himself; who was so much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the Place of his Birth was preserv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice destroy'd by the Fury of two Conquerors. If the Irregularity of the Number disgust them,

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them, they may observe that this very thing makes that kind of Poësie fit for all manner of Subjects: For the Pleasant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philosophical, the Moral, the Divine. Besides this they will find, that the frequent Alteration of the Rhime and Feet, affects the Mind with a more various Delight, while it is soon apt to be tir'd by the settled Pace of any one constant Measure. But that for which I think this Inequality of Number is chiefly to be preferr'd, is its near Affinity with Prose: From which all other kinds of *English* Verse are so far distant, that it is very seldom found that the same Man excells in both ways. But now this loose, and unconfin'd Measure has all the Grace, and Harmony of the most confin'd. And withal, it is so large and free, that the Practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Prose; which is certainly the most useful kind of Writing of all others; for it is the Style of all Business and Conversation.

Besides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new sort of Writing, than a restoring of an Ancient; he has also been wonderful happy, in Translating many difficult Parts of the Noblest Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the
Dignity

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Dignity of the Attempt, he had, as it was necessary he should have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true Spirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard of in *England*, before this present Age. I will not presume to say, that *Mr. Cowley* was the absolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it first in Print. Yet I appeal to you, Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and discourse of it, and practise it as soon as any Man.

His *Davideis* was wholly written in so young an Age; that if we shall reflect on the vastness of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliath*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finish'd the greatest Part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the Reason, that in some few Places, there is more Youthfulness, and redundance of Fancy, than his riper Judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to use this liberty of Censure; for I do not here pretend to a profess'd Panegy-

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Panegyrick, but rather to give a just Opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better Instance and Beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet saw in any Language. The Contrivance is perfectly Ancient, which is certainly the true Form of Heroic Poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The Subject was truly Divine, even according to God's own Heart. The Matter of his Invention, all the Treasures of Knowledge and Histories in the Bible. The Model of it comprehended all the Learning of the East. The Characters lofty and various: The Numbers firm and powerful: The Digressions beautiful and proportionable: The Design to submit mortal Wit to heavenly Truths: In all there is an admirable mixture of Human Virtues and Passions, with religious Raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other Matters, his Wit excell'd most other Mens: But in his Moral and Divine Works it out did it self. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cause, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly represented the Humours and Affections of others; but in these he sate to himself, and drew the Figure of his own Mind. I know

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it has been objected against him by some morose Zealots, that he has done an Injury to the Scripture, by sprinkling all his Works with many Allusions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to these Men it were a sufficient Reply, to compare their own Practice with his, in this particular. They make use of Scripture Phrases and Quotations, in all their common Discourse. They employ the Words of Holy-Writ, to countenance the Extravagance of their own Opinions and Affections. And why then might not he take the Liberty to fetch from thence some Ornament, for the innocent Passions, and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he describes?

This is Confutation enough to that sort of Men. As to the thing it self, it is so far from being a debasing of Divinity, to make some Parts of it the Subjects of our Fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the Hearts of the People, and to give it a durable Impression on the Minds of wise Men. Of this we have a powerful Instance amongst the Ancients. For their Wit has lasted much longer than the Practice of any of their Religions. And the very Memory of most of their Divine Worship had perish'd, if it had
not

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not been express'd and preserv'd by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himself did, of all Men living, abhor the Abuse of Scripture by licentious Railery; which ought not only to be esteem'd the meanest kind of Wit, but the worst sort of ill Manners. This perhaps some Men would be loath to hear prov'd, who practise it under the false Title of a Gentile Quality: But the Truth of it is unquestionable. For the ordinary Ill-breeding is only an Indecence and Offence against some particular Custom, or Gesture, or Behaviour in use. But this Prophaneness is a Violation of the very Support of Human Society, and a Rudeness against the best Manners, that all Mankind can practise, which is a just Reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.

In his *Latin* Poems he has express'd to Admiration, all the Numbers of Verse, and Figures of Poesie, that are scatter'd up and down amongst the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any good Fashion of Speech, or Colour of Measure, but he has comprehended it, and given Instances of it, according as his several Arguments requir'd either a Majestick Spirit, or a passionate, or a pleasant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet perform'd by any single
Poet

Mr. Abraham Cowley. XXVII

Poet of the Ancient *Romans* themselves. They had the Language natural to them, and so might easily have moulded it into what Form or Humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their constant Custom to confine all their Thoughts and Practice to one or two ways of Writing, as despairing ever to compass all together. This is evident in those that excell'd in Odes and Songs, in the Comical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occasion'd the first Distinction and Number of the Muses. For they thought the Task too hard for any one of them, tho' they fancy'd them to be Goddesses. And therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them, the Care of a distinct Character of Poetry and Musick.

The Occasion of his chusing the Subject of his six Books of Plants, was this; when he return'd into *England*, he was advis'd to dissemble the main Intention of his coming over, under the Disguise of applying himself to some settled Profession. And that of Physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many Anatomical Dissections, he proceeded to the Consideration of Simples; and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful Part of
Kent,

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Kent, where every Field and Wood might shew him the real Figures of those Plants of which he read. Thus he speedily master'd that Part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he presently digested it into that Form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a Style resembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the Sweetness and Freedom of the Verse; but excelling them in the Strength of the Fancy, and Vigour of the Sense. The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the Variety of *Catullus* and *Horace's* Numbers: For the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the numerous and stately Pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in the familiar Easiness of his Epistles and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil's Georgics*. Of these the sixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *British* Oak to preside in the Assembly of the Forest Trees, upon that Occasion he enlarges on the History of our late Troubles, the King's Affliction and Return, and the Beginning of the *Dutch* War; and manages

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manages all in a Style, that (to say all in a Word) is equal to the Greatness and Valour of the *English* Nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horace's* Speeches. But of this there are but two Instances preserv'd; that Part of an Epistle to Mr. *Creswel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants; and that Copy which is written to your self. I confess I heartily wish he had left more Examples behind him of this kind; because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult, of all those that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery; and differs as much from some of the other *Latin* Satyres, as the pleasant Reproofs of a Gentleman, from the Severity of a School-master. I know some Men disapprove it, because the Verse seems to be loose, and near to the Plainness of common Discourse. But that which was admir'd by the Court of *Augustus*, never ought to be esteem'd flat and vulgar. And the same Judgment should be made of Mens Styles, as of their Behaviour, and Carriage; wherein that is most courtly, and hardest to be imitated, which consists of a natural Easiness, and unaffected Grace, where nothing seems to be study'd, yet every thing is extraordinary. This

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This familiar way of Verse puts me in mind of one kind of Prose wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In these he always express'd the native Tenderness, and innocent Gaiety of his Mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greatest Collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing of this Nature should be publish'd: And herein you have always consented to approve of the modest Judgment of our Countrymen, above the Practice of some of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of question, but the *English*, at this time, are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the Skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing in Printing such Compositions, while some other witty Nations have tyr'd all their Presses, and Readers with them. The Truth is, the Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the Light. They should not consist of fulsome Compliments, or tedious Politicks, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies. But they should have a Native Clearness and Shortness,

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a Domestical Plainness, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity ; which can only affect the Humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same Passages, which make Writings of this nature delightful amongst Friends, will lose all manner of Taste, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd: And in that negligent Habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The last Pieces that we have from his Hands are Discourses by way of Essays, upon some of the gravest Subjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. These he intended as a real Character of his own Thoughts, upon the Point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may observe, that in the Prose of them, there is little Curiosity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler Style than the rest, and, as an unfeigned Image of his Soul should be drawn, without Flattery. I do not speak this to their Disadvantage. For the true Perfection of Wit is, to be pliable to all Occasions, to walk or fly, according to the Nature of every Subject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have

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only plain Conceptions on some Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To these that he has here left scarce finish'd, was his Design to have added many others. And a little before his Death he communicated to me his Resolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a Testimony of his entire Respects to him; and a kind of Apology for having left human Affairs in the Strength of his Age, while he might still have been serviceable to his Country. But tho' he was prevented in his Purpose by his Death; yet it becomes the Office of a Friend to make good his Intentions. I therefore here presume to make a Present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but according to his usual Humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the Man whom he long honour'd with his domestick Conversation. And I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no Injury to his Fame, that in these Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr. *Cowley's* Name shall be read together by Posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Discourse of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the same Rule by which he was wont to judge of others.

In

Mr. Abraham Cowley. xxxiii

In his Esteem of other Men, he constantly prefer'd the good Temper of their Minds, and Honesty of their Actions, above all the Excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The same course I will take in his Praise, which chiefly ought to be fix'd on his Life. For that he deserves more Applause from the most virtuous Men, than for his other Abilities he ever obtain'd from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural Goodness, which neither the Uncertainties of his Condition, nor the Largeness of his Wit could pervert. He had a Firmness and Strength of Mind, that was of proof against the Art of Poetry it self. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent appear'd in his Humour. He had a great Integrity and Plainness of Manners; which he preserv'd to the last, tho' much of his Time was spent in a Nation, and way of Life, that is not very famous for Sincerity. But the Truth of his Heart was above the Corruption of ill Examples: And therefore the Sight of them rather confirm'd him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or singular in his Habit, or Person, or Gesture. He understood the Forms of good Breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself,

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others. He never oppress'd any Man's Parts, nor ever put any Man out of Countenance. He never had any Emulation for Fame, or Contention for Profit with any Man. When he was in Business he suffer'd others Importunities with much Easiness: When he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His Modesty and Humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought Dissimulation.

His Conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind; for it was such as was rather admir'd by his familiar Friends, than by Strangers at first sight. He surpriz'd no Man at first with any extraordinary Appearance: He never thrust himself violently into the good Opinion of his Company. He was content to be known by leisure and by degrees; and so the Esteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better grounded, and more lasting.

In his Speech, neither the Pleasantness excluded Gravity, nor was the Sobriety of it inconsistent with Delight. No Man parted willingly from his Discourse; for he so order'd it, that every Man was satisfy'd that he had his Share. He govern'd his Passions with great Moderation. His Virtues were never
trouble-

Mr. Abraham Cowley. xxxv

troublesome or uneasie to any. Whatever he dislik'd in others, he only corrected it, by the silent **Reproof** of a better Practice.

His Wit was so temper'd, that no Man had ever Reason to wish it had been less: He prevented other Mens Severity upon it by his own: He never willingly recited any of his Writings. None but his intimate Friends ever discover'd he was a great Poet, by his Discourse. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Ancient and Modern Knowledge. But it sat exceeding close and handsomly upon him: It was not imboss'd on his Mind, but enamell'd.

He never guided his Life by the Whispers, or Opinions of the World. Yet he had a great Reverence for a good Reputation. He hearken'd to Fame when it was a just Censurer: But not when any extravagant Babler. He was a passionate Lover of Liberty, and Freedom from Restraint both in Actions and Words. But what Honesty others receive from the Direction of Laws, he had by native Inclination: And he was not beholding to other Mens Wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable Tendernefs. Having been Born after his Father's Death, and bred

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up under the Discipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her Care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth Year of her Age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a constant Affection. And having surviv'd the two first, he made the third his Heir. In his long Dependance on my Lord St. *Albans*, there never happen'd any manner of Difference between them; except a little at last, because he would leave his Service; which only shew'd the Innocence of the Servant, and the Kindness of the Master. His Friendships were inviolable. The same Men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his nearest Acquaintance at the Day of his Death. If the private Course of his last Years made him contract his Conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

His Thoughts were never above nor below his Condition. He never wish'd his Estate much larger. Yet he enjoy'd what he had with all innocent Freedom, he never made his present Life uncomfortable, by undue Expectations of future things. Whatever Disappointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muse indeed once complain'd,
but

Mr. Abraham Cowley. xxxvii

but never his Mind. He was accomplish'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greatest Business: If he would but have thought so himself.

If any thing ought to have chang'd his Temper, and Disposition: It was his earnest Affection for Obscurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the same Humour. I acknowledge he chose that State of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a steady and sober Experience of Human Things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great Disparagement to Virtue, and Learning it self, that those very things which only make Men useful in the World, should encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd to good Men, unless the bad had the same Moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilder-ness. But if the one shall contend to get out of Employment, while the other strive to get into it, the Affairs of Mankind are like to be in so ill a Posture, that even the good Men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very Retreats in Security.

Yet, I confess, if any deserv'd to have this Privilege, it ought to have been granted to

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him, as soon as any Man living, upon Consideration of the Manner in which he spent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himself out of the Crowd, with Desires of enlightning, and instructing the Minds of those that remain'd in it. It was his Resolution in that Station to search into the Secrets of Divine and Human Knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always profess'd, that he went out of the World, as it was Man's, into the same World as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole Compass of the Creation, and all the wonderful Effects of the Divine Wisdom, were the constant Prospect of his Senses, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great Advantage on the Studies of Nature, even as the first great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philosophers. He betook himself to its Contemplation, as well furnish'd with sound Judgment, and diligent Observation, and good Method to discover its Mysteries, as with Abilities to set it forth in all its Ornaments.

This Labour about Natural Science was the perpetual and uninterrupted Task of that obscure Part of his Life. Besides this, we had persuaded him to look back into his former
Studies,

Mr. Abraham Cowley. XXXIX

Studies, and to publish a Discourse concerning Style. In this he had design'd to give an Account of the proper sorts of Writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the Perfections and Imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with those of this present Age, and to deduce all down to the particular Use of the *English* Genius, and Language. This Subject he was very fit to perform; it being most proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the best Practiser. But he scarce liv'd to draw the first Lines of it. All the Footsteps that I can find remaining of it, are only some indigested Characters of Ancient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplish'd, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the Man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the Principal to every wise Man; the establishing his Mind in the Faith he professed. He was in his Practice exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclin'd to any Uncertainty and Doubt, as abhorring all Contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the Divisions of Christendom; he
saw

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law how many Controversies had been introduc'd by Zeal or Ignorance, and continu'd by Faction. He had therefore an earnest Intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church; believing that every true Christian had no better means to fettle his Spirit, than that which was propos'd to *Aeneas* and his Followers, to be the End of their Wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem.*

This Examination he purpos'd should reach to our Saviour's and the Apostles Lives, and their immediate Successors, for four or five Centuries; 'till Interest and Policy prevail'd over Devotion. He hop'd to have absolutely compassed it in three or four Years, and when that was done, there to have fix'd for ever, without any Shaking or Alteration in his Judgment. Indeed it was a great Damage to our Church, that he liv'd not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected, from a Mind that was endu'd with the Primitive Meekness and Innocence. And besides, such a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very useful for this Age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils against Religion, that it is only a matter of Interest, and only supported for the Gain of a particular Profession.

But

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But alas! while he was framing these great things in his Thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his Life. His Solitude from the very Beginning, had never agreed so well with the Constitution of his Body as of his Mind. The chief Cause of it was, that out of haste to be gone away from the Tumult and Noise of the City, he had not prepar'd so healthful a Situation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leasurable Choice. Of this he soon began to find the Inconvenience at *Barn-Elms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingring *Fever*. After that he scarce ever recover'd his former Health, though his Mind was restor'd to its perfect Vigour; as may be seen by his two last Books of *Plants*, that were written since that time, and may at least be compar'd with the best of his other Works. Shortly after his Removal to *Chertsea*, he fell into another consuming Disease. Having languish'd under this for some Months, he seem'd to be pretty well cur'd of its ill Symptoms. But in the Heat of the last Summer, by staying too long amongst his Labourers in the Meadows, he was taken with a violent Defluxion, and Stoppage in his Breast, and Throat. This he at first neglected as an ordinary Cold, and re-
fus'd

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fus'd to send for his usual Physicians, 'till it was past all Remedies; and so in the End after a Fortnight's Sickness, it prov'd mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak Hopes, and frail Condition of Human Nature? For as long as Mr *Cowley* was pursuing the Course of Ambition, in an active Life, which he scarce esteem'd his true Life, he never wanted a constant Health and Strength of Body. But as soon as ever he had found an Opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himself in Security, his Contentment was first broken by Sickness, and at last his Death was occasion'd by his very Delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancy'd above all other Pleasures. But let us not grieve at this fatal Accident upon his Account, lest we should seem to repine at the happy Change of his Condition, and not to know that the Loss of a few Years, which he might longer have liv'd, will be recompenc'd by an Immortal Memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own sakes, that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greatest natural and improv'd Abilities, of the usefullest Conversation, of the faithfullest Friendship, of a Mind that practis'd the best Virtues it self,

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self, and a Wit that was best able to recommend them to others.

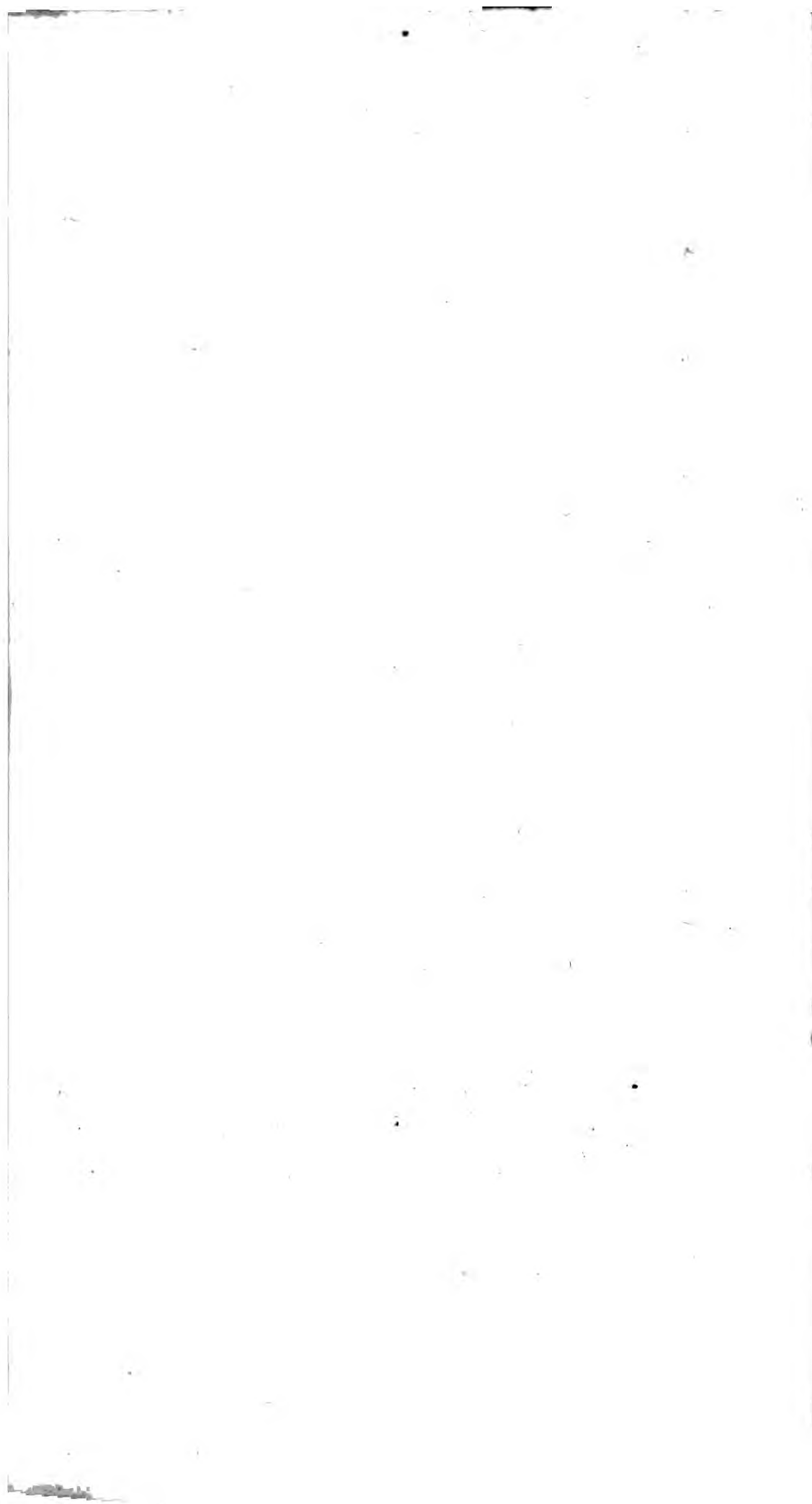
His Body was attended to *Westminster Abbey*, by a great Number of Persons of the most eminent Quality, and follow'd with the Praises of all good and learned Men. It lyes near the Ashes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the two most Famous *English* Poets of former Times. But whoever would do him Right, should not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but should also rank his Name amongst the Authors of the true Antiquity, the best of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that Place there is a Monument design'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in Testimony of his Affection. And the King himself was pleas'd to bestow on him the best Epitaph, when upon the News of his Death his Majesty declar'd, *That Mr. Cowley had not left a better Man behind him in England.*

This, Sir, is the Account that I thought fit to present the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judg'd, that I have spent too many Words on a private Man, and a Scholar; whose Life was not remarkable for such a Variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know
it

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it is the Custom of the World to prefer the pompous Histories of great Men, before the greatest Virtues of others, whose Lives have been led in a Course less Illustrious. This indeed is the general Humour. But I believe it to be an Error in Mens Judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable Instruction, which may be taken from the eminent Goodness of Men of lower Rank, than that which we learn from the splendid Representations of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such specious Matters, as they are seldom deliver'd with Fidelity, so they serve but for the Imitation of a very few, and rather make for the Ostentation than the true Information of human Life. Whereas it is from the Practice of Men equal to our selves, that we are more naturally taught how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

For this Reason I have some Hope, that a Character of Mr. *Cowley* may be of good Advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supply'd by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps less Noise, but are more beneficial for Example.





P. Lely Eques Pinx.

M. V. Gucht Sculp.

The Lord Bishop of Rochester

page 45 in the life

Mr. Abraham Cowley. XLV

ample. This, Sir, was the principal End of this long Discourse. Besides this, I had another Design in it, that only concerns our selves; that having this Picture of his Life set before us, we may still keep him alive in our Memories, and by this means have some small Reparation, for our inexpressible Loss by his Death.

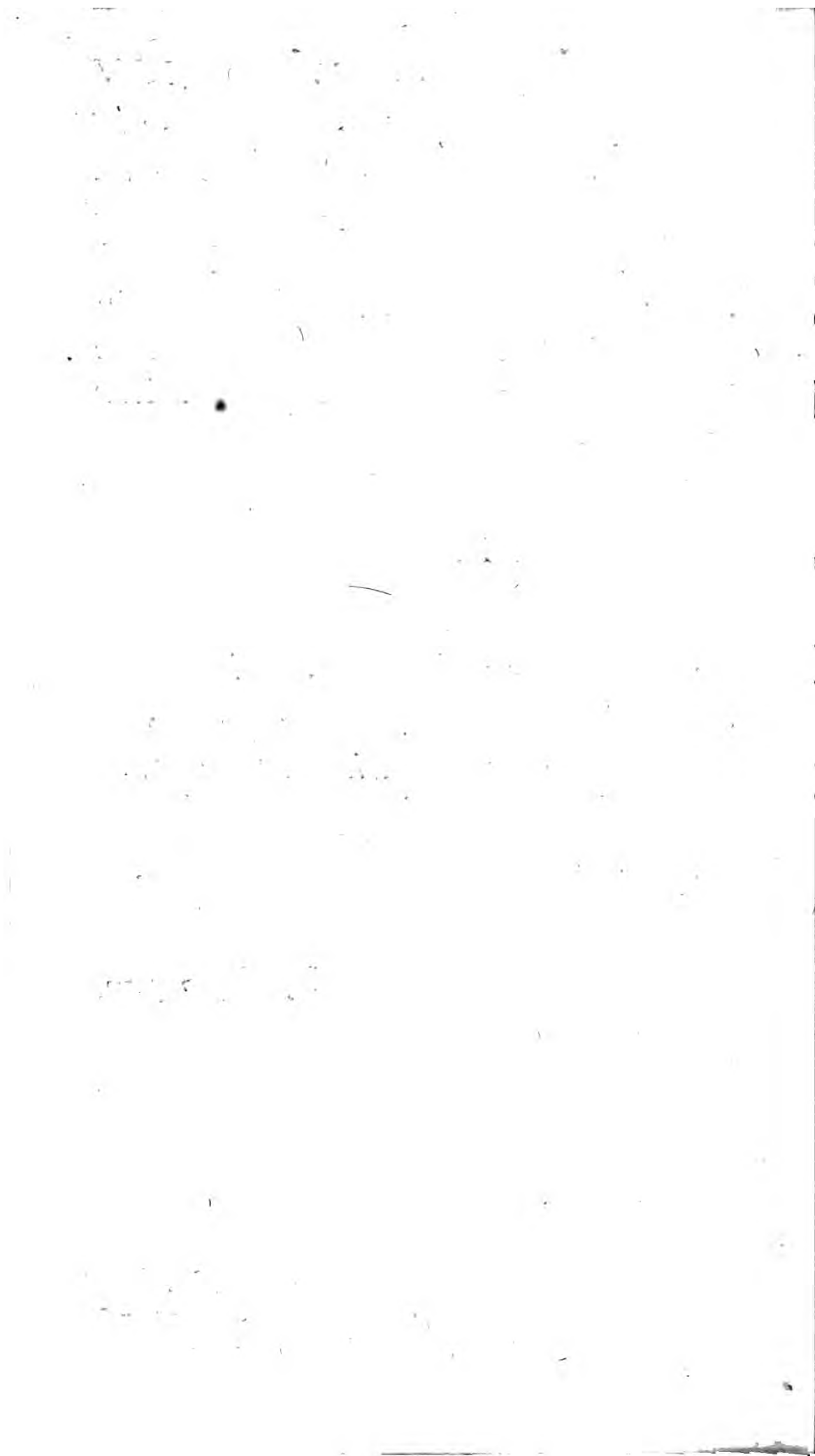
S I R, I am

Your most Humble, and

most Affectionate Servant,

T. SPRAT.

E L E-



E L E G I A

DEDICATORIA,

A D

Illustrissimam Academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de Nato ditissima Mater egeno
Exiguum immensi pignus Amoris habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris vocem híc agnoscere Nati
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemq; tuæ?
Túne híc materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu Speculum poteris híc reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, Coulëi, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurésq; Déæq; nocentes,
Hunc mihi in Infantis supposuère loco?

At Tu, sancta Parens, crudelis tu quoque, Nati
Ne trañtes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid Fato Genetrix accedis iniquo?
Sit Sors, sed non sis Ipsa Noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Musarum adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilectò luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset plenius undâ
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres Nomen fusa rubore meum.
Scis benè, scis quæ me Tempestas publica Mundi
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poscentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.
Sic quondam aërium Vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum Autumnum sæva flagellat Hyems.
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma
Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor è ipsa gemit.
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roseo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia Nomen!
O penitus toto corde receptus Amor!
O pulchræ sine Luxu Ædes, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuûsq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Posthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!

O sacri Fontes! & sacrae Vatibus Umbræ,
 Quas recreant Avium Pieridumq; chori!
 O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
 Annibus auriferis invidiosus inops!
 Ab mihi si vestra reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detq; Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
 Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidisti in ripâ, Came serene, tuâ;
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
 Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
 Tunc liquidis tacitisq; simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestrae candida fluxit aquæ.
 At nunc cœnosæ luces, atq; obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
 Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesisve aut Tybridis unda?
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.
 Fœlix qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
 Quiq; eadem Salicis littora more colit!
 Fœlix cui non tentatus sordescere Mundus,
 Et cui Pauperies nota nitere potest!
 Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse Nihil!
 At nos exemplis Fortuna instruxit opimis,
 Et documentorum satq; superq; dedit.
 Cum Capite avulsum Diadema, infractâq; scēptra,
 Contusâsq; Hominum sorte minante minas,

L

Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile Fatum,

Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.

Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim

Infami scopulis naufragiisq; Mari?

Tu quoque in hoc Terræ tremuisti, Academia, Motu,

(Nec frustra) atq; ædes contremuere tuæ.

Contremuere ipsæ pacatæ Palladis arces;

Et timuit Fulmen Laurea sancta novum.

Ah quænam iratum, pestem hanc avertere Numen,

Nec saltem Bellis ista licere, velit!

Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!

In nos jus habeat: Jus habet omne malum.

Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum

Fundes; nec tibi Mors ipsa superstes erit.

Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni

Formosas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.

Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea saucia dextrâ,

(Namq; solent ipsis Bella nocere Deis)

Imploravit opem superùm, questusq; cievit,

Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.

Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores;

Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent.

T H E

T H E
P R E F A C E
O F T H E
A U T H O R.



AT my Return lately into *England*, I met by great Accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his House who printed it) a *Book*, Entitul'd, *The Iron Age*, and Publish'd under *my Name*, during the time of my Absence. I wonder'd very much how one who could be so *foolish* to write so ill Verses, should yet be so *Wise* to set them forth as another *Man's* rather than his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better Choice, and not father'd the *Bastard* upon such a Person, whose Stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for Maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate*

Off-spring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleas'd the *Author* to put forth some of my Writings under his *own Name*, rather than his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, than he does by such a *Bounty*; for no body can be *justified* by the *Imputation* even of another's *Merit*; and our own coarse *Cloaths* are like to become us better, than those of another Man's, though never so *Rich*: But these, to say the Truth, were so *beggarty*, that I my self was asham'd to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided Censure by the Concealment of my own Writings, if my Reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigy*; and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the Malice of *Witches* have the Power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no Effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudic'd by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the Publication of some things of mine without my Consent or Knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with Honour acknowledge, nor with Honesty quite disavow them. Of which sort, was a *Comedy* call'd *The Guardian*, printed in the Year 1650, but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his Passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the Beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drawn* only, and *repeated*; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be *revis'd* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learn'd without Book* by the *Actors*, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Representation*

tation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the *latest*) I began to look it over, and chang'd it very much, striking out some whole Parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Soldier*; but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the Pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this Publication, though there be some things in it which I am not asham'd of, taking the Excuse of my Age and small Experience in human Conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty *first-sitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has happen'd to my self, I began to reflect on the Fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their Deaths) we find stuff'd out, either with *counterfeit Pieces*, like *false Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it add nothing to the *Sum*; or with such, which though of their own *Coin*, they would have call'd in themselves, for the Baseness of the *Allay*: Whether this proceed from the Indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *Heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, than a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy Avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the Value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the Price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate Mixtures, spoil the whole *Vessel* of *Wine*, to make it yield more *Profit*. This has been the Case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the Boldness to prune and lop away, if the Care of replanting them in *Print* did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old wither'd *Branches*; for a great *Wit* is no more ty'd to live

in a *vast Volume*, than in a *Gigantick Body*; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less Space it animates. And as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

—*Totos infusa per artus*

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

Stat. 11. Theb.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe Discretion in my own Case, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publish here, more than in strict Wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppress'd and cast away more than I *publish*; and for the Ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more than *both*. And upon these Considerations I have been persuad'd to overcome all the just Repugnances of my own *Modesty*, and to produce these *Poems* to the Light and View of the World; not as a thing that I approv'd of in it self, but as a less Evil, which I chose rather than to stay 'till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my Death; and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this Action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, and *assisting* at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* Capacity, my Resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that Faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* dies before the *Man*; for when we once fall in Love with that bewitching

Art,

Art, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better for worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole *Life*. But as the *Marriages of Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no Man ought to wonder at the Diminution or Decay of my Affection to *Poesie*; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own Prejudice in regard of those more profitable Matches which I might have made among the richer *Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for Men are not oftner deceiv'd in their Hopes of *Widows*, than in their Opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a *fantastical kind of Reversion to our own selves*; neither ought any Man to envy *Poets* this posthumous and imaginary Happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly apply'd to them, which *St. Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their Reward be in this Life, they are of all Men the most miserable*.

And if in quiet and flourishing Times they meet with so small Encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubl'd ones? If *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives Heat enough to preserve it alive in the *Summer* of our cold *Climate*, how can it chuse but wither in a long and sharp *Winter*? A warlike, various, and a tragical Age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal Proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better Person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and *Revolutions* in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes*

*laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit
misera fortuna Reipublicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present Constitution of my *Mind* more proper than that of the *Times* for this Exercise, or rather Divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much Serenity and Chearfulness of *Spirit*; it must not be either overwhelm'd with the Cares of *Life*, or overcast with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the Storms of injurious *Fortune*; it must, like the *Halcyon*, have *fair Weather* to breed in. The *Soul* must be fill'd with bright and delightful *Idea's*, when it undertakes to communicate Delight to others; which is the main End of *Poesie*. One may see through the Stile of *Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected Condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any Footsteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The *Cold* of the Country had strucken through all his Faculties, and benumm'd the very *Feet* of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphosis*; and though there remain some weak *Resemblances* of *Ovid* at *Rome*, it is but as he says of *Niobe*,

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mæstis
Stant immota genis; nihil est in Imagine vivum,
Flet tamen—*

Ovid. Metam. l. 6.

The Truth is, for a Man to write well, it is necessary to be in good Humour; neither is *Wit* less eclips'd with the Unquietness of *Mind*, than *Beauty* with the *Indisposition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almost
as

as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despite of *Fortune*, as it is in despite of *Nature*. For my own Part, neither my Obligations to the *Muses*, nor Expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no Considerations to be *Divorced*; or that I should say like *Horace*,

Quisquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color.

Hor. Sat. 1. l. 2. Ser.

I shall rather use his Words in another place,

*Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloriâ——
Nunc arma defunctúmque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

L. 3. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this Resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my Desire has been for some Years past (though the Execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or enrich my self with the Traffick of those Parts (which is the End of most Men that travel thither; so that of these *Indies* it is truer than it was of the former,

*Improbus extremos currit Mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens——)*

But to forsake this World for ever, with all the *Vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self there in some obscure Retreat (but not without the Consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*.)

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus est illis.

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed
me

me there, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this Heap of *Latin Sentences*. And I think Doctor *Donne's Sun-Dial in a Grave*, is not more useless and ridiculous than *Poetry* would be in that *Retirement*. As this therefore is in a true Sense a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *litteral quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a just Claim to the undoubted Privilege of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more *Favour*, than the *Living*;

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, Perire. Mart.

Having been forc'd, for my own necessary *Justification*, to trouble the *Reader* with this long *Discourse* of the *Reasons* why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several *Parts* of it, and some other *Pieces*, which I have thought fit to reject in this *Publication*: As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the *Age* of ten *Years*, 'till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some *Traces* of me in the little *Footsteps* of a *Child*; which tho' they were then look'd upon as *commendable Extravagances* in a *Boy* (Men setting a *Value* upon *any kind of Fruit* before the usual *Season* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*; and therefore should do ill to expect that *Patience* from *others*. Besides, they have already pass'd through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* than uses to be enjoy'd by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *Terms*. They had the good *Fortune* then to find the *World* so *indulgent* (for considering the time of their *Production*, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censur'd
for

for *them*, as for not having made *Advances* afterwards proportionable to the Speed of my *setting out*, and am oblig'd too in a manner by Discretion to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments* under my own Hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real Excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unsolvable*, not so much by their own *Negligence* and *ill Husbandry*, as by some notorious Accidents and publick Disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such Pieces as I wrote during the time of the late Troubles, with any relation to the Differences that caus'd them; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it self*, reaching as far as the first *Battel of Newbury*, where the succeeding *Misfortunes* of the Party stopp'd the *Work*.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four Parts: The first is a *Miscellany* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what Chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in Comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary Virtue in them, to deserve more Care in Preservation, than was bestow'd upon their *Brethren*; for which I am so little concern'd, that I am ashamed of the *Arrogancy* of the *Word*, when I said, *I had lost them*.

The *Second* is call'd, *The Mistress*, or *Love-Verses*; for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying some Duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they must all pass through that
Trial,

Trial, like some *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least, in their Life, to make a *Pilgrimage to Meca*,

In furias ignemque ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a Judgment of their *Manners* from their *Writings* of this kind; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* compos'd by him in his Youth. It is not in this Sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *Things* and *Persons* imagin'd by him. He may be in his own Practice and Disposition a *Philosopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the Softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

Feret & rubus asper Amomum.

He professes too much the Use of *Fables* (though without the Malice of deceiving) to have his Testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much Gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good Opinion of any Man who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some Expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the Severity of supercilious *Readers*; for much *Excess* is to be allow'd in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; so we avoid the two unpardonable Vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Prophaneness*, of which I am sure, if my *Words* be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *Thoughts* and *Intentions*. And if, notwithstanding all this, the Lightness of the Matter here displease any body; he may find
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wherewithal to content his more serious Inclinations in the Weight and Height of the ensuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the Third Part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of *Style* which *Dion. Halicarnassens* calls, Μεγαλοφυές ἢ ἠδὲ μὲν δεινότητι, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The Digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the Fashion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all Men living. The *Figures* are unusual and *bold*, even to *Temerity*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The Numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just Measures and Cadences be not observ'd in the *Pronunciation*. So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lyes in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly described the Nature of these Verses, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Resurrection*: And tho' the *Liberty* of them may incline a Man to believe them easie to be compos'd, yet the Undertaker will find it otherwise.

————— *Ut sibi quisvis*
Speret idem, multum sudet frustra; laboret
Ausus idem—————

I come now to the last Part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles of David*; which

which I design'd into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* sake, but after the *Pattern* of our Master *Virgil*; and intended to close all with that most Poetical and Excellent *Elegy* of *David's* on the Death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no Mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, because it is the Custom of *Heroick Poets* (as we see by the Examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full End of their *Story*; but only so near, that every one may see it; as Men commonly play not out the Game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their *Cards*, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the *whole Design*, in which there are many noble and fertile Arguments behind; as, the barbarous Cruelty of *Saul* to the *Priests* at *Nob*, the several Flights and Escapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderness*, the *Funeral* of *Samuel*, the Love of *Abigail*, the Sacking of *Ziglag*, the Loss and Recovery of *David's* Wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philistins*, and the *Battel* of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon several Occasions, with most of the Illustrious *Stories* of the *Old Testament*, and to embellish with the most remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the Work, or so much as to revise that Part which is done with that Care which I resolv'd to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what worthier *Subject* could have been chosen among all the *Treasuries* of past Times, than the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from so
small

small Beginnings, through such infinite Troubles and Oppositions, by such miraculous Virtues and Excellencies, and with such incomparable Variety of wonderful Actions and Accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? Whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to *honour*, than the highest Person who ever *honour'd* his Profession? Whom a *Christian Poet*, rather than the *Man after God's own Heart*, and the Man who had that sacred Pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the *Flesh*, disdain'd not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent Subjects of the like Nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory of God Almighty*, might be join'd with the singular Utility and noblest Delight of *Mankind*; it is not without Grief and Indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible Riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggarly *Flattery* of great Persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched Affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confus'd antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole and alienated from the Service of the *Deity*, as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long usurp'd, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrant's* Hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom of God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never be-

come clean by bathing in the *Water of Damascus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Conversion of That*, and the *Jews*, for the Accomplishment of the *Kingdom of Christ*. And as Men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal Reluctancies apprehend the *Bonds and Fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful Variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not so great a *Lie* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar Conceit of Men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never so wholesome *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts of Love and Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable Continuance of the *Diet* should make us *Nauseate* it: For it is almost impossible to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind. They are all but the *Cold Meats* of the *Ancients*, new heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich Crops out of these Grounds; the Heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Besides, tho' those mad Stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theology* of those Times. They were believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the Authority of *Law* with the Terrors of
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Conscience, and Expectation of certain Rewards, and unavoidable Punishments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *Folly*, and are weary'd with their *Impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better Arguments for *Verse*, than those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the Ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the Story of *Deucalion*, than in that of *Noah*? Why will not the Actions of *Sampson* afford as plentiful Matter as the *Labours of Hercules*? Why is not *Jeptha's Daughter* as good a *Woman* as *Iphigenia*? And the Friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy Celebration, than that of *Theseus* and *Perithous*? Does not the Passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical Variety, than the Voyages of *Ulysses* or *Aeneas*? Are the obsolete threadbare Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half so stor'd with great, heroical and supernatural Actions (since *Verse* will needs *find* or *make* such) as the Wars of *Josua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give such copious Hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? What do I instance in these few Particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable and exalted Pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the World for it. Yet, tho' they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good *Artist* will know how to do it: Neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little Pains and Skill as we do *Marble*. For if any Man design to compose

a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a Story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles's*, or some other godly Matter, like Mr. *Heywood* of *Angels*, into *Rhyme*; he is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he only *abases Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *Prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same Fertility of *Invention*, the same Wisdom of *Disposition*, the same *Judgment* in Observance of *Decencies*, the same Lustre and Vigour of *Elocution*, the same Modesty and Majesty of *Number*, briefly, the same kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *Stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if *ill drest* in it. I am far from assuming to my self to have fulfilled the Duty of this weighty Undertaking: But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other Fruit from this weak and imperfect Attempt of mine, but the opening of a Way to the Courage and Industry of some other Persons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and successfully.

SEVERAL
 COPIES of VERSES
 ON THE
 DEATH
 OF
 Mr. *Abraham Cowley*,
 AND HIS
 Burial in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

OUR Wit, 'till Cowley did its Lustre raise,
 May be resembled to the first three Days,
 In which did shine only such Streaks of Light
 As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night:
 But Wit breaks forth, in all that he has done,
 Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lye in wait
 To rifle those whom they would imitate:

LXVIII Several Copies of Verses on the

*We Watch'd to Rob all Strangers when they writ,
And learn'd their Language but to steal their Wit.
He from that need his Country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And Forreign Nations now may borrow more
From Cowley than we could from them before:
Who, though he condescended to admit
The Greeks and Romans for his Guides in Wit;
Yet he those Ancient Poets does pursue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.*

*When first his Spring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some Wonder and Sorrow too,
That God had so much Wit and Knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his Praises spent.*

*But those who in his Davideis look,
Find they his Blossoms for his Fruit mistook:
In diff'ring Ages, diff'rent Muses shin'd,
His Green did charm the Sense, his Ripe the Mind.
Writing for Heav'n he was inspir'd from thence,
And from his Theam deriv'd his Influence.
The Scripture will no more the Wicked fright;
His Muse does make Religion a Delight.*

*O how severely Man is us'd by Fate!
The Covetous Toil long for an Estate;
And having got more than their Life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a Son or Friend;*

But

Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley. LXIX

*But Learning (in which none can have a Share,
Unless they climb to it by Time and Care ;
Learning, the truest Wealth which Man can have,)
Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave :
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the noblest Purchase of the Mind :
O why, can we thus leave our Friends possess'd
Of all our Acquisitions but the best ?*

*Still when we study Cowley, we lament,
That to the World he was no longer lent :
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to see his Flame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher ;
For when wise Poets can no higher fly,
They would, like Saints, in their Perfection die.*

*Tho' Beauty some Affection in him bred,
Yet only Sacred Learning he would wed ;
By which th' Illustrious Off-spring of his Brain
Shall over Wit's great Empire ever Reign :
His Works shall live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to such Ashes as they long did hide.*

*That Sacrilegious Fire (which did last Year
Level those Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that Majestick Church to fly,
Where English Kings and English Poets lye :
It at an awful Distance did expire,
Such Pow'r had Sacred Ashes o'er that Fire ;*

LXX Several Copies of Verses on the
*Such, as it durst not near that Structure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's Tomb;
And 'twill be still preserv'd by being so,
From what the Rage of future Flames can do.
Material Fire dares not that Place infest
Where he who had Immortal Flame does rest.*

*There let his Urn remain; for it was fit
Amongst our Kings to lay the King of Wit:
By which the Structure more renown'd will prove
For that Part Bury'd, than for all above.*

O D E

O D E

UPON THE

D E A T H

O F

Mr. C O W L E Y.

I.

HE who would worthily adorn his Verse,
Should write in his own way, in his Immor-
tal Verse:

*But who can such Majestick Numbers write,
With such inimitable Light?*

*His high and noble Flights to reach
'Tis not the Art of Precept that can teach.
The World's grown old since Pindar, and to breed
Another such did Twenty Ages need.*

II.

*At last another Pindar came,
Great as the first in Genius and in Fame;*

But

LXXII Several Copies of Verses on the

*But that the first in Greek, a conqu'ring Language,
sung;*

And the last wrote but in an Island Tongue.

*Wit, Thought, Invention in them both do flow,
As Torrents tumbling from the Mountains go.*

*Though the great Roman Lyrick do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's Strain;*

*Cowley with Words as full and Thoughts as high
As ever Pindar did, does fly;*

*Of Kings and Heroes he as boldly sings,
And flies above the Clouds, yet never wets his Wings.*

III.

*As Fire aspiring, as the Sea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his Fancy bound;
As swift as Lightning in its Course,
And as resistless in his Force.*

*Whilst other Poets, like Bees who range the Field
To gather what the Flowers will yield,
Glean Matter with much Toil and Pain,
To bring forth Verses in an humble Strain;
He sees about him round,*

*Possess at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated Eye
All things created open lye,*

*That all his Thoughts so clear and so prespicuous be,
That what soever he describes we see;
Our Souls are with his Passions fir'd,
And he who does but read him, is inspir'd.*

IV. Pindar

Death of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*. LXXIII

IV.

*Pindar to Thebes, where first he drew his Breath,
Though for his sake his Race was sav'd from
Death,*

*By th' Macedonian Youth, did not more Honour
Than Cowley does his Friends and Country too.
Had Horace liv'd his Wit to understand,
Hene'er had England thought a rude inhospitable Land;
Rome might have blush'd, and Athens been asham'd
To hear a remote Britain nam'd,
Who for his Parts does match, if not exceed,
The greatest Men that they did either breed.*

V.

*If he had flourish'd when Augustus sway'd,
Whose peacefull Scepter the whole World obey'd,
Account of him Meccenas would have made;
And from the Country Shade,
Him into th' Cabinet have ta'en
To divert Cæsar's Cares, and charm his Pain:
For nothing can such Balm infuse
Into a weary'd Mind, as does a noble Muse.*

VI.

*It is not now as 'twas in former Days, [Bays
When all the Streets of Rome were strow'd with
To receive Petrarch, who through Arches rode,
Triumphal Arches, Honour'd as a Demi-God,
Not for Towns conquer'd, or for Battels won,
But Vict'ries which were more his own,*

For

LXXIV Several Copies of Verses on the
*For Victories of Wit, and Victories of Art,
In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.*

VII.

*Though Cowley ne'er such Honours did attain,
As long as Petrarch's, Cowley's Name shall reign;
'Tis but his Dross that's in the Grave,
His Memory Fame from Death shall save;
His Bays shall flourish, and be ever Green,
When those of Conquerors are not to be seen.*

Nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit.

Thomas Higgons.

O N

Mr. *Abraham Cowley's*

DEATH, and BURIAL

Amongst the

ANCIENT POETS.

By the Honourable Sir JOHN DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, *like the Morning Star,*
To us discovers Day from far.
His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the Shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
Whose purple Blush the Day foreshews;
The other three, with his own Fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inspires;
By Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher's Lines,
Our Stage's Lustre Rome's outshines:

These

LXXVI Several Copies of Verses on the

*These Poets near our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep ;
They liv'd to see so many Days,
'Till Time had blasted all their Bays :
But cursed be the fatal Hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest Flower
That in the Muses Garden grew,
And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame out-live,
To Cowley scarce did Ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and Fletcher all they have ;
In Spencer, and in Johnson, Art,
Of slower Nature got the Start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'st Share ;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor, with Ben Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman Stores
Of Poets, and of Orators :
Horace's Wit, and Virgil's State,
He did not steal, but emulate :
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear :
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece :*

Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley. LXXVII

To him that Language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff Gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban Swan extends his Wings,
When through th' Ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the same Pitch our Swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's Flights by him are reach'd,
When on that Gale his Wings are stretch'd;
His Fancy and his Judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe Judgment (giving Law)
His modest Fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair;
His English Stream so pure did flow,
As all that saw, and tasted, know;
But for his Latin Vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were Immortal Virgil here,
Him for his Judge he would not fear;
Of that great Portraiture, so true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muse her Song had ended here,
But both her Genii strait appear,
Joy and Amazement her did strike,
Two Twins she never saw so like;
Such a Resemblance of all Parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,

Then

LXXVIII Several Copies of Verses, &c.

*Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the World this Parallel,
Fix'd and contemplative their Looks,
Still turning over Nature's Books:
Their Works Chaste, Moral, and Divine,
Where Profit and Delight combine;
They gilding Dirt, in noble Verse
Rustick Philosophy rehearse;
Nor did their Actions fall behind
Their Words, but with like Candour shin'd,
Both by two Gen'rous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the same Desire,
Both from the busie Throng retire;
Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet tho' both fell before their Hour,
Time on their Off-spring hath no Pow'r.
Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays shall blast,
Nor Death's dark Veil their Day o'er-cast.*

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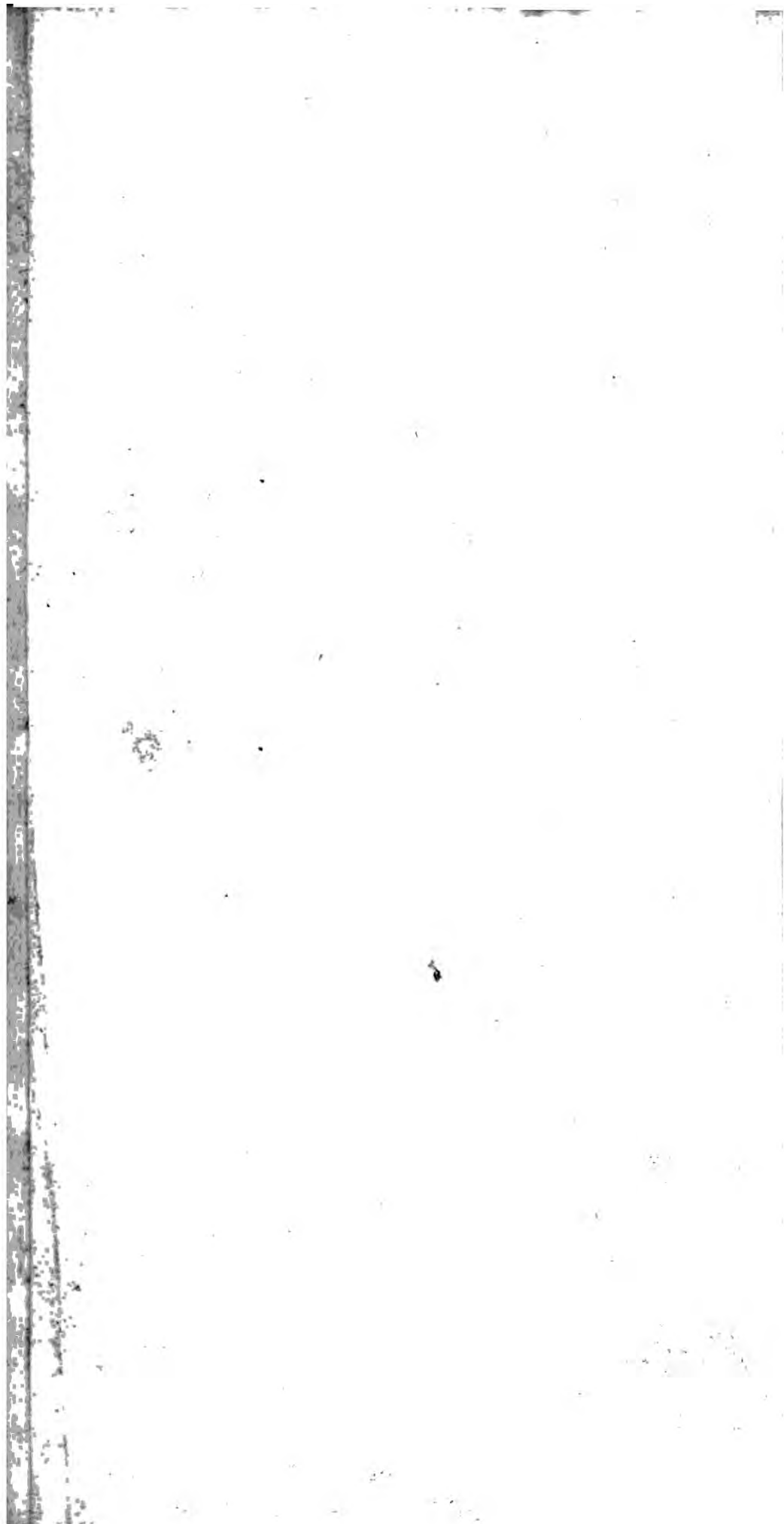
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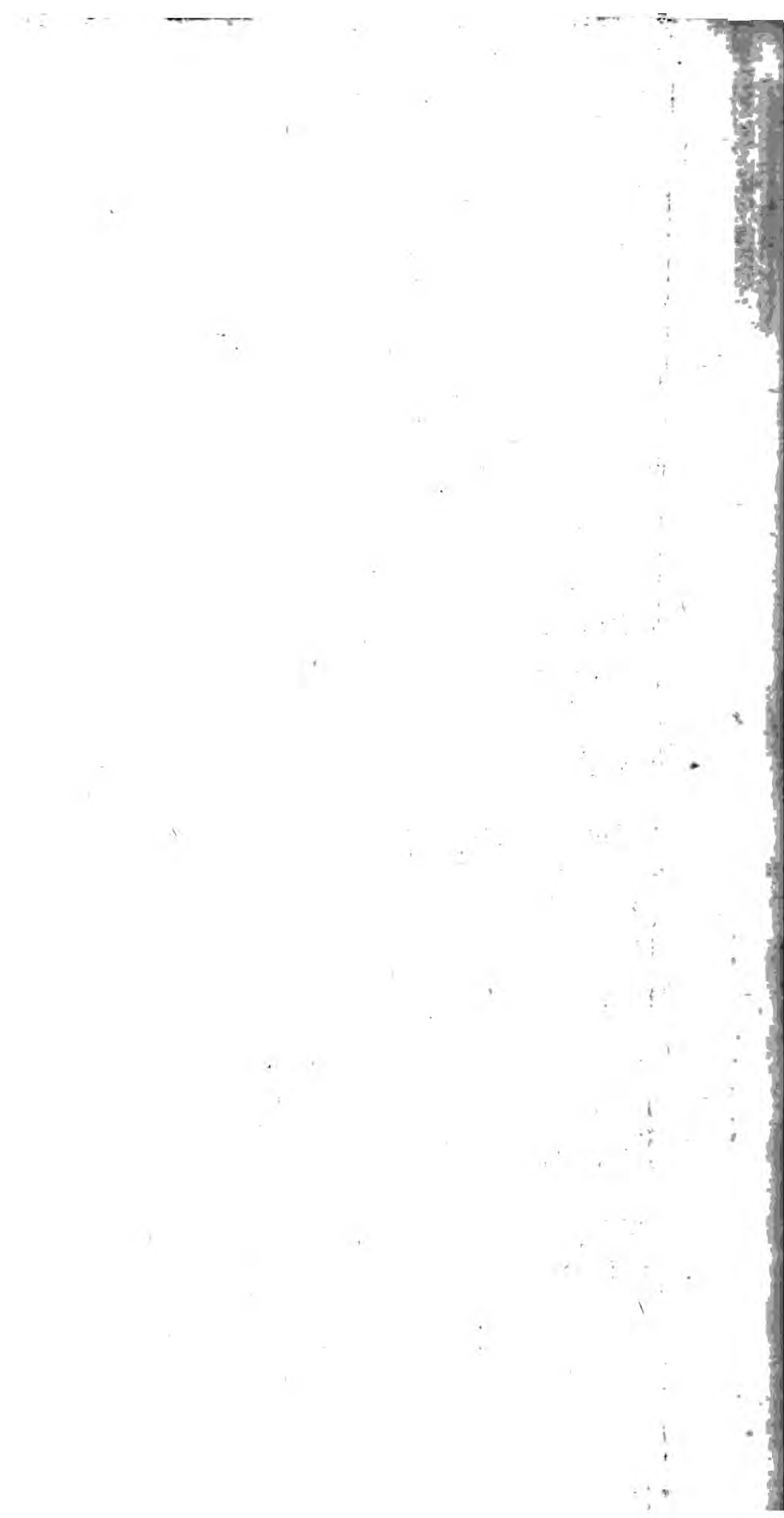
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MISCELLANIES.

The M O T T O.

Tentanda via est, &c.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I shall like *Beasts* or *Common People* die,
Unless you write my *Elegy*;

Whilst others Great by being Born are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.

In this Scale *Gold*, in th' other *Fame* does lye,
The *weight* of *that* mounts this so *high*.

These Men are *Fortune's Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own Fire and Light.

If I, her *vulgar Stone*, for either look;
Out of *my self* it must be *strook*.

Yet I must on; what Sound is't strikes mine Ear?
Sure I *Fame's Trumpet* hear.

It sounds like the *last Trumpet*; for it can
Raife up the *bury'd Man*.

Unpast *Alpes* stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muses Hannibal*.

Hence all the *flattering Vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roses* in the way.

Hence the desire of *Honours*, or *Estate*;
And all that is not above *Fate*.

Hence *Love* himself, that *Tyrant* of my Days,
Which intercepts my coming Praise.

Come my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.

Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.

Thy *Scholar's Vict'ries* thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th'*Earth*, the whole *World* you.

Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preserves *Rome's Greatness* yet.

Thou art the *first* of *Orators*; only he
Who best can *praise Thee*, next must be.

Welcome the *Mantuan Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
Whose *Verse* walks highest, but not flies.

Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age,
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.

Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do
To be like one of you.

But you have climb'd the *Mountain's* top, there sit
On the calm flourishing *Head* of it,

And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

O D E. Of W I T.

I.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
 Thou who *Master* art of it.
 For the *First Matter* loves *Variety* less;
 Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
 A thousand different shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand shapes appears.
 Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
 Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*.

II.

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
 In no *Ware* deceives us more.
 For Men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
 Like *Zeuxe's Birds*, fly to the painted *Grape*;
 Some things do through our *Judgment* pass
 As through a *Multiplying Glass*.
 And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
 We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

III.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word* of *Fame*
 Grows such a common Name,
 And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
 Just so, as *Tit'lar Bishops* made at *Rome*.
 'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*
 Admir'd with *Laughter* at a *Feast*,

Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet
With their five gouty Feet.
All ev'ry where, like *Man's*, must be the *Soul*,
And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban Wall*.
Such *Miracles* are ceas'd; and now we see
No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetry*.

V.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That shows more *Cost* than *Art*.
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather than *all things Wit*, let *none* be there.
Several *Lights* will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' *Sky*,
If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxy*.

VI.

'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise,
Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*.
In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see
In *An'grams* and *Acrostiques Poetry*.
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 *Reader* must.

VII.

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*,
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.

Nor a tall *Met'phor* in the *Bombast way*,
Nor the dry *Chips* of short-lung'd *Seneca*.

Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd *Similitude*.

What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

VIII.

In a true *Piece of Wit* all things must be,
Yet all things there *agree*.

As in the *Ark*, join'd without force or strife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.

Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with small)

Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lye,
In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deity*.

IX.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.

I took *you* for *my self* sure when I thought
That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.

Correct my *Error* with thy *Pen*:
And if any ask me then,

What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll only shew your *Lines*, and say, 'Tis *this*.

To the Lord Falkland.

*For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition
against the SCOTS.*

Great is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wise and just,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy trust;
Return him safe: *Learning* would rather chuse
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to lose.

All things that are but *Writ* or *Printed* there,
In his unbounded Breast *engraven* are.

There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And ev'ry *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yet juggle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some *Common Principle*.

So in an *Army*, govern'd right, we see
(Though out of sev'ral Countries rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *English*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
So thousand divers *Species* fill the Air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undisturb'd* into the Eye.

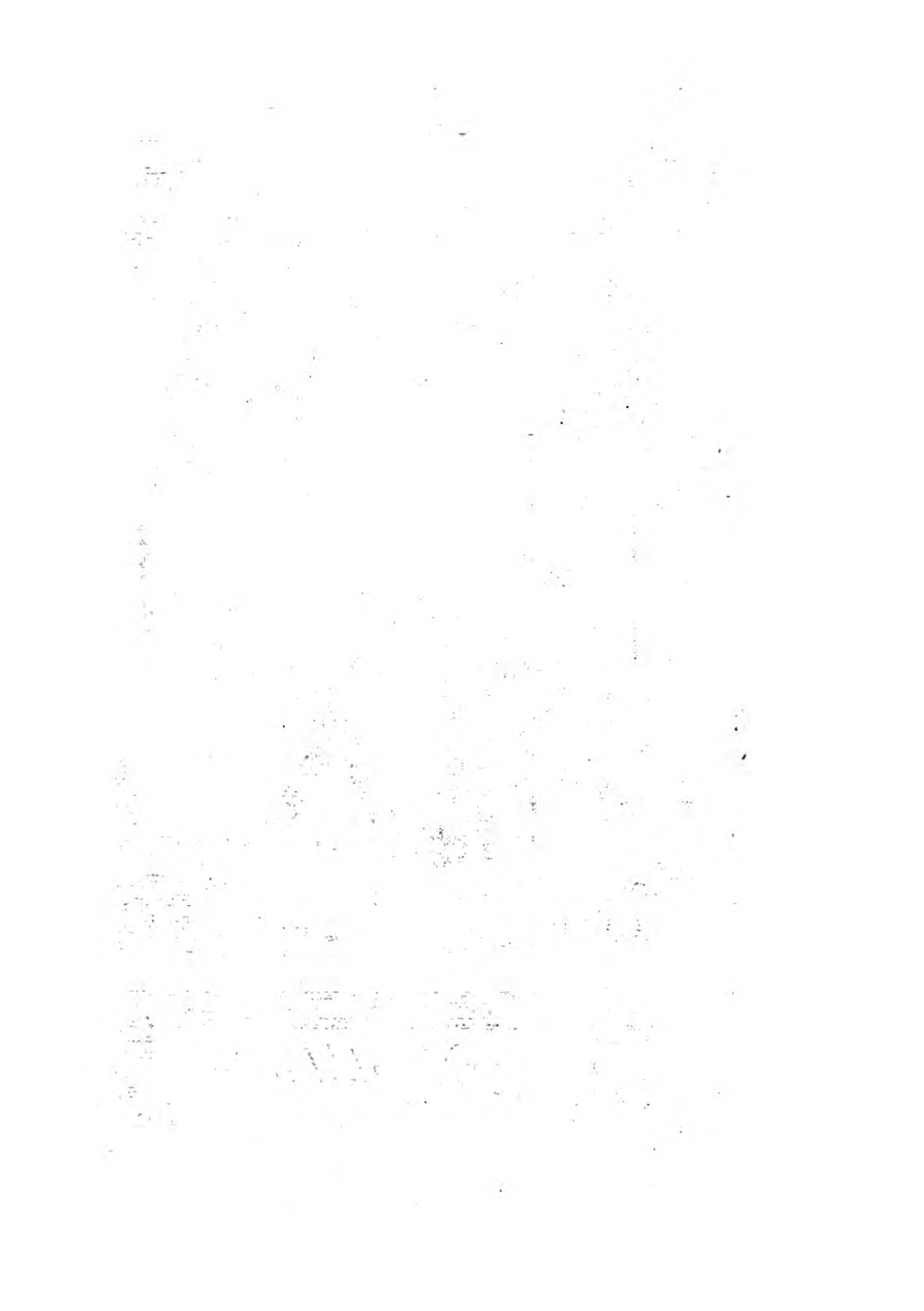
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a State.

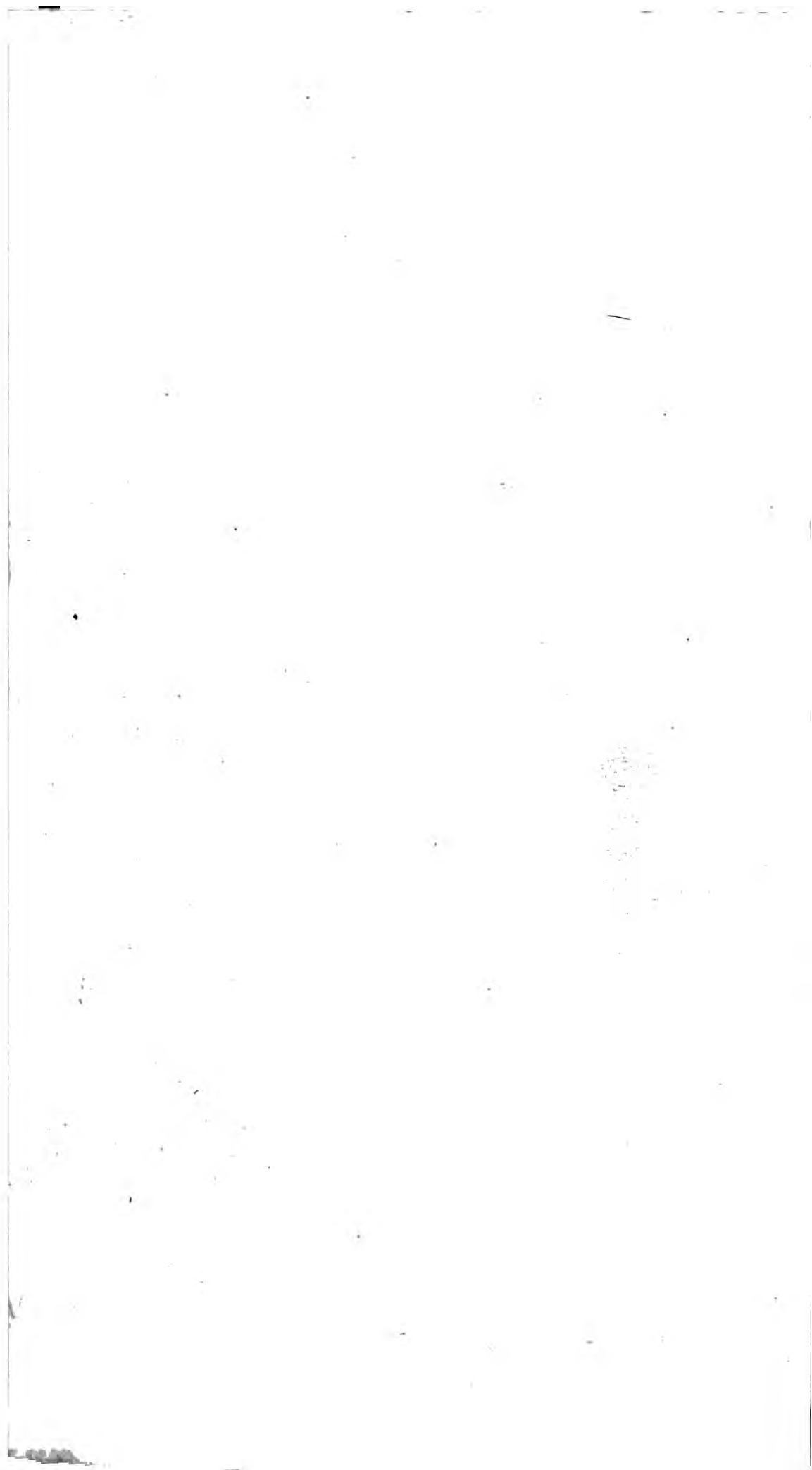


M. V. Gucht sculp.

The Lord Falkland

page 6.







PHILOSOPHICVS

S^r Henry  Wotton K^t.

All *Virtues*, and some *Customs* of the *Court*,
Other Mens *Labour*, are at least his *Sport*.

Whilst we who can no Action undertake,
Whom *Idleness* it self might *Learned* make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know
Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble *Pegasus* fly away.

'Tis *Nature's* fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her *Estate* of *Wit* on *One* bestow.

Whilst we, like *younger Brothers*, get at best
But a *small stock*, and must *work* out the rest.
How could he answer't, should the State think fit
To question a *Monopoly* of *Wit*?

Such is the *Man* whom we require, the same
We lent the *North*; untouch'd as is his *Fame*.
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
Those *Men* alone (and those are useful too)
Whose *Valour* is the only *Art* they know,
Were for sad *War* and bloody *Battels* born:
Let *Them* the *State* defend, and *He* adorn.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

W HAT shall we say, since *silent* now is *He*,
Who when he *Spoke*, all things would *Silent* be?

Who had so many *Languages* in store,
That only *Fame* shall speak of him in *more*.
Whom *England* now no more return'd must see.
He's gone to *Heav'n* on his *Fourth Embassie*.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to say
H' had been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.
In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and their *Piety*,
As if he went to *Conquer*, not to *See*.
So well he understood the most and best
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* sent into the *West*,
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* ev'ry where.
Justly each *Nation's* Speech to him was known,
Who for the *World* was made, not *Us* alone.
Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be less
Who in his Breast had *all things* to *express*.
We say that *Learning's* endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing Life a longer Date.
He did the utmost *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not so large as was his *Mind*.
But, like the brave *Pellæan Youth*, did moan
Because that *Art* had no more *Worlds* than *One*.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He *dy'd*, lest he should *Idle* grow at last.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan,

Second Master at Westminster School.

HENCE, and make room for me, all you who come
 Only to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tomb*.
 Here lyes the *Master* of my tender Years,
 The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*;
 Whose *Government* ne'er stood me in a *Tear*;
 All *weeping* was reserv'd to spend it *here*.
 Come hither all who his rare *Virtues* knew,
 And mourn with *Me*; he was *your Tutor* too.
 Let's join our *Sighs*, 'till they fly far, and shew
 His native *Belgia* what she's now to do.
 The *League* of Grief bids her with us lament;
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
 In payment of all Men we there had lost,
 And all the *English Blood* those Wars have cost.
 Wisely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide;
 His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
 Of *England*; and t'avoid the envious strife
 Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
 But we in chief; our Country soon was grown
 A *Debter* more to *Him*, than *He* t'his own.
 He pluck'd from Youth the Follies and the Crimes,
 And built up *Men* against the future times.
 For deeds of *Age* are in their *Causes* then,
 And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he *made* the *Men*.

Hence

Hence 'twas, a *Master* in those ancient days,
When Men sought *Knowledge* first, and by it *Praise*,
Was a thing full of *Rev'rence*, *Profit*, *Fame*;
Father it self was but a *Second Name*.

He scorn'd the *Profit*; his *Instructions* all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*.

He *deserv'd Honours*, but *despis'd* them too
As much as those who have them, others do.

He knew not that which *Compliment* they call;
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himself* least of all.

So true, so faithful, and so just as he,
Was nought on Earth, but his own *Memory*.

His *Memory*, where all things written were
As sure and fix'd as in *Fates Books* they are.

Thus he in *Arts* so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the *Use* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.

And having purchas'd all that Man can know,
He labour'd with't to enrich others now.

Did thus a new, and harder Task sustain,
Like those that work in *Mines* for others gain.

He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.

Though my *Excuse* would be, I must confess,
Much better, had his *Diligence* been less.

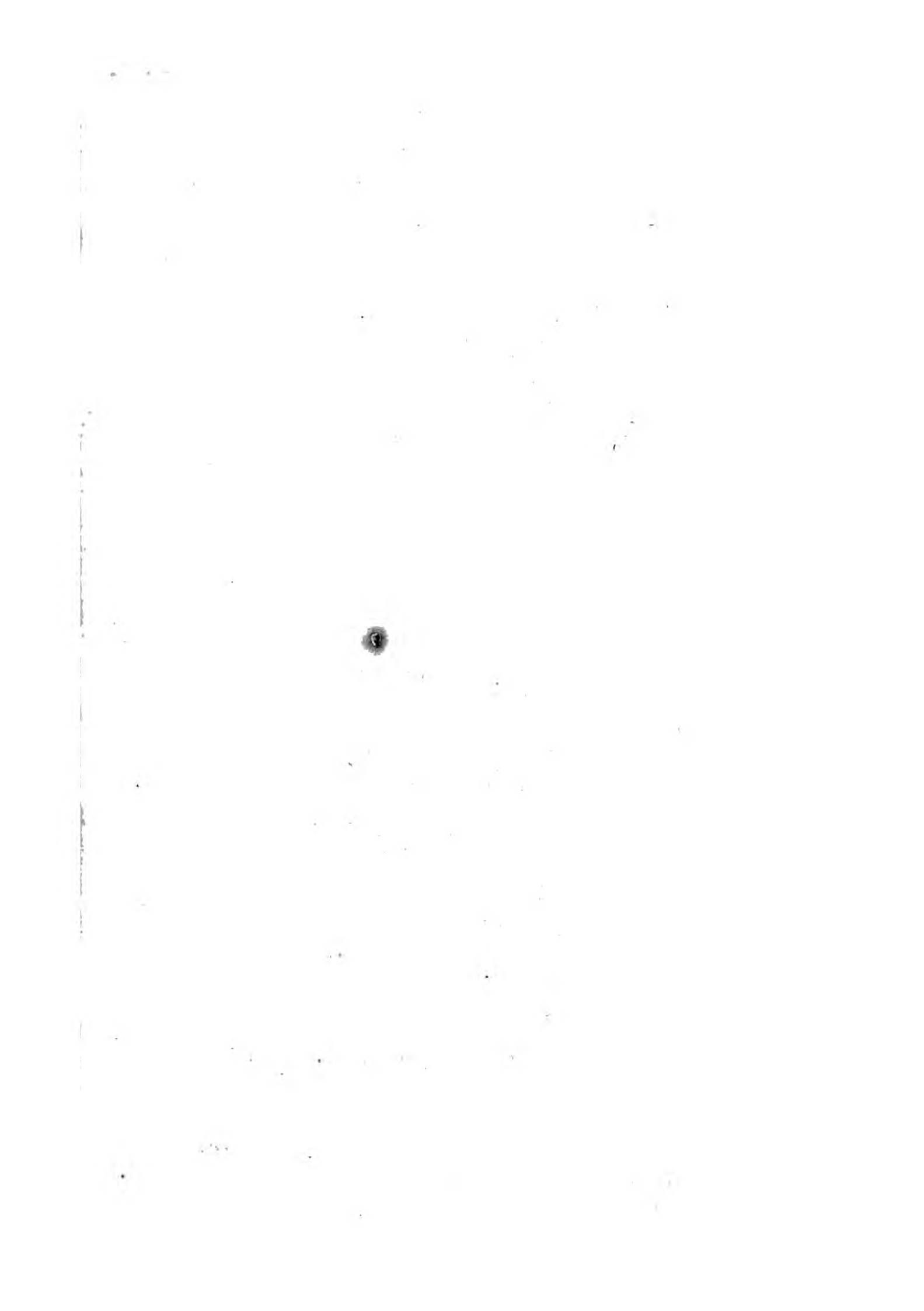
But if a *Muse* hereafter smile on me,

And say, *Be thou a Poet*, Men shall see

That none could a more *grateful Scholar* have;

For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*.

On





M.V. Gucht sculp

King Charles the first.

On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland.

I.

WELCOME, Great Sir, with all the Joy that's due
To the Return of *Peace* and *You*.

Two greatest *Blessings* which this Age can know;
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heav'n* we owe.

Others by *War* their *Conquests* gain,
You like a *God* your Ends obtain;
Who when rude *Chaos* for his Help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and sweetly *Order'd* all.

II.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge *Heav'n* full *Thanks* for it.
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* Fate,
And like the *Peace*, but think it comes *too late*.

No *Widows* hear the jocund *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands* *Knells*.
No drop of *Blood* is spilt which might be said
To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*.

III.

'Twas only *Heav'n* could work this wond'rous thing,
And only work't by such a *King*.
Again the *Northern* *Hindes* may sing and plow,
And fear no Harm but from the *Weather* now.
Again may *Tradesmen* love their Pain,
By knowing now for *whom* they gain.

The

The *Armour* now may be hung up to fight,
And only in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

IV.

The Gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conqueror's Brow*.

At such a *Game* what Fool would venture in,
Where one must *lose*, yet neither Side can *win*?

How justly would our *Neighbours* smile
At these mad *Quarrels* of our *Isle*,
Swell'd with proud *Hopes* to snatch the whole away,
Whilst we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing Play*?

V.

How was the silver *Tine* frightened before,
And durst not kiss the armed *Shore*?
His *Waters* ran more swiftly than they use,
And hasted to the *Sea* to tell the *News*.

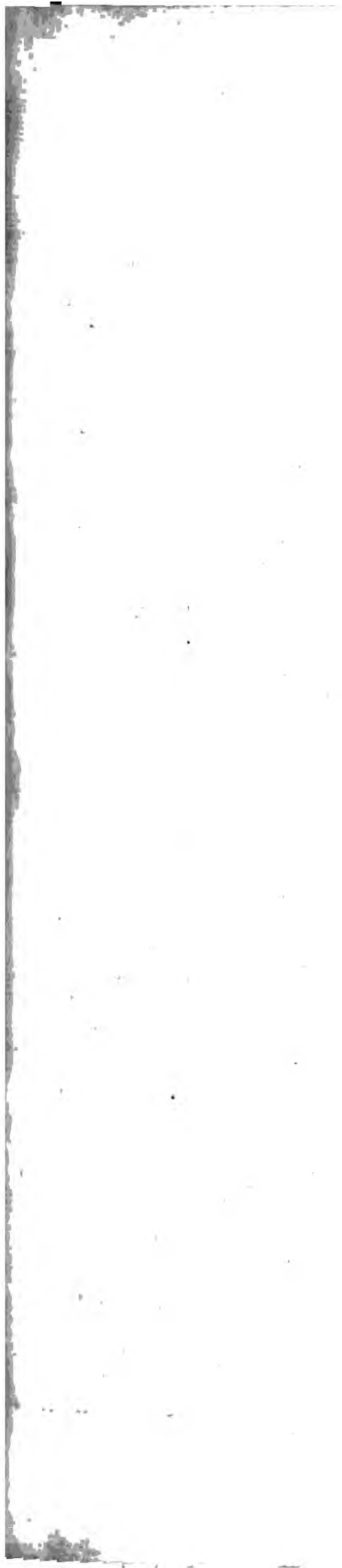
The *Sea* it self, how rough foe'er,
Could scarce believe such *Fury* here.
How could the *Scots* and we be *En'mies* grown?
That, and its *Master Charles*, had made us *One*.

VI.

No *Blood* so loud as that of *Civil War*;
It calls for *Dangers* from afar.

Let's rather go, and seek out *Them*, and *Fame*;
Thus our *Fore-fathers* got, thus left a *Name*.
All their rich *Blood* was spent with *Gains*,
But that which swells their *Childrens Veins*.

Why





M. V. Gucht Sculp.

S^r Anthony Van Dyke .

Why fit we still, our *Spirits* wrapt up in *Lead*?
Not like them whilst they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dead*.

VII.

This noise at home was but *Fate's* Policy,
To raise our *Spirits* more high.
So a bold *Lion*, e'er he seeks his Prey,
Lashes his Sides, and roars, and then away.
How would the *German Eagle* fear,
To see a new *Gustavus* there?
How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
For *Jove* of old, it now bore *Thunder* too!

VIII.

Sure there are Actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to *Charles* his Days.
What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
Whose very *Peace* it self is *Victory*?
When *Heav'n* bestows the best of *Kings*,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His *Valour*, *Wisdom*, *Off-spring* speak no less;
And *we*, the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Guess*.

*On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,
The Famous Painter.*

Vandike is *Dead*; but what *Bold Muse* shall dare
(Though *Poets* in that word with *Painters* share)
T'express her Sadness? *Poesie* must become
An *Art*, like *Painting* here, an *Art* that's *Dumb*.

Let's

Let's all our solemn Grief in silence keep,
 Like some sad *Picture* which he made to weep,
 Or those who saw't, for none his Works could view
 Unmov'd with the same *Passions* which he drew.
 His Pieces so with their live *Objects* strive,
 That both or *Pictures* seem, or both *Alive*.
Nature her self amaz'd, does doubting stand,
 Which is *her own*, and which the *Painter's Hand*,
 And does attempt the like with less success,
 When her own Work in *Twins* she would express.
 His all-resembling *Pencil* did out-pass
 The mimick *Imag'ry* of *Looking-Glass*.
 Nor was his *Life* less perfect than his *Art*,
 Nor was his *Hand* less *erring* than his *Heart*.
 There was no false, or fading *Colour* there,
 The *Figures* sweet and well proportion'd were.
 Most other Men, set next to him in view,
 Appear'd more *Shadows* than the Men he drew.
 Thus still he liv'd, 'till Heav'n did for him call,
 Where reverend *Luke* salutes him first of all:
 Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair;
 And could almost wish for his *Pencil* there:
 Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
 Wondrously *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
 Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the Show,
 Scorns his own *Art* which we admire below.

Only his beauteous *Lady* still he loves;
 (The Love of heav'nly *Objects* Heav'n improves)

He

He sees bright *Angels* in pure Beams appear,
 And thinks on her he left so like them here.
 And you, fair *Widow*, who stay here alive,
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.
 Your Joys and Griefs were wont the same to be;
 Begin not now, blest *Pair*, to *Disagree*.
 No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'rous Mind,
You, and a *new-born You*, he left behind.
 Even *Fate* exprest his Love to his dear *Wife*,
 And let him end *your Picture* with his *Life*.

Prometheus *ill painted*.

HOW wretched does *Prometheus* state appear,
 Whilst he his *Second Mis'ry* suffers here!
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove's* less than the *Painter's* hands.
 It would the *Vulture's* Cruelty out-go,
 If once again his *Liver* thus should grow.
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow;
 The *Flames* he once *stole* from Thee *grant* him now.

O D E.

I.

Here's to thee, *Dick*; this whining *Love* despise;
 Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink 'till thou
 be'st *Wise*.

It

It sparkles brighter far than *She*:
 'Tis pure and right without Deceit;
 And such no *Woman* e'er will be:
 No; they are all *Sophisticate*.

II.

With all thy fervile Pains what canst thou win,
 But an *Ill-Favour'd*, and *Uncleanly Sin*?
 A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
 That *Venus Joys* as well as *She*
 With Reason may be said to be
 From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted Toy, a *Beauty*, move,
 Whom would it e'er persuade to Court and Love,
 Could he a *Woman's Heart* have seen,
 (But, Oh, no *Light* does thither come)
 And view'd her perfectly within,
 When he lay shut up in her *Womb*?

IV.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
 That only he who loves them can have more.
 Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all.
 But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

V.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless Sorrows drown'd;
 Let the *Glass* walk, 'till all things too go round;
 Again,

Again; 'till these *Two Lights* be *Four*;
 No Error here can dang'rous prove;
 Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more;
 None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

Friendship in Absence.

I.

WHEN Chance or cruel Business parts us Two,
 What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
 Whilst Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
 Methinks at home they should not stay,
 Content with *Dreams*, but boldly fly
 Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
 And mix I know not *How*, or *Where*.
 Their Friendly Lights together twine,
 Though we perceiv't not to be so,
 Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
 Yet not themselves their own *Conjunctions* know.

III.

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for ev'ry Friend,
 If *Distance* could their *Union* end:
 But *Love* it self does far advance
 Above the Pow'r of *Time* and *Space*,
 It scorns such outward *Circumstance*,
 His *Time's* for ever, ev'ry where his *Place*.

IV.

I'm there with Thee, yet here with Me Thou art,
 Lodg'd in each others Heart.
Miracles cease not yet in Love,
 When he his Mighty Pow'r will try,
Absence it self does bounteous prove,
 And strangely ev'n our *Presence multiply.*

V.

Pure is the Flame of *Friendship*, and Divine
 Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does shine;
 Like he in th'upper Air and Sky
 Does no effects of Heat bestow,
 But as his Beams the farther fly
 He begets *Warmth, Life, Beauty* here below.

VI.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
 Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye*.
 Less *Meritorious* then is *Love*,
 For when we Friends together see
 So much, so much *Both One* do prove,
 That their *Love* then seems but *Self-Love* to be.

VII.

Each Day think on me, and each Day I shall
 For thee make *Hours Canonical*.
 By ev'ry *Wind* that comes this way,
 Send me at least a *Sigh* or two;
 Such and so many I'll repay,
 As shall themselves make *Winds* to get to you.

VIII. A





M. V. de Guiche sculpt.

The Lord Keeper Williams.

VIII.

A Thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
 To mock our *Separation*.
 Alas, Ten Thousand will not do;
 My Heart will thus no longer stay,
 No longer 'twill be kept from you,
 But knocks against the *Breast* to get away.

IX.

And when no Art affords me Help or Ease,
 I seek with Verse my Griefs t'appease.
 Just as a *Bird* that flies about
 And beats it self against the *Cage*,
 Finding at last no Passage out,
 It fits and sings, and so o'ercomes its Rage.

To the *Bishop* of Lincoln, upon his Enlargement
 out of the Tower.

Pardon, my Lord, that I am come so late
 T'express my Joy for your Return of Fate.
 So when injurious Chance did you deprive
 Of *Liberty*, at first I could not grieve;
 My Thoughts a while, like you, *imprison'd* lay;
 Great *Joy*s as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;
 They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
 And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
 Should ev'ry Man's officious Gladness hast,
 And be afraid to shew it self the last,

The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loss* to you of *Liberty*.

When of your Freedom Men the News did hear
Where it was wish'd for, that is ev'ry where,
'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it ravish'd all.

So *Eloquent Tully* did from *Exile* come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherish'd *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counsels* miss;
Rome, the *World's Head*, was nothing without *His*.

Wrong to those Sacred Ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*;

You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did dispence
The *Consulship* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.

Nor did your Fate differ from his at all,
Because the Doom of *Exile* was his Fall,
For the whole *World* without a Native Home
Is nothing but a *Pris'n* of larger Room.

But like a melting *Woman* suffer'd he,
He, who before out-did *Humanity*.

Nor could his *Sp'rit* constant and *stedfast* prove,
Whose *Art* 't had been, and greatest end to *Move*.

You put *Ill Fortune* in so good a Dress,
That it out-shone other Mens *Happiness*.

Had your *Prosper'ty* always clearly gone
As your *High Merits* would have led it on,
You'd *Half* been lost, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy*, the *least part* of Men.

Your

Your very Suff'rings did so Graceful shew,
 That some straight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too.
 For a clear *Conscience* and *Heroick Mind*
 In *Ills* their *Business* and their *Glory* find.
 So though less worthy *Stones* are drown'd in *Night*,
 The faithful *Diamond* keeps his *Native Light*;
 And is oblig'd to *Darkness* for a *Ray*
 That would be more *Opprest* than *Help'd* by *Day*.
 Your *Soul* then most shew'd her unconquer'd *Pow'r*,
 Was stronger and more armed than the *Tow'r*.
 Sure unkind *Fate* will tempt your *Spirit* no more,
 She 'as try'd her *Weakness* and your *Strength* before.
 To oppose him still who once has *Conquer'd* so,
 Were now to be your *Rebel*, not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Providence* have,
 And rather be your *Friend*, than be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.

I.

I Little thought the time would ever be,
 That I should *Wit* in *Dwarfish Posies* see.
 As all *Words* in few *Letters* live,
 Thou to few *Words* all *Sense* dost give.
 'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare *Art*
 In such a *Little Much* to shew,
 Who all the *Good* she did impart
 To *Womankind* *Epitomiz'd* in you.

C 3

II. H

II.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to Sing,
 The turning *Years* be well compar'd t' a *Ring*,
 We'll write whate'er from you we hear,
 For that's the *Posie* of the *Year*.
 This Diff'rence only will remain,
 That *Time* his former Face does shew,
 Winding into himself again,
 But your unweary'd *Wit* is always *New*.

III.

'Tis said that *Conjurers* have an *Art* found out
 To carry *Spirits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
 The Wonder now will less appear
 When we behold your *Magick* here.
 You by your *Rings* do *Pris'ners* take,
 And chain them with your mysticall Spells,
 And the strong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Devil*, charm'd to those *Circles* dwells.

IV.

They who above do various *Circles* find,
 Say like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'n* does bind.
 When Heav'n shall be Adorn'd by thee
 (Which then more *Heav'n* than 'tis will be)
 'Tis thou must write the *Posie* there,
 For it wanteth one as yet,
 Though the *Sun* pass through't twice a *Year*,
 The *Sun* who is esteem'd the God of *Wit*.

V. Happy

V.

Happy the Hands which wear thy Sacred *Rings*,
 They'll teach those Hands to write Mysterious things.
 Let other *Rings* with *Jewels* bright
 Cast around their costly Light,
 Let them want no noble *Stone*
 By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
 Yet shall thy *Rings* give place to none,
 But only that which must thy *Marriage* bind.

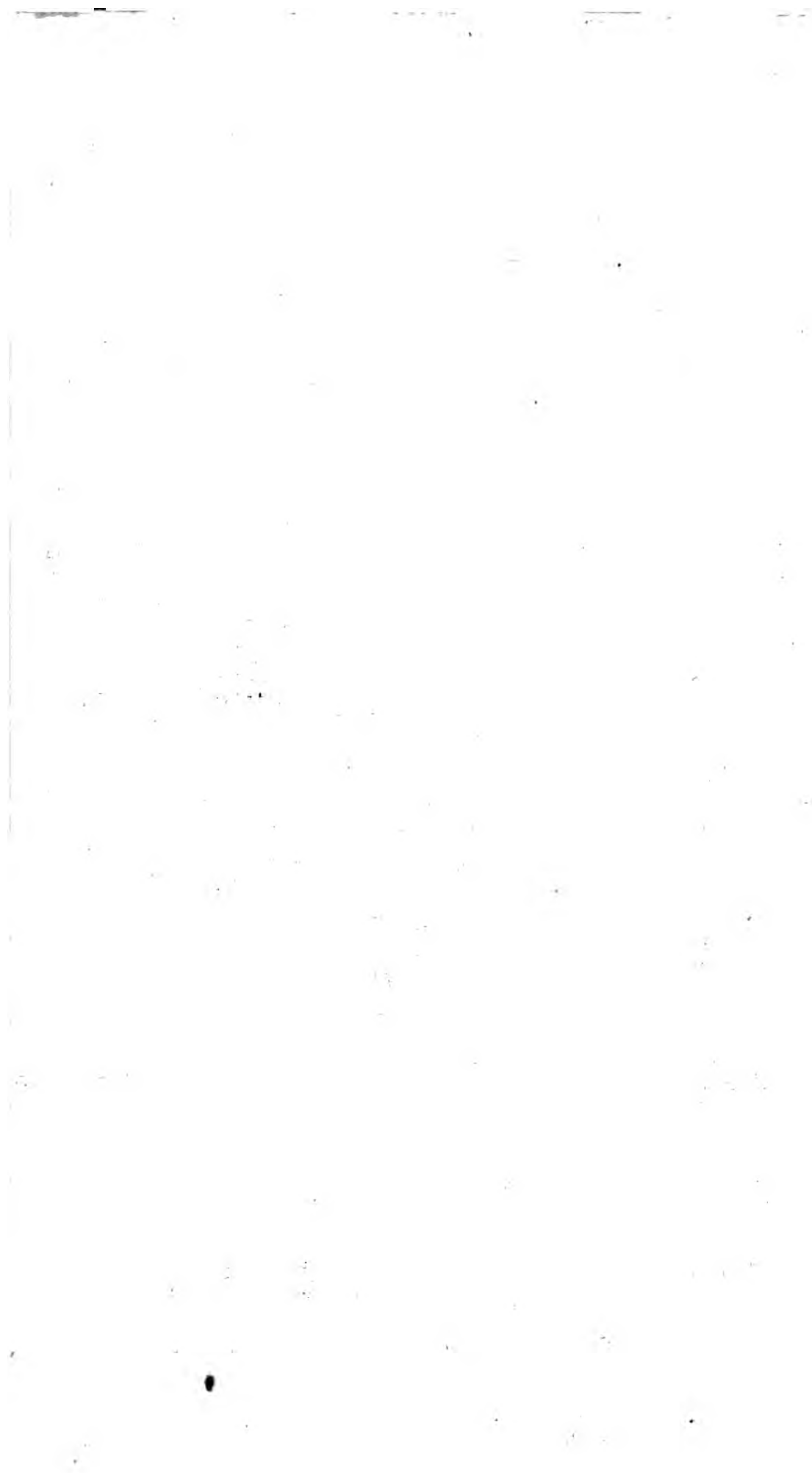
*Prologue to the Guardian.**Before the Prince.*

WHO says the *Times* do *Learning* disallow?
 'Tis false; 'Twas never *Honour'd* so as *now*;
 When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
 You are our *Morning Star*, and shall be our *Sun*.
 But our *Scene's London* now; and by the rout
 We perish, if the *Roundheads* be about.
 For now no Ornament the *Head* must wear,
 No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not so much as *Hair*.
 How can a *Play* pass safely, when ye know
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a *Show*?
 Our only *Hope* is this, that it may be
 A *Play* may pass too, made *Extempore*.
 Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
 They'll admit *Poesie* which was always so.

But we contemn the Fury of these Days,
 And scorn no less their *Censure* than their *Praise*.
 Our *Muse*, Blest *Prince*, does only on you relie;
 Would gladly *Live*, but not refuse to *Die*.
 Accept our *hasty Zeal*; a thing that's *Play'd*
 E'er 'tis a *Play*, and *Acted* e'er 'tis *Made*.
 Our *Ign'rance*, but our *Duty* too we show;
 I would *all ign'rant People* would do so!
 At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*;
 This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*.

The Epilogue.

THE *Play*, Great Sir, is done; yet needs must fear,
 Tho' you brought all you *Father's Mercies* here,
 It may offend your *Highness*, and we've now
 Three Hours done *Treason* here, for ought we know.
 But Pow'r your Grace can above *Nature* give,
 It can give Pow'r to make *Abortives Live*.
 In which if our bold *Wishes* should be crost,
 'Tis but the *Life* of one poor *Week*'t has lost;
 Though it should fall beneath your *Mortal Scorn*,
 Scarce could it *Die* more quickly than 'twas *Born*.





M. V. Gucht Sculp

M. William Hervey

page 25

On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

Immodicis brevis est etas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

I.

IT was a dismal and a fearful Night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When *Sleep, Death's Image*, left my troubled Breast
By something *liker Death* possest.

My Eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of some *Intolerable Fate*.

What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

II.

My sweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peer*,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *End* for ever, and my *Life* to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!

Thy *Soul* and *Body*, when *Death's Agony*
Besieg'd around thy Noble Heart,
Did not with more Reluctance part
Than *I*, my dearest *Friend*, do part from *Thee*.

III.

My dearest *Friend*, would I had dy'd for Thee!
Life and this *World* henceforth will *tedious* be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.
Silent and Sad I walk about all Day,
As fullen *Ghosts* stalk Speechless by

Where

Where their hid *Treasures* lye;
Alas, my *Treasure's* gone, Why do I stay?

IV.

He was my *Friend*, the Truest *Friend* on Earth:
A strong and mighty *Influence* join'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the most founding *Name*
By *Friendship* giv'n of Old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,
Whom the kind Youth preferr'd to Me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my self I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you saw us, ye Immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we spent the *Nights*?
'Till the *Ledaean Stars* so Fam'd for *Love*,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We spent them not in Toys, in Lufts, or Wine;
But Search of deep *Philosophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

VI.

Ye Fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
Have ye not seen us Walking ev'ry *Day*?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us *Two*?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade;
Or your sad Branches thicker join,
And into darksome Shades combine;
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

VII.

VII.

Henceforth no Learned *Youths* beneath you Sing,
 'Till all the Tuneful *Birds* t' your Boughs they bring;
 No Tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted Chear,
 And call the Learned *Youths* to hear;
 No whistling *Winds* through the glad Branches fly,
 But all with sad Solemnity,
 Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does lye.

VIII.

To him my *Muse* made haste with ev'ry strain
 Whilst it was New, and *Warm* yet from the *Brain*.
 He lov'd my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
 Would find out something to *Commend*.
 Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight;
 Be this my latest Verse
 With which I now Adorn his *Herse*,
 And this my *Grief* without *thy* Help shall write.

IX.

Had I a Wreath of *Bays* about my Brow,
 I should contemn that flourishing Honour now,
 Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
 It Rage and Crackle there.
 Instead of *Bays*, Crown with sad *Cypress* me;
 Cypress which *Tombs* does Beautifie;
 Not *Phæbus* griev'd so much as I
 For him, who first was made that Mournful *Tree*.

X.

Large was his *Soul*; 'as large a *Soul* as e'er
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.

High as the Place 'twas shortly in *Heav'n* to have,
But Low, and Humble as his *Grave*.

So *High*, that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to the chiefest Seat
Conspicuous and Great;
So *Low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

XI.

He scorn'd this busie World below, and all
That we, *Mistaken Mortals*, Pleasure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant o'er the Sins of *Youth*.

He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That shine with Beams like *Flame*,
Yet burn not with the fame,

Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none:

XII.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather sought.

Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lye
In such a short *Mortality*.

Whene'er the Skilful Youth Discours'd or Writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng

About his El'quent Tongue,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faster than his *Wit*.

XIII.

So strong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
 As all things but his *Judgment* overcame;
 His *Judgment* like the Heav'nly *Moon* did show,
 Temp'ring that Mighty *Sea* below.
 O had he liv'd in *Learning's World*, what Bound
 Would have been able to controul
 His over-pow'ring Soul?
 We've lost in him *Arts* that not yet are found.

XIV.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various *Wit*,
 Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
 And when deep *Talk* and *Wisdom* came in view,
 Retir'd and gave to them their due.
 For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
 Though his own searching *Mind* before
 Was so with *Notions* written o'er
 As if wise *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

XV.

So many *Virtues* join'd in him, as we
 Can scarce pick here and there in *History*.
 More than Old *Writers Practice* e'er could reach,
 As much as they could ever *Teach*.
 These did *Religion*, *Queen* of *Virtues*, sway,
 And all their Sacred *Motions* steer,
 Just like the First and *Highest Sphere*
 Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way.

XVI. With

XVI.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Piety,
 He always *Liv'd*, as other Saints do *Die*.
 Still with his Soul severe Account he kept,
 Weeping all *Debts* out e'er he Slept.
 Then down in Peace and Innocence he lay,
 Like the *Sun's* laborious Light,
 Which still in *Water* sets at Night,
Unfully'd with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

XVII.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,
 To be snatch'd hence e'er better *understood*?
 Snatch'd before half of Thee enough was seen!
 Thou Ripe, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!
 Nor could thy Friends take their last sad Farewel,
 But Danger and *Infectious Death*
 Maliciously seiz'd on that Breath
 Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleasure* always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But Happy Thou, ta'en from this frantick Age!
 Where *Ign'rance* and *Hypocrisie* does rage!
 A fitter *Time* for Heav'n no Soul e'er chose,
 The Place now only free from those.
 There 'mong the *Blest* thou dost for ever shine,
 And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view
 Upon that White and Radiant Crew,
 See'st not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* than *Thine*.

XIX. And

XIX.

And if the Glorious *Saints* cease not to know
 Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below;
 Thy Flame to *Me* does still the same abide,
 Only more Pure and Rarify'd.
 There whilst Immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with Holy Pity see
 Our Dull and Earthly *Poesie*,
 Where *Grief* and *Mis'ry* can be join'd with *Verse*.

O D E. *In Imitation of Horace's Ode.*

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. Od. 5.*

I.

TO whom now, *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
 To what Heart-ravish'd Lover
 Dost thou thy Golden Locks unbind,
 Thy hidden Sweets discover,
 And with large Bounty open set
 All the bright Stores of thy rich *Cabinet*?

II.

Ah simple *Youth*, how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
 And his own *Fortunes* find to be
 So Airy and so Vain,
 Of so *Cameleon*-like an Hue,
 That still *their Colour* changes with *it* too?

III. How

III.

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The Blackness of the Skies?
 Trembling to hear the Winds found higher
 And see the Billows rise;
 Poor *unexperienc'd* He
 Who ne'er, alas, before had been at *Sea!*

IV.

He enjoys thy calm *Sun-shine* now,
 And no Breath stirring hears,
 In the clear Heav'n of thy Brow
 No smallest *Cloud* appears.
 He sees thee Gentle, Fair and Gay,
 And Trusts the *Faithless April* of thy *May*.

V.

Unhappy! Thrice Unhappy He,
 T'whom *Thou untry'd* dost shine!
 But there's no Danger now for *Me*,
 Since o'er *Loretto's Shrine*,
 In witness of the *Shipwrack* past
 My Consecrated *Vessel* hangs at last.

In Imitation of Martial's Epigram.

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, dearest *Friend*, it my good Fate might be
 T' enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;

If we for *Happiness* could *Leisure* find,
 And *wandering Time* into a *Method* bind;
 We should not sure the *Great Mens* Favour need,
 Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Court's thin Diet*, feed.
 We should not *Patience* find daily to hear
 The *Calumnies*, and *Flatt'ries* spoken there.
 We should not the *Lords Tables* humbly use,
 Or talk in *Ladies Chambers Love* and *News*;
 But *Books* and wise *Discourse*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
 And all the Joys that *unmix'd Nature* yields.
 Thick *Summer* Shades where *Winter* still does lye,
 Bright *Winter* Fires that *Summer's* part supply.
Sleep not controll'd by *Cares*, confin'd to *Night*,
 Or bound in any Rule but *Appetite*.
 Free, but not savage or ungracious *Mirth*,
 Rich *Wines* to give it quick and easie Birth.
 A few *Companions*, which our selves should chuse,
 A *Gentle Mistress*, and a *Gentler Muse*.
 Such, dearest Friend, such without doubt should be
 Our *Place*, our *Bus'ness*, and our *Company*.
 Now to *Himself*, alas, does neither *Live*,
 But sees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
 A strict *Account*, set and march thick away;
Knows a Man how to Live, and does he stay?

The CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

I.

Margarita first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my Breast,
Margarita first of all;
 But when a while the wanton Maid
 With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the Beauteous *Katharine*.
 Beauteous *Katharine* gave place,
 (Though loth and angry she, to part
 With the Possession of my Heart)
 To *Elisa's* Conqu'ring Face.

III.

Elisa 'till this Hour might reign,
 Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'en.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
 And still new *Favourites* she chose,
 'Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
 And cast away her Yoke.

IV.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
 Both to reign at once began;

Alter-

Alternately they sway'd,
 And fometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
 And fometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
 And fometimes *Both* I obey'd.

V.

Another *Mary* then arofe,
 And did rigorous *Laws* impofe.
 A mighty *Tyrant* ſhe!
 Long, alas, ſhould I have been
 Under that *Iron-ſcepter'd Queen*,
 Had not *Rebecca* fet me free.

VI.

When Fair *Rebecca* fet me free,
 'Twas then a *Golden Time* with me.
 But ſoon thoſe Pleaſures fled,
 For the gracious Princeſſs dy'd
 In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,
 And *Judith* reign'd in her ſtead.

VII.

One Month, Three Days and Half an Hour
Judith held the *Sov'reign Pow'r*.
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,
 But ſo weak and ſmall her Wit,
 That ſhe to govern was unfit,
 And ſo *Sufanna* took her Place.

VIII.

But when *Iſabella* came
 Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs Flame,

And th' Artillery of her Eye,
 Whilst she proudly march'd about
 Greater Conquests to find out,
 She beat out *Susan* by the Bye.

IX.

But in her place I then Obey'd
 Black-ey'd *Bess* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,
 To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*.
 Thousand worse *Passions* then possess
 The *Inter-regnum* of my Breast.
 Bless me from such an *Anarchy*!

X.

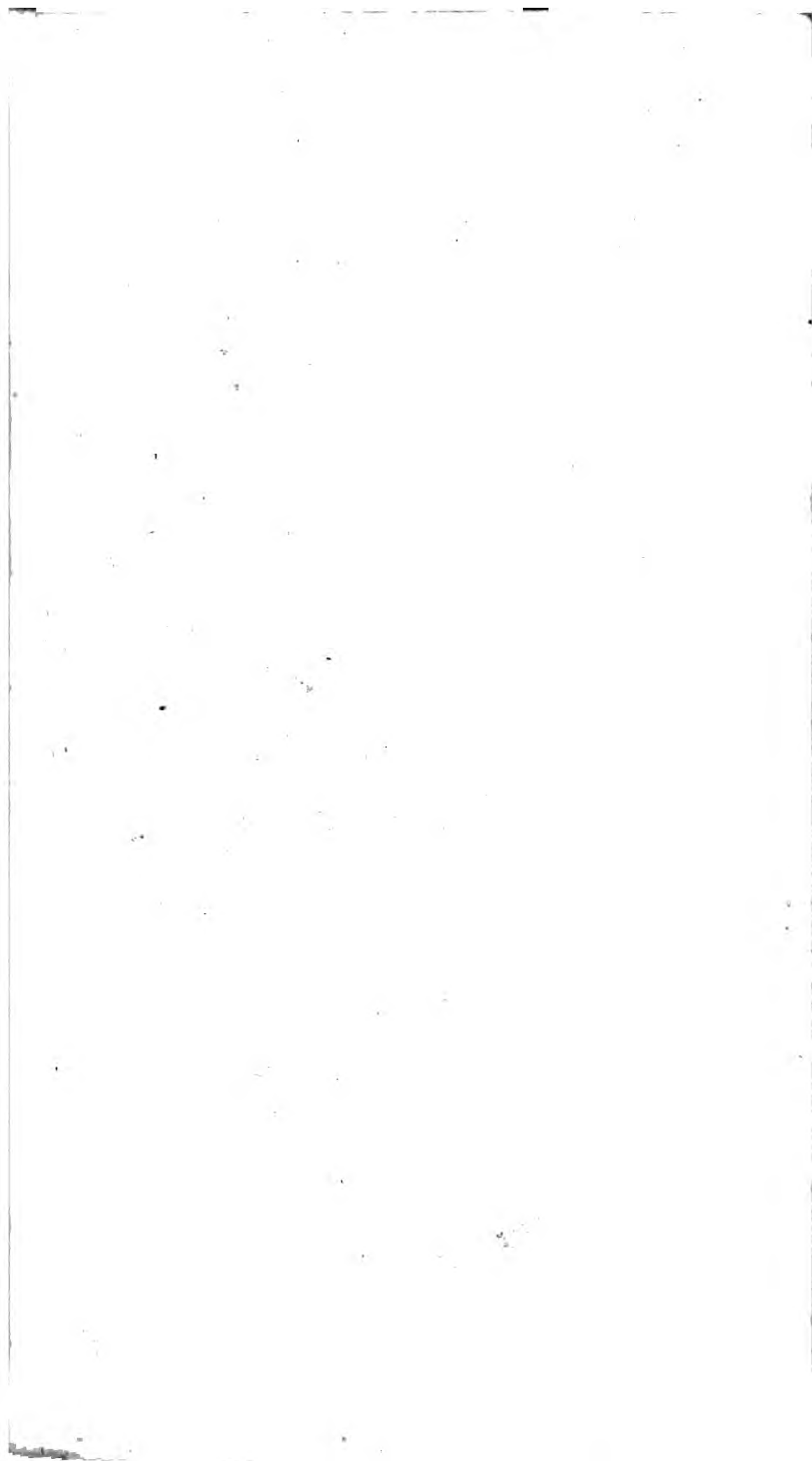
Gentle *Henrietta* then
 And a third *Mary* next began,
 Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*.
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
 And then another *Katharine*,
 And then a long *Et cetera*.

XI.

But should I now to you relate
 The Strength and Riches of their *State*,
 The *Powder*, *Patches* and the *Pins*,
 The *Ribbons*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
 The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
 That make up all their *Magazins*:

XIII.

If I should tell the Politick Arts
 To take and keep Mens Hearts,





S^r William D'avenant K^t
Nat: 1605 Ob: 1668.

The Letters, Embassies and Spies,
 The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
 The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
 Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries!*

XIII.

And all the little *Lime-twigs* laid
 By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
 I more voluminous should grow,
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All Change of *Weathers* that befel)
 Than *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with Me.
 An higher and a nobler Strain
 My present *Emperess* does claim,
Heleonora, *First o' th' Name*,
 Whom *God* grant long to Reign.

To Sir William D'Avenant.

Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, finish'd before his Voyage to America.

MEthinks *Heroick Poesie* 'till now
 Like some fantastick *Fairy-Land* did shew,
Gods, *Devils*, *Nymphs*, *Witches*, and *Giants Race*,
 And all but *Man*, in *Man's chief Work* had place.

Thou like some worthy *Knight*, with Sacred Arms
 Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*.
 Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
 The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
 Yet ev'n thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excel,
 Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well.

By fatal Hands whilst *present Empires* fall,
 Thine from the Grave *past Monarchies* recal.
 So much more Thanks from Human-kind does merit
 The *Poet's Fury*, than the *Zealot's Spirit*.

And from the *Grave* thou mak'st this *Empire* rise,
 Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t' affright her Eyes,
 But with more Lustre and triumphant State,
 Than when it *crownd*'d at proud *Verona* fate.

So will our *God* re-build Man's perish'd Frame,
 And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same*.
 So *God-like Poets* do past things rehearse,
 Not *change*, but *heighten* Nature by their Verse.

With Shame, methinks, Great *Italy* must see
 Her *Conqu'rors* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*.
 Rais'd by such pow'rful Verse, that Ancient *Rome*
 May blush no less to see her *Wit* o'ercome.

Some Men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
 And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.
 The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
 To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
 Thou in those beaten Paths disdain'st to tread,
 And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.

Since

Since Time does all things change, thou think'ft not fit
 This latter *Age* should fee *all New but Wit*.
 Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
 And leaves bright *Tracks* for following *Pens* to take.
 Sure 'twas this noble Boldness of the *Muse*
 Did thy Desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
 And ne'er did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* blefs,
 If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like Success.

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey.

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
 Uses just as the *Romish Church* has done
 Her Prophan *Laity*, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
 A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives:
 Such Comfort to us here your Letter gives,
 Fraught with brisk *Racy Verses*, in which we
 The *Soil* from whence they came, taste, smell, and see:
 Such is your *Present* t' us; for you must know,
 Sir, that *Verses* does not in this *Island* grow
 No more than *Sack*: One lately did not fear
 (Without the *Muses* leave) to plant it here.
 But it produc'd such Base, Rough, Crabbed, Hedge
Rhimes, as ev'n set the Hearers *Ears* on *Edge*,
 Written by ————— *Esquire, the*
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three.

Brave *Jersey Muse!* and he's for this high Stile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the *Isle*.

Alas, to Men here, no *Words less* hard be,

To Rhyme with, than **Mount Orgueil* is to me. * The
Name of
one of the
Castles in
Jersey.
Mount Orgueil, which in scorn o'th' *Muses Law*
With no *Yoke-fellow Word* will deign to draw.

Stubborn *Mount Orgueil!* 'tis a work to make it
Come into *Rhime*, more hard than 'twere to *take it*.

Alas, to bring your *Tropes* and *Figures* here,
Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Elphants* were.

And *Metaphor* is so unknown a thing,

'Twould need the *Preface* of, *God save the King*.

Yet this I'll say for th' Honour of the Place,

That by God's extraordinary *Grace*,

(Which shows the People' have *Judgment*, if not *Wit*)

The Land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet.

Which in my poor Opinion, I confess,

Is a most sing'lar Blessing, and no less

Than *Ireland's* wanting *Spiders*. And so far

From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombast* too they are,

(That other *Crying Sin* o' th' *English Muse*)

That even *Satan* himself can accuse

None here (no not so much as the *Divines*)

For th' *Motus primò primi* to *Strong Lines*.

Well, since the Soil then does not nat'rally bear

Verse, who (*a Devil*) would *import* it here?

For that to me would seem as strange a thing

As who did first *Wild Beasts* into' *Islands* bring.

Unless

Unless you think that it might taken be
 As *Green* did *Gond'ibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
 But that's a Fortune falls not ev'ry Day;
 'Tis true *Green* was made by it; for they say
 The *Parlament* did a noble Bounty do, [teens too.
 And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths* and *Fif-*

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Against the Dogmatists.

I.

THE Sacred *Tree* 'midst the fair *Orchard* grew,
 The *Phœnix Truth* did on it rest,
 And built his perfum'd Nest.
 That right *Porphyrian Tree* which did true *Logick* shew,
 Each *Leaf* did learned *Notions* give,
 And th' *Apples* were *Demonstrative*.
 So clear their *Colour*, and divine,
 The very *Shade* they cast did other *Lights* out-shine.

II.

Taste not, said *God*; 'tis *Mine* and *Angels* Meat;
 A certain *Death* does fit,
 Like an ill *Worm*, i' th' *Core* of it.
 Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live* or *Know* and *Eat*.
 Thus spoke *God*, yet *Man* did go
Ignorantly on to *Know*;

Grew so *more Blind*, and *she*
 Who tempted him to this, grew yet *more blind* than *He*.

III.

The only *Science* Man by this did get,
 Was but to *know* he nothing *knew*:
 He straight his *Nakedness* did view,
 His ign'rant poor Estate, and was ashamed of it.
 Yet searches *Probabilities*,
 And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
 And seeks, by useles Pride, [hide.
 With flight and with'ring *Leaves* that *Nakedness* to

IV.

Henceforth, said *God*, the wretched Sons of Earth
 Shall sweat for Food in vain,
 That will not long sustain,
 And bring with *Labour* forth each fond *abortive Birth*.
 That *Serpent* too, their *Pride*,
 Which aims at things deny'd,
 That learn'd and eloquent *Lust*,
 Instead of *mounting high*, shall creep upon the *Dust*.

R E A S O N.

The Use of it in Divine Matters.

I.

Some *blind* themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way;

They

They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,

'Tis but because there was no *Wind*.

Less hard 'tis, not to *err our selves*, than know

If our *Fore-fathers err'd* or no.

When we trust *Men* concerning *God*, we then

Trust not *God* concerning *Men*.

II.

Visions and *Inspirations* some expect,

Their Course here to direct.

Like senseless *Chymists* their own Wealth destroy,

Imaginary Gold t' enjoy.

So *Stars* appear to drop to us from Sky,

And gild the Passage as they fly :

But when they fall, and meet th' opposing Ground,

What but a fordid *Slime* is found?

III.

Sometimes their *Fancies* they 'bove *Reason* set,

And *fast*, that they may *dream* of Meat.

Sometimes *Ill Sp'rits* their fickle Souls delude,

And *Bastard-Forms* obtrude.

So *Endor's* wretched *Sorceress*, although

She *Saul* through his Disguise did know,

Yet when the *Dev'l* comes up *disguis'd*, she cries,

Behold, the *Gods* arise.

IV.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd;

Reason within's our only *Guide*.

Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still *walks*, for all

Its old Original *Fall*.

And

And since it self the boundless *Godhead* join'd
 With a *reasonable Mind*,
 It plainly shews that *Mysteries Divine*
 May with our *Reason* join.

V.

The *Holy Book*, like the *Eighth Sphere*, does shine
 With thousand *Lights of Truth Divine*.
 So numberless the *Stars*, that to the *Eye*
 It makes but all one *Galaxy*.
 Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our *Course by Stars above* we cannot know,
 Without the *Compass* too *below*.

VI.

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faith's Myst'ries* see,
 It sees that *There* and *such* they be;
 Leads to *Heav'ns-door*, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep.
 Though it, like *Moses*, by a sad *Command*
 Must not come into th' *Holy Land*.
 Yet thither it infallibly does *guide*,
 And from afar 'tis all *descry'd*.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

POet and *Saint*! to thee alone are giv'n
 The two most sacred *Names of Earth and Heav'n*,
 The hard and rarest *Union* which can be
 Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanity*. Long

Long did the *Muses* banish'd *Slaves* abide,
 And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal Pride;
 Like *Moses* thou (tho' Spells and Charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land*.

Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
 Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.
 Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their Ayres divine,
 And Joy in an Applause so great as *Thine*;
 Equal Society with them to hold,
 Thou needst not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old*.
 And they (kind Spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
 How little less than *they*, *exalted Man* may be.

Still the Old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
 The *Heav'nliest* thing on Earth still keeps up *Hell*.
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land*;
 Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand.
 And tho' *Pan's Death* long since all *Or'cles* broke,
 Yet still in Rhyme the *Fiend Apollo* spoke:
 Nay, with the worst of *Heathen* Dotage We
 (Vain Men!) the *Monster Woman* deifie;
 Find *Stars*, and tie our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
 And *Paradise* in them, by whom we *lost* it, place.
 What diff'rent Faults corrupt our *Muses* thus?
Wanton as *Girls*, as *Old Wives*, *Fabulous*!

Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain
 The boundless *Godhead*, she did well disdain
 That her *Eternal Verse* employ'd should be
 On a less Subject than *Eternity*;

And

And for a sacred *Mistress* scorn'd to take, [make.
 But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Spouse* to
 It (in a kind) *her Miracles* did do;
 A Fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.

*How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy Death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful Breath
 In thy great *Mistress* Arms? Thou most Divine
 And richest *Off'ring* of *Loretto's Shrine*!
 Where like some holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
 A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd *Chappel* there,
 And bore the sacred Load in Triumph thro' the Air.
 'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and *they*,
 And *thou*, their Charge, went *singing* all the way.

Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent
 That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
 For ev'n in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
 When join'd with so much *Piety* as *his*.

Ah, Mighty *God*, with Shame I speak't, and Grief,
 Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
 And our weak *Reason* were ev'n weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our *Wills* too strong for it.
 His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenets might
 Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.
 And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
 So far at least, Great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.

*Mr. Crasshaw dy'd of a Fever at Loretto, being newly chosen Canon of
 that Church.

Hail,



[Faint, illegible handwritten text]



Apud Fulvium Urfinum
in numismate aereo.

Hail, *Bard triumphant!* and some Care bestow
 On *us*, the *Poets militant* Below!
 Oppos'd by our old En'my, adverse *Chance*,
 Attack'd by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
 Inchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,
 Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*.
 Thou from low Earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise,
 And, like *Elijah*, mount *alive* the Skies.
Elisha-like (but with a Wish much less,
 More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littleness*)
 So here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove
 So humble to *esteem*, so good to *love*)
 Not that thy *Sp'rit* might on me *doubled* be,
 Ask but half thy mighty *Sp'rit* for me.
 And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a *Wing*,
 I will learn of *Things divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing.

Anacreontiques; or, *Some Copies of Verses,*
translated Paraphrastically out of Anacreon.

I. *L O V E.*

['LL sing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*;
 In mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
 Begin, my *Muse*; but lo the Strings
 To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
 The Strings will sound of nought but *Love*.
 I broke them all, and put on new;
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.

These

These sure (said I) will me obey;
 These sure *Heroick Notes* will play.
 Straight I began with thund'ring *Jove*,
 And all th'immortal Pow'rs but *Love*.
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled *Lyre*
 Came gentle Ayres, such as inspire
 Melting Love, soft Desire.
 Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
 And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*.
Love tunes my *Heart* just to my *Strings*.

II. DRINKING.

THE thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
 The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are
 With constant Drinking fresh and fair.
 The *Sea* it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of *Drink*,
 Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,
 So fill'd that they o'er-flow the *Cup*.
 The busie *Sun* (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery Face no less)
 Drinks up the *Sea*, and when he's done,
 The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.
 They drink and dance by their own Light,
 They drink and revel all the Night.

Nothing in *Nature's* sober found,
 But an eternal *Health* goes round.
 Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
 Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but *I*,
 Why, *Man of Morals*, tell we why?

III. B E A U T Y.

Liberal *Nature* did dispence
 To all Things *Arms* for their Defence;
 And some she arms with sin'wy Force,
 And some with Swiftness in the Course;
 Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
 And some with Horns, or tusked Jaws;
 And some with Scales, and some with Wings,
 And some with Teeth, and some with Stings.
Wisdom to *Man* she did afford,
Wisdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
 What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
 What *Arms*, what *Armour* has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*,
 What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?
 What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
 More *Impassible* is found?
 And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e'er
 So great an *active* Force did bear?

They are *all Weapon*, and they dart
 Like *Porcupines* from ev'ry Part.
 Who can, alas, their Strength exprefs,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undrefs,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedness*?

IV. *The D U E L.*

YES, I will love then, I will love,
 I will not now *Love's Rebel* prove.
 Though I was once his *Enemy*;
 Though ill advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the Combate him defie.
 An *Helmet*, *Spear*, and mighty *Shield*,
 Like some new *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one *Hand* his *Bow* did take,
 In th' other *Hand* a *Dart* did shake.
 But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
 In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
 So well my *Armour* did resist,
 So oft by *Flight* the *Blow* I mist.
 But when I thought all *Danger* past,
 His *Quiver* empty'd quite at last,
 Instead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
 He shot *himself* into my *Heart*.
 The *living* and the *killing Arrow*
 Ran through the *Skin*, the *Flesh*, the *Blood*,

And

ANACREONTIQUES.

51

And broke the Bones, and scorch'd the Marrow,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withstood.

In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I set out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *En'my* does within remain.

In vain a *Breast-plate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breast* the *Foe* I bear.

In vain my *Feet* their *Swiftnefs* try;
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V. A G E.

OFT am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'ft old.

Look how thy *Hairs* are falling all;

Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!

Whether I grow old or no,

By th' *Effects* I do not know.

This I know without being told,

'Tis time to *Live* if I grow *Old*.

'Tis time short *Pleasures* now to take,

Of little *Life* the best to make,

And manage *wisely* the *last Stake*.

VI. The ACCOUNT.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endless *Sums* of heavenly *Gold*)

E 2

Or

Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
 From sickly *Autumn's Head* that fall,
 Or when the Drops that make the *Sea*,
 Whilst all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
 Thou then, and Thou alone may'st prove
 Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.

An hundred Loves at *Athens* score,
 At *Corinth* write an hundred more.
 Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,
 So few is an *Escaping* there.

Write then at *Chios* seventy three;
 Write then at *Lesbos* (let me see)
 Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
 Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One.

And next to these let me present
 The fair *Ionian Regiment*.

And next the *Carian Company*,
 Five hundred both *Effectively*.

Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
 Three hundred 'tis I am sure *Complete*.

For Arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,
 And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.

Go on; this Stop why dost thou make?

Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.

Seems this to thee too great a *Sum*?

Why many *Thousands* are to come;

The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast

Such different *Nations* in his *Host*.

On; for my Love, if thou be'ft weary,
 Muft find fome better *Secretary*.
 I have not yet my *Persian* told,
 Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
 Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
 Nor *Cyprian Loves*, nor *African*;
 Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian Flames*;
 There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*,
 Of gentle Loves i' th' *Temperate Zone*,
 And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
 Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
 And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

VII. G O L D.

A Mighty Pain *to Love* it is,
 And 'tis a Pain that Pain to *miss*.
 But of all Pains the greateft Pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
 Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood;
Gold alone does *Passion* move,
Gold monopolizes Love!
 A *curse* on her, and on the Man
 Who this *Traffick* firft began!
 A *curse* on him who found the *Ore*!
 A *curse* on him who digg'd the *Store*!

A *curse* on him who did refine it!
 A *curse* on him who first did coin it!
 A *curse*, all curses else above,
 On him, who us'd it first in *Love*!
Gold begets in Brethren Hate,
Gold in *Families* Debate;
Gold does Friendship separate,
Gold does Civil Wars create.
 These the smallest Harms of it!
Gold, alas, does *Love* beget.

VIII. *The EPICURE.*

FILL the *Bowl* with rosie Wine,
 Around our Temple *Roses* twine,
 And let us chearfully awhile,
 Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile,
 Crown'd with *Roses* we contemn
Gyges wealthy *Diadem*.
To Day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To Day is *Ours*; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish *Business*, banish *Sorrow*;
 To the *Gods* belongs *To Morrow*.

IX. ANOTHER.

U^Nderneath this Myrtle Shade,
 On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing,
 And around it Roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The *Heat*, and *Troubles* of the Day?
 In this more than *Kingly* State,
Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous Health, and gay *Desires*.
 The *Wheel* of Life no less will stay
 In a *smooth* than *rugged* way.
 Since it equally doth fly,
 Let the *Motion* pleasant be.
 Why do we precious *Ointments* show'r,
 Nobler *Wines* why do we pour,
 Beauteous *Flowers* why do we spread,
 Upon the Mon'ments of the *Dead*?
 Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
 Or *Bones* that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with *Roses* whilst I *live*,
 Now your *Wines* and *Ointments* give.

After *Death* I nothing crave,
 Let me *Alive* my Pleasures have,
 All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

X. The GRASHOPPER.

Happy *Insect*, what can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,
 The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!
Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy *Ganymede*.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest *King*!
 All the *Fields*, which thou dost see,
 All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
 All that *Summer Hours* produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer He, and *Landlord Thou*!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy;
 Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy;
 The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
 More *Harmonious* than *He*.
 Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened Year!

Thee

Thee *Phæbus* loves, and does inspire;
Phæbus is himself thy *Sire*.
 To thee of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy *Mirth*.
 Happy *Insect*, happy Thou,
 Dost neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
 (*Voluptuous*, and *Wise* withal,
Epicuræan Animal!)
 Sated with thy *Summer Feast*,
 Thou retir'st to endless *Rest*.

XI. The SWALLOW.

Foolish *Prater*, what dost thou
 So early at my Window do
 With thy tuneless *Serenade*?
 Well't had been had *Tereus* made
 Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
 There his Knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscover'd Nest
 Thou dost all the Winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy Summer Joys
 Free from the stormy Seasons noise:
 Free from th' Ill thou'st done to me;
 Who disturbs, or seeks out *Thee*?

Hadst

Hadst thou all the charming Notes
 Of the Woods *Poetick Throats*,
 All thy Art could never pay
 What thou'st ta'en from me away.
 Cruel *Bird*, thou'st ta'en away
 A *Dream* out of my Arms to Day,
 A *Dream* that ne'er must equall'd be
 By all that *waking Eyes* may see.
 Thou this Damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair
 Nothing half so good can't bring,
 Though Men say, *Thou bring'st the Spring*.

ELEGY upon Anacreon, who was choak'd
 by a Grape-Stone.

Spoken by the God of LOVE.

HOW shall I lament thine End,
 My best *Servant*, and my *Friend*?
 Nay, and if from a *Deity*
 So much *Deify'd* as I,
 It found not too profane and odd,
 Oh my *Master*, and my *God*!
 For 'tis true, most mighty *Poet*,
 (Though I like not Men should know it)
 I am in naked *Nature* less,
 Less by much than in thy *Dress*.

All thy Verse is softer far
 Than the downy Feathers are
 Of my Wings, or of my *Arrows*,
 Of my Mothers *Doves*, or *Sparrows*.
 Sweet as Lovers freshest *Kisses*,
 Or their riper following *Blisses*,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
 All with *Venus Girdle* bound,
 And thy *Life* was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy *Stile*.
 The Smooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ry Day
 Glided numerously away.

Like thy *Verse* each *Hour* did pass,
 Sweet and short, like that it was.

Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
 Just what they by *Nature* owe me,
 The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
 The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*;
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too *busie*, or too *wise* for me.
 Thou wert *wiser*, and didst know
 None too *wise* for Love can grow.
 Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
 Close as *Heat* with *Fire* is join'd,
 A pow'rful *Brand* prescrib'd the Date
 Of thine, like *Meleager's* Fate.
 Th' *Antiperistasis* of *Age*
 More inflam'd thy amorous Rage,

Thy

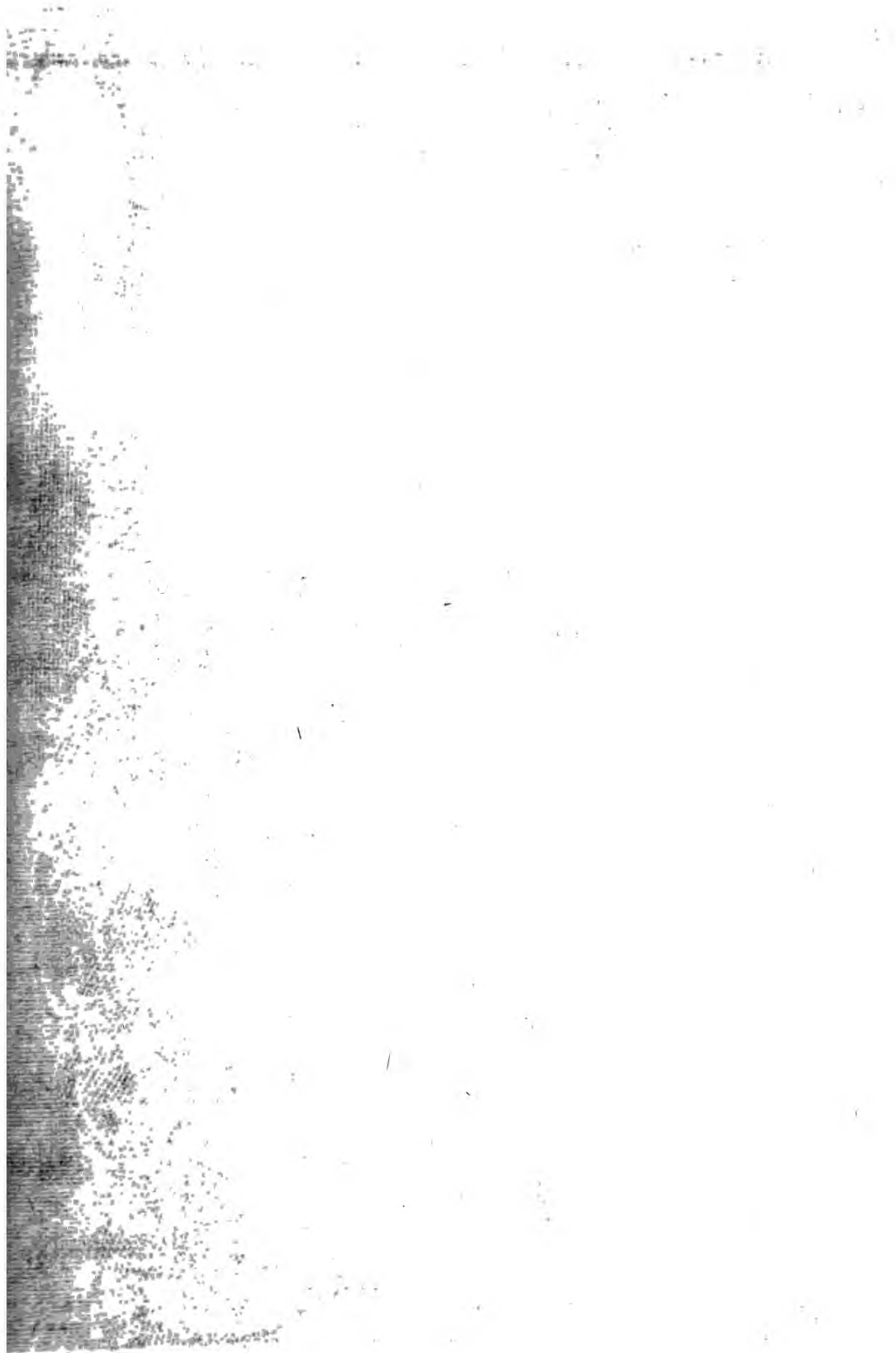
Thy *Silver Hairs* yielded me more
Than even *Golden Curls* before.

Had I the Power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the Matter must obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* should be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* should'st their *Idea* be.
They, like *Thee*, should throughly hate
Bus'ness, Honour, Title, State.
Other Wealth they should not know
But what my *Living Mines* bestow ;
The Pomp of *Kings* they should confess
At their *Crownings* to be less
Than a Lover's humblest Guise,
When at his *Mistress* Feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than Men safe-landed do the *Wind*.
Wisdom it self they should not hear
When it presumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they should admire ;
Nor look at *Fortune's* vain Attire,
Nor ask what *Parents* it can shew ;
With *Dead* or *Old* 't has nought to do.
They should not love yet *All*, or *Any*,
But very *Much*, and very *Many*.
All their Life should gilded be
With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayety,

Well rememb'ring, and *Applying*
The *Necessity* of *Dying*.
Their chearful Heads should always wear
All that crowns the flow'ry Year.
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious String.
Verse should from their Tongue so flow,
As if it in the *Mouth* did grow,
As swiftly answ'ring their Command,
As Tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th' Ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
'Tis, my *Anacreon*, for thy sake
I of the *Grape* no mention make.
'Till my *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Cursed Plant, I lov'd thee well,
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my *Arrows* in thy Juice.
Cursed Plant, 'tis true I see,
Th' old Report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* Blood the Earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee Birth,
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient Spight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*;
In Rage, in Quarrels, and in Fights,
Worse than his *Tygers* he delights;

In all our Heav'n I think there be
 No such *ill-natur'd God* as He.
 Thou pretendest, *Trayt'rous Wine*,
 To be the *Muses* Friend and *Mine*.
 With *Love* and *Wit* thou dost begin,
False Fires, alas, to draw us in;
 Which, if our Course we by them keep,
 Misguide to *Madness*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well; thou hast learn'd a way
 To *Death* it self now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what Fate
 Does on the best of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
 'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poesie*
 Can arm against *Death's* smallest Dart
 The *Poet's Head*, or *Lover's Heart*.
 But when their *Life* in its decline,
 Touches th' *Inevitable Line*,
 All the *World's Mortal* to 'em then,
 And *Wine* is *Aconite* to Men.
 Nay in *Death's Hand* the *Grape-Stone* proves
 As strong as *Thunder* is in *Jove's*.



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pl. 63.

Figat tuus omnia, Phæbe, Te meus arcus.

B. Beeman

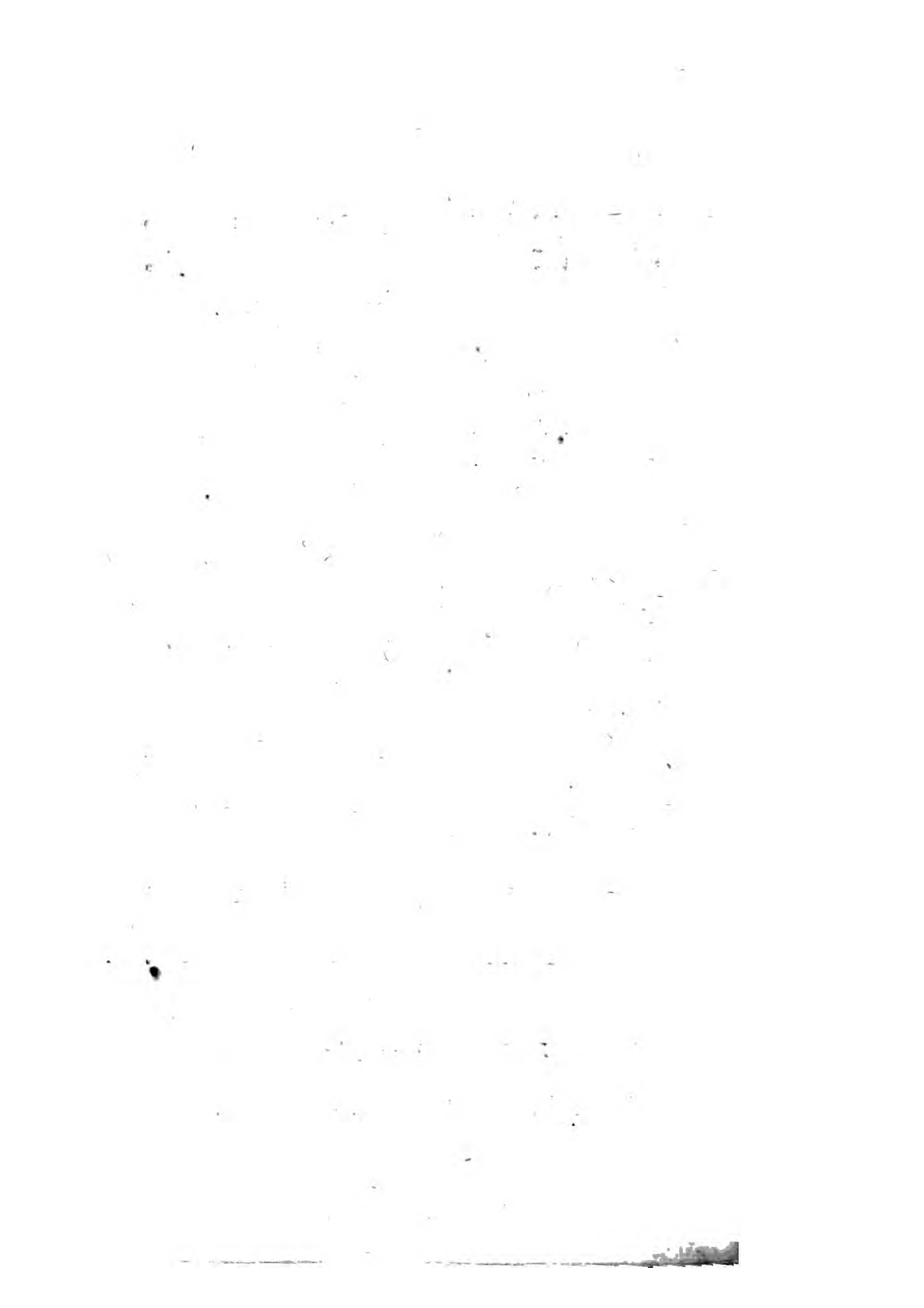
T H E
MISTRESS:
O R,
SEVERAL COPIES
O F
LOVE-VERSES.

---Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

Virg. Æn. 4.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCVII.



T H E
MISTRESS:

Or, several COPIES of
LOVE-VERSES.

The R E Q U E S T.

I.

I Have often wish'd to love; What shall I do?
 Me still the *cruel Boy* does spare;
 And I a double Task must bear,
 First to woo *him*, and then a *Mistress* too.
 Come at last, and strike for shame;
 If thou art any thing besides a *Name*;
 I'll think Thee else no *God* to be;
 But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who first *created Thee*.

II.

I ask not one in whom all Beauties grow,
 Let me but *love*, whate'er she be,
 She cannot seem *deform'd* to me;
 And I would have her seem to *others* so:

Desire takes Wings, and strait does fly,
It stays not *dully* to enquire the *Why*.

That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I shall not see with *others* Eyes, scarce with *mine own*.

III.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble Fire,

If her chill Heart I cannot move,

Why I'll *enjoy* the very *Love*,

And make a *Mistress* of my own *Desire*.

Flames their most vigorous Heat do hold,
And purest Light, if compass'd round with *Cold*:

So when sharp *Winter* means most Harm,
The springing Plants are by the *Snow* it self kept warm.

IV.

But do not touch my Heart, and so be gone;

Strike deep thy burning Arrows in:

Lukewarmness I account a Sin,

As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.

Come arm'd with Flames, for I will prove
All the Extremities of mighty Love.

Th' excess of Heat is but a Fable;

We know the *torrid Zone* is now found *habitable*.

V.

Among the Woods and Forests thou art found,

There *Bores* and *Lions* thou dost tame;

Is not my Heart a nobler Game?

Let *Venus*, *Men*, and *Beasts*, *Diana* wound.

Thou

Thou dost the *Birds* thy Subjects make;
 Thy nimble *Feathers* do their *Wings* o'ertake:
 Thou all the *Spring* their Songs dost hear,
 Make *me Love* too, I'll *sing* to thee all th' *Year*.

VI.

What Service can *mute Fishes* do to Thee?
 Yet against them thy Dart prevails,
 Piercing the Armour of their *Scales*;
 And still thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' *Sea*.
 Dost thou deny only to me
 The no-great Privilege of *Captivity*?
 I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow;
 Either thy *Pity* to me, or else thine *Anger* show.

VII.

Come; or I'll teach the World to scorn that Bow:
 I'll teach them thousand *wholesome Arts*,
 Both to resist and cure thy Darts,
 More than thy skilful *Ovid* e'er did know.
Musick of Sighs thou shalt not hear,
 Nor drink one wretched *Lover's* tasteful *Tear*:
 Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
 My Verses shall not only *wound*, but *murder* Thee.

The THRALDOM.

I.

I Came, I saw, and was *undone*;
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;

A *pointed Pain* pierc'd deep my Heart;
 A swift, cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part;
 My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear
 The *Poison* that was enter'd there.

II.

So a *destroying Angel's Breath*
 Blows in the *Plague*, and with it haſty *Death*.
 Such was the Pain, did ſo begin
 To the poor Wretch, when *Legion* enter'd in.
 Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd my ſelf I was to *die*.

III.

But quickly to my *Coſt* I found,
 'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the Wound:
Death a more gen'rous Rage does uſe;
 Quarter to all he conquers does reſuſe.
 Whiſt *Love* with barb'rous Mercy faves
 The vanquiſh'd Lives, to make them *Slaves*.

IV.

I am thy *Slave* then; let me know,
 Hard *Maſter*, the great Task I have to do:
 Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,
 In Tempeſts and rough *Seas* thy *Gallies* row;
 They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
 Their Sighs encreaſe the angry Wind.

V.

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, ſome
 Thou wearieſt out, in building but a *Tomb*.

Others,

Others, with sad and tedious Art,
Labour i'th' *Quarries* of a *stony Heart* ;
Of all the Works thou dost assign,
To all the several Slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine*.

The GIVEN LOVE.

I.

I'LL on; for what should hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canst not those Exceptions make,
Which vulgar fordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low ;
'Twere Pity I should love thee so,
If that dull Cause could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

II.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the Rich all Honours seize ;
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wise* alone.
But if you claim o'er *Women* too
The Power which over *Men* ye do ;
If you alone must *Lovers* be ;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

III.

Rather than lose what does so near
 Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
 I'll some such crooked Ways invent,
 As you, or your *Fore-Fathers* went:
 I'll flatter or oppose the *King*,
 Turn *Puritan*, or *any thing*;
 I'll force my *Mind* to Arts so new:
 Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain,
 As Man in *Paradise* did reign;
 When perfect *Love* did so agree,
 With *Innocence* and *Poverty*.
Adam did no *Jointure* give,
Himself was *Jointure* to his *Eve* :
 Untouch'd with *Avarice* yet, or *Pride*,
 The *Rib* came freely back to's *Side*.

V.

A *Curse* upon the Man who taught
 Women, that *Love* was to be bought;
 Rather dote only on your *Gold*,
 And that with greedy *Avarice* hold;
 For if *Woman* too submit
 To that, and sell her self for it,
 Fond *Lover*, you a *Mistress* have
 Of her, that's but your *Fellow-Slave*.

VI. What

VI.

What should those *Poets* mean of old,
 That made their *God* to woo in *Gold*?
 Of all Men sure *They* had no Cause
 To bind Love to such *costly Laws*;
 And yet I scarcely blame them now;
 For who, alas, would not allow,
 That *Women* should such Gifts receive,
 Could They, as He, *Be* what *They give*?

VII.

If thou, my Dear, thy self should'st prize,
 Alas, what Value would suffice?
 The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
 Should to both *Indies jointure thee*.
 Thy Beauties therefore Wrong will take,
 If thou should'st any *Bargain* make,
 To *give All* will besit thee well;
 But not at *Under-rates to sell*.

VIII.

Bestow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee*;
 'Tis an exploded *Popish* Thought
 To think that *Heaven* may be *bought*.
Prayers, Hymns, and Praises are the way;
 And those my thankful *Muse* shall pay;
 Thy *Body*, in my Verse enshrin'd,
 Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*.

IX.

I'll fix thy Title next in Fame
 To *Sacharissa's* well-fung Name.
 So faithfully will I declare
 What all thy wondrous Beauties are,
 That when, at the last great *Affize*,
 All *Women* shall together rise,
 Men strait shall cast their Eyes on Thee,
 And know at first that *Thou art She*.

The SPRING.

I.

THough you be absent here, I needs must say,
 The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *Flowers* as gay,
 As ever they were wont to be;
 Nay the *Birds* rural Musick too
 Is as melodious and free,
 As if they fung to pleasure you:
 I saw a *Rose-bud* ope this Morn; I'll swear
 The blushing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
 How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* so gay?
 Could they remember but last Year,
 How you did *them*, *they* you delight,
 The sprouting Leaves which saw you here,
 And call'd their *Fellows* to the Sight,

Would,

Would, looking round for the same Sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent *Barks* again.

III.

Where-e'er you walk'd Trees were as reverend made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in ev'ry Shade.

Is't possible they should not know,
What Loss of Honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former Pride retain?

Dull *Creatures*! 'tis not without Cause that she,
Who fled the *God of Wit*, was made a *Tree*.

IV.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the *Thracian* Verse to hear;
In vain did *Nature* bid them stay,
When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,
They call'd their wond'ring *Roots* away,
And bad them silent to him run.

How would those learned Trees have follow'd you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

V.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They're here the *only Fair*, and *shine alone*.

You did their *Natural Rights* invade;
Where-ever you did walk or sit,
The thickest Boughs could make no *Shade*,
Although the *Sun* had granted it:

The fairest *Flowers* could please no more, near you,
Than *Painted Flowers*, set next to them, could do.

VI.

Whene'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to *Me*.

The little Joys which here are now,
The name of Punishments do bear;
When by their Sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.

'Tis you the best of *Seasons* with you bring;
This is for *Beasts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring*.

Written in Juice of Lemmon.

I.

WHilst what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetry*.
Ah foolish Muse, which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her Judgment well,
How much it does thy Power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just Doom, the *Fire*.

II.

Alas, thou think'st thy self secure,
Because thy Form is *Innocent* and *Pure*:
Like *Hypocrites*, which seem unspotted here;
But when they sadly come to die,
And the last *Fire* their Truth must try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and *blotted* they appear.

III. Go

III.

Go then, but reverently go,
 And, since thou needs must *sin, confess* it too:
 Confess't, and with Humility clothe thy Shame;
 For thou, who else must burned be
 An *Heretick*, if she pardon thee,
 May'st like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame*.

IV.

But if her *Wisdom* grow severe,
 And suffer not her *Goodness* to be there;
 If her large Mercies cruelly it restrain;
 Be not discourag'd, but require
 A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
 And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

V.

Strange Pow'r of Heat, thou yet dost show
 Like winter Earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*,
 But, as the quick'ning *Sun* approaching near,
 The *Plants* arise up by degrees,
 A sudden Paint adorns the Trees,
 And all kind *Nature's Characters* appear.

VI.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seen,
 But when a *Genial Heat* warms thee within,
 A new-born *Wood* of various Lines there grows;
 Here buds an A, and there a B,
 Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
 And all the flourishing *Letters* stand in *Rows*.

VII. Still,

VII.

Still, silly *Paper*, thou wilt think
 That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*.
 Oh no; there's Sense in this, and *Mystery*;
 Thou now may'st change thy *Author's* Name,
 And to her *Hand* lay noble Claim;
 For as *She reads*, she *makes* the Words in thee.

VIII.

Yet if thine own Unworthiness
 Will still, that thou art mine, not hers, confess;
 Consume thy self with Fire before her Eyes,
 And so her *Grace* or *Pity* move;
 The *Gods*, though *Beasts* they do not love,
 Yet like them, when they're burnt in *Sacrifice*.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

FIVE Years ago (says *Story*) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most *Inconstant* now;
 Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the *Man*;
 For I am not the same that I was then;
 No *Flesh* is now the same 'twas then in me,
 And that my *Mind* is chang'd your self may see.
 The same *Thoughts* to retain still, and *Intent*s,
 Were more inconstant far; for *Accidents*
 Must of all things more strangely '*Inconstant* prove,
 If from one *Subject* they t' another move;

My *Members* then the *Father Members* were,
 From whence *these* take their Birth, which now are here.
 If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
 'Twere *Incest*; which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this *Day* inconstant name,
 Because the *Weather* is not still the same
 That it was yesterday; or blame the *Year*, [bear.
 'Cause the *Spring, Flowers*; and *Autumn, Fruit* does
 The *World's* a *Scene of Changes*, and to be
Constant, in *Nature* were *Inconstancy*;
 For 'twere to break the *Laws* her self has made:
 Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade;
 The most fixt Being still does move and fly,
 Swift as the Wings of *Time* 'tis measur'd by.
 T' imagine then that *Love* should never cease
 (*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of these)
 Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* stay not when we die.

Not FAIR.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair,
 As Women in th' *Idea* are.

Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
 But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.

But then (methoughts) there something shin'd within,
 Which cast this *Lustre* o'er thy *Skin*.

Nor

Nor could I chuse but count it the *Sun's Light*,
 Which made this *Cloud* appear so bright.
 But since I knew thy Falshood and thy Pride,
 And all thy thousand Faults beside;
 A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to thee,
 White, as his *Teeth*, would seem to be.
 So Men, (they say) by Hell's Delusions led,
 Have ta'en a *Succubus* to their Bed;
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
 'Till the *cleft Foot* discovers all:
 Then they start from't, half *Ghosts* themselves with fear,
 And *Devil*, as 'tis, it does appear.
 So since against my Will I found thee *foul*,
 Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
 My *Reason* straight did to my *Senses* shew,
 That *they* might be *mistaken* too:
 Nay when the World but knows how false you are,
 There's not a Man will think you fair.
 Thy Shape will monstrous in their Fancies be,
 They'll call their *Eyes* as *false* as *thee*.
 Be what thou wilt; *Hate* will present thee so,
 As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papists* *Luther* do.

PLATONICK LOVE.

I.

INdeed I must confess,
 When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happiness*;

But

But not compleat 'till *Bodies* too combine,
 And closely as our Minds together join:
 But Half of Heav'n the *Souls* in Glory taste,
 'Till by Love in Heav'n at last,
 Their *Bodies* too are plac'd.

II.

In thy Immortal Part,
Man, as well as I, thou art.
 But something 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*;
 And we must *One* even in that *Difference* be.
 I *Thee*, both as a *Man* and *Woman*, prize;
 For a perfect *Love* implies
 Love in *all Capacities*.

III.

Can that for true Love pass,
 When a Fair *Woman* courts her *Glass*?
 Something *unlike* must in *Love's Likeness* be,
 His wonder is, *One*, and *Variety*.
 For he, whose *Soul* nought but a *Soul* can move,
 Does a new *Narcissus* prove,
 And his own *Image* love.

IV.

That *Souls* do Beauty know,
 'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe;
 If when they know't, they straight abuse that Trust,
 And shut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjust
 As if I brought my dearest *Friend* to see
 My *Mistress*, and at th' instant *He*
 Should steal her quite from *Me*.

The

The CHANGE.

I.

Love in her Sunny Eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleafant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever ftray;
 And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand *Kiffes* there.
 In all her outward Parts *Love's* always feen;
 But, Oh, he never went within.

II.

Within *Love's* Foes, his greateft Foes abide,
 Malice, Inconfancy and Pride.
 So the Earth's Face, Trees, Herbs and Flow'rs do drefs,
 With other Beauties numberlefs;
 But at the *Center*, *Darknefs* is, and *Hell*;
 There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

III.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darknefs and *Death* lyes in my weeping Eyes,
 Defpair and Palenefs in my Face appears,
 And Grief and Fear, *Love's* greateft Enemies;
 But, like the *Persian Tyrant*, *Love* within
 Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne'er is feen,

IV.

Oh take *my Heart*, and by that means you'll prove
 Within too ftor'd enough of *Love*:
 Give me but Yours, I'll by that Change fo thrive,
 That *Love* in all my Parts fhall live.

So powerful is this Change, it render can
My *outside Woman*, and your *inside Man*.

Clad all in White.

I.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this Robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a *White* most perfect show,
Thou must at all *no Garment* wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than *Winter* when 'tis *clad* with Snow.

II.

'Tis not the *Linnen* shews so Fair:
Her Skin shines through, and makes it bright;
So *Clouds* themselves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light:
So *Lillies* in a *Glass* enclose,
The *Glass* will seem as white as those.

III.

Thou now *one heap* of *Beauty* art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul:
Condensed Beams make every Part;
Thy *Body's cloathed* like thy *Soul*.
Thy *Soul*, which does it self display,
Like a *Star* plac'd i'th' *Milky way*.

IV.

Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
Woven all with *Light Divine*;

Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
 And with such full Glory shine.
 But they regard not Mortals Pain;
 Men *Pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

V.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My Hopes will needs continue still;
 Thou wouldst not take this Garment sure,
 When thou hadst an Intent to *kill*.
 Of *Peace* and *Yielding* who would doubt,
 When the White *Flag* he sees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then Loving Many.

SO Men, who once have cast the *Truth* away,
 Forfook by *God*, do strange wild Lufts obey;
 So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t'Adore
 One *Deity*, could not stop at Thousands more.
 Their Zeal was senseless strait, and boundless grown;
 They worshipp'd many a *Beast*, and many a *Stone*.
 Ah fair *Apostate*! Couldst thou think to flee
 From *Truth* and *Goodness*, yet keep *Unity*?
 I reign'd alone; and my blest'd *Self* could call
 The *Universal Monarch* of her *All*.
 Mine, mine her fair *East-Indies* were above,
 Where those *Suns* rise that chear the World of Love;
 Where Beauties shine like Gems of richest price;
 Where *Coral* grows, and every *Breath* is *Spice*:

Mine

Mine too her rich *West-Indies* were below,
 Where *Mines* of Gold and endless Treasures grow.
 But, as, when the *Pellean Conqueror* dy'd,
 Many small *Princes* did his *Crown* divide,
 So, since my *Love* his vanquish'd World forsook,
 Murther'd by Poisons from her Falshood took,
 An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their Part,
 And rend that Glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*.

My Heart Discovered.

HER Body is so gently bright,
 Clear and transparent to the Sight,
 (Clear as fair *Crystal* to the View,
 Yet soft as that, e'er *Stone* it grew,)
 That through her *Flesh*, methinks, is seen
 The brighter *Soul* that dwells within:
 Our Eyes the subtile *Covering* pass,
 And see that *Lilly* through its *Glass*.
 I through her *Breast* her *Heart* espy,
 As *Souls* in *Hearts* do *Souls* descry,
 I see't with gentle *Motions* beat;
 I see *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*.
 Within, like *Angels* in the Sky,
 A thousand *gilded Thoughts* do fly:
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
 Fair and Chaste, as *Mother-Mind*.

But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
 Which sighs and crouds to hers so near?
 'Tis all on Flame, and does like *Fire*,
 To that, as to its *Heav'n*, aspire:
 The Wounds are many in't and deep;
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep.
 Whose ever wretched Heart it be,
 I cannot chuse but grieve to see;
 What *Pity* in my Breast does reign?
 Methinks I *feel* too all its Pain.
 So torn, and so defac'd it lyes,
 That it could ne'er be known by th' Eyes;
 But, oh, at last I heard it groan,
 And knew by th' *Voice* that 'twas *mine own*.
 So poor *Alcione*, when she saw
 A Shipwreck'd Body tow'rds her draw
 Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
 Which only then did *Pity* wear:
 But when the Corps on Shore were cast,
 Which she her *Husband* found at last,
 What should the wretched Widow do?
 Grief chang'd her strait; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a *Bird*: And so at last shall I,
 Both from my *Murth'er'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Answer

Answer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; so let them love for me;
 When I'm *all Soul*, such shall *my Love* too be:
 Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
 In a short time (believe't) will *be* one too:
 But shall our Love do what in Beasts we see?
 Ev'n *Beasts* eat too, but not so well as *We*.
 And you as justly might in Thirst refuse
 The use of *Wine*, because *Beasts Water* use:
 They taste those Pleasures as they do their Food;
Undrest they take't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
 But to us *Men*, *Love cooks* it at his Fire,
 And adds the *poignant Sawce* of sharp Desire.
 Beasts do the same: 'Tis true; but ancient Fame
 Says, *Gods* themselves turn'd *Beasts* to do the same.
 The *Thund'rer*, who, without the Female Bed,
 Could *Goddesses* bring forth from out his *Head*,
 Chose rather *Mortals* this way to create;
 So much h'esteem'd his *Pleasure*, 'bove his *State*.
 Ye talk of Fires which shine, but never burn;
 In this *cold World* they'll hardly serve our Turn;
 As useles to despairing Lovers grown,
 As *Lambent Flames*, to Men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
 The *Sun* does his pure Fires on Earth bestow
 With Nuptial Warmth, to bring forth things below;
 Such is *Loves* Noblest and Divinest Heat,
 That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.

Lust you call this; a Name to yours more just,
If an *Inordinate Desire* be *Lust* :

Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *Lustful* was, than the hot Youth of *Troy*.

The VAIN-LOVE.

Loving one first because she could love no body, afterwards loving her with Desire.

WHAT new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
With thine own *Cold* to kindle Me?
Strange Art; like him that should devise
To make a *Burning-Glass* of *Ice*;
When *Winter*, so, the Plants would harm,
Her *Snow* it self does keep them warm;
Fool that I was! who having found
A Rich, and *Sunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *Hardness* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it shone:
Your brave and haughty Scorn at all
Was stately, and *Monarchical*.
All *Gentleness*, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish *Virtue* seem'd;
Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
Thoud'st lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would *serve* one, whom he sees
That he can *Conquer* if he please?
It far'd with me, as if a *Slave*
In *Triumph* led, that does perceive

With

With what a gay Majestick Pride
 His *Conqu'ror* through the Streets does ride,
 Should be *contented* with his Woe,
 Which makes up such a comely *Show*.
 I fought not from thee a Return,
 But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn;
 My *Covetous Passion* did approve
 The *Hoarding* up, not *Use* of Love.
 My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
 A *Foolish*, but a *Pleasant* one:
 From which I'm *waken'd* now, but, oh,
Prisoners to *Dye* are *waken'd* so.
 For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
 Nothing, but *Longings* with *Despair*,
Despair, whose Torments no Men sure
 But *Lovers*, and the *Damn'd* endure.
 Her *Scorn* I doted once upon,
 Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
 But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
 That yet 'twas *something* that I lov'd;
 Now my *Desires* are worse, and fly,
 At any *Impossibility*:
Desires, which whilst so high they soar,
 Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
 What *Lover* can like me complain,
 Who first *lov'd vainly*, next *in vain*!

The SOUL.

I.

IF mine *Eyes* do e'er declare
 They've seen a Second thing that's *Fair*;
 Or *Ears*, that they have *Musick* found,
 Besides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*;
 If my *Taste* do ever meet,
 After thy *Kiss*, with ought that's *sweet*;
 If m'abused *Touch* allow
 Ought to be *smooth*, or *soft*, but *You*;
 If, what seasonable Springs,
 Or the Eastern Summer brings,
 Do my *Smell* persuade at all
 Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
 If all my *Senses Objects* be
 Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
 And so through *Thee* more pow'ful pass,
 As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glass*;
 If all things that in *Nature* are
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
 Be not in *Thee* so *'Epitomiz'd*,
 That nought *Material's* not compriz'd;
 May I as worthless seem to *Thee*
 As all, but *Thou*, appear to *Me*.

II. If

II.

If I ever *Anger* know,
 'Till some *Wrong* be done to *you*;
 If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
 Without their *Crowns* crown'd by thy *Love*;
 If ever I an *Hope* admit,
 Without thy *Image* stamp'd on it;
 Or any *Fear*, 'till I begin
 To find that *you're* concern'd therein;
 If a *Joy* e'er come to me,
 That *tastes* of any thing but *thee*;
 If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
 Whilst you are *well*, and not *unkind*;
 If I a Minute's space debate,
 Whether I shall *Curse* and *Hate*
 The things beneath thy *Hatred* fall,
 Though all the *World*, *my self* and *all*;
 And for *Love*, if ever I
 Approach to it again so nigh,
 As to allow a *Toleratation*
 To the least *glimmering Inclination*;
 If thou alone dost not controul
 All those *Tyrants* of my Soul,
 And to thy Beauties ty'd them so,
 That constant they as *Habits* grow;
 If any *Passion* of my Heart,
 By any *Force*, or any *Art*,
 Be brought to move one Step from *thee*,
 May'st thou no *Passion* have for *Me*.

III. If

III.

If my busie *Imagination*
 Do not *thee* in all things fashion;
 So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick Marks of *thee*;
 If when she her Sports does keep
 (The lower Soul being all asleep)
 She play one *Dream* with all her Art,
 Where thou hast not the longest Part.
 If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
 Without some Badge of thy Resemblance;
 So that thy Parts become to me
 A kind of *Art of Memory*.
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any *Knowledge* but of you,
 If she do near thy *Body* prize
 Her *Bodies* of *Philosophies*,
 If she to the *Will* do show
 Ought *desirable* but you,
 Or if *That* would not *rebel*,
 Should she another Doctrine tell;
 If my *Will* do not resign
 All her *Liberty* to thine;
 If she would not follow *Thee*,
 Though *Fate* and *Thou* shouldst *disagree*;
 And if (for I a Curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My *Soul* be not entirely thine;
 May thy dear *Body* ne'er be mine. *The*

The PASSIONS.

I.

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Passions* else that be,
In vain I boast of *Liberty*,
In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call;
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is *all*:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag,
That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague*!

II.

So in a Zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
And they depos'd the Powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Astarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Molock* too:
All this *imperfect* *Piety* did no good,
Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood.

III.

Fondly I boast, that I have dress'd my *Vine*
With painful Art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a Taste rich and divine,
Since *Love*, by mixing *Poison* there,
Has made it worse than *Vinegar*.
Love even the Taste of *Nectar* changes so,
That *Gods* chuse rather *Water* here below.

IV. Fear,

IV.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all Passions else that be,
 Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
 And practise all your *Tyranny*.
 The Change of Ills some Good will do:
 Th'oppressed wretched *Indians* so,
 Being Slaves by the Great *Spanish Monarch* made,
 Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their Aid.

W I S D O M.

TIS mighty *wife* that you would now be thought
 With your grave *Rules* from musty *Morals*
 brought:
 Through which some Streaks too of *Divin'ity* ran,
 Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan*;
 With tedious *Repetitions* too you've ta'en
 Often the Name of *Vanity in vain*.
 Things, which, I take it, Friend, you'd ne'er recite,
 Should she I love, but say t'you, *Come at Night*.
 The *wisest King* refus'd all Pleasures quite,
 'Till *Wisdom* from above did him enlight;
 But when that Gift his Ign'rance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in *Love*.
 And if by 'Event the Counsels may be seen,
 This *Wisdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen*.
 She came not, like a good *Old Wife*, to know
 The wholesome Nature of all *Plants* that grow:

Nor

Nor did so far from her own Country come,
 To cure scall'd Heads, and broken Shins at home;
 She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
 The Art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives*.

The D E S P A I R.

I.

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
 By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
 I'll spend this *Voice* in Cries,
 In Tears I'll waste these *Eyes*
 By *Love* so vainly fed;
 So *Lust* of Old the *Deluge* punished.
Ah wretched Youth! said I,
Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry:
Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.

II.

When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
 I meet no Words but *Never*, and *In vain*.
 Never, (alas) that dreadful Name,
 Which fewels the infernal Flame:
Never, my Time to come must waste;
In vain, torments the present, and the past,
In vain, in vain! said I;
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain, in vain! the Fields and Floods reply.

III. No

III.

No more shall Fields or Floods do so;
 For I to Shades more dark and silent go:
 All this World's Noise appears to me
 A dull ill-acted *Comedy*:
 No Comfort to my wounded Sight,
 In the *Sun's* busie and impert'nent Light.
 Then down I laid my Head;
 Down on cold Earth; and for a while was *Dead*,
 And my freed *Soul* to a strange *Somewhere* fled.

IV.

Ah Sottish *Soul*; said I,
 When back t' its *Cage* again I saw it fly;
 Fool to resume her *broken Chain*!
 And row her *Galley* here again!
 Fool, to that Body to return
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to *burn*!
 Once *Dead*, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
 That thou should'st come to *Live it o'er again in Me?*

The W I S H.

I.

WELL then; I now do plainly see,
 This busie World and I shall ne'er agree;
 The very *Honey* of all Earthly Joy
 Does of all Meats the soonest *cloy*.

And

And they (methinks) deserve my Pity,
 Who for it can endure the Stings,
 The *Croud*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
 Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

II.

Ah, yet, e'er I descend to th' Grave,
 May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have!
 And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And since *Love* ne'er will from me flee,
 A *Mistress* moderately fair,
 And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy?
 Oh *Fields!* Oh *Woods!* when, when shall I be made
 The happy *Tenant* of your Shade?
 Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasure's Flood*;
 Where all the *Riches* lye, that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.

IV.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
 Only in *far-fetch'd Metaphors* appear;
 Here nought but *Winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,
 And nought but *Eccho* flatter.
 The *Gods*, when they descended, hither
 From Heav'n did always chuse their Way;

And

And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the *Way* too *thither*.

V.

How happy here should I,
And one dear *She* live, and embracing die?
She who is all the World, and can exclude
In *Desarts Solitude*.

I should have then this only Fear,
Lest Men, when they my Pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a *City* here.

My D I E T.

I.

NOW by my *Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,
None loves you half so well as I:

I do not ask *your Love* for this;
But for Heav'n's sake *believe me*, or I die.

No *Servant* e'er but did deserve
His *Master* should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more *Wages*, though I *starve*.

II.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and sure
I shall not by't too *lusty* prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*.

Being your *Pris'ner* and your *Slave*,
I do not *Feasts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water's* all I crave.

III. O 1

III.

O'n a *Sigh* of Pity I a Year can live,
 One *Year* will keep me twenty at least,
 Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;
 An hundred Years on one *kind Word* I'll feast:
 A thousand more will added be,
 If you an *Inclination* have for me;
 And all beyond is vast *Eternity*.

The THIEF.

I.

THou robb'ft my *Days* of Bus'ness and Delights,
 Of Sleep thou robb'ft my *Nights*;
 Ah, *Lovely Thief*, what wilt thou do?
 What? Rob me of *Heaven* too?
 Thou even my *Prayers* dost steal from me;
 And I, with wild *Idolatry*,
 Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*.

II.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it should thus,
 Like an *Ill Conscience*, torture us?
 Whate'er I do, where-e'er I go,
 (None *Guiltless* e'er was haunted so)
 Still, still, methinks thy Face I view,
 And still thy *Shape* does me pursue,
 As if, not *You Me*, but *I* had *murther'd You*.

III.

From *Books* I strive some Remedy to take,
 But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
 What e'er 'tis writ, I find That there,
 Like *Points* and *Comma's* ev'ry where;
 Me blest for this let no Man hold;
 For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Perish by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold*.

IV.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
 For making thee my *Deity*,
 I give thee then *Ubiquity*.
 My Pains resemble *Hell* in this;
 The *Divine Presence* there too is,
 But to *torment* Men, not to give them *Bliss*.

All over LOVE.

I.

'TIS well, 'tis well with them (say I) [die
 Whose short-liv'd *Passions* with *themselves* can
 For none can be unhappy, who
 'Midst all his Ills a Time does know
 (Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

II.

Whatever *Parts* of me remain,
 Those *Parts* will still the *Love* of thee retain;
 Fo

For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *ev'ry Part*.

III.

My *Affection* no more perish can
Than the *First Matter* that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one *Dust* of Me
Mix'd with another's *Substance* be,
'Twill *leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee.

IV.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My *Atoms* over all the *Universe*,
At the last they eas'ly shall
Themselves know, and together call,
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is stamp'd on all.

L O V E and L I F E.

I.

NOW sure, within this Twelve-month past,
I've lov'd at least some twenty Years or more:
Th' Account of *Love* runs much more fast
Than that, with which our *Life* does score:
So though my *Life* be *short*, yet I may prove
The great *Methusalem* of *Love*.

II.

Not that *Love's* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than those our *Being's* measur'd by:

But they're more close *compact* far,
And so in lesser Room do lye.

Thin airy things extend themselves in Space,
Things *solid* take up little Place.

III.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion*?

O yes, there may: For so the self-same *Sun*,
At once does flow and swiftly run.

IV.

Swiftly his *daily* Journey he goes,
And treads his *annual* with a statelier Pace,
And does three hundred Rounds enclose
Within one yearly Circle's space.
At once with *double Course*, in the same *Sphere*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *walks* the *Year*.

V.

When *Soul* does to *my self* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *diurnal* Course, divided right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The BARGAIN.

I.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering Ills* betray'd;
Thy self for *Mony*? Oh, let no Man know
The *Price* of Beauty fall'n so *low*!
What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *blind* is by *blind Fortune* led?

II.

The foolish *Indian* that sells
His precious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more wise and gainful Traffick hold,
Than thou who sell'st thy self for *Gold*.
What Gains in such a Bargain are?
He'll in thy *Mines* dig better *Treasures* far.

III.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare?
The *Sun* that makes it's not so fair;
The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *see*
A thing so beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the Journeys he does pass,
Though the Sea serv'd him for a *Looking-glass*.

IV.

Bold was the Wretch that *cheapen'd* Thee,
Since *Magus*, none so bold as he:
Thou'rt so Divine a Thing, that *Thee to buy*
Is to be counted *Simony*;

The MISTRESS.

Too dear he'll find his fordid Price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Benefice*.

V.

If it be lawful Thee to *buy*,
There's none can pay that Rate but *I*;
Nothing on Earth a fitting Price can be,
But what on Earth's most *like to thee*.
And that my *Heart* does only bear;
For there *thy self*, *thy very self* is there.

VI.

So much *thy self* does in me live,
That when it for *thy self* I give,
'Tis but to change that Piece of Gold for this,
Whose *Stamp* and *Value* equal is.
And that full Weight too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*, two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The LONG LIFE.

I.

Love from *Time's* Wings hath stoll'n the *Feathers*
He has, and put them to his *own*; [sure,
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

II.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to me;
Each *Summer's* Night does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winter's* Day *St. Barnaby*.

III. How

III.

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is?
 To look into a *Glass* I fear;
 And am surpriz'd with Wonder, when I miss
Grey Heirs and *Wrinkles* there.

IV.

Th' old *Patriarchs Age*, and not their *Happ'ness* too,
 Why does hard Fate to us restore?
 Why does *Love's Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
 What the *Flood wash'd* away before?

V.

Sure those are happy People that complain
 O'th' *Shortness* of the Days of Man;
 Contract mine, Heav'n, and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary *Span*.

VI.

If when your Gift, *Long Life*, I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be;
 Punish me justly, Heav'n; make her to love,
 And then 'twill be *too short* for me.

C O U N S E L.

I.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
 The Wound, which you your self have made;
 That Pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of *your Hand* afraid.

Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

II.

Do but a while with *Patience* stay;
For *Counsel* yet will do no good,
'Till *Time*, and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
The vi'lent *Burnings* of my *Blood*:
For what *Effect* from this can flow,
To chide Men *drunk*, for being so?

III.

Perhaps the *Physick's* good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive*;
And I'm not *Sick*, but *Dead* in *Love*.
In *Love's Hell*, not his *World*, am I;
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Die*.

IV.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine?
Ev'n thy *Disuasions* me *persuade*,
And thy great *Power* does clearest shine,
When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*.
In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

V.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart*;
But different far was his *Intent*:
For strait the *Traitor* took their *Part*.

And

And by this new Foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left.

VI.

The Act I must confess was wise,
As a dishonest Act could be?
Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*.
And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to get,
Rather than *be a Part* of it.

Resolved to be Beloved.

I.

'TIS true, I've lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each Fair one that I see,
'Till I find one at last that shall *Love me*.

II.

That shall my *Canaan* be, the fatal Soil,
That ends my Wand'rings, and my Toil.
I'll fettle there, and happy grow;
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

III.

The *Needle* trembles so, and turns about,
'Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
But constant then and fix'd does prove,
Fix'd, that his dearest *Pole* as soon may *move*.

IV. Then

IV.

Then may my *Vessel* torn and shipwreck'd be,
 If it put forth again to *Sea*:
 It never more abroad shall rome,
 Though't could next Voyage bring the *Indies* home.

V.

But I must sweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
 'Till I a *Competency* get.
 They're slothful Fools who leave a Trade,
 'Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

VI.

Variety I ask not; give me One
 To live perpetually upon.
 The Person *Love* does to us fit,
 Like *Manna*, has the *Taste* of all in it.

The S A M E.

I.

FOR Heav'ns fake, what d'you mean to do?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two?
Youth and warm *Hours* let me not idly lose,
 The *little Time* that Love does chuse;
 If always here I must not stay,
 Let me be gone, whilst yet 'tis *Day*;
 Left I faint, and benighted lose my Way.

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis dismal, *One* so long to love
 In vain; 'till to love *more* as vain must prove:
 To hunt so long on nimble Prey, 'till we
 Too weary to take others be;
 Alas, 'tis Folly to remain,
 And waste our *Army* thus in vain,
 Before a *City* which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At several Hopes wisely to fly,
 Ought not to be esteem'd *Inconstancy*;
 'Tis more *inconstant* always to *pursue*
 A thing that always *flies* from you;
 For that at last may meet a Bound;
 But no end can to this be found,
 'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless *Round*.

IV.

When it does *Hardness* meet and *Pride*,
 My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another side;
 But if it ought that's *soft* and *yielding* hit;
 It lodges there, and stays in it.
 Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
 That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
 I shall be sure to giv't *Eternity*.

The DISCOVERY.

I.

BY Heav'n I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She;
 Why should she aſham'd or angry be,
 To be belov'd by Me?
 The Gods may give their Altars o'er;
 They'll ſmoak but ſeldom any more,
 If none but *happy Men* muſt them adore.

II.

The *Light'ning* which tall *Oaks* oppoſe in vain,
 To ſtrike ſometime does not diſdain
 The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
 She being ſo *high*, and I ſo *low*,
 Her Pow'r by this does greater ſhow,
 Who at ſuch *Diſtance* gives ſo *ſure* a Blow.

III.

Compar'd with her all things ſo worthleſs prove,
 That nought on Earth can tow'rds her move,
 'Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*.
 Equal to her, alas, there's none;
 She like a *Deity* is grown;
 That muſt *Create*, or elſe muſt be *alone*.

IV.

If there be Man, who thinks himſelf ſo high,
 As to pretend *Equality*,
 He deſerves her leſs than I;

For he would *cheat* for his Relief;
 And one would give with leffer Grief,
 T'an *undeserving Beggar*, than a *Thief*.

Against Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a Fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant:
 Much of my *Veneration* thou must want,
 When once thy *Kindness* puts my *Ign'rance* out;
 For a *learn'd Age* is always least devout.
 Keep still thy Distance; for at once to me
Goddeſs and *Woman* too, thou canst not be;
 Thou'rt *Queen* of all that sees thee; and as such
 Must neither *tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much;
 Such *Freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
 But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand.
 Thou'rt yet a *whole World* to me, and dost fill
 My large Ambition; but 'tis dang'rous still,
 Lest I like the *Pelleian Prince* should be,
 And weep for *other Worlds*, hav'ing conquer'd *thee*;
 When *Love* has taken all thou hast away,
 His Strength by too much *Riches* will decay.
 Thou in my *Fancy* dost much higher stand,
 Than *Women* can be plac'd by *Nature's* Hand;
 And I must needs, I'm sure, a Loser be,
 To change *thee*, as *thou'rt there*, for very *thee*.
 Thy Sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
 That shouldst thou *Nectar* give, 'twould spoil the Taste.

Beauty

Beauty at first moves Wonder, and Delight;
 'Tis *Nature's juggling Trick* to cheat the Sight,
 W'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
 Admire our selves, for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
 Does over-gorge himself with his own *Prey*;
 Of very *Hopes* a Surfeit he'll sustain,
 Unless by *Fears* he cast them up again:
 His Spirit and Sweetness Dangers keep alone;
 If once he lose his *Sting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiscover'd.

I.

SOME, others may with Safety tell
 The moderate Flames, which in them dwell;
 And either find some *Med'cine* there,
 Or cure themselves ev'n by *Despair*;
 My Love's so great, that it might prove
 Dang'rous, to tell her that I love.
 So tender is my Wound, it must not bear,
 Any Salute, though of the kindest Air.

II.

I would not have *her know* the Pain,
 The Torments for her I sustain,
 Left too much *Goodness* make her throw
 Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.

Forbid

Forbid it Heav'n my *Life* should be
Weigh'd with her least *Conveniency*.
No, let me *perish* rather with my Grief,
Than to her *Disadvantage* find *Relief*.

III.

Yet when I die, my last Breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne'er descry
Their dear hid *Treasures* 'till they *die*.
Ah, fairest Maid, how will it cheer
My *Ghost*, to get from *thee* a *Tear*!
But take heed; for if me thou *pitieſt* then,
Twenty to one but I shall *live* again.

The given Heart.

I.

I Wonder what those *Lovers* mean, who ſay,
They have giv'n their *Hearts* away.
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how;
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

II.

If ſo it be, one Place both *Hearts* contain,
For what do they complain?
What *Courteſie* can Love do more
Than to *join Hearts*, that *parted* were before?

III.

Wo to her ſtubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
Into the ſelf-ſame Room; 'Twill

'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a *Granado* shot into a *Magazin*.

IV.

Then shall *Love* keep the *Ashes*, and torn *Parts*,
Of both our broken *Hearts* :
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th' *Allay* ; from mine, the *Metal* take.

V.

For of her *Heart* he from the *Flames* will find
But little left behind :
Mine only will remain entire ;
No *Dross* was there, to perish in the *Fire*.

The PROPHECY.

I.

TEACH *me* to *Love* ? go teach thy self more *Wit* ;
I chief *Possessor* am of it.
Teach *Craft* to *Scots*, and *Thrift* to *Jews*,
Teach *Boldness* to the *Stews* ;
In *Tyrants* Courts teach supple *Flattery* :
Teach *Jesuits*, that have *travell'd* far, to lie.
Teach *Fire* to burn, and *Winds* to blow,
Teach *restless Fountains* how to flow,
Teach the dull *Earth*, fix'd, to abide,
Teach *Woman-kind* *Inconstancy* and *Pride*.
See if your *Diligence* here will useful prove ;
But, prithee, teach not me to *Love*.

II. The

II.

The *God of Love*, if such a thing there be,
 May learn to love from *Me*.
 He who does boast that he has been
 In every Heart since *Adam's Sin*,
 I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Mistress* on't, that's more,
 I'll teach him things he never knew before;
 I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that weep, and *Tears* that speak,
 I'll teach him *Sighs*, like those in *Death*,
 At which the *Souls* go out too with the *Breath*:
 Still the *Soul stays*, yet still does from me run,
 As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*.

III.

'Tis I who *Love's Columbus* am; 'tis I,
 Who must new *Worlds* in it descry:
 Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treasure* more,
 Than all that has been known before.
 And yet like *his* (I fear) *my Fate* must be,
 To find them out for *others*; not for *Me*.
 Me Times to come, I know it, shall
Love's last and greatest *Prophet* call.
 But, ah, what's that, if she refuse
 To hear the wholesome *Doctrines* of my *Muse*?
 If to my share the *Prophets Fate* must come;
 Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdom*.

The RESOLUTION.

I.

THE *Devil* take those foolish Men,
 Who gave you first such Pow'rs;
 We stood on even grounds 'till then;
 If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*.

II.

For shame let these weak Chains be broke;
 Let's our slight Bonds, like *Sampson*, tear,
 And nobly cast away that Yoke,
 Which *we* nor our *Fore-fathers* e'er could bear.

III.

French Laws forbid the *Female Reign*;
 Yet *Love* does them to *Slavery* draw:
 Alas, if we'll our Rights maintain,
 'Tis all *Mankind* must make a *Salique Law*.

Called INCONSTANT.

I.

HA! ha! you think you've *kill'd* my *Fame*,
 By this not *understood*, yet *common Name*:
 A *Name*, that's *full* and *proper* when assign'd
 To *Womankind*:
 But when you call *us* so,
 It can at best but for a *Metaphor* go.

II. Can

II.

Can you the Shore *Inconstant* call,
 Which still as Waves pass by, embraces *all*;
 That had as leif the same *Waves* always love,
 Did they not from him *move*?
 Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
 For changing Course, yet never blame the *Wind*?

III.

Since *drunk* with Vanity you fell,
 The things turn *round* to you that stedfast dwell;
 And you your self, who *from us* take your flight,
 Wonder to find us out of Sight;
 So the same Error seizes you,
 As *Men in Motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The WELCOME.

I.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd
 My *Prodigal's* come home at last,
 With noble Resolutions fill'd,
 And fill'd with Sorrow for the past.
 No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine*,
 But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine*.

II.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*;
 Welcome; I little thought, I'll swear,
 ('Tis now so long since we did part)
 Ever again to see thee here:

Dear *Wanderer*, since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead!*

III.

Haft thou not found each Woman's Breast
(The *Lands* where thou hast travelled)
Either by *Savages* posselt,
Or wild, and *uninhabited*?

What Joy couldst take, or what Repose
In *Countries* so *unciviliz'd* as those?

IV.

Lust, the scorching *Dog-star*, here
Rages with immoderate *Heat* ;
Whilst *Pride*, the rugged *Northern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great.
And where these are temp'rate known,
The Soil's all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone*.

V.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part*.
From *Paradise* shut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door* ?

VI.

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Disdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* join'd,
I ne'er had seen this Heart again,
If any *Fair One* had been kind:

My *Dove*, but once let loose, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

I.

False, foolish *Heart!* didst thou not say,
That thou wouldst never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear Object of her Flame,
Th'ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his Sail:
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The Wind bore *him*, and her lost *Words* away.

III.

The doleful *Ariadne* so,
On the wide Shore forsaken stood:
False Theseus, *whither dost thou go?*
Afar false *Theseus* cut the Flood.
But *Bacchus* came to her Relief;
Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my Grief.

IV.

Ah senseless *Heart*, to take no Rest,
 But travel thus eternally!
 Thus to be *froz'n* in every *Breast*,
 And to be *scorcht* in every *Eye*!
 Wand'ring about like wretched *Cain*,
Thrust out, *ill us'd* by all, but by none *stain*!

V.

Well; since thou wilt not here remain,
 I'll e'en to live without Thee try;
 My *Head* shall take the greater Pain,
 And all *thy Duties* shall supply;
 I can more eas'ly live I know
 Without *Thee*, than without a *Mistress Thou*.

Womens Superstition.

I.

OR I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
 Is a most unintelligible thing;
 I can no *Sense*, nor no *Contexture* find,
 Nor their loose Parts to *Method* bring,
 I know not what the *Learn'd* may see,
 But they're strange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

II.

By *Customs* and *Traditions* they live,
 And foolish *Ceremonies* of antique Date;
 We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give,
 Yet they continue obstinate; Preach

Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* still.

III.

Before their *Mothers Gods* they fondly fall,
Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no Sense nor Mind:
Honour's their *Ashtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *Thund'ring Baal* of Womankind,
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as we do *Them*, adore.

IV.

But then, like Men both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their costly *Superstition* loth t' omit,
And yet more loth to issue Monies out,
At their own Charge to furnish it.
To these expensive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of Men they *Sacrifice*.

The S O U L.

I.

SOME dull *Philos'pher*, when he hears me say,
My *Soul* is from me fled away;
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in another's Breast does lye,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Assisting* there;

II.

Will cry, *Absurd!* and ask me, how I live,
 And *Syllogisms* against it give;
 A Curse on all your vain *Philosophies*,
 Which on weak *Nature's Law* depend,
 And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, those great *Mysteries*.

III.

Her *Body* is my *Soul*; laugh not at this,
 For by my *Life* I swear it is.
 'Tis that preserves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
 From that proceeds all that I *do*,
 Nay all my *Thoughts* and *Speeches* too;
 And *Separation* from it is my *Death*.

E C C H O.

I.

TIr'd with the rough Denials of my Prayer,
 From that hard She whom I obey,
 I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
 That gives *Consent* to all I say.
 Ah gentle *Nymph* who lik'ft so well,
 In hollow, *solitary Caves* to dwell,
 Her *Heart* being such, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me *so*.

II.

Complaisant Nymph, why dost thus kindly share

In Griefs, whose Cause thou dost not know!
Hadst thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,

How much *Compassion* wouldst thou show!

Thy *Flame*, whilst *living*, or a *Flower*,

Was of less Beauty, and less rav'ishing Power;

Alas, I might as easily,

Paint thee to her, as *describe Her to Thee*.

III.

By Repercussion *Beams* engender *Fire*,

Shapes by Reflexion *Shapes* beget;

The *Voice* it self, when stopp'd, does back retire,

And a new *Voice* is made by it.

Thus things by *Opposition*

The Gainers grow; my barren *Love* alone,

Does from her stony Breast rebound,

Producing neither *Image*, *Fire* nor *Sound*.

The Rich Rival.

I.

They say you're angry, and rant mightily,

Because I love the same as you;

Alas! you're very *rich*, 'tis true;

But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me*?

You've *Land* and *Mony*, let that serve;

And know you've more by that than you *deserve*.

II. When

II.

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know
 How worthless thou art of her Bed;
 And Wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
 With noble *Verse* not understood by you;
 Whilst thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Jointure, and *Jewels*, and *our Friends agree*.

III.

Pox o' your *Friends*, that dote and domineer;
Lovers are better *Friends* than they:
 Let's those in other things obey;
 The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here.
 Vain Names of *Blood!* in *Love* let none
 Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own*.

IV.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore;
 No other Thought has had Access!
 Did she now *beg* I'd love no *less*,
 And were she'an *Empress*, I should love no *more*;
 Were she as just and true to Me,
 Ah, simple Soul, what would become of *Thee!*

Against H O P E.

Hope, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,
 Alike if it *succeed*, and if it *mifs*;
 Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
 And both the *Horns* of *Fate's Dilemma* wound;
 Vain

Vain *Shadow!* which dost vanish quite,
 Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night!*
 The Stars have not a *Possibility*
 Of blessing Thee ;
 If things then from their *End* we happy call,
 'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all.

II.

Hope, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,
 Who whilst thou shouldst but *taste, devour'st* it quite!
 Thou bringst us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,
 By clogging it with *Legacies* before!

The *Joy*s which we *entire* should wed,
 Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our Bed ;
 Good Fortunes without Gain imported be,
 Such mighty *Custom's* paid to Thee.
 For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better taste ;
 If it take Air before, its Spirits waste.

III.

Hope, Fortune's cheating *Lottery!*
 Where for one *Prize* an hundred *Blanks* there be ;
 Fond *Archer, Hope*, who tak'st thy Aim so far,
 That still or *short*, or *wide* thine Arrows are!
 Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th' Eye deceives
 With Shapes that our own *Fancy* gives!
 A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in *Tears!*
 When thy false Beams o'er *Reasons* Light prevail,
 By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we fail.

IV. Bro-

IV.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad!
 The *merr'ier Fool* o' th' two, yet quite as *Mad*:
 Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire*!
 That blow't the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers Fire*!
 Leading them still insensibly 'on
 By the strange *Witchcraft* of *Anon*!
 By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
 Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,
 And th' other chafes *Woman*, whilst She goes
 More Ways and Turns than *hunted Nature* knows.

For H O P E.

I.

Hope, of all Ills that Men endure,
 The only cheap and *Universal Cure*!
 Thou *Captives Freedom*, and thou *sick Man's Health*!
 Thou *Loser's Vict'ry*, and thou *Beggar's Wealth*!
 Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
 To every *Taste* a several *Meat*!
 Thou strong *Retreat*! thou sure *entail'd Estate*,
 Which nought has Power to *alienate*!
 Thou pleasant, *honest Flatterer*! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

II.

Hope, thou *First-Fruits of Happiness*!
 Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Success*!

Thou

Thou good *Preparative*, without which our Joy
 Does *work* too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;
 Who out of *Fortune's* reach dost stand,
 And art a Blessing *still in hand!*
 Whilst *Thee*, her *Earnest-Mony* we retain,
 We certain are to gain,
 Whether she 'her *Bargain* break, or else fulfil;
 Thou only *good*, not worse, for *ending* ill!

III.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and *Thee*
 The Joys of *Heav'n* and *Earth* divided be!
 Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fix'd Estate*,
 Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happiness it self's all one
 In *Thee*, or in *Possession!*
 Only the *Future's Thine*, the *Present His!*
 Thine's the more hard and noble *Blifs*;
 Best *Apprehender* of our Joys, which hast
 So long a *Reach*, and yet canst hold so *fast!*

IV.

Hope, thou sad *Lover's* only *Friend!*
 Thou *Way* that may't dispute it with the *End!*
 For *Love* I fear's a Fruit that does delight
 The *Taste* it self less than the *Smell* and *Sight*.
Fruition more deceitful is
 Than *Thou* canst be, when thou dost *miss*;
 Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and strait flee
 Some other way again to *Thee*;

And

And that's a pleasant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

L O V E ' s I N G R A T I T U D E .

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a Part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou wouldst e'er have grown,
So *false* or *strong* to make it all thine own.

II.

At mine own *Breast* with care I fed thee still,
Letting thee suck thy fill,
And daintily I nourish'd Thee
With *Idle Thoughts* and *Poetry*!
What ill Returns dost thou allow?
I *fed* thee then, and thou dost *starve* me now.

III.

There was a time, when thou wast *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadst the Power of doing ill;
Into my *Bosom* did I take,
This frozen and benumbed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it *stings* that *Breast* which made *it warm*.

IV.

What cursed *Weed's* this *Love*! but one *Grain* sow,
And the whole *Field* 'twill overgrow;

Strait

Strait will it choak up and devour
 Each wholsome *Herb* and beauteous *Flow'r* ;
 Nay unless something soon I do,
 'Twill kill I fear my very *Laurel* too.

V.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain.
 Since by my own *unforc'd Consent*,
 The *Traitor* has my *Government*,
 And is so settled in the *Throne*,
 That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The FRAILT Y.

I.

I Know 'tis *sordid*, and 'tis *low* ;
 (All this as well as you I know)
 Which I so hotly now pursue ;
 (I know all this as well as you)
 But whilst this curst Flesh I bear,
 And all the *Weakness*, and the *Baseness* there,
 Alas, alas, it will be always so.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
 I rage sometimes, and bite my *Chain* ;
 For to what purpose do I bite
 With Teeth which ne'er will break it quite ?
 For if the chiefest *Christian Head*,

Was

Was by this sturdy *Tyrant* buffeted,
 What wonder is it, if *weak I* be slain?

C O L D N E S S.

I.

AS *Water* fluid is, 'till it do grow
 Solid and fix'd by *Cold*;
 So in *warm Seasons* *Love* does loofely flow,
Frost only can it hold.
 A *Woman's Rigour*, and *Disdain*,
 Does his swift *Course* restrain.

II.

Though *constant*, and *consistent* now it be,
 Yet, when kind *Beams* appear,
 It melts, and glides apace into the *Sea*,
 And loses it self there.
 So the *Sun's* amorous *Play*,
Kisses the *Ice* away.

III.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this;
 But my *Substantial Love*
 Of a more firm and perfect *Nature*' is;
 No *Weathers* can it move:
 Though *Heat* dissolve the *Ice* again,
 The *Chrystal* solid does remain.

I. Then

I.

Then like some wealthy *Island* thou shalt lye;
 And like the *Sea* about it, *I*;
 Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
 Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in *White*:
 Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
 With loving *Arms* for ever clasping Thee.

II.

But I'll embrace Thee gentli'er far than so;
 As their fresh *Banks* soft *Rivers* do,
 Nor shall the *proudest Planet* boast a Power
 Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one Hour;
 It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
 Whilst thy unwasted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

III.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our *Kisses* bear,
 As if like *Doves* we' engendred there.
 No *Bound* nor *Rule* my Pleasures shall endure,
 In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
 Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul;
 I'll kifs thee *through*, I'll kifs thy *very Soul*.

IV.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our Sports shall know;
 Night that's both *blind* and *silent* too.
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
 His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,

Creeping so far beneath the Sea,
Than I will do t' enjoy, and feast on thee.

V.

Men, out of *Wisdom*, *Women*, out of *Pride*,
The pleasant Thefts of Love do *hide*.
That may secure thee; but thou 'hast yet from me
A more *infallible Security*.

For there's no Danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unspeakable*.

S L E E P.

I.

IN vain, thou droufie God, I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou, who *Man's Soul* dost over-shade
With a thick *Cloud* by Vapours made,
Canst have no Power to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his *Spirits* to choak,
Whose *Flame's* so pure, that it sends up no *Smoak*.

II.

Yet how do *Tears* but from some *Vapours* rise?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year?
The Fate of *Egypt* I sustain,
And never feel the Dew of *Rain*,
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moisture* owe,
To *over-flowings* of the *Heart* below.

III. Thou,

III.

Thou, who dost *Men* (as *Nights* to *Colours* do)

Bring all to an *Equality* :

Come, thou *just God*, and *equal me*.

A while to my disdainful *She* :

In that Condition let me lye;

'Till *Love* does the Favour shew;

Love equals all a better Way than *You*.

IV.

Then never more shalt thou b'invok'd by me;

Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove:

Let her but grant, and then will I,

Thee and thy *Kinsman* 'Death' defie.

For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love*,

Never will an Agreement be;

Thou scorn'st th' *Unhappy*; and the *Happy*, *Thee*.

B E A U T Y.

I.

B*ea*uty, thou wild fantastick Ape,

Who dost in ev'ry Country change thy Shape!

Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;

Thou *Flatt'rer* which comply'st with ev'ry Sight!

Thou *Babel* which confound'st the Eye

With unintelligible *Variety*!

Who hast no certain *What*, nor *Where*,

But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare

Inconstant, as thy *She-Professors* are.

II.

Beauty, Love's Scene and Maskerade,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Distance* made;
Falſe Coin, with which th' *Impoſtor* cheats us ſtill;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!

Which *Light*, or *Base* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine thee!

For though thy *Being* be but *ſhow*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which Men to thee allow:
And chuſe *t' enjoy* thee, when *thou leaſt art thou*.

III.

Beauty, thou *active paſſive* Ill!
Which *dy'ſt* thy ſelf as faſt as thou doſt *kill*!
Thou *Tulip*, who thy *Stock* in *Paint* doſt waſte,
Neither for *Phyſick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Taſte*.

Beauty, whoſe *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, tho' thou wouldſt ſeem a *Star*,

Who dar'ſt not thine own *Home* deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, doſt in the *Fancy* lye.

IV.

Beauty, whoſe *Conqueſts* ſtill are made
O'er Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or elſe *betray'd*;
Weak Victor! who thy ſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When *Sickneſs* ſtorms, or *Time* beſieges thee!

Thou' unwholeſome *Thaw* to *frozen Age*!
Thou ſtrong *Wine*, which Youth's *Feaver* doſt enrage,

Thou

Thou *Tyrant* which leav'st no Man free!
 Thou subtle *Thief*, from whom nought safe can be!
 Thou *Murth'rer* which hast *kill'd*, and *Devil* which
 [wouldst *Damn me*.

The PARTING,

I.

AS Men in *Green-land* left beheld the *Sun*
 From their *Horizon* run;
 And thought upon the sad half Year
 Of *Cold* and *Darkness* they must suffer there:

II.

So on my parting *Mistress* did I look,
 With such swoln Eyes my Farewel took;
 Ah, my fair *Star!* said I;
 Ah those blest'd Lands to which *bright thou* dost fly!

III.

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
 And say I'm in a warm *degree*;
 Say what they please; I say and swear
 'Tis beyond *eighty* at least, if you're not here.

IV.

It is, it is; I tremble with the *Frost*,
 And know that I the *Day* have lost;
 And those wild things which *Men* they call,
 I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

V.

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *East*,
 Of all that shines thou much the *best*!
 And as thou now *descend'st to Sea*;
 More fair and fresh *rise* up from thence to me.

VI.

Thou, who in many a *Propriety*,
 So truly art the *Sun* to me,
 Add one more *Likeness*, which I'm sure you can,
 And let *me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My PICTURE.

I.

Here, take my *Likeness* with you, whilst 'tis so;
 For when from hence you go,
 The next Sun's rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old.
 The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
 Will swear next Day my Face he never saw.

II.

I really believe, within a while,
 If you upon this *Shadow* smile,
 Your *Presence* will such Vigour give,
 (Your *Presence* which makes all things live)
 And *Absence* so much alter *me*,
This will the *Substance*, *I* the *Shadow* be.

III. When

III.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
 And your bright Looks *awake it* ;
 Ah be not frightened, if you see
 The *new-soul'd Picture* gaze on thee,
 And hear it breath a Sigh or two ;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

IV.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought blefs'd ;
 And laugh at me as dispossefs'd ;
 But *thou*, who (if I know thee right)
 Ith' *Substance* dost not much delight,
 Wilt rather fend again for me,
 Who then shall but my *Picture's Picture* be.

The CONCEALMENT.

I.

NO; to what Purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched *Heart*, swell 'till you *break* !
 She cannot love me if she *would* ;
 And to say Truth, 'twere Pity that she *should*.
 No, to the *Grave* thy Sorrows bear,
 As *silent*, as they will be *there*.
 Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
 So handsomly the thing contrive,
 That she may *guiltless* of it live.

So perish, that her killing thee
 May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murder* be.

II.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By 'her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* die:
 This will look justly, and become
 An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome*.

The censuring World will ne'er refrain
 From judging Men by *Thunder slain*.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me,
 By being *hers*, *happier than She*.
 I will not; 'tis a milder Fate
 To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate*.

III.

And yet this Death of mine, I fear,
 Will *ominous* to her appear:
 When, found in ev'ry other Part,
 Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart*.
 For the last *Tempest* of my Death
 Shall fight out *that* too, with my *Breath*.
 Then shall the World my noble Ruin see,
 Some *pity*, and some *envy me*;
 Then *she* her self, the *mighty she*,
 Shall grace my Fun'rals with this Truth;
 'Twas only *Love* destroy'd the gentle *Youth*.

The MONOPOLY.

I.

WHAT *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my Breast do lye,
 That feed th' Eternal Burnings of my Heart?
 Not *Aetna* flames more fierce or constantly,
 The founding Shop of *Vulcan's* smoaky Art;
Vulcan his Shop has placed there,
 And *Cupid's Forge* is set up here.

II.

Here all those *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
 That fly so thick unseen through yielding Air;
 The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the Trade
 Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
 Ah cruel *God!* and why to me
 Gave you this curst *Monopoly?*

III.

I have the *Trouble*, not the *Gains* of it;
 Give me but the *Disposal* of one *Dart*;
 And then (I'll ask no other Benefit)
 Heat as you please your Furnace in my *Heart*.
 So sweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
 Upon my Foe would gladly die.

IV.

Deep into 'her Bosom would I strike the Dart,
 Deeper than *Woman* e'er was struck by *Thee*;
 Thou giv'st them small Wounds, and so far from th'
 They *flutter* still about, inconstantly; [Heart,
 Curse

Curse on thy *Goodness*, whom we find
Civil to none but *Womankind*!

V.

Vain God! who *Women* dost thy self *Adore!*
Their wounded Hearts do still retain the Pow'rs
To travel, and to wander as before;
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that Sex and ours
So 'unjustly are distributed;
They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*.

The DISTANCE.

I.

I've follow'd thee a Year at least,
And never stopp'd my self to rest.
But yet can thee o'ertake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before.

II.

In this our *Fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above;
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the same *Distance* still betwixt them found.

III.

In vain, alas, in vain I strive
The *Wheel* of *Fate* faster to drive;
Since if a Round it swiftlier fly,
She in it mends her Pace as much as *I*.

IV. Hearts

IV.

Hearts by *Love* strangely *shuffled* are,
 That there can never meet a *Pair*!
 Tamer than *Worms* are *Lovers* slain;
 The *wounded Heart* ne'er turns to *wound* again.

The I N C R E A S E.

I.

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
 Than I had done before;
 But you as eas'ly might account
 Till to the *Top* of *Numbers* you amount,
 As cast up my *Love's* Score.
 Ten thousand Millions was the Sum;
 Millions of endless Millions are to come.

II.

I'm sure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
 Why should my *Love* do so?
 A *real* Cause at first did move;
 But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my *Love*,
 With *Shadows* from it self that flow.
 My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* see,
 By *Cyphers* is encreas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made, and untry'd *Spheres* above,
 Took their first Turn from th' Hand of *Jove*;
 But are since that Beginning found
 By their own *Forms* to move for ever round.

All

All *violent Motions* short do prove,
 But by the Length 'tis plain to see
 That Love's a *Motion natural* to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

I.

With much of *Pain*, and all the *Art* I knew,
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto
 To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

II.

The World perceives it, and it may be, *she*;
 Though so discreet and good she be,
 By hiding it, to teach that *Skill* to *me*.

III.

Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown,
 But none who had it ever seem'd t' have *none*.

IV.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no Arts or Disguises find,
 But thinks none *sees* it 'cause it *self* is *blind*.

V.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward Smart;
Love of himself left there a Part,
 When thorough it he pass'd into the *Heart*.

VI.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
 But keep the Secret wisely, yet,
 Like *Drunkenness*, into the *Tongue* 'twill get.

Looking on, and Discoursing with his Mistress.

I.

THESE full two Hours now have I gazing been,
 What Comfort by it can I gain?
 To look on *Heav'n* with *mighty Gulfs* between
 Was the great *Miser's* greatest Pain;
 So near was he to *Heav'n's* Delight,
 As with the Bles'd converse he might,
 Yet could not get one *Drop* of Water by't.

II.

Ah Wretch! I seem to *touch* her now; but, oh,
 What boundless Spaces do us part?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all Earth's empty Show,
 My *Lowness*, and her high *Desert*:
 But these might conquerable prove;
 Nothing does me so far remove,
 As her hard *Soul's Aversion* from my *Love*.

III.

So *Travellers* that lose their Way by Night,
 If from afar they chance t'espy
 Th'uncertain Glimmerings of a *Taper's* Light,
 Take flattering Hopes, and think it *nigh*;

'Till

'Till wearied with the fruitless Pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in *Darkness* and *Despair* remain.

Resolved to Love.

I.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wise*
 Think of all us that *Love*;
 Whether our *pretty Fooleries*
 Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move;
 They understand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want;
 Our *Sighs* to them are *insignificant*.

II.

One of them saw me, th'other Day,
 Touch the dear *Hand*, which I admire;
 My *Soul* was melting strait away,
 And dropt before the *Fire*.

This *silly Wiseman*, who pretends to *know*,
 Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

III.

Another from my *Mistress's Door*
 Saw me with *Eyes* all watry come;
 Nor could the hidden *Cause* explore,
 But thought some *Smoak* was in the *Room*;
 Such *Ign'rance* from *unwounded Learning* came;
 He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

IV. If

IV.

If *Learn'd* in other things you be,
 And have in *Love* no Skill,
 For God's fake keep your Arts from me,
 For I'll be *Ign'orant* still.

Study or *Action* others may embrace;
 My *Love's* my *Business*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

V.

These are but *Trifles*, I confess,
 Which me, weak Mortal, move;
 Nor is your *busie Seriousness*
 Less trifling than my *Love*.
 The wisest *King* who from his Sacred *Breast*
 Pronounc'd *all Van'ity*, chose it for the *best*.

My FATE.

I.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forsake,
 To which with trembling Rev'ence it does bend;
 Go bid the *Stones* a Journey upwards make;
 Go bid th'ambitious *Flame* no more ascend:
 And when these false to their *Old Motions* prove,
 Then shall I cease *Thee, Thee alone* to *Love*.

II.

The fast-link'd *Chain* of everlasting *Fate*
 Does nothing tie more strong, than *Me* to *You*;

My

My fix'd *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate*;
 But will be still the same, whate'er you do.
 You cannot *kill* my *Love* with your *Disdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in Pain*.

III.

Me, mine Example let the *Stoicks* use,
 Their sad and cruel Doctrine to maintain,
 Let all *Predestinators* me produce,
 Who struggle with *Eternal Bonds* in vain.
 This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'n*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

IV.

You, who Mens *Fortunes* in their Faces read,
 To find out *Mine*, look not, alas, on *Me*;
 But mark *her Face*, and all the Features heed;
 For only there is writ my *Destiny*.
 Or if Stars shew it, gaze not on the Skies;
 But study the *Astrol'ogy* of her *Eyes*.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious Rays,
 What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the *Fate* of Mortal Days
 Is writ in *Heav'n*; but, oh *my Heav'n* is there.
 What can Men learn from *Stars* they scarce can see?
Two great Lights rule the *World*; and *her two, Me*.

The HEART-BREAKING.

I.

IT gave a piteous *Groan*, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The Love within too strong for't was,
 Like *Poison* put into a *Venice-Glass*.

II.

I thought that *this* some *Remedy* might prove,
 But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
 Cut by this Chance in pieces small,
 In all still *liv'd*, and still it *stung* in all.

III.

And now (alas) each little broken Part
 Feels the whole Pain of all my *Heart*:
 And every smallest Corner still
Lives with the Torment which the *whole* did kill.

IV.

Even so rude *Armies* when the Field they quit,
 And into several *Quarters* get;
 Each *Troop* does spoil and ruin more,
 Than all join'd in one Body did before.

V.

How many *Loves* reign in my Bosom now?
 How many *Loves*, yet all of you?
 Thus have I chang'd with evil Fate
 My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*.

The USURPATION.

I.

THou'dst to my *Soul* no *Title* or *Pretence*;
I was mine own, and *free*,

'Till I had *giv'n* my self to thee;
But thou hast kept me *Slave* and *Prisoner* since.

Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depose* thee from thy *Throne*;
Such *Outrages* must not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy*.

II.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to thee fall;
My *Country*, *Kindred*, and my best
Acquaintance were to share the rest;
But thou, their *Cove'tous Neighbour*, drav'st out all
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship *thee*,
And would'st the *Rule* of my *Religion* be;
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd such *Pow'r* as you,
To be both *Emp'ror*, and *Pope* too?

III.

The *publick Mis'ries*, and my *private Fate*
Deserve some *Tears*: But greedy thou
(*Insatiate Maid!*) wilt not allow
That I one *Drop* from thee should *alienate*.
Nor wilt thou grant my *Sins* a *Part*,
Though the sole *Cause* of most of them thou art,

Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since first mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*.

IV.

Thou all my *Jays*, and all my *Hopes* dost claim,
Thou ragest like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *thee*;
Nought can resist, or *not encrease* the *Flame*.
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou dost devour, unless thy Stamp it bear.
Thy Presence, like the crowned *Basilisk's* Breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to Death.

V.

As Men in *Hell* are from Diseases free,
So from all other Ills am I;
Free from their known *Formality*:
But all Pains *eminently* lye in *thee*:
Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine Hands to gain.
Since all the *Natives* there thou'st overthrown,
And planted *Garri'sons* of thine own.

M A I D E N H E A D.

I.

THOU *worst Estate* even of the *Sex* that's *worst*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at first,
T'attend the Weakness of our Birth!
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed*!

Thou *Cave* to Buildings not yet finished!
 Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
 Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
 Though thou a *Point imaginary* be.

II.

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* so unfit,
 That his *first Blessing* ruin'd it.
 Cold *frozen Nurse* of fiercest *Fires!*
 Who, like the parched Plains of *Africk's* Sand,
 (A steril, and a wild unlovely Land)
 Art always scorch'd with hot *Desires*,
 Yet *Barren* quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and *Serpents* forth thy self to sting!

III.

Thou that bewitcheft Men, whilst thou dost dwell
 Like a close *Conjurer* in his *Cell!*
 And fear'ft the Day's discov'ring Eye!
 No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be
 Such tedious and unpleasant *Company*,
 Who liv'ft so *Melancholily!*
 Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
 Which *Women lose*, and yet no *Man* can find.

IV.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
 Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
 The Search it self rewards the Pains.
 So, tho' the *Chymick* his great *Secret* miss,

(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)

Yet things well worth his Toil he gains:
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unsought Experiments* by the way:

V.

Say what thou wilt, *Chastity* is no more
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*.

In vain to Honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*,
Them only Fame the truly Valiant calls
Who can an *open Breach* defend.

Of thy quick Loss can be no doubt,
Within so Hated, and so *Lov'd without*.

I M P O S S I B I L I T I E S.

I.

I *mpossibilities*? Oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
As eas'ly other Dangers were *o'erthrown*,
As *Cæsar* after vanquish'd *Rome*,
His little *Asian* Foes did overcome.

II.

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* against them strive;
But *Providence* engages on their side,
And a good End at last does give;
At last *Just Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

III.

As *Stars* (not powerful else) when they *conjoin*,
 Change, as they please, the World's Estate;
 So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
 Shall our own Fortunes regulate,
 And to our *Stars themselves* prescribe a *Fate*.

IV.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold *Romance*,
 That should two kind *Examples* shew,
 Which before us in Wonders did advance;
 Not, that I thought that *Story true*,
 But none should *Fancy more*, than *I would do*.

V.

Through spight of our *worst Enemies*, thy *Friends*,
 Through *Local Banishment* from thee;
 Through the loud Thoughts of less-concerning *Ends*,
 As easie shall my Passage be,
 As was the *Am'rous Youth's* o'er *Helle's Sea*

VI.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* roar;
 In vain the *Stars* their Aid deny'd:
 He saw the *Sestian Tow'r* on th' other Shoar;
 Shall th' *Hellespont* our Loves divide?
 No, not th' *Atlantick Ocean's* boundless Tide.

VII.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
 But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny

To

To let thy *Beams* shine on me from afar;
 And still the *Taper* let me 'espy;
 For when *thy Light* goes out, I sink and die.

S I L E N C E.

I.

CURSE on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betray'd,
 And his great *Secret* open laid!
 For of all Persons chiefly *She*
 Should not the Ills I suffer know;
 Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
 Only in *Her* to *Pity me*:
 Since 'tis for *Me* to lose my *Life* more fit,
 Than 'tis for *Her* to save and ransom it.

II.

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling Ear
 My helpless Story hear.
Discourse and *Talk* awake does keep
 The rude unquiet Pain,
 That in my Breast does reign;
Silence perhaps may make it sleep:
 I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal;
 The *Wound*, if once it *Close*, may chance to *Heal*.

III.

No, 'twill ne'er heal; my *Love* will never *Die*,
 Though it should *Speechless* lye.

A *River*, e'er it meet the *Sea*,
 As well might stay its Source,
 As my Love can his Course,
 Unless it join and mix with *thee*.

If any End or Stop of it be found,
 We know the *Flood* runs still, though *under Ground*.

The DISSEMBLER.

I.

UNhurt, *untouch'd* did I complain;
 And terrify'd all others with the Pain:
 But now I feel the *mighty Evil*;
 Ah, there's no *fooling* with the *Devil*!
 So wanton Men, whilst others they would fright,
 Themselves have met a real *Spright*.

II.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome Lie
 Had been no *Sin* at all in *Poetry*:
 But now I suffer an *Arrest*,
 For Words were spoke by me in *Jest*.
 Dull, sottish *God* of *Love*, and can it be
 Thou understand'st not *Raillery*?

III.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
 I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
 Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
 To this sad Fame of *Prophesie*;

Truth

Truth gives a dull *Propriety* to my *Stile*,
And all the *Metaphors* does *spoil*.

IV.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dang'rous too cunningly to *feign*:
The *Play* at last a *Truth* does grow,
And *Custom* into *Nature* go.
By this curst Art of *Begging* I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting* *Lame*.

V.

My Lines of Amorous Desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire:
And 'twas a *barbarous* *Delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the Sight;
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *Burning Bull* the first do try.

The INCONSTANT.

I.

I Never yet could see that Face
Which had no Dart for me;
From Fifteen Years, to Fifty's Space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou'rt a *Devil*; if I may call thee *One*;
For fure in me thy Name is *Legion*.

II. Colour,

II.

Colour, or Shape, good Limbs, or Face,
 Goodness, or Wit in all I find:
 In Motion or in Speech a Grace,
 If all fail, yet 'tis Womankind;
 And I'm so weak, the Pistol need not be
 Double, or treble charg'd to murder me.

III.

If Tall, the Name of Proper flays;
 If Fair, she's pleasant as the Light;
 If Low, her Prettiness does please;
 If Black, what Lover loves not Night?
 If Yellow-hair'd, I Love, lest it should be
 Th'Excuse to others for not loving me.

IV.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;
 The Lean, with Love makes me too fo.
 If Streight, her Body's Cupid's Dart
 To me; if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.
 Nay, Age it self does me to Rage incline,
 And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

V.

Just half as large as Charity
 My richly-landed Love's become;
 And judg'd aright is Constancy,
 Though it take up a larger Room:
 Him, who loves *always one*, why should they call
 More Constant, than the Man loves *always all*?

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus with unwearied Wings I flee
 Through all *Love's Gardens* and his *Fields* ;
 And, like the wise, industrious *Bee*,
 No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
 Though I return not home with *laden Thighs*.

VII.

My *Soul* at first indeed did prove
 Of pretty Strength against a Dart,
 'Till I this *Habit* got of *Love* ;
 But my consum'd and wasted Heart,
 Once burnt to *Tinder* with a strong Desire,
 Since that by every *Spark* is set on Fire.

The CONSTANT.

I.

Great, and Wise *Conqu'ror*, who where-e'er
 Thou com'st, dost *fortifie*, and *settle* there!
 Who canst *defend* as well as *get* ;
 And never hadst one *Quarter* beat up yet ;
 Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
 With one Inch of my vanquish'd Heart ;
 For since thou took'st it by Assault from me,
 'Tis *Garrison'd* so strong with *Thoughts* of thee,
 It fears no *Beauteous Enemy*.

II. Had

II.

Had thy charming Strength been less,
I'd serv'd e'er this an hundred *Mistresses*.

I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabond*.

A *Pris'on* in which I still would be,
Though every *Door* stood ope to me.
In spight both of thy *Coldness* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lover's side*,
For only *Death* can them *divide*.

III.

Close, narrow *Chain*, yet soft and kind,
As that which *Spi'rits* above to *Good* does bind.

Gentle, and sweet *Necessity*,
Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty*!
Your Love on me were spent in vain,
Since *my Love* still could but remain
Just as it is; for what, alas, can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality*?

Her NAME.

I.

With more than *Jewish Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah, when will it be fit
This *Gentle Mystery* to reveal?

When

When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we possess
That *Christ'ning* as a *Badge of Happiness*?

II.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
Nor, 'till the happy *Nuptial Muse* be seen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it shine.
Rest, mighty *Name*, 'till then; for thou must be
Laid down by *her*, e'er taken up by *me*.

III.

Then all the Fields and Woods shall with it ring;
Then *Eccboes* burden it shall be;
Then all the *Birds* in sev'ral Notes shall sing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur thee;
Then ev'ry *Wind* the Sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper't to some *Angel's* Ear.

IV.

Then shall thy *Name* through all my *Verse* be spread,
Thick as the *Flow'rs* in *Meadows* lye,
And, when in future Times they shall be read,
(As sure, I think, they will not die)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* shall quickly know the *Coin*.

V.

Mean while I will not dare to make a *Name*
To represent thee by;
Adam (*God's Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough should signify.

Astræa

Astræa or *Celia* as unfit would prove
For *thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove*.

W E E P I N G.

I.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise,
Drops Tears more fair than others *Eyes*!
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* see
Th' Attire thy *Sorrow* wears,
Nor know the Beauty of thy *Tears*:
For she'll still come to dress her self in *thee*.

II.

As *Stars* reflect on *Waters*, so I spy
In every Drop (methinks) her *Eye*.
The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays
In that Illustrious *Sphere*,
Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
Whilst in his *Flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

III.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious Weather,
As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together.
Pray Heav'n her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *Snow*,
(For some such *Fountain* we must find,
To Waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous *Stream* below.

IV. Ah,

IV.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
 Which made this precious *Limbeck* sweat!
 But what, alas, ah what does it avail
 That she weeps *Tears* so wond'rous *cold*,
 As scarce the *Asses Hoof* can hold,
 So *cold*, that I admire they fall not *Hail*.

DISCRETION.

I.

Discreet? What means this Word *Discreet*?
 A Curse on all *Discretion*!
 This *barbarous Term* you will not meet
 In all *Love's-Lexicon*.

II.

Jointure, Portion, Gold, Estate,
 Houses, Household-stuff, or Land,
 (The *Low Conveniencies* of Fate)
 Are *Greek* no *Lovers understand*.

III.

Believe me, *Beauteous one*, when Love
 Enters into a Breast.
 The two first things it does remove,
 Are *Friends* and *Interest*.

IV.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
 The careful, scrup'ulous *Eyes*,

Or

Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in *Love* were *wise*.

V.

Men, in such Tempests tost about,
Will, without Grief or Pain,
Cast all their *Goods* and *Riches* out,
Themselves their *Port* to gain.

VI.

As well might *Martyrs*, who do chuse
That *Sacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they must lose,
When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake*.

The WAITING-MAID.

I.

THY *Maid*? Ah, find some nobler Theme
Whereon thy Doubts to place;
Nor by a low Suspect *blaspheme*
The Glories of thy Face.

II.

Alas, she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* must disappear
Before thy potent *Light*.

III.

Three Hours each Morn in dressing thee,
Maliciously are spent;
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's else a *Civil Government*.

IV. T 'a

IV.

Th' adorning thee with so much Art,
 Is but a barb'rous Skill;
 'Tis like the *Pois'ning* of a *Dart*
 Too apt before to kill.

V.

The *Mini'string Angels* none can see;
 'Tis not their Beauty 'or Face,
 For which by Men they worship'd be;
 But their high *Office* and their *Place*.
Thou art my *Goddeſs*, my *Saint*, *She*;
 I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

C O U N S E L.

I.

AH! What Advice can I receive?
 No, ſatisſie me firſt;
 For who would *Phyſick*-Potions give
 To one that dies with *Thirſt*?

II.

A little Puff of Breath we find,
 Small Fires can *quench* and *kill*;
 But when they're great, the adverſe Wind
 Does make them greater ſtill.

III.

Now, whiſt you ſpeak, it moves me much;
 But ſtrait I'm juſt the ſame;

Alas, th' Effect must needs be such
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*.

The C U R E.

I.

Come, *Doctor*, use thy roughest Art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, Burn, and Torture every Part,
To heal me of my *Love*.

II.

There is no Danger, if the Pain
Should me to 'a *Fever* bring;
Compar'd with *Heats* I now sustain,
A *Fever* is so *Cool* a thing,
(Like *Drink* which feverish Men desire)
That I should hope 'twould almost quench my *Fire*.

The S E P A R A T I O N.

I.

ASK me not what my *Love* shall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of me)
When I am *sep'rated* from thee;
Alas, I might as easily show,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
'Twill *last*, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

II. The

II.

The thing call'd *Soul* will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a liveless *Carcass* prove,
 For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
 Not that my *Love* will fly away,
 But still continue, as they say,
 Sad troubled *Ghosts* about their *Graves* do stray.

The TREE.

I.

I Chose the flouriſhing'ſt *Tree* in all the *Park*,
 With freſheſt Boughs, and faireſt Head;
 I cut my *Love* into his gentle *Bark*,
 And in three Days, behold 'tis *Dead*;
 My very *written Flames* ſo violent be,
 They've burnt and wither'd up the *Tree*.

II.

How ſhould I live my ſelf, whoſe *Heart* is found
 Deeply graven every where,
 With the large *History* of many a *Wound*,
 Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
 With Art as ſtrange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

III.

What a few Words from thy rich *Stock* did take
 The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?

As a strong *Poison* with one *Drop* does make

The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall :

Love (I see now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,

Or *Characters* could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye *Birds* and *Nymphs*, who lov'd this *Shade* ;

And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree* ;

I thought her *Name* would thee have Happy made,

And blessed *Omens* hop'd from thee ;

Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (said I) and *grow* ;

And with ye let my *Love* do so.

V.

Alas, poor Youth, thy *Love* will never thrive!

This blasted *Tree* predestines it ;

Go, tie the dismal *Knot* (why should'st thou live?)

And by the *Lines* thou there hast writ

Deform'dly hanging, the *sad Picture* be

To that unlucky *History*.

Her UNBELIEF.

I.

'TIS a strange kind of *Ign'orance* this in you!

That you your *Victories* should not spy,

Victories gotten by your *Eye*!

That your bright *Beams*, as those of *Comets* do,

Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who*.

II, That

II.

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
 Whilst all the *People* smell and see
 The odorous Flames I offer thee,
 Thou sit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear
 Thy constant zealous *Worshipper*.

III.

They see't too well who at my Fires repine,
 Nay, th'unconcern'd themselves do prove
 Quick-ey'd enough to spy my Love;
 Nor does the *Cause* in *thy Face* clearer shine,
 Than the *Effect* appears in mine.

IV.

Fair Infidel! By what unjust Decree
 Must I, who with such restless Care
 Would make this Truth to thee appear,
 Must I, who Preach it, and Pray for it, be
 Damn'd by thy *Incredulity*?

V.

I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltless slain:
 Oh have but *Faith*, and then that you
 May know that *Faith* for to be true,
 It shall it self by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
 And raise me from the *Dead* again.

VI.

Mean while my *Hopes* may seem to be o'erthrown;
 But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
 And thus Dispute, that since my Heart,

Though in *thy Breast*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine *Own*.

The GAZERS.

I.

Come let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call;
I've seen *too much*, if this be *all*,
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ignorant Poverty*?

To shew such *Stores*, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my *Want*.
For *Love* to *die an Infant's* lesser *Ill*,
Than to live long, yet live in *Childhood* still.

II.

We've both fate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do.
The richest *Crop of Joy* is still behind,
And he who only *sees*, in *Love* is *blind*.

So at first *Pigmalion* lov'd,
But th' *Amour* at last improv'd:
The *Statue* 'it self at last a *Woman* grew,
And so at last, my *Dear*, should you do too.

III.

Beauty to *Man* the greatest *Torture* is,
Unless it lead to farther *Bliss*
Beyond the tyran'ous *Pleasures* of the *Eye*.
It grows too *serious a Cruelty*,

Unless

Unless it *Heal*, as well as *Strike* ;
 I would not, *Salamander* like,
 In scorching Heats always to *Live* desire,
 But, like a *Martyr*, pass to *Heav'n* through *Fire*.

IV.

Mark how the lusty *Sun* salutes the *Spring*,
 And gently kisses every thing.
 His loving *Beams* unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
 Search all the *Treasures*, all the *Sweets* devour :
 Then on the Earth with *Bridegroom* Heat,
 He does still new *Flowers* beget.
 The *Sun* himself, although all *Eye* he be,
 Can find in *Love* more Pleasure than to *See*.

The INCURABLE.

I.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
 Love made them *Nonsense* all.
 I apply'd *Receipts* of *Business* to my Wound,
 But stirring did the Pain recall.

II.

As well might Men who in a Fever fry,
Mathematick Doubts debate,
 As well might Men, who mad in *Darkness* lye,
 Write the *Dispatches* of a *State*.

III.

I try'd *Devotion, Sermons, frequent Prayer,*
 But those did worse than *useless* prove;
 For *Pray'rs* are turn'd to *Sin* in those who are
Out of Charity, or in Love.

IV.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty *Care*;
 But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' *Fire*.
 Like *Drunkards Eyes*, my troubled *Fancy* there
 Did *double* the *Desire*.

V.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gaiety* would do,
 And mix'd with pleasant *Companies*;
 My *Mirth* did graceless and *insipid* grow,
 And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not rise.

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd
 'Gainst this some *new Desire* to stir,
 And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd,
 Some faint *Resemblances* of *Her*.

VII.

The *Physick* made me worse with which I strove,
 This *Mortal Ill* t' expel,
 As wholesome *Medicines* the *Disease* improve,
 There where they *work* not well.

H O N O U R.

I.

SHE *Loves*, and she *confesses* too;
There's then at last, no more to do.
The happy *Work's* entirely done;
Enter the *Town* which thou hast *won*;
The *Fruits* of *Conquest* now begin;
lô Triumph! Enter in.

II.

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be?
Remains there still an *Enemy*?
Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*;
Have I o'ercome all *real Foes*,
And shall this *Phantome* me oppose?

III.

Noisie Nothing! *stalking Shade!*
By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made?
Empty Cause of *Solid Harms!*
But I shall find out *Counter-Charms*
Thy airy *Devilship* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love*.

IV.

Sure I shall rid my self of *thee*
By the *Night's* *Obscurity*,
And obscurer *Secrecy*.
Unlike to every other *Spright*,

Thou

Thou attempt'st not Men t' affright,
Nor *appear'st* but in the *Light*.

The INNOCENT ILL.

I.

THough all thy Gestures and Discourses be
Coin'd and stamp'd by *Modesty*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne'er slip'd away
One Word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not say,
Yet such a Sweetness, such a Grace
In all thy Speech appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *Face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*.
So cunningly it wounds the Heart,
It strikes such Heat through every Part,
That thou a *Tempter* worse than *Satan* art.

II.

Though in thy Thoughts scarce any Tracks have been,
So much as of *Original Sin*,
Such Charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Desires in dying confess *Saints* excite.
Thou with strange *Adultery*
Dost in each Breast a *Brothel* keep;
Awake all Men do *lust* for thee,
And some *enjoy* thee when they *sleep*.
Ne'er before did *Woman* live,

Who

Who to such *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *Cause* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

III.

Though in thy Breast so quick a *Pity* be,¹
That a *Flies* *Death's* a *Wound* to thee.
Though savage, and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n *Romances* Woes.
Yet ne'er before was *Tyrant* known,
Whose Rage was of so large Extent,
The Ills thou dost are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Instrument*,
In all the Deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'rer*, and of *Weapon* too.

IV.

Thou *lovely Instrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our Faults create!
Thou *pleasant, universal Ill*,
Which *sweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* dost *kill*!
Thou kind, well-natur'd *Tyranny*!
Thou *chaste* Committer of a *Rape*!
Thou *voluntary Destiny*,
Which no Man *can*, or *would* escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wond'rous good, and wond'rous fair,
(We know) ev'n the *Destroying Angels* are.

DIALOGUE.

I. [mov'd thee,
She. **W**Hat have we done? what cruel Passion
 Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou hast *robb'd*, but what art thou
 Thy *self* the *richer* now?

Shame succeeds the short-liv'd *Pleasure*;
 So soon is spent, and gone, this thy *ill-gotten Treas-*

II. [sure.
He. We've done no Harm; nor was it *Theft* in *me*,
 But noblest *Charity* in *thee*.

I'll the well-gotten *Pleasure*
 Safe in my *Mem'ory* treasure;

What though the *Flower* it self do waste,
 The *Essence* from it drawn does long and sweeter

III. [last.
She. No: I'm undone; my *Honour* thou hast slain,
 And nothing can restore't again.

Art and Labour to bestow,

Upon the *Carcase* of it now,

Is but t'embalm a *Body dead*,

The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty's* fled.

IV.
He. Never, my Dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
 By *Love*, but *Indiscretion*.

To th' *wise* it all things does allow;

And cares not *what* we do; but *how*.

Like

Like *Tapers* shut in ancient *Urns*,
Unless it let in *Air*, for ever *shines* and *burns*.

V.

She. *Thou first* perhaps who didst the Fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked Boast of it.
For *Men*, with *Roman Pride*, above
The *Conquest*, do the *Triumph* love:
Nor think a perfect *Vict'ry* gain'd,
Unless they through the *Streets* their *Captive* lead

VI.

[enchain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret Joys has open laid,
The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made.
Beside what Boast is left for me,
Whose whole Wealth's a *Gift* from *thee*?
'Tis you the *Conqu'ror* are, 'tis you
Who have not *t'a'ne*, but *bound*, and *gagg'd* me too.

VI.

She. Though publick Punishment we escape, the *Sin*
Will rack and *torture* us within:
Guilt and *Sin* our Bosom bears;
And though fair yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does waste,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the

VIII.

[*Skin* at last.

He. That *Thirsty*, *Drink*, that *Hungry*, *Food* I sought,
That *wounded*, *Balm*, is all my Fault.
And thou in Pity didst apply
The kind and only *Remedy*:

The *Cause* absolves the *Crime*; since *Me*
 So mighty *Force* did move, so mighty *Goodness*
 IX. [Thee.

She. *Curse* on thine *Arts*! methinks I *hate* thee now;
 And yet I'm sure I *love* thee too!
 I'm *angry*, but my *Wrath* will prove
 More *innocent* than did thy *Love*.
 Thou hast *this Day* undone me quite:
 Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at
 [Night.

Verses lost upon a Wager.

I.

AS soon hereafter will I *Wagers* lay,
 'Gainst what an *Oracle* shall say,
 Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
 A *Tongue* so us'd to *Victory*!
 A *Tongue* so blest by *Nature* and by *Art*,
 That never yet it spoke but gain'd an *Heart*:
 Though what you said, had not been *true*
 If spoke by any else but *you*.
 Your *Speech* will govern *Destiny*,
 And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* should *lie*.

II.

'Tis true if *Human Reason* were the *Guide*,
Reason, methinks, was on my *Side*;
 But that's a *Guide*, alas, we must resign,

When

When th' *Authority's Divine*.

She said, she said *her self* it would be so;

And I, *bold Unbeliever*, answer'd *No*,

Never so justly sure before

Error the Name of *Blindness* bore,

For whatso'er the *Question* be,

There's no Man that has *Eyes* would bet for me.

III.

If *Truth* it self (as other *Angels* do

When they descend to humane view)

In a *Material Form* would daign to shine,

'Twould *imitate* or *borrow thine*,

So daz'ling bright, yet so transparent clear,

So well proportion'd would the Parts appear;

Happy the Eye which *Truth* could see

Cloath'd in a *Shape* like *thee*,

But happier far the Eye

Which could thy *Shape naked like Truth* espy!

IV.

Yet this lost *Wager* costs me nothing more

Than what I ow'd to thee before.

Who would not venture for that Debt to *play*

Which he were bound howe'er to *pay*?

If *Nature* gave me Power to write in Verse,

She gave it me thy Praises to rehearse.

Thy wond'rous Beauty and thy Wit

Has such a *Sov'reign Right* to it,

That

That no Man's *Muse* for *publick Vent* is free,
 'Till she has paid *her Customs* first to thee.

Bathing in the River.

I.

THE *Fish* around her crowded, as they do
 To the false *Light* that treach'rous *Fishers* shew,
 And all with as much *Ease* might taken be,
 As she at first took me.
 For ne'er did *Light* so clear
 Among the *Waves* appear,
 Though ev'ry *Night* the *Sun* himself set there.

II.

Why to *Mute Fish* should'st thou thy self discover,
 And not to me thy no less *silent Lover*?
 As some from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
 To *Ghosts* that have no *Use* of it!
 Half their rich *Treasures* so
Maids bury; and for ought we know
 (Poor *Ignorants*) they're *Mermaids* all below:

III.

The am'rous *Waves* would fain about her stay,
 But still new am'rous *Waves* drive them away,
 And with swift *Current* to those *Joys* they haste,
 That do as swiftly waste;
 I laught the wanton *Play* to view,
 But 'tis, alas, at *Land* so top,
 And still *old Lovers* yield the *Place* to new.

IV. Kifs

IV.

Kifs her, and as you part, you am'rous Waves
 (My happier *Rivals*, and my *Fellow Slaves*)
 Point to your flow'ry Banks, and to her shew
 The good your *Bounties* do;
 Then tell her what your *Pride* doth cost,
 And, how your *Use* and *Beauty's* lost,
 When rig'rous *Winter* binds you up with *Frost*.

V.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *thee*,
 Haste without stop to a *devouring Sea*;
 Where they will mixt and *undistinguish'd* lye,
 With all the meanest things that *die*.
 As in the *Ocean* thou
 No Privilege dost know
 Above th' *impurest Streams* that thither flow.

VI.

Tell her, kind *Flood*, when this has made her sad,
 Tell her there's yet one *Rem'edy* to be had;
 Shew her how thou, though long since *past*, dost find
 Thy self yet still *behind*,
 Marriage (say to her) will bring
 About the self-same thing.
 But she, fond *Maid*, *shuts* and *seals* up the *Spring*.

Love given over.

I.

IT is *enough*; enough of Time, and Pain,
 Hast thou consum'd in vain;
 Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
 Thy self with *Shadows* to deceive;
 Think that *already lost* which thou must *never gain*.

II.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest Years,
 (Toft in Storms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
 Like helpless *Ships* that be
 Set on Fire i' th' midst o' the *Sea*, [Tears.
 Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in*

III.

Resolve then on it, and by Force or Art
 Free thy unlucky *Heart*;
 Since *Fate* does disapprove
 Th' *Ambition* of thy *Love*,
 And not one *Star* in Heav'n offers to take thy Part.

IV.

If e'er I clear my *Heart* from this Desire,
 If e'er it home to its Breast retire,
 It ne'er shall wander more about,
 Tho' thousand Beauties call'd it out:
 A *Lover burnt* like me for ever *dreads the Fire*.

V.

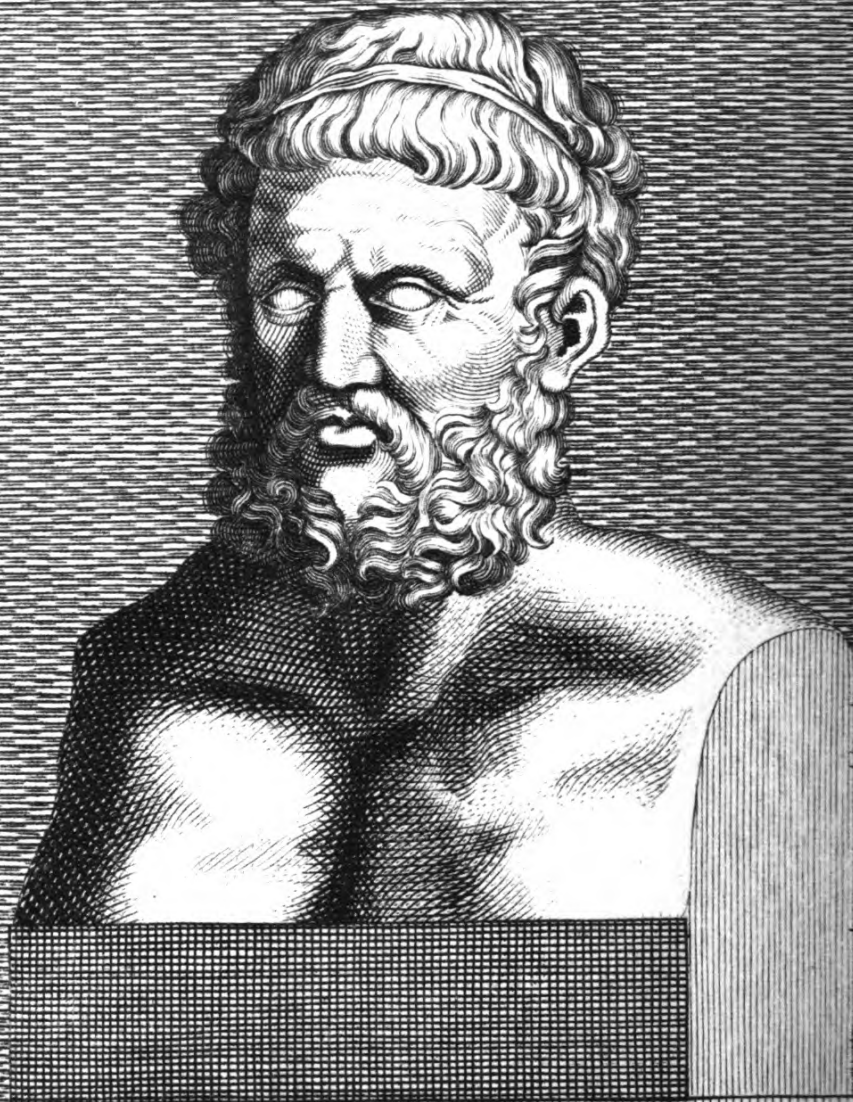
The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ry *small Disease*,
 May come as oft as *ill Fate* please;
 But *Death* and *Love* are never found
 To give a *second Wound*,
 We're by those *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by these*.

VI.

Alas, what Comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing *again* o'erthrown?
 Since such an *Enemy* needs not fear
 Left any else should quarter there, [Town.
 Who has not only *sack'd*, but quite *burnt down* the







*Pindarus
in Aedibus Justinianis*

Pindarique ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE and MANNER

OF THE

O D E S

OF

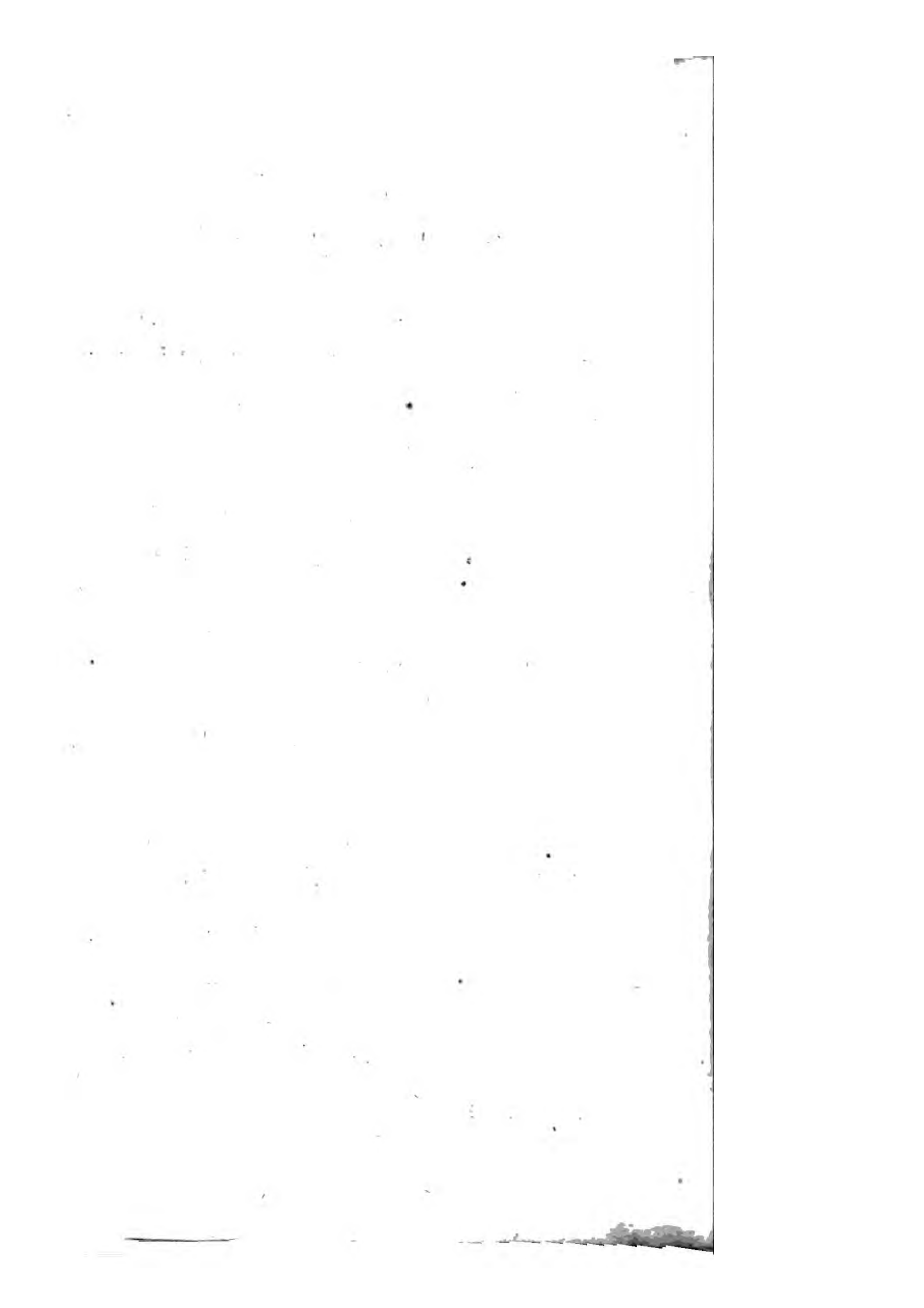
P I N D A R.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

Hor. Ep. L. 1. 3.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCVII.



P R E F A C E.

IF a Man should undertake to translate Pindar Word for Word, it would be thought that one Mad-man had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the Original, reads the verbal Traduction of him into Latin Prose, than which nothing seems more Raving. And sure, Rhyme, without the Addition of Wit, and the Spirit of Poetry (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in Prose. We must consider in Pindar the great Difference of Time betwixt his Age and ours, which changes, as in Pictures, at least the Colours of Poetry; the no less Difference betwixt the Religions and Customs of our Countries, and a thousand Particularities of Places, Persons, and Manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at so great a Distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to the Musick of his Numbers, which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent Poet. For though the Grammarians and Criticks have labour'd to reduce his Verses into regular Feet and Measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet in effect they are little better than Prose to our Ears. And I would gladly know what Applause our best Pieces of English Poesie could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and Word for Word, into French or Italian Prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these Losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our Wit or Invention (not deserting still his Subject) is not like to make him a Richer Man than he was in his own Country. This is in some measure to be apply'd to all Translations; and the not observing of it, is the Cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the same Root of

exact Imitation; which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen Originals both in Painting and Poësie, much more beautiful than their natural Objects; but I never saw a Copy better than the Original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for Men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the Mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the Grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamour'd of the Name Translator, as not to wish rather to be Something Better, tho' it want yet a Name. I speak not so much all this, in Defence of my manner of Translating, or Imitating (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these Words, as by this Occasion to rectifie the Opinion of divers Men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their Original, to the Hebrews of his Time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted Pieces of Poësie) are a great Example of what I have said; all the Translators of which (even Mr. Sands himself; for in despite of popular Error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very Reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another Language with new ones in their own; are so far from doing Honour, or at least Justice to that Divine Poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my Opinion no less short of David, than his Country does of Judæa. Upon this ground, I have in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added what I please; nor make it so much my Aim, to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his Way and Manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduc'd into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of Pancirollus, among the lost Inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English Habit: For which Experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympique, and another of his Nemæan Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND
 Olympique O D E
 O F
 P I N D A R.

Written in Praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum (a famous City in Sicily built by his Ancestors) who in the seventy seventh Olympique won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the Nobility of his Race (whose Story is often touch'd on) from his great Riches (an ordinary Common-Place in Pindar) from his Hospitality, Munificence and other Virtues. The Ode (according to the constant Custom of the Poet) consists more in Digressions, than in the main Subject: And the Reader must not be chocqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a Liberty which this kind of Poetry can hardly live without.

O D E.

I.

1 **Q**UEEN of all Harmonious things,
 2 *Dancing Words, and speaking Strings,*
 ? *What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?*
What happy Man to equal Glories bring?
 Begin, begin thy noble Choice,
 And let the Hills around reflect the *Image* of thy *Voice*.

Pisa

- 3 *Pisa* does to *Jove* belong,
Jove and *Pisa* claim thy Song,
 4 The fair *First-Fruits* of *War*, th' *Olympique Games*,
Alcides offer'd up to *Jove*;
Alcides too thy Strings may move; [prove!
 But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy
 Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names*;
Theron the next Honour claims;
Theron to no *Man* gives place,
 Is first in *Pisa's*, and in *Virtue's Race*;
Theron there, and he alone,
 Ev'n his own swift *Fore-fathers* has out-gone.

II.

- 1 They through rough Ways, o'er many Stops they pass,
 Till on the fatal Bank at last
 2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
 Of *fair-fac'd Sicily*,
 Which does it self i' th' *River* by
 With *Pride* and *Joy* espy.
 Then chearful *Notes* their *painted Years* did sing,
 And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.
 Their genuine *Virtues* did more sweet and clear,
 In *Fortune's* graceful *Dress* appear.
 3 To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, say
 The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *decay*.
 If in *Olympus Top*, where thou
 Sit'st to behold thy Sacred *Show*,

4 If in *Alpheus* silver Flight,
 If in *my Verse* thou dost delight,
 My Verse, O *Rhea's Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *smooth* as *this*.

III.

For the past Sufferings of this noble Race
 (Since things once *past*, and fled out of thine hand,
 Harken no more to thy Command)

Let *present Joys* fill up their Place,
 1 And with *Oblivion's silent Stroke* deface
 Of foregone Ills the very *Trace*.

In no illustrious Line
 Do these happy Changes shine
 More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
 2 So in the *Crystal Palaces*
 Of the blue-ey'd *Nereides*,
Ino her endless Youth does please,
 And *thanks* her Fall into the Seas.
 3 Beauteous *Semele* does no less
 Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* blefs,
 Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,
 4 She enjoys secure their Company,
 Plays with *Lightnings* as they fly,
 Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*.

IV.

But *Death* did them from future Dangers free,
 What God (alas) will *Caution* be
 For *living Man's Security*,

Or

Or will *ensure* our *Vessel* in this faithless *Sea*?

Never did the *Sun* as yet

So healthful a fair *Day* beget,

1 That *travelling Mortals* might rely on it.

But Fortune's *Favour* and her *Spight*

Roll with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*.

Vicissitudes which thy great Race pursue,

2 E'er since the *fatal Son* his Father slew,

And did old *Oracles* fulfil

[*Will.*

Of *Gods* that cannot *lie*, for they foretel but their own

V.

1 *Erynnis* saw't, and made in her own Seed

The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,

2 She slew his wrathful Sons with mutual Blows;

But better things did then succeed, [*arose.*

3 And brave *Thersander* in amends for what was past

Brave *Thersander* was by none

In War, or warlike Sports out-done.

4 Thou *Theron* his great Virtues dost revive,

He in *my Verse* and *thee* again does *live*,

Loud *Olympus* happy thee,

5 *Isthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy see.

For the *well-natur'd* Honour there

Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,

Was to thee *double* grown

By not being all thine *Own*.

And those kind pious Glories do deface

The old *fraternal* Quarrel of thy *Race*.

VI. Great-

VI.

1 Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
 Th' *Olympique Trophies* shew.
 Both their several Parts must do
 In the noble *Chase* of *Fame*,
 This without that is *blind*, that without this is *lame*.
 Nor is fair *Virtue's Picture* seen aright,
 But in *Fortune's* golden Light.
Riches alone are of uncertain Date,
 And on *short-Man long* cannot wait.
 The *Virtuous* make of them the best,
 And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*.
 With a *frail Good* they wisely buy
 The solid *Purchase* of *Eternity*. [know
 They whilst *Life's Air* they breath, consider well and
 Th' *Account* they must hereafter give below.
 Whereas th' *Unjust* and *Covetous* above,
 In deep unlovely *Vaults*,
 By the just *Decrees* of *Jove*
 2 Unrelenting *Torments* prove,
 The heavy *Necessary Effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

VII.

1 Whilst in the *Lands* of unexhausted *Light*
 O're which the *God-like Sun's* unwearied Sight,
 Ne'er *winks* in *Clouds*, or *sleeps* in *Night*,
 An endless *Spring* of *Age* the Good enjoy,
 Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty cloy*,

There

There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they plow,
 Nor ought to *Labour* owe
 For *Food*, that whil'st it *nour'ishes* does *decay*,
 And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.

2 *Thrice* had these Men through Mortal Bodies past,
 Did *thrice* the Trial undergo,
 'Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,
 The *Furnace* had no more to do.

Then in rich *Saturn's* peaceful State

3 Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'd,
 The *Muse-discovered World* of *Islands Fortunate*.

VIII.

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful Voices there
Dance through the perfum'd Air. [glide,
 There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows*
 And *golden Trees* enrich their side.
 Th' *illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,
 And *Jewels* for their *Fruit* they bear.
 Which by the *Blest* are gathered
 For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head,
 Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
 1 Wife *Radamanthus* did the Sentence give,
 Who for his Justice was thought fit
 With *Sovereign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit.
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
 Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
 Since his blest *Mother* (who before
 Had try'd it on his *Body* in vain)

Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,
That does from *Passion* and from *Vice Invulnerable*

IX.

[make.

To *Theron, Muse*, bring back thy wandring *Song*,
Whom those bright *Troops* expect impatiently;
And may they do so long.

1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but cross thine *Eye*?

Shoot, and spare not, for I see

Thy founding *Quiver* can ne'er emptied be;
Let *Art* use *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Nature's Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature her self has unexhausted store,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.

Art instead of mounting high,

About her *humble Food* does hov'ring fly,

2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *Rapine* and *Noise* does love,
Whilst *Nature*, like the sacred *Bird of Jove*,

3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *silent Joy*

The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,

Defeats the *Strong*, o'ertakes the *Flying Prey*;

4 And sometimes basks in th' open *Flames* of *Day*,

And sometimes too he throwds

His soaring *Wings* among the *Clouds*.

X.

Leave, wanton *Muse*, thy roving Flight,
 To thy loud *String* the well-fetch'd *Arrow* put,
 Let *Agrigentum* be the *But*,
 And *Theron* be the *White*.

And lest the Name of *Verse* should give
 Malicious Men pretext to *misbelieve*.

By the *Castalian Waters* swear
 (A sacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare

To take in vain,

1 No more than *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)

Swear in no City e'er before,

A better Man, or greater-soul'd was born,

Swear that *Theron* fure has sworn

No Man *near* him should *be poor*.

Swear that none e'er had such a graceful Art,

Fortune's *free* Gifts as *freely* to impart

With an *unenvious Hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

XI.

But in this thankless *World* the *Givers*
 Are *envy'd* ev'n by the *Receivers*.

'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* Fashion,
 Rather to *hide* than *pay* the *Obligation*.

Nay 'tis much worse than so,

It now an *Artifice* does grow,

Wrongs and *Outrages* to do,

Lest Men should think we *owe*.

Such *Monsters*, *Theron*, has thy *Virtue* found,
 But all the *Malice* they profess,
 Thy *secure Honour* cannot wound:
 For thy vast *Bounties* are so *numberless*,
 That them or to *Conceal*, or else to *Tell*,
 Is equally *Impossible*.

N O T E S.

I.

Pind. Ἀναξίφορμιγγες ὑμοί, τίνα θεόν, τίν' ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα κληθήσομεν; Ἦτοι Πίσα μὲν Διὸς, Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔσα—σεν Ἡρακλῆος, Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου. Θέρωνα δ' ἐπὶ τῆς εὐροίας ἕνεκα νικηφόρου Γεγωνήσιον ὅπι Δίκαιον ξένον ἔρρισμα Ἀκρόγαλθ' Ἐυωνύμων τε πατέρων Ἀλίοι, ὀρθόπολις.

Hymni dominantes Cythara, quem Deum, quem Heroem, quem Virum celebrabimus? Pisa quidem Jovis est, Olympicum autem certamen instituit Hercules, primitias belli, sed Theronem ob cursum in quadrigis victorem sonare oportet voce, justum & hospitem, columen Agrigenti, laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.

1. Whereas *Pindar* addresses himself to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muse*; which, methinks, is better call'd Ἀναξίφορμιγγες, than the *Ode* which she makes. Some interpret Ἀναξίφορμιγγες passively, (i.) as subjects of the *Harps*; but the other Sense is more *Grammatical*.

2. *Horace* Translates this Beginning, *Lib. 1. Ode 12. Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ sumes celebrare Clid. Quem Deum cuius resonet jocosa Nomen Imago?* The latter Part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the Order; but the other is more *Natural*, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man*.

3. *Pisa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth Year by the *Institution* of *Hercules*, after he had slain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, surnam'd *Olympicus* from the Mountain *Olympus*, which is just by *Pisa*.

4. Ἀκρόθινα, First-Fruits, from ἄκρον the Top, and θῖν an Heap, because they were taken from the Top of the Heap of Corn, &c. Some interpret it, the Spoils of War dedicated to the Gods; so the old Greek Scholiast. I think the *Olympique Games* are so called, because they were sacred Exercises that disposed and improved Men for the War; a *Sacred Bloodless War*, dedicated to the Gods.

II.

Καμόντες οἱ πολλὰ θυμῶ, ἱερὸν ἔχον δίχνημα Πόβιαμ, Σικελίας τε ἔσαν ὀφθαλμοῖς, αἰὼν τ' ἔρε—σε μύρσιμθ' πλετόν—τε κ' χέειν ἄγων Γηυσίας ἐπ' ἀρεταῖς; Ἀλλ' ὦ Κρόνιε πατὴρ Πέας Ἰδοθ' Ὀκόμπε νεῖ—
 V. O. L. μωνθ

μων, Ἀέθλων τε καρφάν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλφειῶν Ἰανθεὶς ἀοιδαῖς Ἐυφρον
ἀρετρῶν ἔτι πα—τείαν σοῖσι κόμιζον.

*Qui cum multum laborassent animo, sacram obtinuerunt sedem fluvii, Si-
cilixq; fuerunt oculus, Vitaq; insequabatur scelix, divitias & gratiam affe-
rens nativis virtutibus. Verum O Saturnie fili Rheæ, sedem Olympi habi-
tans, & certaminum summitatem, viâmq; Alphæi, delectatus Hymnis, benevo-
lus, arvum patrium adhuc ipsâs cura & postero generi.*

1. They say, that *Æmen* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Gadmus*, having slain one of his Fellow-Citizens as he was Hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicily*, where he built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckon'd many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron*, in a right Line, came not thither 'till a long time after.

2. I rather chuse to call *Agrigentum*, than *Theron's* Ancestors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye of Sicily*. The Metaphor in this Sense is more natural. So *Julian* terms *Damascus*, τ' ἐώας ἀπάσης ὀφθαλμὸν, the *Eye of all the East*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Insularum ocellum*, the *Eye of Islands*. *Agrigentum* took the Name from the *River Agragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it stands, that from ἀκρὸν and γῆ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, an especial Soil; or from ἀσεῖς and γῆ, Land good for the Plough. I know very well, that it is not certain that this Town was built by *Theron's* Ancestors; neither do the Words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there; nevertheless, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that Sense which pleases me best.

3. *Jupiter*.

4. The *River of Elis*, by the side of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

III.

Λοιπῶ γένε. ἤ ἢ ὃ πεπραγμένων Ἐν δίκῃ τε κ' ἰσθμῶ δίκαν Ἀποίν-
τον ἐδ' ἂν χεῖρον ὃ πάλιν πατὴρ Δύναϊο δέμῳ ἔρτων τέλθ. Λά-
δα ἢ πῶτιμ συν ἐυδαίμονι γένοιτ' ἂ, Ἐθλῶν γδ' ὑπὸ χαρμάτων Πη-
μα θνάσκῃ παλίγκλον δαμασθὲν Ὅσαν δεῦ μοῖρα, πέμπη Ἀνεκὰς
ὄλβον ὑψηλόν, Ἐπε) ἢ λόγθ ἐυθέρνοις Κάδμοιο κίρσις ἔπα--θον
αἰ μεγάλα, πένθθ Δέ πίνει βαρὺ Κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν. Ζῶθ μὲ
ἐν Ολυμπίοις, Ἀποθανοῖσα βέζω Κεραυνῆ τανυέθθ—ρα Σεμέλη;
φιλεῖ Δέ μιν Παλλάς αἰτι, κ' Ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα, φιλεῖ Δέ πᾶς ὁ νιασ-
φόρθ. Λέγονθ δ' ἐν κ' θαλάσῃ, Μετὰ κίρσις Νηηθ' Ἀλίαις, βί-
θον ἀρθίον Ἴνοῖ τετάχθαι τ' ὄλον ἀμοῖ χεῖρον.

*Aetorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus quidem omnium
pater possit reddere operum finem. Sed Oblivio cum sorte prospera fiat. Bo-
nis enim à gaudiis malum molestum domitum perit, quando divina fors mittit
de Cælo altas divitias. Convenit hic sermo Cadmi filiabus bono solo collocatis,
illa passæ sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis.
Vivit quidem in Cælo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis Semele. Pallas
autem illam amat, & maximè Jupiter & filius ejus hederiger. Aiunt etiam
in mari cum filiabus Nerei marinis Inoni vitam immortalem constitutam esse
per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose,

Ἦ πῶτινιᾳ Λήθη ἤ κακῶν ὡς εἰ σοφῆ

Καὶ τοῖσα δυσυχῆσιν ἐκκλαῖα θεός!

O *Oblivion*, the wise *Disposer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddess* propitious to
unhappy Men!

2. For

2. For the Examples of the Change of great Misfortunes into greater Felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; because they were both of *Theron's* Race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her Husband *Athamas* in his Madness had slain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild Beast, fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her Arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea; where, at the desire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the Child a God, and her a Goddess of the Sea; him by the Name of *Palamon*, and her of *Lucothea*. See *Ovid. Met.* l. 4. The Blue-ey'd *Nereides* (i.) the *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*, *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise that he would deny her nothing, ask'd that he would lye with her in all his Majesty of the Thunderer, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal Nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his Thunder and Lightning; but *Bacchus*, her Child by *Jupiter*, then in the Womb, was saved; for which reason, I call it her *Midwife Thunder*.

4. *Secure*. Without fear of being burnt again.

IV.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γὰρ κέκεϊται Πέρας ἅτι θανάτ' ἐστ' ἀτύχιμον ἀμέ-
 ρεν Ὅποτε παῖδ' αἰλίῃ Ἀτρεΐ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελῷ—τάσομθ'. Πολλ
 δ' ἄλλοιτ' ἄλλαι Ἐυθυμιάων τὲ μὲν καὶ Πόνων ἐς ἀνδρες ἔβαν. Οὕτω ἢ
 μοῖρ' ἄτε παρῶιον Τόν δ' ἔχθ' ἢ εὐφρονα πῶτμον. Θεοτῶ σὺν ὄλω,
 Ἐπί τὲ καὶ πῆμ' ἀγὰ Παλιπυράπελον ἄλλω χεῖνῳ, Ἐξ ἧ περ' ἐκτινέ
 Λαίον μῦειμθ' ἢ δὲ Συναπτόμθ', ἐν ἧ πυνθῶνι χρεῖδέν παλαίφρον
 τέλεσεν.

*Certe terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vita, neq; unquam tranquil-
 lum diem, filium Solis, stabili cum bono finiemus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum
 voluptatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam
 hanc habet jucundam sortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cla-
 dem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo fatalis filius occurrens interfecit
 Laium, & in Pythone editum Oraculum vetus perfecit.*

1. Not Men that go a Journey, but *all Men*, who in this Life are term-
 ed *Viatores, Travellers*.

2. *Oedipus*. *Fatal*, because of the *Predictions*. *Laius* King of *Thebes*
 being marry'd to *Jocasta*, the Daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle*
 concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Where-
 upon he commanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsoever she should bring
 forth; but she, moved with natural Compassion, and the great Beauty of
 the *Infant*, caused one of her Servants to expose it in the Woods, who
 making an Hole through the Feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from
 which Wound in his Feet, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phor-
 bas*, chief *Herdsmen* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth*, passing by, found the
Child, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*; who having none of her
 own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her
 Son; who being come to Man's Age, and desirous to know the Truth of
 his Birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was answered, that he should
 meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a Tumult igno-
 rantly slew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocasta*, by whom he had
Eteocles and *Polynices*, the latter *Theron's* Ancestor.

V.

Ἰδοῖσα δὲ ὄξω Ἐρινύς, Πέφνον ἐοῖ σὺν ἄγαλο—φονία γένε-
ἀρήιον, Λάσθη ἢ Θέρσανδρῳ, ἐ—ειπόντι Πολυνείκει, Νέοις ἐν ἀέθ-
λοισι, Ἐνμάχαις τε πολέμοις Τιμώμωθ' Ἀδρασείδαν Θάλθ' ἀρωγὸν
δόμοις. Ὄθεν πέρμασθ' ἔχον—τα ῥίζαν, πρέπη Τὸν Ἀιησιδάμῃ Ἐγ-
κωμέων τε μέλεων Λυρῶν τε, τυγχάνεμεν. Ὀλυμπία μ' ἔδ' αὐτὸς Γέ-
ρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι, δ' Ὀμόκλαρον ἐς ἀδελφεόν, Ἰθμοῖ τε κοινὰ χά-
ει—τες ἀνδρα τεδείππων δωδεκαδρόμων, ἄγασον.

*Sed intuita acris Erinny's interfecit ei per mutuam eadem prolem martiam,
at relictus est Therfander interfecto Polynici juvenilibus & in certaminibus
& in pugnis belli honoratus, germen auxiliare Adrastidum domui, a quo se-
minis habentem radicem decet filium Ænesidami encomiastica carmina lyrasq;
consequi, nam apud Olympiam ipse premium accepit, apud Pythonam autem
& Isthmum communes gratia ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores at-
tulerunt quadrigarum duodecim cursus conscientium.*

1. One may ask, why he makes mention of these tragical Accidents and Actions of Oedipus and his Sons, in an Ode dedicated to the Praise of Theron and his Ancestors? I answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them; for which cause, he attributes them to Fatality; and to mitigate the thing yet more, I add, *The innocent Paricide.*

2. Eteocles and Polynices. The War of which two Brethren, and their Slaughter of one another, is made so famous by Statius his most excellent Poem, that it is needless to tell their History.

3. Therfander, the Son of Polynices by Argia, together with Diomedes, brought an Army against Thebes, to revenge their Father's Deaths, and took it. After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of Troy, and was at last chosen, for his Valour, to be one of the Persons that were shut up in the Belly of the Wooden Horse, and so enter'd the Town. Virg. l. 2. Æn.

—*Lati se robore promunt,*

Therfandrus, Stheneleusq; Duces, & dirus Ulysses.

4. There are several great Actions of Theron's mention'd in History, besides his Successes in the Publick Games, which were in that Age no less Honourable than Victories in War; as that he expelled Terillus out of Hymera, which he had usurped, and defeated Hamilcar, General of the Carthaginians in Sicily, the same Day that the Greeks overthrew the Persians in that memorable Battel of Salamis, Herod. l. 7.

5. Because in the Olympique Games he obtain'd the Victory alone, in those of Nemea and Isthmus jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the Expence of setting forth the Chariots.

VI.

Τὸ ἢ τυχεῖν Πιερώμωρον ἀγωνίας Παρθαλὺς δυσφρονῶν. Ὁ μὰν πλά-
τθ' ἀρεταῖς Δεδαυδαλμένθ', Φέρει πρὸ ἢ καὶ πρὸ Καίρῳ, βαθεῖαν ὑπέχων
Μερίμναν ἀγροτέρων. Ἀσὴρ ἀείζηλθ', ἀλαθινὸν Ἄνδρῃ φέσθ', αἰ ἢ
μ' ἔχθ' τίς, οἶδε τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μ' ἐν—θάδ' αὐτίκ' ἀπά-
λαμνοὶ σρένις Ποινὰς ἔτισαν τὰδ' ἐν τὰδε διὸς ἀρχα Ἀλιτεθ' καὶ
γῆς δικάζει τίς ἐχθεῖ λόγον σεάσας ἀνάγκη.

*Successus certaminis dispellit molestias, divitiæ autem virtutibus ornata as-
ferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem, sustinentes profundam sollici-
tudinem. (O Divitiæ) stella præfulgida, verum homini lumen! Qui eas ha-
beti*

bet, etiam futurum novit, quod mortuorum hic intractabiles mentes pœnas luvos, & quæ fiant in hoc Jovis Imperio scelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ sententiam pronuntians necessitate.

1. The Connexion of this Stanza is very obscure in the Greek, and could not be render'd without much Paraphrase.

2. This is not a Translation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε Διὸς ἄργα, &c. for that it is render'd by (Above) but an innocent addition to the Poet, which does no harm, nor, I fear, much Good.

VII.

Ἴσον ἢ νύκτεσσιν αἰεὶ, Ἴσον ἐν αἰμέρεσσιν ἀλι—ον ἔχοντες σπονδέσσεσσι
Ἐδλοὶ νέμονται βίῳ—τον ἐχθρόνα παρεσσαν—τες ἀλλὰ χερῶν, ἔδ᾽ ἐ
πόνιον ὕδωρ, Κεῖνὰν ᾗδ᾽ ἀδίασαν, ἀλ—λά παρὰ μὲ τιμίῳις θεῶν
ὄϊνες ἔχα—εσσι εὐορκίαις Ἀδάκρου νέμον. Ἰ) Αἰῶνα, τοὶ δ' ἀπεσσοβρα—
—τον ὀκχέονσι πόνον, Ὅσοιδ' ἐτόλμησαν ἐς τεισ Ἐκατέρωθι μείναν—
τες ἄπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχθη Ψύχαν, ἔπεισαν Διὸς Ὀδὸν παρὰ Κεῖνε
τύρσιν.

At equaliter noctu semper, equaliter interdium Solem habentes non laboriosam boni degunt vitam, neq; terram neq; marinam aquam vexantes robore manuum inopem propter victum, sed apud honoratos deos (vel, cum iis qui honorantur a Diis) illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrimabili fruuntur vivo, alii autem intolerabilem visum patiuntur cruciatum. Quicumq; sustinuerunt ter commorati continere animam ab omnibus injustis peregerunt Jovis viam ad Saturni urbem.

1. A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mention'd by the Poets, and much after this manner. *Valer. Hac lucet via latè Igne Dei, donec silvas & amœna priorum Deveniant, camposq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies.*

Virg. Æn. 6. Devenere locos latos & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas,
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

In which Homer shews the Way to Pindar, and all. *Odyss. 4.*

Ἄλλὰ σ' ἐς Ἡλύσιον πεδίον κ' ἐπέεσσα γαίης
Ἄθανάσοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι Ζανθὸς Παδάμανθῳ,
Τῆ περ ρήϊσιν βιοτὴ πῆλη ἀνθρώποισι
Ὅυ νιφετὸς, ἔτ' ἀρ' χειμῶν πόλυς, ἐδέ ποτ' ὄμβροσ,
Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγυπνεΐονθας ἀήτας
Ὀκεανὸς ἀνέησιν ἀναψύχθη ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the Poets, and became them better, that Souls pass'd still from one Body to another, 'till by length of Time, and many Penances, they had purged away all their Imperfections. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

— Pauci lata arva tenemus,
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumq; reliquit
Ætherium sensum atq; aurai simplicis ignem.

And a little before, — Anima quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur.

But the Restriction of this to the third *Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else. It may be *Thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the *Poets*.

2. *Saturn* is said to govern here, because the *Golden Age* was under his Reign, from the Resemblance of the Condition of Mankind, then to that of the *Blessed* now in the other World.

VIII.

Ἐνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον Ὀκεανίδες Ἄυραι πεπνέουσιν, ἀνδρα δ' ἤ χρυσὸν φλέγει, τὰ μὲν χερσὶθεν ἀπ' ἀ—γλαῶν δένδρων ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρει Ὀρμησι πῦρ γέρας ἀνα—πλέκοντι κ' ἐσθάρους βελκᾶς ἐν Ἰρθαῖς Ῥαδάμανθυοῦ Ὀν πατὴρ ἔχει Κεῖνοῦ ἐτοῖμον αὐτῷ παρὰ δ' ἔρον Πόσις ὁ πάντων Ῥέας ὑπέρτατον ἐχούσας Δείνον, Πηλῶς τε κ' Κἀδμοῦ ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγον Ἰ Ἀχιλλέα τ' ἔνθ' ἐπεὶ Ζηνὸς ἦτορ κίχῃς ἔπιπτε μάτηρ.

Ubi beatorum Insulam Oceanides aura perfiant, floresq; auri coruscant, alii quidem in humo ab illustribus arboribus, alias autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus panis implicant & carollis (capita) juxta recta decreta Rhadamanthi, quem pater Saturnus maritus Rheæ omnium supremum habentis filium, dignum sibi habet Affefforem, Peleus, & Cadmus inter hos recensentur, Achillémq; eo transfudit mater, postquam Jovis animum precibus flexit. There follows a Description of *Achilles*, from the Slaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus* and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and instead of it to add by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before so tainted with Anger, Pride and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this Place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as she had formerly done his *Body*, all but his *Heel*, by which she held him, and which was therefore the only Part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the Water of *Styx* might have the like Effects upon his *Soul*, I am Authoriz'd to feign, by the common Tradition of the Water of *Lethe*, whose Power upon the *Soul* is no less.

1. Of the *Three Judges* of the *Dead* he names only one. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Grossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, &c.

And the *Grammarians* derive his Name from *ρεῖα* and *δαμάω*, from taming Men by the Severity of his Justice. *Cadmus* was chosen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent Reason, *Theron* being descended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular Cause. The *Poets* imitate sometimes the *Divine* Proceeding, and will have *Mercy* on whom they will have *Mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar Merit. It was not hard indeed for those Two to be admitted here; for *Jacchus*, one of the *Three Judges*, was *Father* to the One, and *Grandfather* to the Other. I make bold to add, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindar's Honour*, that I may not say, for *mine own*.

IX.

Πολλάμοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶν ὄκεια βέλη Ἐνθον ἔντι φαρέτρας φωνᾶντα συνέλοισιν ἐς Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίρ, σοφὸς ὁ πολ—λά εἰδὼς φῶα Μαθόντες ἢ λάβροι Πασγλωαῖα κρεακῆς ὡς Ἀκροῖα γαρύερον, διὸς πρὸς ὄρνικα θεῖον.

Multa mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ intrâ Pharetram sunt sonantes prudentibus, apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens est qui multa novit

vit naturæ viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut Corvi irrita clamant adversus Jovis Avem divinam.

1. The Connexion in the Poet is very obscure. This Metaphor of Quiver and Arrows does much delight him, *Olymp. 13.* Ἐμέ δ' ἐθύον ἀκόντων ἐν ἴα ῥόμβον ἄρα σκοπόν ἔχρη τὰ πολλὰ βέλεα καρτύνει χερσῶν. *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the first Olympique, and divers other places. Horace in imitation.

Prome reconditum Thalia telum, &c.

2. Pindar falls frequently into this common place of preferring Nature before Art, as in the first Nemean Ode, &c. The Scholiast says, he does it in derogation from his Adversary Bacchilides. The Comparifon of Art to a Crow, and Nature to an Eagle, is very nobly extravagant; but it was necessary to enlarge it.

3. The Poets feigned that the Eagle carry'd Jove's Thunder, because of the Strength, Courage and Swiftnefs of that Bird. They likewise feigned, that Jupiter falling in Love with Ganymedes, the Son of Tros, a most beautiful Boy, carry'd him up to Heaven upon the Back of an Eagle, there to fill Nectar to him when he Feasted, and for a more ungodly use. Hor.

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the Eagle is said to be able to look full right into the Sun, and to make that trial of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so.

X.

Ἐπεχε νῦν σκοπῶ πῆξον Ἄγε θυμὲ τίνα βάλλομεν Ἐκ μαλθάκας αἴθε φρενὸς ἐκκλέες οἷσες Ἰέντες; ἐπὶ τοῖ Ἀκράγαντι τανύσας Ἀυδάσομαι ἐνέριον Λόγον ἀληθεῖ νόω Τεκνῶν μήτιν ἑκατὸν Γ' ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἀνδρα μᾶλλον Ἐυεργέταν παραπίσιν, ἀφ'—θονέσερον τε χερσῶν.

Intende nunc arcum in scopum; agendum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente gloriosas sagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperisse nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minus invidum manu.

1. Virg. — *Stygiamque paludem Dii cuius jurare timent & fallere numen.*

Castalian Waters. A Fountain in Phocis, at the Foot of Parnassus, Dedicated to Apollo and the Muses; so called from the Virgin Castalia, who flying from Apollo, was there turned into a Fountain.

Ἄλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κόρη ἔ δίκαια σιωπῶντομεν ἄλ—λα μέρων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν τὸ λαλαγήσαι δέλων Κεῦρον τε δέμῳ ἐδλῶν κακοῖς Ἐρσοῖς, ἐπὶ φάμῳ ἀειθμὸν ἀειπέσων γεν. κείνῳ ὅσα χάρματ' ἄλ—λοις ἔδνηκεν τίς ἀν φέρσαι δύναιτο.

Sed Invidia laudem invasit injuste occurrens, à furiosis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia injuriis. Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit?

The First Nemeæan Ode of Pindar.

Chromius, the Son of Agefidamus, a young Gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the Prize of the Chariot-Race in the Nemeæan Games; (a Solemnity instituted first to celebrate the Funeral of Opheltes, as is at large describ'd by Statius; and afterwards continu'd every Third Year, with an extraordinary Conflux of all Greece, and with incredible Honour to the Conquerors in all the Exercises there practis'd) upon which Occasion, the Poet begins with the Commendation of his Country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an Island belonging to Sicily, and a Part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a Bridge) though the Title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made Governor of that Town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the Praise of Chromius his Person, which he draws from his great Endowments of Mind and Body, and most especially from his Hospitality, and the worthy Use of his Riches. He likens his Beginning to that of Hercules, and according to his usual manner of being transported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, passing into a Digression of Hercules, and his slaying the Two Serpents in his Cradle, concludes the Ode with that History.

O D E.

I.

BEauteous Ortygia, the first breathing place
Of Great Alpheus close and amorous Race,
Fair

2 Fair *Delos Sister*, the *Child-Bed*
 3 Of bright *Latona*, where she bred
 4 The *Original New-Moon*, [grown.
 Who saw'st her tender *Forehead* e'er the *Horns* were
 5 Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly started out,
 From *Syracusa's* Side dost *sprout*.
 6 Thee first my *Song* does greet
 With Numbers smooth and fleet,
 As thine own *Horses* airy Feet,
 When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
 And o'er the *Nemeæan* Race *triumphant* flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *me*,
 7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *thee*.

II.

1 With *Jove*, my *Song*; this happy Man,
 Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began;
 From hence came his Success;
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,
 Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*.
 For whom should we esteem above
 The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*?
 'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve.
 Lo how it makes this Victory shine
 2 O'er all the fruitful Isle of *Proserpine*!
 The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
 When the ravish'd *Maid* she fought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,

But

But cast a weaker Light, [venly Vault.
Through *Earth*, and *Air*, and *Seas*, and up to th' *heav*

III.

- 1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
Said *Jove*, and as he said,
2 Smil'd, and bent his Gracious *Head*.
And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
And keep the *Value* of our *Gift* alive.
As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
The *Country* thick with *Towns* be set,
And numberless as *Stars*.
Let all the *Towns* be then
Replenish'd thick with *Men*,
Wise in *Peace*, and bold in *Wars*.
Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.
Nor let their *warlike Laurel* scorn,
3 With the *Olympique Olive* to be worn, [adorn.
Whose gentler *Honours* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace*

IV.

- 1 Go to Great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
At *Chromius* hospitable Gate.
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyre's* Voice shall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.
The *Tyrian Beds* thou shalt find ready drest,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feast.
The *Table* which is free for every *Guest*,

No doubt will *thee* admit,
 And feast more upon *thee*, than *thou* on it,
Chromius and *thou* art met aright,
 2 For as by *Nature* thou dost write,
 So he by *Nature* loves, and does by *Nature* fight.

V.

1 *Nature* herself, whilst in the *Womb* he was, [*Mafs*,
 Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the forming
 They mov'd the vital *Lump* in every Part,
 And carv'd the *Members* out with wond'rous Art.
 She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
 And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit
 For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it.
 'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,
 And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain,
 To lose th' *Occasion* *Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
 Even for *Self-concerning* *Ends*,
 'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*.
 Though *Happy Men* the *present* Goods possess,
 Th' *Unhappy* have their Share in *future* Hopes no less.

VI.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
 The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,
 And born the Noble *Prize* away,
 Whilst other *Youths* yet at the *Barrier* stay?
 1 None but *Alcides* e'er set earlier forth than *he*;

The *God*, his *Father's*, Blood nought could restrain,
 'Twas *ripe at first*, and did disdain
 The slow Advance of dull *Humanity*.
 The big-limb'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
 Too weighty to be rock'd by *Nurses* Hands,
 Wrapt in Purple Swadling-Bands.
 When, Lo, by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,
 Two dreadful *Serpents* come
 Rolling and hissing loud into the Room.
 To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* Way, [went;
 Forth from their flaming *Eyes* dread *Light'nings*
 Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thun-*
 [der-Bolts present.

VII.

1 Some of th' amazed *Women* dropp'd down dead
 With Fear, some wildly fled
 About the Room, some into Corners crept,
 Where silently they shook and wept.
 All naked from her Bed the *passionate Mother* leap'd
 To *save* or *perish* with her *Child*,
 She *trembled*, and she *cry'd*, the mighty *Infant* *smild*.
 2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
 At his gay gilded Foes,
 And as their spotted Necks up to the *Cradle* rose,
 With his young Warlike Hands on both he seiz'd;
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hift,
 In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,
 And angry *Circles* cast about, [squeezes out.
 Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and pois'nous *Soul* he

VIII. With

VIII.

1 With their drawn Swords
 In ran *Amphitryon*, and the *Theban Lords*.
 2 With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled Joy*
 They saw the *Conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his Prey,
 Where in *Death's Pangs*, and their own *Gore* they fol-
 3 When wise *Tiresias* this *Beginning* knew, [*ding lay*.
 He told with ease the things t'enfue,
 4 From what *Monsters* he should free
 5 The *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sea*,
 6 What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,
 Greater *Monsters* far than *they*. [*should owe*,
 7 How much at *Phlagra's Field* the *distrest Gods*
 To their great *Off-Spring* here below,
 And how his *Club* would there out-do
 8 *Apollo's Silver Bow*, and his own *Father's Thun-*
 [*der too*.

IX.

1 And that the *grateful Gods* at last,
 The *Race* of his *laborious Virtue* past,
Heaven, which he *sav'd*, should to him give, [*live*;
 Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he should for ever
 Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his *Senses* please
 In their harmonious golden *Palaces*;
 Walk with ineffable *Delight*
 Through the thick *Groves* of never-withering *Light*,
 And as he walks affright
 2 The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monster* there.

N O T E S.

I.

Ἄ Μπνδ'μα σεμνὸν Ἄλφειῶ. *Respiramen reverendum Alphei.* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the Poets feign'd to have fallen in Love with the Nymph *Arethusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which, lest her *Lover* should mix his Waters with hers, fled by secret Ways under Ground, and under the Sea into *Sicily*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δάλος κασιγνήτα. *Deli soror.* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born. *Sisters.* Hom. Hymn.

Χαῖρε μάκαρ' ἄ Δηιοῖ ἐπεὶ τέκες ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
Ἄπόλλωνα τ' ἀνακτα κ' Ἀρτεμιν Ἰοχεάρα,
Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὴν δὲ κερναίῃ ἐνὶ Δήλῳ.

Which, for *Pindar's* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same Name.

3. Δέμνιον Ἀρτεμιδος. *Cubile Artemidis.* Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her Bed.

4. Because other *New Moons* seem but Returns of *Diana*, (which is the same with the Goddess *Luna*) then she had her Beginning.

5. Κλειῶν Συρακοῶν θάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracusarum*, for the Reason mention'd in the Argument.

6. Σέθεν ἠδυεπὴς ὕμνος ὄρμαϊ θέρμευ Αἴνον ἀελλοπόδων μέγαν ἵππων Ζηνὸς Αἰθναίῃ χάειν. Ἄρμα δ' ὄτρύνει Χερμίς Νεμέα δ' ἐρμασι νικαφόροις Ἐγκάμιον ζεῖξας μέλας. *A te suaviloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipedum equorum in Jovis Aetnei gratiam, Currus etiam Chromii & Nemea me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; because *Hercules*, having slain the *Nemeean Lion*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeao*, and Dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*; for *Ceres* sake; for the Birth of *Diana*; for being himself surnamed (as before) *Aetnaean Jupiter*, from *Aetna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forg'd.

II.

1. Ἀρχαὶ δὲ βέβλην θεῶν κείνῃ σὺν ἀνδρῶν δαίμονιαι ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πανδοξίας ἀρεθὸν.

Proemia sumpta sunt à Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloria.

2. Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Aetna*, and carry'd with her all about the World in the Search of *Proserpine*, *Claudian* speaks thus. *L. 3. de R. Proserp.*

Quacunq; it, in equore fulvis
Adnata umbra fretis, extremaq; lucis imago
Italiam Lybiámq; ferit, clarescit Hetruscum
Littus, & aocenso resplendent equore Syrtes.

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipp'd, her *Statue* was made with *Torches* in her *Hands*. See *Tull. 4. Agr. in Verr.*

III.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαΐαν τινὰ νάσω Τῶν Ὀλύμπου θεοῦ Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνη κατένδ'—σεν τὲ οἱ χαίταις ἀεισ—ἀεισ' ἐνκαίρει χθονὸς Σικελίαν πείρειν ὄρθα—σεν καρυσσῶν πόλεων ἀρνειῶν, Ἄπασε ἢ Κρονίων Πολέμου μναςῆσα οἱ χαλκῆν ἴεθ' Ἄσδν ἱππαιχμον, θαμὰ δὴ καὶ Ὀλυμ—πιάδων σύλλοις ἐκαυῶν χρυσέοις μιγθέντα.

Nunc excita splendorem aliquem Insula quam Olympi Dominus Jupiter dedit Proserpinæ, & annuit capillis se principem fertilis soli Siciliam pinguem exaltaturum celebribus fastigiis civitatum, deditq; eis Saturnius, populam equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui sæpe etiam foliis aureis Olympiacarum Olivarum se immisceret.

2. Καλένδωσέν τε οἱ χαίταις, is very eloquent in the *Greek*, but I know not how to render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expresses the same Sense most excellently. *Il. 1.*

Ἡ καὶ κυανέσιν ἐπ' ὄφρ' ἔσει νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβροσίαι δ' ἀεισ χαίτῃ ἐπερρώσαντο ἀνακλῆθ'
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his *Third Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Error* (but pardonable in those Times) says, that *Hercules* obtain'd of the *Hyperboreans* at the Fountain of *Isther*, or the *Danube*, Plants of *Wild-Olive*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerors* in those Games should always be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be ask'd, in the Celebration of a *Nemeean* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? Some say, that in the *Nemeean Games* too, the like *Olive Garlands* were us'd at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a Funeral, as the general Opinion is. I think he chuses the *Olympique Games*, only because they were the most Famous of all.

IV.

1. Ἔσαν δ' ἐπ' αὐλίαις δύεσι Ἄνδρὸς φιλοξένου καλὰ μελόμηνθ'.
Ἐνθα μοι ἀρμόδιον Δεῖπνον κεκόσμηθ', θαμὰ δ' ἄλλοπαδῶν ἐκ ἀπείρατοι δόμοι ἐντι.

Steti autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cæna adornata est, neque enim frequentium peregrinorum ignara sunt aedes ejus.

2. Τέχναι ἐπ' ἐτέρων ἑτέροι χερῇ δ' ἐν ἐυθείαις ὁδοῖς Στείχοντα μάριναδς οὐσς. *Alia aliorum artes sunt, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantes naturâ pugnare.*

V.

1. Προφάσει γὰρ ἔργω μ' ἔδενθ' Βυλαῖσι ἢ φεβῶ ἐσόμενον περιίδειν Σύσγενες υἱς ἔπεθ'. Ἀγνοσιδάμου παῖσ σεο δ' ἀμρὶ τρέπω Τῶν τε καὶ τῶν χερῶσσιες, ἐκ ἔραμαι πολὺν ἐν μεγάρω πλε—τον κατακρύψας ἔχειν Ἄλλ' ἐόντων δ' τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκῆ—σαι φίλοις ἐξαρκέων Κοινὰ γὰρ ἔρχοντ' ἐλπίδες Πολυπόνων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem robur, consilium autem mens, quibus naturalis est futurorum providentia, Tuis autem in moribus, ὁ Agefidami filii, horum & illorum est usus. Non cupio multas in adibus*

bus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex iis qua adsunt bona percipere, & bene audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt spes arumposorum.

VI.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἑρακλεὺς ἀνέχομαι παρφεύως Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρέων με-
γάλας Ἀρχαῖον ἀτρύων λόγον, &c.

Ego autem Herculem amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens sermonem, &c.

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find, as he can, the Connexion between Chromius and the Story of Hercules, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

VII.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον δέῃ Πλάξε γυναῖκας ὅσαι τύχον Ἀλκμήνας
ἀρήγοισαι λέχει καὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ ποσσὶν ἀπεπλῆ ὀρέσασ' ἀπὸ σρωμνάς,
ὄμως Ἀμυνην ὕβρει κνωδάλων.

Intolerabilis metuis percussit mulieres quia inserviebant Alcmenæ lecto, quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus proficiens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.

2. Ἐἰς θαλάμῃς μυχὸν ἐρῶν ἔβαν Τέκνοισιν ὠκείας γνάθους Ἀμφιλι-
ξάδης μεμῶτες, ὃ δ' ὄρ—θὸν μ' ἀνέεινεν κἀρα Πεισῆτο ἢ πρῶτον
μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circum-
plicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, & specimen primum pugna
edidit.* I leave out the Mention of his Brother Iphiclus, who lay in the
same Cradle, because it would but embroil the Story, and adds nothing to
the Similitude. *Pherecides* writes, that *Amphitryon* himself put these Ser-
pents into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiter's* Son.

VIII.

1. Ταχύ ἢ Καδμείων ἄγοι καλ—κείοις σωὶ ὄπλοις ἀθροῖ ἐδρα-
μον Ἐν χεεὶ δ' Ἀμριτρεύων κολεῦ γυμνὸν ξίφῃ ἐκτινάσων Ἰκέ' ὄξ-
είαις ἀνίαισι τυπέις. *Constitit autem Cadmeorum duces areis cum armis
accurrerunt, Amphitryo quoq; nudum vaginâ ensē quatiens venit acutis do-
loribus saucius.* I leave out a Sentence that follows; which is a wife
Saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that Place.

2. This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἔσα ἢ θάμβει δυσφόρῳ
Τερπνῶ τε μιχθεῖς. *Constitit autem stupore acerbo delectabiliq; permixtus.*

3. Γαίτονα δ' ἐκκάλεσ' Διὸς ὑψί—σε παρφόταν ἔξοχον Ὀρθόμαστιν
Τιρησίαν ὃ ἢ οἱ φασίξεν κ' πάντι σρατῶ ποιαῖς ὁμιλήσει τύχαις. *Vici-
num itaq; advocavit Jovis altissimi Prophetam eximium vetera vaticinantem
Tiresiam, hic autem ei dixit totiq; turba in quibus versaturus esset fortunis.*

4. Ὅσως μ' ἐν χέρσῳ κλανῶν Ὅσως ἢ πόνῳ θῆρας αἰδρεθίνας
καὶ τινὰ σωὶ πλαγίῳ Ἀνδρῶν κόρῳ σείχονηα ἢ ἐχθρότατον φᾶσε νιν
δάσειν μορην. καὶ γὰρ ὅταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ φλέγρας γιγάντεων μάχην
Ἀντιάξωσεν βελέων ὑπὸ ῥι—παῖσι κένε φαδίμαν γαῖα πεφύρεσθαι
κόμαν. *Quot in terrâ interfecturus esset quot in mari belluas perniciosas,
& cuiusnam hominum cum obliquâ insolentiâ incedenti inimicissimo mortem da-
ret, quinetiam cum Dii cum Gigantibus in campo Phlegræ pralio occurrerent,
telorum illius impetu praclarâ pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.*
Where I have ventured to change what he says of his *Darts*, into his
Club, that being his most famous Weapon.

5. The Earth, as the *Erymanthian Boar*, and the *Nemean Lions*. The
Air, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the Sea, as the *Whale*; which the
Scholiast says he flew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Anteus, Busiris, Augias, &c.*

7. The Place of the Battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants* was *Phlegra*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounc'd an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be destroy'd, but by the Help of *Two Heroes*, or *Half-Gods*; for which purpose, the *Gods* made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their Assistance got the Victory. *Phlegra* is call'd so, ὑπὸ τῷ φλέγειν, *To Burn*; perhaps, because of the *Giants* being destroy'd there chiefly by *Thunder*; or as others, from *Baths* of *hot Water* which arise there. *Eustathius* says, it was likewise call'd *Pallene*, and gave Occasion to the Fable of the *Giants* Fight, from the Wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8. According to *Homer's* ordinary Epithete of *Apollo*, Ἄργυρέτοξος, *Silver-bow'd.*

IX.

1. Ἄσλὸν μὲν ἐν εἰρήνῃ, καὶ ἀπάντα χρόνον αἰὲν αἰὲν Ἕσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων ποιῶν λαχόντα ἐξαιρέσει. Ὀλβίοις ἐν δόμοισι δέξασθαι δαίμονα δαλερῶν ἦσαν ἀκοίην, καὶ γάμον δαίσαυτα παρὰ Διὶ Κρονίδῃ, Σεμνὸν αἰνήσειν δόμον. *Ipsam vero in pace omne tempus deinceps acturum tranquillitate, magnorum laborum premium eximium consequutum, receptam in beatis adibus Hebe conjuge florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo Jovis venerandi quam ipse admiratione videret.*

2. The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the *Astronomers*. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, because he was the Famous *Monster-killer*.

The Praise of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his Second Ode, B. 4.

Pindarum quisquis studet emulari, &c.

I.

1 **P**indar is imitable by none:

The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone*.
 Whoe'er but *Dædalus* with waxen Wings could fly,
 And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

What could he who follow'd claim,
 But of vain *Boldness* the unhappy Fame,
 And by his Fall a *Sea* to name?

Pindar's unnavigable Song [along,

Like a swollen *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours

The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice* [Noise.
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Ocean's*

II.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roll
1 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
Which in no *Channel* deigns t' abide,
2 Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* control.
Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings,
In a no less *Immortal Strain*,
3 Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.
Each rich embroidered *Line*,
Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
By his sacred Hand is bound,
4 Does all their *starry Diadems* out-shine.

III.

Whether at *Pisa's Race* he please
1 To *carve* in polish'd *Verse* the *Conqu'rors Images*,
2 Whether the *swift*, the *skilful*, or the *strong*,
Be crowned in his *nimble*, *artful*, *vigorous Song*:
3 Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate
In Words worth *dying for* he celebrate,
Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing Words*,
As *Joy* to' his *Mother's* and his *Mistress Grief* affords:
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in Fame,
4 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*:
The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,
So *small* is *Death's*, so *great* the *Poet's Power*.

IV.

Lo, how th' obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Air*
 1 The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
 Into the *Walks of Clouds*, where he does play,
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
 Whilst, alas, my *tim'rous Muse*
Unambitious Tracks pursues;
 Does with weak unballast *Wings*,
 About the *mossie Brooks* and *Springs*;
 About the *Trees* new-blossom'd *Heads*,
 About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
 About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
 And all *inferior beauteous things*
 Like the laborious *Bee*,
 For little Drops of *Honey* fly,
 And there with *humble Sweets* contents her *Industry*.

N O T E S.

I.

1 **P**indar was incredibly admired and honour'd among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they saw more in him than we do now: Infomuch, that long after his Death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and destroy'd (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander the Great*) both times the *House* wherein he had liv'd was alone preserv'd by publick Authority, as a Place *sacred* and *irviolable*. Among the very many *Elogies* of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quintilian* (than whom no Man perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) L. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris beatissimus, rerum verborumq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentia flumine, propter quâ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applies *Horace* his Similitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is such a *River*, as when *Poetical Fury*,

*Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
 Irritat amnem.* Hor.

And like the rest of that Description of the *River*,
*Nunc pace delabentis Hetruscum
 In mare, nunc lapides adesos*

*Stirpesq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ non sine montium
Clamore vicinaq; silva.*

For which Reason, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not strong built and well ballasted. *Horace* in another Place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhausted Abundance of his Invention.

II.

1. There are none of *Pindar's Dithyrambiques* extant: *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in Honour of *Bacchus*, who did, *δὲς εἰς δύοων ἀναλαίβειν*, come into the World through two Doors, his Mother *Semele's Womb*, and his Father *Jupiter's Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the Name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verse, which others also attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himself in the 13th *Olympique*, seems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. *Τὰ Διονύσει πόθεν ἐξοράναν σὺν βοηλάτῃ χάλειες Διδυράμβω;* *Unde Bacchi exorta sunt venustates cum Boves agente Dithyrambo?* For it seems an Ox was given in Reward to the Poet; but others interpret *βοηλάτῃν ᾧδᾶν ἢ βοὴν*, from the loud repeating or finging of them. It was a bold, free, *enthusiastical* kind of Poetry, as of Men inspir'd by *Bacchus*, that is *half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διδυράμβωποιῶν νῦν ἔχεις ἐλάττονα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet*.

And another,

Οὐκ ἔστι Διδυράμβω ἂν ὕδωρ πίνη.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking Water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with less *Liberty*) is *Horace's* his 19th Ode of the 2d B.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.*

And nearer yet to it comes his 25th Ode of the 4th B. *Quo me Bacche rapiti plenum? Qua nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is presently *half-mad*, and promises I know not what.

*Dicam insigne recens,
Indictum ore alio. And,
Nil parvum aut humilî modo,
Nil mortale loquar.*

And then ends like a Man ranting in his Drink, that falls suddenly asleep.

2. *Banks, natural; Dikes, artificial.* It will neither be bounded and circumscribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almost all the ancient *Kings*, to make themselves more venerable to their Subjects, derived their Pedigree from some *God*, but at last that would not content them, and they made themselves *Gods*, as some of the *Roman Emperors*.

4. *Diadems* (which were used by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the Mark of *Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were Bindings of *White Ribband* about the Head, set and adorn'd with precious Stones, which is the Reason I call them *Starry Diadems*. The Word comes *ἀπὸ δῆσέειν*, To bind about.

III. The

III.

1. The *Conquerors* in the *Olympique Games*, were not only crown'd with a *Garland of Wild-Olive*, but also had a *Statue* erected to them.
2. The chief Exercises there were *Running, Leaping, Wrestling, the Discus*, which was the casting of a great round Stone, or Ball made of Iron or Brass; The *Cestus*, or *Whorle-Bats* *Horse-Races*, and *Chariot-Races*.
3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: But they are all lost, as well as his *Hymns, Tragedies, Encomia*, and several other Works.
4. So *Hor. l. 4. Od. 25. Stellis inserere, & concilio Jovis.*

IV.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but universally receiv'd *Tradition of Swans* singing most sweetly before their *Death* (though the Truth is, *Geese* and they are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have assumed to themselves the Title of *Swans*: *Horace l. 2. Od. 20.* would be believed to be *Metamorphos'd* into one, *Jam, jam residunt cruribus aspera Pelles, & album mutor in alitem Supernè* (or *Superna*) *leves per Digtos humerosq; pluma.* The *Anthologie* gives the same Name to *Pindar*, *Θήλης ἀγυγίης ἐλικώνι & ἱσάσο κύκνι*, *Πίνδαρος & ἰμερόφων*. Sweet-tongued *Pindar*, the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan of Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the *Poets*, *Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες*, The *Birds of the Muses*; which the *Commentators* say, is an *Allusion to Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the Name of *Μυσάων ὄρνιθες*; and in another Place calls them, *Ἀπόλλων & παρέδρεσι*. A bold Word, which I know not how to render: But they were consecrated to *Apollo*, and consequently belov'd by the *Muses* and *Poets*.

The RESURRECTION.

I.

NOT Winds to *Voyagers* at Sea,
 Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more necessary be,
 (*Heav'n's* vital *Seed* cast on the *Womb* of *Earth*
 To give the *fruitful Year* a *Birth*)
 Than *Versè* to *Virtue*, which can do
 The *Midwif's* Office, and the *Nurses's* too;
 It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay,
 And when it dies, with comely *Pride*
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
 That never will decay
 'Till *Heav'n* it self shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay. P 3 II. Begin

II.

- Begin the *Song*, and strike the *living Lyre*; [*Quire*,
 Lo how the *Tears to come*, a numerous and well-fitted
 All Hand in Hand do decently advance, [*dance*.
 And to my *Song* with smooth and equal measures
 2 Whilst the *Dance* lasts, how long so e'er it be,
 My *Musick's* Voice shall bear it company.
 'Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd
 In the *last Trumpets* dreadful Sound.
 That, to the *Spheres* themselves, shall *Silence* bring,
 Untune the *Universal String*.
 Then all the wide extended *Sky*,
 And all th' *harmonious Worlds* on high,
 And *Virgil's* sacred *Work* shall die.
 3 And he himself shall see in one *Fire* shine
 Rich *Nature's* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands*
 [*Divine*.

III.

- 1 Whom *Thunder's* dismal Noife,
 And all that *Prophets* and *Apostles* louder spake,
 And all the *Creatures* plain *conspiring Voice*,
 Could not, whilst they *liv'd*, awake,
 This mightier Sound shall make
 When *Dead* t'arise,
 And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*,
 2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thousand Years.
 This *mightier Sound* shall *make* its *Hearers Ears*.
 Then shall the scatter'd *Atoms* crowding come
 Back to their *ancient home*,

Some

Some from *Birds*, from *Fishes* some,
 Some from *Earth*, and some from *Seas*,
 Some from *Beasts*, and some from *Trees*.
 Some descend from *Clouds* on high,
 Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
 And where th' *attending Soul* naked and shivering stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their Hands.
 As dispers'd *Soldiers* at the *Trumpet's* Call
 Hasten to their *Colours* all.
Unhappy most, like *tortur'd Men*,
 Their *Joints* new set, to be new rackt again.
 To *Mountains* they for *Shelter* pray,
 The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less *confus'd*
 [than *they*.

IV.

Stop, stop, my *Muse*, allay thy vig'rous Heat,
 Kindled at a *Hint* so great.
 Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,
 Which does to *Rage* begin,
 And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,
 'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-mouth'd Horse*,
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,
 Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*;
 Now *praunces* stately, and anon *flies* o'er the Place,
 Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *Pace*,
Conscious and *prond* of his own *natural Force*,
 'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,
 But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*.

N O T E S.

I.

1. **T**HIS Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the Beginning of it in his 11th *Olymp.* Ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνέμων ὅτε πλέεσα χρεῖσις, ἔστι δ' ἑρανίων ὑδάτων Ὀμβρίων, παίδων νεφέλας. Ἐὶ ᾗ σὺ πάνω τις εὖ περάσοι, μελιγάρυες ὕμνοι ὑσέρων ἀρχαὶ λόγων τέλλε, καὶ πισὸν ὄρκιον μεγάλας ἀρεταῖς. *Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum coelestium, filiarum nubis. Sed si quis cum labore rectè faciat, dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futura gloria, & fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

II.

1. Whilst the *Motion of Time* lasts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular Measures of it.

2. According to the ancient Opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better besit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*.

3. Shall see the whole *World burnt* to Ashes like *Troy*. the Destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *divine Hands*. The Walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

III.

1. No natural Effect gives such Impressions of *Divine Fear*, as *Thunder*; as we may see by the Examples of some wicked Emperors, who though they were *Atheists*, and made *themselves Gods*, yet confess'd a greater *Divine Power* when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves.

Horat. *Cælo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*

And *Lucret.* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very Sound of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

*Quem neq; fama Deum, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit cælum, &c.*

Yet the *Prophets* and *Apostles* Voice is truly term'd *Louder*; for as *S. Paul* says, the Voice of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable *World*, Ἐἰς πᾶσιν διακρυφθῆναι τὸ εὐαγγέλιον αὐτῶν.

2. The ordinary *Traditional Opinion* is, that the *World* is to last six thousand Years (*Ἐκλήθη ἐν γενέσει κατὰ παύσεσιν κόσμος*) and that the *seventh thousand* is to be the *Rest* or *Sabbath* of *Thousands*: But I could not say, *Sluggards* of *six thousand Years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *five thousand*.

The M U S E.

I.

I GO, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare;
 The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the *Air*;
 Unruly *Fancy* with strong *Judgment* trace,
 Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
 Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* join with it,
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
 Harness all the *winged Race*.
 Let the *Postilion Nature* mount, and let
 The *Coachman Art* be set.
 And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside,
 Make a long Row of *goodly Pride*.
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
 In a well-worded *Dress*.
 And *innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and use-*
 In all their gaudy *Liveries*. [ful *Lies,*
 Mount, glorious *Queen, thy travelling Throne,*
 And bid it to put on;
 For *long, though chearful, is the way,*
 And *Life, alas, allows but one ill Winter's Day.*

II.

Where never *Foot of Man, or Hoof of Beast,*
 The *Passage* preft,
 Where never *Fish* did fly,
 And with short silver *Wings* cut the low liquid *Sky,*

Where

2 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did ne'er
Row through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*.

Where never yet did pry
The busie *Morning's* curious *Eye*,
The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free;
And all's an *open Road* to thee.

3 Whatever *God* did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *Way*.
Nay, ev'n beyond his *Works* thy *Voyages* are known,
Thou' hast thousand *Worlds* too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great *Queen*, in the same *Stile* as he,
And a *new World* leaps forth when *thou* say'st, Let

[it be.

III.

1 Thou fathom'st the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* past,
And canst pluck up with Ease
The *Years* which thou dost please,
Like shipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast
Long since into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *Light* and publick *Use* by thee.
Nor dost thou only *dive* so low,

But *Fly*,

With an unweary'd *Wing* the other *Way* on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;
There into the close *Nests* of *Time* dost peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *Shell*, and the thick *White* dost spy,
Years to come a forming lye,

Cloſe

Cloſe in their *ſacred Secondine* aſleep,
 'Till *hatch'd* by the *Sun's* vital Heat,
 Which o'er them yet does *brooding* ſet,
 They *Life* and *Motion* get,
 And *ripe* at laſt, with vigorous Might,
 Break thro' the *Shell*, and take their everlaſting *Flight*.

III.

And ſure we may
 The ſame too of the *Preſent* ſay,
 If *Paſt*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.
 Thou ſtopſt this *Current*, and doſt make
 This running *River* ſettle like a *Lake*,
 1 Thy certain Hand holds faſt this ſlippery *Snake*.
 The *Fruit* which does ſo quickly waſte,
 Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs *taste*,
 Thou *comfiteſt* in *Sweets* to make it *laſt*.
 This ſhining Piece of *Ice*
 2 Which melts ſo ſoon away
 With the *Sun's* Ray,
 Thy *Verſe* does ſolidate and *crystallize*;
 'Till it a laſting *Mirror* be.
 Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
 Makes this one ſhort *Point* of *Time*,
 3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

I.

1. Pindar in the sixth *Olymp.* has a *Fancy* somewhat of this kind; where he says, ὦ φίντις ἀλλὰ ζεύξον ἥδη μοι δένθ' ἡμιόνων ἢ τάχθ' ἕσσε κελύδω τ' ἐν καθαρῷ βάσωνδυ ὄκχον. *Sed, ô Phintis, junge jam mihi robur Mularum quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he speaks to his own Soul. O, my Soul, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair Way. Some make φίντις to be a *Dialect* for φίλις; as if he should say, Oh my *Friend*: Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same *Metaphor*, Ἡγίοχον γνώμῳ σήσας καθύπερθεν ἀείσω. *Aurigâ supernè constitutâ optimâ ratione*; making right *Reason* the *Chariot-driver* of the Soul. *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, Ὀχημα τ' Ψυχῆς. The *Chariot* of the Soul.

II.

1. For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *Wings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it self gives Authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Sky*; where it says, *Gen. 1. 6. Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the Waters, and let it divide the Waters from the Waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was us'd by the ancient *Poets*, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.

And elsewhere *Lucret.* before him, *L. 6.*

Remigii oblita pennarum.

Ovid in his *Epistle* applies the same to *Mens Arms*.

Remis ego corporis utar.

I'll use the *Bodies Oars*.

3. (i) *Whatsoever God made*; for his Saying, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Fairies*, &c. makes *Persons* and *Actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beasts*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and insensible things to act above the Possibility of their Natures, as to *understand* and *speak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of *Invention*.

III.

1. That is, the Subject of *Poetry* is all *Past*, *Future* and *Present Times*; and for the *Past*, it makes what Choice it pleases out of the *Wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion*.

2. According to the vulgar (but false) Opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over *Mens Actions* and *Fortunes*. There is no Difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *Year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding*.

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *Womb*, so called, because it follows the *Child*. In Latin *Secunda*, as in the 9th *Epistle*

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*Thomas Hobbes Malmesburiensis
Ætatis Suae. 76.*

of *Seneca*, where he says most admirably, *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonsos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem, quò receptaculum suum referatur, ignis illud exurat, an fera distrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad se pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

IV.

1. A Snake with the Tail in the Mouth of it, was the ancient Hieroglyphick of the Year.

2. Because the Course of the Sun seems to consume Time, as the Beams of it do Ice.

3. There are two sorts of Eternity; from the Present backwards to Eternity, and from the Present forwards, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte post*. These two make up the whole Circle of Eternity, which the present Time cuts like a Diameter, but Poetry makes it extend to all Eternity to come, which is the Half-Circle.

To Mr. H O B S.

I.

VAST Bodies of Philosophy
 I oft have seen, and read,
 But all are Bodies dead,
 Or Bodies by Art fashioned;
 I never yet the Living Soul could see,
 But in thy Books and thee.
 'Tis only God can know
 Whether the fair Idea thou dost show
 Agree intirely with his own or no.
 This I dare boldly tell,
 'Tis so like Truth, 'twill serve our Turn as well.
 Just, as in Nature, thy Proportions be,
 As full of Concord their Variety,
 As firm the Parts upon their Center rest,
 And all so solid are, that they at least
 As much as Nature, Emptiness detest.

H. Long

II.

- 1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *universal Intellectual Reign*,
- 2 Saw his own Country's short-liv'd *Leopard* slain;
- 3 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftner *renew'd* his *Age*, and saw that *dye*.
- 4 *Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet*, possess'd,
And chas'd by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*.
But as in time each great Imperial Race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble *Empire* waste,
Sunk by degrees from Glories past,
And in the *School-mens* hands it perish'd quite at last.
Then nought but *Words* it grew,
And those all *Barb'rous* too.
It *perish'd*, and it *vanish'd* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out became but empty *Air*.

III.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,
In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lye,
And boast of *past Fertility*,
The *poor Relief* of *present Poverty*.
Food and *Fruit* we must now want:
Unless new *Lands* we *plant*.
We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious Hands*,
Old *Rubbish* we remove;

To

To walk in *Ruins*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,
 1 And with fond *Divining Wands*,
 We search among the *dead*
 For Treasures *buried*,
 Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold
 So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiscover'd Gold*.

IV.

1 The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*,
 And slender-limb'd *Mediterranean*,
 Seem narrow *Creeks* to *thee*, and only fit
 For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*.
 Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,
 And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
 'Till unknown *Regions* it descries,
 Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new*
 [*Philosophies*.
 Thy Task was harder much than his,
 For thy learn'd *America* is
 Not only found out first by *thee*,
 And rudely left to *future Industry*,
 But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*
 Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

V.

I little thought before,
 (Nor, being my *own self* so *poor*,
 Could comprehend so vast a *Store*)
 That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*
 Could have afforded half enough,

OF

Of *bright*, of *new*, and *lasting* Stuff,
 To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *gigantick Sense*.
 2 Thy solid *Reason* like the *Shield* from Heaven
 To the *Trojan Heroe* given,
 Too strong to take a Mark from any mortal Dart,
 Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every Part,
 And *Wonders* on it grav'd by the learn'd Hand of *Art*,
 A *Shield* that gives Delight
 Even to the *Enemies* Sight,
 Then when they're sure to *lose* the *Combate* by't.

VI.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed
 Upon thy reverend Head,
 Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
 But all which thou hast *been*,
 And all that *Youth* can *be*, thou'rt yet,
 So fully still dost thou
 Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
 And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
 1 So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* Top conspire,
 Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.
 A secure *Peace* the *faithful Neighbours* keep,
 Th'embolden'd *Snow* next to the *Flames* does *sleep*.
 And if we weigh, like *thee*,
Nature, and *Causes*, we shall see
 That thus it *needs must be*.
 To Things *Immortal Time* can do no Wrong,
 And that which never is to *dye*, for ever must be *Young*

NOTES.

N O T E S.

II.

1. **A** *Aristotle*; so called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, situated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedonia*.

2. Out lasted the *Gracian Empire*, which in the *Visions of Daniels* is represented by a *Leopard* with four Wings upon the Back, and four Heads, *Chap. 7. v. 6.*

3. Was received even beyond the Bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-liv'd it.

4. For *Aristotle's Philosophy* was in great Esteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witness those many excellent Books upon him, or according to his Principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In spite of Mahumet*; because his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous Humour of those People he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at Greatness of *Empire* by the Sword, forbids all the Studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continu'd so, 'till it was extinguish'd with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha* is the Town in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born.

III.

1. *Virgula Divina*, or a *Divining Wand*, is a two-forked Branch of a *Hazel-Tree*, which is used for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treasures of Gold or Silver*; and being carry'd about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the Place where they lye.

IV.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in these *Seas*; they seldom ventured into the *Ocean*, and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coast about near the Shoar.

V.

1. The Meaning is, that his *Notions* are so new and so great, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out *Words* to express them clearly; as no *Wardrobe* can furnish *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to some *Measure* that then was.

2. See the excellent Description of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan*, at the Request of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the End of the eighth Book of *Æn.*

—————*Et clypei non enarrabile textum,*

Whereon was graven all the *Roman History*; and withal, it was so strong, that in the twelfth Book, when *Turnus* strook with all his Force (which was not small you may be sure in a *Poetical Hero*)

—————*Corpore toto
Altè sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensẽm.*

Infomuch that it frightened all *Æneas* his Friends.

(*Exclamant Troes trepidiq; Latini*)

Instead of piercing through these Arms,

*Perfidus ensis
Frangitur, in medioq; ardentem deserit ictu,
Ni fuga subsidio subeat.*

Which is just the case of Mens arguing against *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reason*; for when their Argumentation is broken, they are forc'd to save themselves by Flight, that is, by *Evasions*, and seeking still new Ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good Service upon the rest of the *Trojans*.

*Isq; diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucris
Suffecit, postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu
Dissiluit.*

It broke like a Piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

VI.

1. The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the Application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de raptu Prof.*

*Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterq; favillis
Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis
Arcano defensa gelu, fumoq; fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.*

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*. When he met with a *Fancy* that pleas'd him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like Expression of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumq; nivibus*. Shady among such great Heats, and *faithful* to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the *Prose* even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Historian*. *Sil. Italic. of Ætna, L. 14.*

*Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
Vicinam flammis glaciem, aeternoq; rigore
Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsæ
Collis hyems, calidâq; nivem tegit atra favillâ.*

See likewise *Seneca, Epist. 79.*

D E S T I N Y.

Hoc quoq; Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. Manil.

I.

1 **S**trange and unnatural! Let's stay and see
This Pageant of a Prodigy.

Lo,

And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,
 Some climb to *Good*, some from *good Fortune* fall,
 Some *wise Men*, and some *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Desti'ny* plays us all.

III.

Me from the *Womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take:
 She cut my *Navel*, wash'd me, and mine *Head*
 With her own *Hands* she *fashioned*;
 She did a *Cov'nant* with me make,
 And *circumcis'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake;
 Thou of my *Church* shalt be,
Hate and *renounce* (said she)
Wealth, *Honour*, *Pleasure*, all the *World* for me.
 Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
 Nor at th'*Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar*:
 Content thy self with the small *barren Praise*,
 That neglected *Verse* does raise.
 She spake, and all my *Years* to come
 Took their unlucky *Doom*.
 Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,
 Their several *Pleasures* let them use,
 But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muse*.

IV.

With *Fate*, what boots it to contend?
 Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end*.
 The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
 Was but a *lambent Flame*,

And some small Light it did dispence,
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*.

No matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see
That *thou* canst *her* despise no less than *she* does *thee*.

Let all her Gifts the Portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisie.

Do thou not *grieve* nor *blush* to be
As all th' inspir'd *Tuneful Men*, [to *Ben*.
And all thy great *Forefathers* were, from *Homer* down

N O T E S.

I.

1. **T**HIS Ode is written upon an extravagant Supposition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Chess*; which if they did, the Spectators would have reason as much to believe, that the Pieces mov'd themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind*, when we see them exercise so many, and so different Actions. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quasi Pilas homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for the Gods to play withal, which they strike away at last, and still call for new ones: And *St. Paul* says, *We are but the Clay in the Hands of the Potter*.

2. For a *Pawn* being the least of the Pieces, if it can get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then has both another *Name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to such an height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fati* (says *Amm. Marcellin.*) *hebetantur sensus hominum & obtunduntur*. When the *Fates* lay hold on a *Man*, when they arrest him, he's confounded, and loses his Wits. And *Vell Patere* speaking of the Defeat of *Quintil. Varus*. *Prævalebant jam fata consiliis omnemq; animi vim perstrinxerant, quippe ita se res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus sit, etiam consilia corrumpat*. *Fatality* grew too strong for *Human Counsels*, and dazled the Sight of his Judgment, for so it also happens, that the *Designs* and *Counsels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to perish*.

II.

1. Ἀτεὶ γὰρ ὁ δὲ κίρηνον οἱ θεῶν κύβοι. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never sling out. *Thucyd.* says, with admirable Shortness and Weight, *Δευαὶ*

ἄδ' εὐπραξίαι συσκοῦλαι καὶ συσκοῖσαι τὰ ἐκείνων ἀμαρτήματα. Which *Sallust* imitating, renders yet shorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* says, at his own Weapon. *Res secunda mirè vitiis sunt obtentui.* Faults are not visible through *Prosperity*; and therefore the old *Greek Verse* is not much mistaken, that says,

Θίλω τύχης σαλασμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πίθον.

I had rather have a Drop of *Good Fortune*, than a whole Tun of *Wisdom*.

B R U T U S.

I.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all human Race
The best, 'till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
'Till Men above *themselves Faith* raised more
Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before.

Virtue was thy *Life's Center*, and from thence
Did *silently* and *constantly* dispense

The gentle vigorous *Influence*,
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *Parts* upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty *Force* so *willingly*,
That none could *Discord* or *Disorder* see
In all their *Contrariety*.

Each had his *Motion* natural and free, [could be.
And the *Whole* no more mov'd than the *whole World*

II.

From thy strict *Rule* some think that thou didst swerve
(*Mistaken honest Men*) in *Cæsar's* Blood;
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrant's* *Life* deserve,
From him who kill'd *himself* rather than *serve*?

Th'He-

Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of Good
 Are so far from *understood*,
 We count them *Vice*: Alas our *Sight's* so ill,
 That things which swiftest *move* seem to *stand still*.
 We look not upon *Virtue* in her Height,
 On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
 In the *Original Light*:
 But as her *Beams* reflected pass
 Through our own *Nature* or ill *Custom's Glass*.
 And 'tis no Wonder so,
 If with dejected Eye
 In standing *Pools* we seek the *Sky*,
 That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

III.

Can we stand by and see
 Our *Mother* robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
 Yet not to her Assistance stir,
 Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?
 Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
 The *cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar who could *Rome* enthral!
 An Act more barbarous and unnatural
 (In th' exact Ballance of true *Virtue* try'd)
 Than his *Successor Nero's Parricide*!
 There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
 That all Men else should *wish* to *serve*,

And *Cæsar's* usurp'd Place to him should proffer;
None can deserve't but he who would *refuse* the Offer.

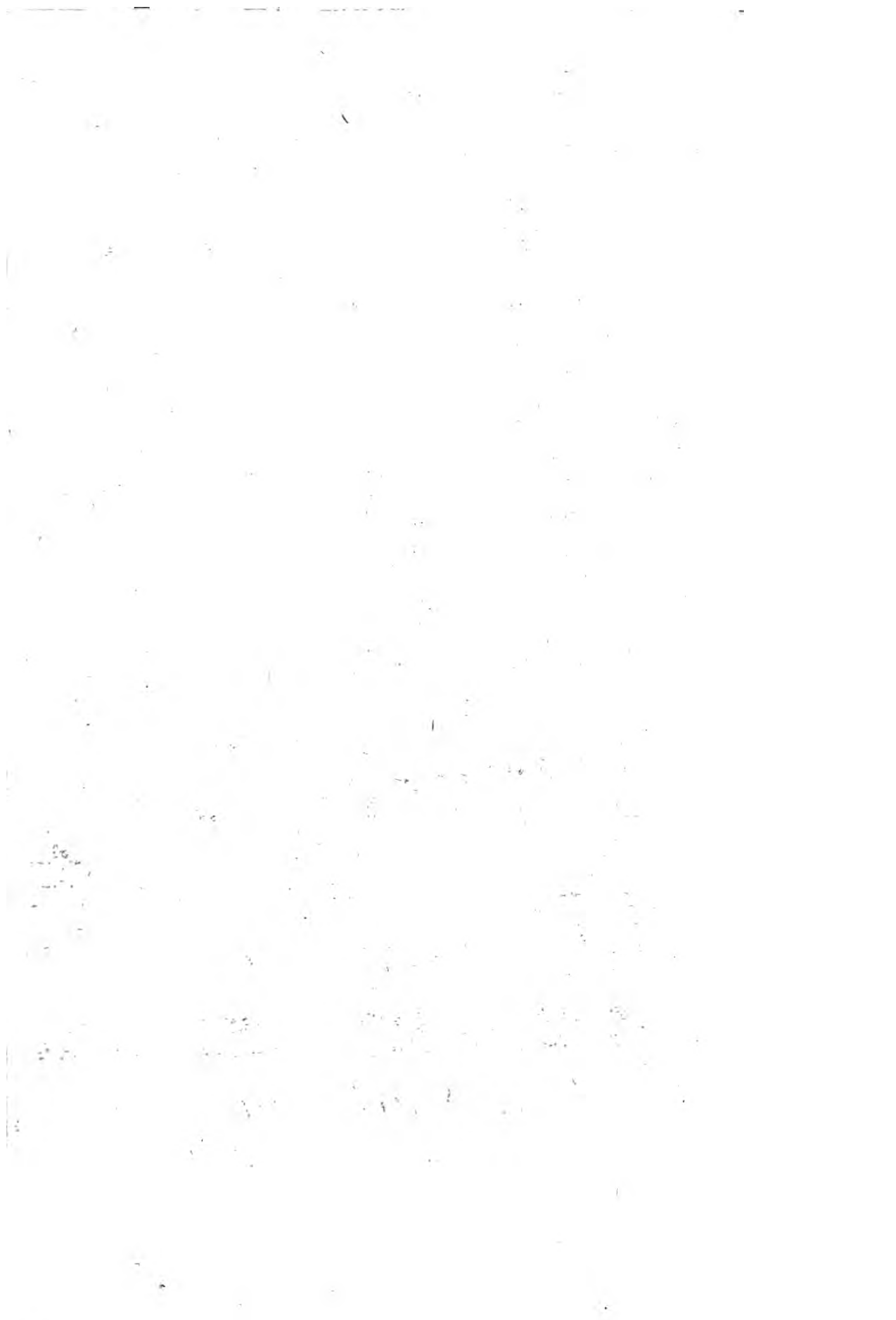
IV.

Ill Fate assum'd a *Body* thee t' affright,
And wrapt it self i'th' Terrors of the *Night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the *Spright*;
 I'll meet thee there, saidst thou,
 With such a *Voice*, and such a *Brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden Flight,
 It vanish'd as a *Taper's Light*
 Goes out when *Spirits* appear in Sight.
One would have thought t' had heard the *Morning crow*,
 Or seen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar.
Nor durst it in *Philippi's* Field appear,
 But *unseen* attack'd thee there.
Had it presum'd in any Shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy Foes;
 Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be
A *Conqu'ror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

V.

What Joy can *human things* to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odd Events,
 Ill Men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?
 When we see
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antony*,
 God-like *Brutus*, conquer thee?

What





M. V. G. sculp.

D^r. Scarborough

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What can we say but thine own *Tragick Word*,
 That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
 As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deity*,
 By this fatal Proof became
 An *Idol* only, and a *Name*.

Hold noble *Brutus*, and restrain
 The bold Voice of thy generous *Disdain*:
 These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
 Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
 The *Time's* fet forth already which shall quell
 Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *rebell*;
 Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
 And new *Philosophies* reveal.

A few Years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
 Would have confounded *Human Virtue's* Pride,
 And shew'd thee a *God crucify'd*.

To Dr. SCARBOROUGH.

I.

HOW long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
 Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
 When *Slaughter* all the while
 Seem'd like its *Sea*, embracing round the *Isle*,
 With *Tempests*, and *red Waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from *White*!
 What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
 It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Air*.

Sure

Sure the unpeopled *Land*
 Would now untill'd, defart, and naked stand,
 Had *God's* Almighty Hand
 At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage,
 Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
 But *thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
 This *Desolation* to prevent,
 A *Med'cine* and a *Counter-poison* to the *Age* ;
 Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
 Than *thou* didst *save* ;
 By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *Care*,
 The *Ruins* of a *Civil War* thou dost *alone repair*.

II.

The *Inundations* of all *liquid Pain*,
 And *Deluge Dropsie* thou dost *drain*.
Feavers so hot, that one would say,
 Thou might'st as soon *Hell-fires* allay,
 (The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* than *they*)
 Thou dost so *temper*, that we find
 Like *Gold* the *Body* but *refin'd* ;
 No *unhealthful Dross* behind.
 The subtle *Ague*, that for *Sureness* fake
 Takes its own times th' *Assault* to make,
 And at each *Battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
 When thy strong *Guards*, and *Works* it spies,
Trembles for it *self*, and *flies*.
 The cruel *Stone* that restless *Pain*
 That's sometimes *roll'd away* in vain,

3 But still, like *Sisyphus his Stone*, returns again,
 Thou *break'st* and *meltest* by learn'd *Juices* force,
 (A greater Work, though short the Way appear,
 4 Than *Hannibal's* by *Vinegar*)
 Oppressed *Nature's* necessary Course
 It stops in vain, like *Moses*, thou
 Strik'st but the *Rock*, and strait the *Waters* flow.

III.

The *Indian Son of Lust*, (that foul *Disease*,
 Which did on this, his *new-found World*, but lately
 Yet since a *Tyranny* has planted here, [seize;
 As wide and cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
 Is so quite rooted out by Thee,
 That thy *Patients* seem to be
 Restor'd not to *Health* only, but *Virginity*.
 The *Plague* it self, that proud *Imperial Ill*,
 Which destroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,
 If thou but Succour the *Besieged Heart*,
 Calls all its *Poisons* forth, and does depart,
 As if it fear'd no less thy *Art*,
 Than *Aaron's Incense*, or than *Phineas Dart*.
 What need there here repeated be by me
 The vast and barbarous *Lexicon*
 Of Man's *Infirmity*?
 At thy strong Charms it must be gone,
 Though a *Disease*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Legion*.

And this great Race of *Learning* thou hast run,
 E'er that of *Life* be half yet done.
 Thou see'st thy self still fresh and strong,
 And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conquests* long.

2 The first fam'd *Aphorism* thy great *Master* spoke,
 Did he live now he would revoke,
 And better things of Man report :
 For thou do'st make *Life long*, and *Art but short*.

VI.

Ah, learned *Friend*, it grieves me, when I think
 That *thou* with all thy *Art* must die
 As certainly as *I*.

1 And all thy noble *Reparations* sink [talit];
 Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mor-*
 Like *Archimedes*, hon'ourably in vain,

2 Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be *ta'en*,
 And *thou* thy self, their great *Defender*, slain.
 Let's e'en *compound*, and for the *Present Live*,
 'Tis all the *Ready Mony Fate* can give,
 Unbend sometimes thy restless *Care*;
 And let thy *Friends* so happy be
 T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *thee*.

Some Hours at least to thine own Pleasures spare.
 Since the whole *Stock* may soon exhausted be,
 Bestow't not all in *Charity*.

Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please,
 When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Disease*.

N O T E S.

II.

1. **G**outs, and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from *Moisture*, and affecting one or some Parts of the Body, whereas the *Dropsie* swells the whole. *Inundation* signifies a less overflowing than *Deluge*.

2. *Find, Refin'd.* These kind of Rhimes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhimes*; but I do not allow of them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhime* to answer to both; as in the ninth Staff of the *Nemean Ode, Delight, Light, Affright.* In the third Staff to *Mr. Hobbs, Ly, Fertility, Poverty.* They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good Authority for us now. There can be no *Musick* with only *one Note*.

3. The Fable of *Sisyphus* is so known, that it deserves not to be repeated. He was in his Life a most famous *Cozener* and *Robber*. *Ovid. Metamorph. 13.*

*Quid sanguine cretus
Sisyphio, furtis ac fraude simillimus illi?*

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thrust a great rolling Stone up an Hill, which still fell down again upon him, aluding perhaps to the ill Success of all his Subtilties and wicked Enterprizes, in which he labour'd incessantly to no purpose.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his Passage on the *Alps*, made Fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being softened and putrified, the *Soldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1st Book of the 3d *Decade*. *Juven.*

Et montem rupit aceto.

IV.

1. *Archimedes*: Of which Sphere see *Claudian's Epigram*. The like Sphere of *Glaſone* of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the Middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and Motions of the heavenly Bodies.

V.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the God of *Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.

2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hippocrates, Ars longa, Vita brevis*. Known to all Men.

VI.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *Foundations* of *Life*, and draining the *Radical Moisture*, which is the *Well* that the *Town* lives upon.

2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verres, Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatissimam*) sustained a Siege of three Years against *Marcellus* and the *Roman Forces*, almost only by the

the Art and Industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at last, by the Treason of some Commanders, it was enter'd and taken by the *Romans*, and in the Confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common Soldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular Order given by the Roman *General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the Life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy's* 5th Book of the 3d *Dec.*

L I F E and F A M E.

I.

1 O H Life, thou *Nothing's younger Brother!*
 2 So like, that one might take *one* for the *other!*
 3 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body?*
 4 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens Trade*,
 We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
 As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to be*.
 5 *Dream* of a *Shadow!* a *Reflection* made
 From the false *Glories* of the gay *reflected Bow*,
 Is a more *solid* thing than *thou*.
 6 Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
 Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
 Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
 But *broken* and *o'erwhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans*
 [meet again.

II.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
 Our selves then to *survive?*
 Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well besit
 That *Nothing Mans no Wit*.

Some

Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
And by the *Proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live*.

Here lies the Great---False *Marble*, where?

Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lyes there.

Some build enormous *Mountain-Palaces*,

The *Fools* and *Architects* to please:

A lasting *Life* in well-hew'n *Stone* they rear:

1 So he who on th' *Egyptian Shore*,

Was slain so many hundred *Years* before,

Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear*!

2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)

Lives in the *dropping Ruins* of his *Amphitheater*.

III.

1 His *Father-in-Law* an higher *Place* does claim

2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame*.

He since that *Toy* his *Death*,

Does fill all *Mouths*, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath*.

'Tis true, the *two Immortal Syllables* remain,

But, oh ye learned *Men*, explain,

What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,

What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypostasis*

In *Six poor Letters* is?

In those alone does the *Great Cæsar* live,

'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.

We *Poets* madder yet than all,

With a refin'd *Phantastick Vanity*,

Think we not only *Have*, but *Give Eternity*.

Fain would I see that *Prodigal*,

Who

Who his *To-morrow* would bestow,
For all old *Homer's Life* e'er since he *dy'd* 'till now.

N O T E S.

I.

1. **B**Ecause *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the Sense of the Distinction of *Days* in the Story of the *Creation*, *Night* signifying the *Privation*, and *Day* the subsequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed first, *Gen. 1. 5. And the Evening and the Morning were the first Day.*

2. Τί σε τίς, τί δ' ἔτις; Σκιας ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου. Pindar, *Quid est Aliquis, aut quid est Nemo? Somnium Umbra Homo est.*

3. The Distinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be liken'd to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for some are better *woven*) either because of the too much fineness of the Work which makes it slight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or because they take not the Materials from *Nature*, but spin it out of *themselves*.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it self of no *Colour*; those that appear are but *Reflections* of the Sun's Light received differently.

Mille trahit varios adverso Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; and yet this *Shadow*, this *almost nothing*, makes sometimes another *Rainbow* (but not so distinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Isthmus* is a Neck of Land that divides a *Peninsula* from the *Continent*, and is betwixt two Seas, Ἡ ἀμυδιθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow Passage of *Life* divides the *Past time* from the *Future*, and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity*.

II.

1. *Pompey the Great.* 2. An *Irony*; that is, Oh *Life* which *Epicurus* laugh at and contemn.

III.

1. *Cesar*, whose Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the Commonwealth; which, as *Tully* says, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

2. *Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being.*

The EXTASIE.

I.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below;
 I have no time in *Complements* to waste,
Farewel to 'ye all in haste,
 For I am call'd to go.

A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
 Th' officious *Clouds* beneath them meet,

And Lo! I mount, and Lo! [show!

How small the biggest Parts of *Earth's* proud *Tittle*

II.

Where shall I find the noble *British* Land?

Lo! I at last a *Northern Speck* espy,

Which in the *Sea* does lye,

And seems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand*!

For this will any *Sin*, or *Bleed*?

Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed*?

And is it this, alas, which we

Oh *Irony* of *Words*! do call *Great Britanie*?

III.

I pass by th' arched *Magazines*, which hold
 Th' eternal Stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow*;

Dry, and *secure* I go,

Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*.

Without *Affright* or *Wonder*

I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,

And

And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmless *Lambent Fires* about my Temples play.

IV.

Now into 'a gentle *Sea* of rolling *Flame*
I'm *plung'd*, and still mount higher there,
As *Flames* mount up through *Air*.
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a Fire
Was that unfortunate Desire,
My faithful *Breast* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

V.

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The *Hints* of *Galileo's Glass*,
I touch at last the Spangled *Sphere*.
Here all th' extended *Sky*
Is but one *Galaxy*,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint *Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

VI.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
An unexhausted *Ocean* of *Delight*
Swallows my *Senses* quite,
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,
And this great *World's Columbus* was,

244 PINDARIQUE ODES.

The *tyrannous Pleasure* could express.
Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man!* but let it ne'er be less.

VII.

The mighty *'Elijah* mounted so on high,
That second *Man*, who *leapt* the *Ditch* where all
The rest of *Mankind fall*,
And went not *downwards* to the *Sky*.
With much of *Pomp* and *Show*
(As *Conquering Kings* in *Triumph* go)
Did he to *Heav'n* approach, [Coach.
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his

VIII.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every Part,
Of *Essences* of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
Was its *substantial Mould*;
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* Art.
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *silver'd* bright,
There double-gilt with the *Sun's* Light,
And mystique *Shapes* cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a *Vulgar Angel's* Wit.

IX.

The *Horses* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
Of all that in *Heav'n's* beauteous *Pastures* feed,
The noblest, sprightful'st *Breed*,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd.
They all were shod with *Diamond*,
Not such as *here* are found,

But

But such *light solid* ones as shine
On the *Transparent Rocks* o' th' *Heav'nly Chrystalline*.

X.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the Skies;
Astonish'd Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one *rise*.
The soft *Clouds* melted him a Way,
The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay
A while the sacred *Footsteps* bore, [o'er.
The *Wheels* and *Horses Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them

XI.

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'd,
And their *Astrologers* amaz'd
With th' unexampled Sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
'Till *Phœnix Nature* aged grown
To'a better *Being* do aspire,
And mount *her self*, like *him*, to' *Eternity* in *Fire*.

To the NEW YEAR.

I.

Great *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistress* view
With *all thine Eyes*, yet think'ft them all
[too few:

If thy *Fore-face* do see
 No better things prepar'd for me,
 Then did thy *Face behind*,
 If still her *Breast* must shut against me be
 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
 Oh let my *Life*, if thou so many *Deaths* a com-
 [ing find,
 With thine *old Year* its *Voyage* take
 Born down that *Stream of Time*, which no *return*
 [can make.

II.

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
 Th'old avaricious *Year*,
 Whether I would or no, will bear
 At least a *Part of me* away. [Hours,
 His well-horft *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and
 Though never any where they stay,
 Make in their *Passage* all their *Prey*.
 The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i' th' *Rear*
 Nought of *Value* left behind. [can find
 All the *good Wine* of *Life* our *drunken Youth* de-
 [vours;
Sourness and *Lees*, which to the Bottom sink,
 Remain for latter *Years* to *Drink*.

Until some one offended with the Taste
 The *Vessel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques*
 [run at last.

III.

If then, *young Year*, thou needs must come,
 (For in *Time's* fruitful *Womb*

The

The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
 Nor ever can *miscarry*)
 Chuse thy *Attendants* well; for 'tis not *Thee*
 We fear, but 'tis thy *Company*,
 Let neither *Loss* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Liberty*,
 Nor pining *Sickness*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
 Nor *Sadness*, nor uncleanly *Poverty*,
 Be seen among thy *Train*;
 Nor let thy *Livery* be
 Either black *Sin*, or gaudy *Vanity*;
 Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle *Tear*,
 Let not so much as *Love* be there:
 Vain fruitless *Love*, I mean; for, gentle *Tear*,
 Although I fear,
 There's of this *Caution* little need,
 Yet, gentle *Tear*, take heed
 How thou dost make
 Such a *Mistake*.
 Such *Love* I mean alone
 As by thy cruel *Predecessors* has been shown,
 For though I've too much Cause to doubt it,
 I fain would try for once if *Life* can *live* without it.

IV.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
 And seek to *Antedate* our *Misery*?
 Like *Jealous Men* why are we longing still
 To see the thing which only *seeing* makes an *Ill*?

'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*; for 'twere a *Sight*
 That would even *Happiest Men* affright,
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy
 The *past* and *present Joy*;
 In whatsoever *Character*,
 The *Book of Fate* is writ,
 'Tis well we *understand* not it,
 We should grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there.
 Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *foresee*,
 Undecently and foolishly
 We should stand *shivering*, and but slowly venture
 The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
 Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we must do it,
 They feel least *Cold* and *Pain* who *plunge* at once
 [into it.]

N O T E S.

I.

1. *Janus* was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Festival*; and the first *Month* was denominated from him; for which Cause he was represented with *two Faces*, to shew that he looked both *Backward* upon the Time past, and *Forward* upon the Time to come; and sometimes with four Faces, to signify (perhaps, for I know other Reasons are given) the *four Seasons* of the Year,

*Annorum nitidq; sator pulcherrime Mundi,
 Publica quem primum vota precésq; canunt.* Mart.

2. This alludes to that most notorious Custom of *shutting up Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *Peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus's* Reign; and when any War began, it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magistrate*; from which opening and shutting of his *Temple Gates*, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed, *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter*.

L I F E.

Nascentes Morimur, Manil.

I.

1 **W**E're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd;
 We are abus'd by *Words*, grossly abus'd;
 From the *Maternal Tomb*,
 To the *Grave's* fruitful *Womb*,
 We call here *Life*; but *Life's* a *Name*
 That nothing here can truly claim:
 This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*,
 We call our *Dwelling-place*;
 We call one *Step* a *Race*:
 But *Angels* in their full enlighten'd State,
Angels who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
 2 Who all the *Nonsense* of our *Language* see,
 Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn
 [*Pictures* scorn.
 When we by' a *foolish Figure* say,
 3 *Behold an old Man dead!* then they
 Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a Man-child born.*

II.

My *Eyes* are open'd, and I see
 Through the *transparent Fallacy*:
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like *Men of Business*; and for *Business* walk
 From Place to Place,
 And mighty *Voyages* we take,

And

And mighty *Journeys* seem to make,
 1 O'er *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *Space*.
 Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain;
 Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain*.
 Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous seem to grow;
 Because we draw a long *Nobility*
 2 From *Hieroglyphick* Proofs of *Heraldry*,
 And *impudently* talk of a *Posterity*,
 3 And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
 Who write of twenty thousand Years,
 4 With *Maravedies* make th' *Account*,
 That *single Time* might to a Sum amount,
 We grow at last by *Custom* to believe,
 That really we *Live*:

Whilst all these *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,
 Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Death's Sleep*
 [we make.

III.

But these fantastick Errors of our *Dream*,
 Lead us to solid Wrong;
 We pray God, our Friends Torments to prolong,
 And wish uncharitably for them,
 To be as long a *dying* as *Methusalem*.
 The ripen'd *Soul* longs from his Pris'on to come,
 But we would *seal*, and *sow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.
 We seek to close and plaister up by Art
 The *Cracks* and *Breaches* of th' extended *Shell*,
 And in that narrow *Cell*

Would

Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird* already wing'd to part.

N O T E S.

I.

1. **P**lato in *Timæus* makes this Distinction: *That which Is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but Is not.* Ὀν ἢ ἰσθένε ποτε. This he took from *Trismegistus*, whose *Sentence of God* was written in the *Egyptian Temples*, Ἐγὼ εἰμι πάν τὸ γεγονός κ' ὄν κ' ἐσόμενον. I am all that *was, is, or shall be.* And he drew this from the very *Fountain* where he calls himself, *Exod. 3. 12.* Ὁ ὄν. *I am that I am, or, That which is.* This Doctrine of *Plato*, that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers.* *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more Degrees of *Privation*, or *Not-being* than of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *making*, never is quite *made*; and therefore never properly *Is.* Now because this perpetual *Flux of Being* is not in *Angels*, or *separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title of Being and Living*, and carry not the *Figure*, (for in truth it is no other) so far as *Plato.*

2 That the *Gods* call things by other Names than we do, was the *Fancy of Homer.*

Ὀν Ζεῦθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες ἢ Σιδεμανδρον, ἢ
Ὀν Βειδέδον καλέουσι θεοὶ, θυητοὶ δ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἀργαίωνα.

And the like in several other Places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 9. *Ovid. Metam. &c.* And this is likewise drawn from *Scripture*; for *Isaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36) makes it a *Property of God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their Names.

3. So *Euripid.*

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μ' ὄξει καὶ θανεῖν
τὸ καὶ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν;

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Die*; and to *Die* to *Live*?

II.

1. *Isa. 40. 26.* Behold the *Nations* are as the *Drop of a Bucket*, and are counted as the *small Dust of the Ballance*, &c.

2. Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like*, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient *Egyptians.*

3. An *uncertain Number* for a certain. The *Egyptian Kingdom*, according to *Manethon*, had thirty one *Dynasties* before *Alexander's* time, 5355 *Years*; others content not themselves with so small a *Number*; for *Diod.* says, lib. 1. from *Osyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thousand *Years*; or as others will have it, little less than twenty three thousand. See the *Egyptian Priests Discourse to Solon* in *Plato's Timæus.* But these vast *Accounts* arose from the æquivocal Term of a *Year* among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *four*, sometimes of *three*, nay, *two*, or *one Month.* *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin c. 7. Plin. l. 7. c. 11. Macrob. in Somn. Scipion. &c.*

4. A *Spanish Coin*, one of the least that is.

The

The Thirty Fourth Chapter of the Prophet Isaiah.

I.

- 1 **A** Wake, and with Attention hear,
 Thou *drowsie World*, for it concerns thee near;
 Awake, I say, and listen well,
 To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
 Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy Noise,
 And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its Voice.
 Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,
 2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motion's* Birth;
 A dreadful *Host* of *Judgments* is gone out,
 In Strength and Number more,
 Than e'er was rais'd by *God* before,
 To scourge the *rebel World*, and march it round about.

II.

- I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above,
 And from it streams a dismal Ray;
 2 I see the *Scabbard* cast away.
 How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
 How will it *sweat* and *reek* in *Blood*!
 3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be o'ergorged with his
 And devour all the mighty *Feast*! [Food!
 Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest.
God does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
 4 But not of *Oxen*, nor of *Rams*,
 Not of *Kids*, nor of their *Dams*,
 Not of *Heifers*, nor of *Lambs*.

The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims*
 Since wicked *Mens* more guilty Blood to spare, [are.
 The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed been,
 Since Men their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,
 'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,
 And *sacrificed* Men their better *Brethren* save.

III.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
 Such will the *Creatures* wild Distraction be,
 When at the final Doom,
Nature and *Time* shall both be slain,
 Shall struggle with *Death's* *Pangs* in vain,
 And the whole *World* their *Funeral* *Pile* become.

The wide-stretch'd *Scroll* of *Heav'n*, which we
 1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
 2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it
 With such deep *Sense* by *God's* own *Hand* were writ,
 Whose *Eloquence* tho' we *understand* not, we admire,
 Shall crackle, and the Parts together shrink

3 Like *Parchment* in a Fire.
 4 Th' exhausted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more shall lend;
 But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend.
 The glittering *Host*, now in such fair Array,
 So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
 Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'en,
 5 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
 6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
 With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree*, and all

IV. And

IV.

And thou, O cursed *Land*, [stand,
 Which wilt not see the *Precipice* where thou dost
 Though thou standst just upon the Brink;
 Thou of this poison'd *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt [drink.
 Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so

With human Blood o'erflow;
 That they shall fetch the slaughter'd Corps away,
 Which in the Fields around unburied lay, [Prey.
 And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their
 The rotting Corps shall so infect the Air,
 Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venoms* there,
 That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain,
 All thy few *Living* that remain.

1 As one who buys, *surveys* a Ground,
 So the *Destroying Angel* measures it around;
 So careful and so strict he is,
 Left any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss;
 He walks about the perishing *Nation*,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty *Desolation*.

V.

Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*,
 Be choak'd with *Brambles*, and o'ergrown with *Grass*.
 The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,
 And in thy lower Rooms the *Wolves* shall howl,
 2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*
 And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the Air,
 Though no *new Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.

The

The *Lion* then shall to the *Leopard* say,
 3 *Brother Leopard* come away;
 Behold a Land which God has giv'n us in Prey!
 Behold a Land from whence we see
Mankind expulst, *his* and *our* common *Enemy*!
 The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay.

VI.

2 The glutt'd *Vulturs* shall expect in vain
 New *Armies* to be slain.
 Shall find at last the Business done,
 Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
 3 Th' unburied *Ghosts* shall sadly moan,
 The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
 The *Evil Spirits* that delight
 To dance and revel in the *Mask of Night*,
 The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Spectators* shall af-
 And if of lost *Mankind* [fright.
 Ought happen to be left behind,
 If any *Reliques* but remain, [shall reign.
 They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces*

N O T E S.

I.

Isa. chap. 34. **C**ome near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye People, let
 verse 1. the Earth hear, * and all that is therein; the World, and
 all things that come forth of it. 2. For the Indignation of the Lord is upon
 all Nations, and his Fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly destroyed
 them, he hath delivered them to the Slaughter. * Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the Prophets writing, especially of *Isaiab*, seems to me
 very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost
 invisible Connexions, and are full of Words and Expressions of the highest
 and boldest Flights of Poetry, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there
 are

are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the Connexion is so difficult, that I am forc'd to add a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not us'd to that elevated way of Expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the Destruction of *Judaea*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a *Prophecy* of the Day of *Judgment*. The Design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great Desolations and Ruins to *all Countries*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judaea*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the World; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these Confusions by the Similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the *Subject* to the *Similitude*; for the old fashion of writing, was like *disputing* in *Entbymemes*, where half is left out to be supply'd by the Hearer; ours is like *Syllogism*, where all that is meant is express'd.

2. For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *natural Motion* is *regular*: I think I have read it somewhere called $\epsilon\kappa\iota\nu\sigma\iota\sigma\upsilon\ \chi\alpha\omicron\varsigma$. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of the Earth, and the Spirit of God moved upon the Waters*. So that the first *Motion*, was that of the Spirit of God upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. And God said (that is, the *Motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a *Procession* of his *Will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be Light, and there was Light* (that is) the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.

II.

Verse 5. *For my Sword * shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumaea, and upon the People of my Curse to Judgment.* 6. *The Sword of God is filled with Blood, * it is made fat with Fatness, and with the Blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the Fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great Slaughter in the Land of Idumaea.* * *Quoniam inebriatus est in coelo gladius meus, & sup. populum interfectiones meæ ad judicium—* Incrassatus est adipe.*

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of *Great Tyrants*, and Men of the mightiest Power; the *Horn* signifying that in *Hebrew*, and other Languages too; as *Horace*,

Addet cornua pauperi, &c.

And the Year of Recompences for the Controversie of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion*. This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgement which God shall exercise against the *Idumaeans* in Revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the Year when *Sion* shall be *judged* for her *Judgment*; that is, for the Condemnation and Execution of her *Messias*, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isaiab*, concerning the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, and even in the same manner, part of the Threatnings seeming to belong particularly to *Jerusalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Observe this remarkable Conformity in the 24th of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which sense it was said, as I take it, to the great *Duke of Guise*, that he who draws his Sword against his *Prince*, should fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For

3. For the Text says, it is *made drunk with Blood*, and *made fat with Flesh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Gospel, who is described to be cloath'd with *Purple*.

4. The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, *It shall be made fat with Fatness, and with the Blood of Lambs and Goats, and Kidneys of Rams, &c.* But the Names of *Beasts* in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for *Men*; all sorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* says, that by *Lambs* are signify'd the *common People*; by *Goats*, the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams*, the *Magistrates*. But these two last Interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, seem very slight and forced; the Meaning is, that all sorts of Men shall be sacrificed to God's Justice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be. It may be ask'd, why *Idumæa* and *Bozra*, (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with Allusion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) signifies *Red*, a Country that shall be *red* with Bloodshed; and *Bozra* signifies a *strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Psalms* 108. v. 10. where we read, *Who will bring me into the strong City?* the *Hebrew* is, *Who will bring me into Bozra?* From which Word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong *Castle* of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the *Castle* should have a *Phœnician* (which Language is said to have been little different from the *Hebrew*) than a *Græcian Name*, to wit, from *Βύρα*, an *Hide*, because *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much Ground as could be compass'd with an *Oxe's Hide*, which cut into very narrow Thongs, took up the whole Space where she built the *Castle*. *Virg.*

*Mercatiq; solum facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

Wherefore under the Name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all strong Places, and more especially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Country*.

5. Though *Beasts* were first created in time, yet because *Man* was first and chiefly designed, and they only in order to him, the Right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all *Beasts* at first obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or ashamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally so, having the same *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worse *Kindred*; *I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister,* Job 17. v. 14.

III.

Verse 4. *And all the Host of Heaven shall be dissolved, * and the Heavens shall be rolled together as a Scroll, and all their Host shall fall down as the Leaf falleth from the Vine, and as a falling Fig from the Figtree. * Et complicabuntur sicut Liber cœli, &c.* *D. Thomas Hug.* and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolic* Expression of the Calamities of those Times; which shall be so great, that Men shall think the World at an End, and shall be so distracted, that the Heavens shall seem to be rolled together, and the Stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real Description of the End of the World, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illustrate the Confusions that are foretold.

1. The vulgar Opinion, and that of *Aristotle*, and most *Philosophers*, has always been, that the Heavens are *Immutable*, and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*; in which, though Experience it self of visible *Mutations* in them (as the Production and Extinction two Years after of the *new Star* in *Cassiopeâ*, 1572.) might sufficiently by natural Reason convince them, yet some Men are so given up even to the most *reprobate Senses* of *Aristotle*, that not so much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this Point *Suarez*, and many others, are so far from the Opinion of the *Heavens* being now *corruptible* and *mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *accidentally* (as they call it) and not *substantially* at the last Day. Of which *Maldon*, upon *S. Matth.* says well, That he had rather believe *Christ* who affirms it, than *Aristotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroll*, or *Book*, in which perhaps *Mens Fortunes*, *God's Glory* is certainly written; and in this Sense the *Psalmist* speaks, *The Heavens shall declare his Righteousness*. *Origen* cites a *Book* of great Authority in his Days, called *Narratio Joseph*, in which *Jacob* says to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quacunq; contingent vobis & filiis vestris*.

3. The *Text* is, rolled up like a *Scroll*, or rather *Book*; for the ancient *Books* were not like ours, divided into *Leaves*; but made of *Sheets* of *Skins*, or *Parchment*, and rolled upon a *Cylinder*, after the fashion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they rolled them up again, as *God* will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this Comparison of *Parchment* that shrivels up in the *Fire* does more represent the *Violence* of their *Destruction*, which is to be by *burning*.

4. He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by *Reflection* from him, but then shall want *Light* for himself. *In those Days the Sun shall be darken'd, and the Moon shall not give her Light*, *Mat. 24.* Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*; even *her own little Light*: For I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark *Bodies*.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the *Fables*, whensoever he sets, he descends into the *Sea*, but now he really does so; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that must then be dissolved: And the *Heathens* had both this Opinion of the *End* of the *World*, and fell almost into the same Expressions. As *Lucan*.

*Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum
Astra petent*—————

St. Matthew and *Mark*, *And the Stars of Heaven shall fall*; and here, *Their Host shall fall down*, &c. *Sen. ad Marc. Sidera sideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante materiâ, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex disposito lucet, ardebit*. And one might cast up a pedantical heap of *Authorities* to the same purpose.

5. It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not *Negligence* or *Ignorance* of *Number*, that produced this *stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea descend*. And several others in my *Book* of the like kind.

6. That of the *Wind* is added to the *Text* here, but taken out of another just like it in the *Revelations*, *Chap. 6. v. 13. And the Stars of Heaven fell upon the Earth, even as a Fig-tree casteth her untimely Figs, when she is shaken of a mighty Wind*. And there follows too the *Similitude* of the *Scroll*.

IV.

1. Verse 11. *And he shall stretch out upon it the Line of Confusion, and the Stone of Emptiness.* The Latin very differently, *Et extendetur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in desolationem.* The Metaphor is, that as a Carpenter draws a Line to mark exactly the Space that he is to build, so God does here, to mark that which he is to destroy.

Our Translation follows *Vatabl. Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis.* Which Stones of Emptiness may have two Interpretations, either making the Stones, *Termini*, that is Bound-stones of Desolation, as if he should say, This is the Land of Desolation, and I have set these Bounds and Limits to circumscribe it. Or else he says, the Stones of Emptiness, as an effect of Desolation; for when a Ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows stony. According to the vulgar Latin Translation it is very like another Text of *Isaiah*, Ch. 28. v. 17. *Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and Righteousness to the Plummets.* Which is no more in plain Language, than, I will be exact in Judgment and Righteousness. There is a much harder Text with the same Metaphor in *2 Sam.* Ch. 8. v. 2 *And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the Ground, even with two Lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; and so the Moabites became David's Servants, and brought Gifts.* Which some interpret, that he put two Parts of them to the Sword, and saved the third, who became his Servants. And that he did this, not by a just Account, or polling of them (for the Number was too great) but by measuring out the Land into three parts, and destroying two of them, *2 King.* 21. 13. *I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummets of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a Man wipeth a Dish, turning it upside down.* The Latin, *Pondus domus Achab:* And instead of a Dish, uses a more noble Metaphor of a Table-Book. *Delebo Jerusalem sicut deleri solent Tabula, & delens vertam, & ducam crebrius stilum super faciem ejus.*

V.

1. Verse 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it.* V. 13. *And Thorns shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof; and it shall be an Habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in ea. V. 13. *Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & pascua Struthionum.* The Cormorant is called *Onocrotalus*, from ὄνος an Ass, and κροτάλον, Noise; because it makes a Noise like the braying of an Ass. I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a Bittern, or the Latin, which calls it *Ericius*, an Hedge-Hog. *Ericius* among the Classick Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with Iron Spikes, like Palisadoes sticking out of it. Some think a *Percullis*, from the Similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latin called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork most known in Egypt, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of Serpents, which would else infest the Country. We erroneously translate it *Owl*, for Mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not use the same Names of Beasts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does; nor is that material; for the Meaning only is, that the Land shall be possess'd by Beasts instead of Men.

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oscines*, from whose *Voices* they drew their Divinations, and other *Prepetes*, from their manner of *Flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and such like, were counted inauspicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in some Cases portended Good, and in others Evil.

3. Though the *Lion* might call any *Beast Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lioness*, and a *He-Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

VI.

Verse 14. *The wild Beasts of the Desert shall also meet with the wild Beasts of the Islands, and the Satyre shall cry to his Fellow, the Skrich-Owl shall also rest there, and find her self a Place of Rest.* V. 15. *There shall the great Owl make her Nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her Shadow; There shall the Vultures also be gathered every one with her Mate.* V. 14. Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit *Lamia*, & invenit sibi requiem. V. 15. Ibi habuit fovæam *Ericius*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati sunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.

Here is a great Difference between the two *Translations*; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly understood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor many other Places. From whence they give the fabulous *Greek Names*, as those of *Satyrs*, *Lamia*, *Onocentauris*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleides*, and the like, to several *Hebrew Words*, whose true Signification was lost; which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latin* we have much ado to translate all the Names of *Birds*, *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and *Herbs*, &c. and I am afraid we are often mistaken in them. So the *Septuag.* in *Job* 42. v. 14. translate the Name of *Job's* third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalhan*, alluding to a *Græcian Fable* born long after *Job's* time. Κέρας Ἀμαλθανας, which the *Latin* *Cornu sibi*, the *Horn of Antimony*, perhaps because *Antimony* is accounted by some the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the Signification, but the Word of the *Hebrew*. It seems by the *Greek*, that *Job's* three Daughters Names signify'd *Sweetness*; *Light*, or *Beauty*; *Plenty*, or *Fruitfulness*. So in the 15th of *Judith* it is translated, *Nec filii Titan percusserunt eum*; when the Meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Giants* that slew him; but, &c. *Not great strong Men*, but a weak *Woman*.

2. The *Latin* says *Milvi*; which Translation is best I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called τάρποι ἐμψυχοί, *Living Tombs*. They are said to assemble themselves together by a natural *Divinatory Instinct* in the Places where any great Slaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* arises, because they use to follow *Armies*; not as foreseeing the Day of Battel, but because even in the Marches of *Armies* there are always a great many Men, Horses, and other Beasts, that fall here and there by the Way. *Job* has the like Description of the *Eagle*, Ch. 39. ver. 30. *And where the slain are, there is she.*

3. The *English* mentions only *Satyrs*, the *Latin* besides that (for *Pilosi* are the same) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamia*, *Hobgoblins*. The *Hebrew* is said to signify *Nocturnum spectrum*, An Appearance of something in the Night. From whence the *Chald.* translate it, An Owl, the *English* a *Skrich-Owl*.
Whether

Whether there be any such Creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. St. *Antony* seeing St. *Paul* the *Hermite*, is reported by *Athanasius*, to have met with a *Monster* half *Man* and *Beast*, which he drove away with the Sign of the *Cross*; and St. *Hierom* in the Life of the *Hermite*, says, that such a kind of *Monster* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* testifies, that he himself saw an *Hippocentaur*, the Body of which was preserved in Honey, and brought to *Claud. Cesar*; but I am sorry he does not describe the Form of it, *Lib. 7. Cap. 3.*

The Plagues of Egypt.

I.

IS this thy *Brav'ry Man*, is this thy *Pride*?

Rebel to *God*, and *Slave* to all beside!

Captiv'd by every thing! and only *Free*

To fly from thine own *Liberty*!

All *Creatures* the *Creator* said were *thine*;

No *Creature* but might since, say, *Man is mine*!

In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lye;

And sweat and toil in the vile *Drudgery*

Of *Tyrant Sin*;

To which we *Trophies* raise, and wear out all our

In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*; [Breath,

We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!

In vain the *Prophets* and *Apostles* come

To call us home,

Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above, [Honey flow;

Which does with nourishing *Milk*, and pleasant

And ev'n i' th' way to which we should be fed

With *Angels tasteful Bread*:

But, we, alas, the *Flesh-Pots* love,

We love the very *Leeks* and fordid *Roots* below.

II.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* see;
 In vain did *God* to descend hither dain,
 He was his *own Ambassador* in vain,
 Our *Moses* and our *Guide* himself to be.

We will not let *our selves* to go, [*raobs* grow;
 And with worse hardned Hearts do our *own Pha-*
Ah, lest at last we perish so!

Think, stubborn Man, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,
 (Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not so hard as thou)
 Think with what dreadful *Proofs God* did convince
 The feeble *Arguments* that human *Pow'r* could show;

Think what *Plagues* attend on thee,
 Who *Moses God* dost now refuse, more oft than *Mo-*
 [*ses He.*

III.

If from some *God* you come (said the proud *King*)

- 1 With half a Smile and half a Frown;
- 2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?) [*bring?*
- 3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you
 Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
 Cries *Moses*, and casts down th' *Almighty Wand*,
- 4 Th' *Almighty Wand* scarce touch'd the Earth,
 When, with an undiscerned Birth,
 Th' *Almighty Wand* a *Serpent* grew,
 And his long half in painted Folds behind him drew.
 Upwards his threatening *Tail* he threw,
 Upwards he cast his threatening *Head*,

He

He gap'd and hift aloud,
 With flaming Eyes survey'd the trembling Croud,
 And like a *Basilisk* almost look'd the Assembly dead;
 5 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards* before him
 [fled.

IV.

1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* stopp'd their Flight,
 And with proud Words allay'd th' Affright.
 The *God of Slaves!* (said they) how can he be
 More powerful than their *Master's Deity?*

And down they cast their *Rods*, [Gods.
 2 And mutter'd secret Sounds that charm the *servile*
 The evil Spirits their Charms obey,
 And in a subtle Cloud they snatch the *Rods* away,
 3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypt's* monstrous Land,

Were ready still at Hand,
 And all at the *Old Serpent's* first Command.
 And they too gap'd, and they too hift,
 And they their threatening Tails did twift,
 But strait on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;
 Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it flew,
 And both almost at once devour'd,

So much was over-power'd
 By *God's* miraculous *Creation*
 His *Servants Natures* slightly-wrought, and fee-
 [ble *Generation*.

V.

- 1 On the fam'd Bank the *Prophets* stood,
 Touch'd with their *Rod*, and wounded all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
 The helpless *Fish* were found
 In their strange *Current* drown'd,
 The Herbs and Trees wash'd by the *mortal Tide*
 About it *blush'd* and *dy'd*.
 Th' amazed *Crocodiles* made haste to Ground;
 From their vast Trunks the dropping Gore they spied,
 Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they
 2 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou* [cried.
 Oh *King*, couldst ever show
 From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his Course;
 Of this *new Nile* thou seest the sacred *Sourse*;
 And as thy Land *that* does o'erflow,
 Take heed lest *this* do so.
 3 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall?
 The *Hebrew Infants Murder* stains them all.
 The kind, *instructing Punishment* enjoy;
 Whom the *Red River* cannot mend, the *Red-sea*
 [shall destroy.

VI.

- The *River* yet gave one *Instruction* more,
 1 And from the rotting Fish and unconcocted Gore,
 Which was but *Water* just before,
 A loathsome *Host* was quickly made,
 That scal'd the *Banks*, and with loud Noise did all the
 [Country invade.
 As *Nilus* when he quits his sacred *Bed* (But

2 (But like a *Friend* he visits all the Land
 With welcome *Presents* in his Hand)
 So did this *Living Tide* the Fields o'erspread.
 In vain th'alarmed Country tries
 To kill their noisome Enemies,
 From th'unexhausted *Sourse* still new *Recruits* arise.
 Nor does the *Earth* these greedy *Troops* suffice,
 The *Towns* and *Houses* they possess,
 The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
 Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear;
 Both their importune Croakings hear.
 Unfatiate yet they mount up higher,
 Where never *Sun-born Frog* durst to aspire,
 And in the silken *Beds* their slimy Members place;
 A *Luxury* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

VII.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce;
 But both were to no use.
 As yet the *Sorcerers* *mimick Power* serv'd for Excuse.
 Try what the *Earth* will do (said God) and, Lo!
 They stroke the *Earth* a *fertile Blow*,
 And all the *Dust* did strait to stir begin; [been;
 One would have thought some sudden *Wind* t' had
 But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
 And all the little *Springs* did move,
 And every *Dust* did an arm'd *Vermine* prove,
 Of an unknown and new-created Kind, [find.
 Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor
 The

The wretched shameful *Foe* allow'd no Rest
 Either to Man or Beast.

Not *Pharaoh* from th' unquiet Plague could be,
 With all his Change of Raiments free;
 The *Devils* themselves confest
 This was *God's Hand*; and 'twas but just
 To punish thus Man's Pride, to punish *Dust* with
 VIII. [*Dust.*

Lo the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
 And swarming Clouds of *Insects* fill the Air.
 With fullen Noise they take their Flight,
 And march in *Bodies* infinite;
 In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis still *beneath* them *Night*.
 1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberless,
 Compos'd this mighty *Armies* spacious boast;
 Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*;
 And different *Habits* too they wore,
 And different *Arms* they bore.
 And some, like *Scythians*, liv'd on *Blood*,
 And some on *Green*, and some on *Flowry Food*,
 2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various*
 Houses secure not Men, the populous Ill [*Hof.*
 Did all the Houses fill.
 The Country, all around,
 3 Did with the Cries of tortured *Cattle* found;
 About the Fields enrag'd they flew,
 And wish'd the *Plague* that was t' ensue.

IX.

1 From *poisonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came,
 (The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
 A skilful *Angel* did th' *Ingredients* take,
 And with just Hands the sad *Composure* make,
 And over all the Land did the full *Viol* shake.
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And *pining Pains*, and *shivering Sweats*,
 On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall;
 With *deform'd Death* the Country's cover'd all.
 The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
 The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
 Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*. [Head,
 The generous *Horse* from the *full Manger* turns his
 Does his lov'd *Floods* and *Pastures* scorn,
 Hates the shrill *Trumpet* and the *Horn*,
 Nor can his lifeless *Nostril* please, [stresses.
 With the once-ravishing *Smell* of all his dappled *Mi-*
 The starving *Sheep* refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent *Souls* out into *Air*;
 The faithful *Dogs* lye gasping by them there;
 Th'astonish'd *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his *tuneful*
 [Reed.

X.

Thus did the *Beasts* for *Man's Rebellion* die,
 God did on *Man* a gentler *Medicine* try,
 And a *Disease* for *Physick* did apply.
 Warm *Ashes* from the *Furnace Moses* took;
 The *Sorcerers* did with *Wonder* on him look;

And

And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd *Spell*
 Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
 He flings the *pregnant Ashes* through the Air,
 And speaks a mighty Pray'r, [bear.
 Both which the *ministring Winds* around all *Egypt*
 As gentle Western Blasts, with downy Wings
 Hatching the tender *Springs*,
 To th' unborn *Buds* with vital Whispers say,
 Ye *living Buds* why do ye stay?
 The passionate *Buds* break thro' the *Bark* their way:
 So wherefoe'er this *tainted Wind* but blew,
 Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew ;
 It from the Body call'd all *sleeping Poisons* out,
 And to them added new ; [sprout.
 A noisome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did

XI.

Heav'n it self is angry next ;
 Wo to *Man*, when *Heav'n* is vext.
 With fullen Brow it frown'd,
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect Sound.
 'Till *Moses* lifting up his Hand,
 Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
 And all the full-charg'd *Clouds* in ranged *Squadrons*
 And fill the spacious *Plains* above. [move,
 Through which the rolling *Thunder* first does play,
 And opens wide the *Tempests* noisie way.
 And straight a *stony Shower*
 Of monstrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
 Such

Such as ne'er *Winter* yet brought forth,
 From all her stormy *Magazins* of the *North*.
 It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,
 1 O'er the defaced Corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
 The Houses and strong-body'd Trees it broke,
 Nor ask'd Aid from the *Thunders* Stroke.
 The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
 The *Hail* alone the Work could do.
 The dismal *Lightnings* all around,
 Some flying thro' the *Air*, some running on the *Ground*,
 Some swimming o'er the *Waters* Face,
 Fill'd with *bright Horror* every Place; [seen,
 One would have thought, their *dreadful Day* to have
 The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it self had *kindled* been.

XII.

1 The Infant *Corn*, which yet did scarce appear,
 Escap'd this general *Massacre*
 Of every thing that grew,
 And the well-stor'd *Egyptian Tear*
 Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew. [blew,
 2 When, lo! a *scorching Wind* from the burnt Countries
 And endless *Legions* with it drew
 3 Of greedy *Locusts*, who where-e'er
 With founding Wings they flew,
 Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
 As if *Winter* it self had march'd by there.
 Whate'er the *Sun* and *Nile*
 Gave with large Bounty to the thankful Soil,
 The

The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
 And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,
 'Till *Moses* with a Prayer
 Breath'd forth a violent Western Wind,
 Which all these *living Clouds* did headlong bear
 (No *Stragglers* left behind)
 4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there bestow
 On the luxurious *Fish* a Feast they ne'er did know.
 With *untaught Joy Pharaoh* the News does hear,
 And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *him*, and *his* fo

XIII.

What *Blindness* or what *Darkness* did there e'er
 Like this *undocil King's* appear?
 Whate'er but that which now does represent
 And paint the *Crime* out in the *Punishment*?
 1 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
 Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaim
Privation's empty Name,
 Through secret Conduits monstrous *Shapes* arose,
 Such as the *Sun's* whole Force could not oppose,
 They with a *solid Cloud*
 All Heaven's *eclipsed Face* did shrowd.
 Seem'd with large *Wings* spread o'er the Sea and Earth
 To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed Birth.
 2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*,
 Did at the dreadful Sight *wink* and *expire*,
 To th' *Empyrean Source* all *Streams* of *Light* seem'd
 to retire. The

The *living Men* were in their *standing-houfes buried*;
 But the *long Night* no *Slumber* knows,
 But the *short Death* finds no *Repose*.
 Ten thousand *Terrors* through the *Darkness* fled,
 And *Ghosts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured ;
 And *Fancies* multiplying *Sight*
 View'd all the *Scenes invisible* of *Night*.

XIV.

Of *God's* dreadful *Anger* these
 Were but the first light *Skirmishes* ;
 The *Shock* and bloody *Battel* now begins,
 The plenteous *Harvest* of full-ripened *Sins*.

1 It was the time, when the still *Moon*
 Was mounted softly to her *Noon*,
 And dewy *Sleep*, which from *Night's* secret *Springs*
 Gently as *Nile* the Land o'erflows. [arose,
 2 When (lo!) from the high Countries of *refined Day*,
 The *Golden Heaven* without *Allay*,
 Whose *Dross* in the *Creation* purg'd away,
 Made up the *Sun's* adulterate *Ray*,
 3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downward fly
 Swift as the *Journeys* of the *Sight*,
 Swift as the *Race* of *Light*,
 And with his *winged Will* cuts thro' the yielding *Sky*;
 He pass'd through many a *Star*, and as he pass'd,
 Shone (like a *Star* in them) more brightly there,
 Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.

On a tall *Pyramid's* pointed Head he stopt at last,
 And a mild Look of sacred *Pity* cast
 Down on the sinful Land where he was sent,
 T' inflict the *tardy Punishment*.

Ah! yet (said he) yet stubborn King repent;
 Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,

E'er the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
 Suffer but yet *thy self*, and *thine* to live;
 Who would, alas! believe
 That it for *Man* (said He)
 So hard to be *forgiven* should be,
 And yet for *God* so easie to *forgive*!

XV.

He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And o'er his shining *Form* a well-cut *Cloud* he threw
 Made of the blackest *Fleece* of Night,
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
 Yet wrought so *fine* it hinder'd not his *Flight*.
 But through the Key-holes and the Chinks of Doors,
 And through the narrow't *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
 He past more swift and free,
 Than in wide Air the wanton *Swallows* flee.
 He took a *pointed Pestilence* in his Hand,
 The *Spirits* of thousand mortal Poisons made
 The strongly temper'd *Blade*,
 The sharpest *Sword* that e'er was laid
 Up in the *Magazins* of God to scourge a wicked
 [Land.
 Through

Through *Egypt's* wicked Land his March he took,
 2 And as he march'd the *sacred First-born* strook
 Of every Womb; none did he spare;
 3 None from the meanest *Beast* to *Cenchre's purple Heir*.

XVI.

The swift Approach of endless *Night*,
 Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rolling Eyes;
 They 'awake the rest with dying Cries,
 And *Darkness* doubles the Affright.

The mixed Sounds of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,
 And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
 Louder than all the shrieking *Womens* Voice
 Pierces this *Chaos* of confused Noise;

As brighter *Lightning* cuts a Way,
 Clear, and distinguish'd through the *Day*.

1 With less Complaints the *Zoan Temples* found,
 2 When the adored *Heifer's* drown'd,
 And no true markt *Successor* to be found.

Whilst *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does
 The festal *Hebrew Cottages*; [possess

The blest *Destroyer* comes not there,
 To interrupt the sacred *Chear*,

3 That new begins their well-reformed *Fear*.

Upon their Doors he read and understood,
God's Protection writ in Blood;

Well was he skill'd i'th' *Character Divine*;
 And though he pass'd by it in haste,

He bow'd, and worshipt as he past
The mighty *Mystery* through its *humble Sign*.

XVII.

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its Edge to play;
No Diligence or Cost they spare
To haste the *Hebrews* now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their Delay;
So kind and bountiful is *Fear*!
But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we owe,
Is but like *Fire* struck out of *Stone*,
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and *Fear* soon quit the *Tyrant's* Breast;
Rage and *Revenge* their Place possess:
With a vast Host of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,
And all his powerful Kingdom's ready Force,
The *travelling Nation* he pursues;
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal War renews,
Fill'd with proud Hopes, At least (said he)
Th' *Egyptian Gods*, from *Syrian Magick* free,
Will now revenge *themselves* and *me*;
Behold what passless *Rocks* on either Hand
Like *Prison Walls* about them stand!
Whilst the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,
And in our injur'd *Justice* they must find
A far worse Stop than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind.

Which

Which shall with Crimson Gore
 † New paint the *Waters Name*, and *double dye* the *Shore*.

XVIII.

He spoke; and all his Host
 Approv'd with Shouts th' *unhappy Boast*,
 A bidden *Wind* bore his vain *Words* away,
 And drown'd them in the neighb'ring *Sea*.
 No Means t' escape the faithless *Travellers* spy,
 And with degenerous *Fear* to die,
 Curse their new-gotten *Liberty*.
 But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right,
 And saw a *Path* hid yet from human *Sight*.
 He strikes the raging *Waves*, the *Waves* on either *Side*
 Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide;
 And backwards press, as in some solemn *Show*
 The crowding *People* do
 (Though just before no *Space* was seen)
 To let the admired *Triumph* pass between.
 The *wondring Army* saw, on either hand, [stand.
 The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks of Crystal*
 They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
 The *secret Paths* of *God*.
 And here and there all scatter'd in their *Way*,
 The *Sea's* old *Spoils*, and gaping *Fishes* lay
 Deserted on the sandy *Plain*,
 The *Sun* did with *Astonishment* behold
 The inmost *Chambers* of the open'd *Main*,
 For whatso'er of old

By his *own Priests*, the *Poets*, has been said,
He never sunk 'till then into the *Ocean's Bed*.

XIX.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th' other Shore at Morning Dawn they came,
And saw behind th' unguided Foe
March disorderly and slow.

The *Prophet* strait from th' *Idumean Strand*
Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.

The upper Waves, that highest crowded lye,
The beck'ning *Wand* espy.

Straight their first right-hand *Files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring Wind,
Give the word *March* to all behind.

The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,
But with a joyful louder Noise,
Answer their distant Fellows Voice,
And Haste to meet them make,

As several *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.

What Tongue th' Amazement and th' Affright can tell

Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,

When on both Sides they saw the roaring Main
Broke loose from his *Invisible Chain*?

They saw the *monstrous Death* and *watry War*,
Come rolling down loud Ruin from afar.

In vain some backward; and some forwards fly
With helpless Haste; in vain they cry

2 To their *Cælestial Beasts* for aid;
 In vain their guilty *King* they 'upbraid,
 In vain on *Moses* he, and *Moses* God does call,
 With a *Repentence true too late*;
 They're compass'd round with a *devouring Fate*,
 That draws, like a strong *Net*, the mighty *Sea*
 [upon them all.

N O T E S.

III.

1. Like that of *Virgil*,
Subridens mistâ Mezentius irâ.

And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his Contempt of the Deity, *Contemp-
 torq; Deum Mezentius.* Exod. 5. 2. And (*Pharaoh*) answered, *Who is the
 Lord, that I should hear his Voice, and let Israel go? I know not the Lord,
 neither will I let Israel go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worshipp'd so many Gods as *Egypt*; so that
 probably *Pharaoh* would have known the Name of any God but the true
 one, *Jehovah*.

3. That *Pharaoh* ask'd a Sign, appears by Exod. 7. 9. *And when Pharaoh
 shall say to you, Shew me a Sign, &c.*

4. *Almighty*, as it was the Instrument of the *Almighty* in doing Won-
 ders; for which it is call'd the *Rod of the Lord*, as well as of *Moses* and
Aaron; and in this Sense *Fortune* is rightly call'd by *Virgil Omnipotens*.

5. We may well suppose that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for Fear at the
 fight, since *Moses* himself did so at first, Exod. 4. 2. *And it was turned in-
 to a Serpent, so that Moses fled from it.*

IV.

1. So the *Apostle* calls the chief of *Pharaoh's Magicians*, 2 Tim. 3. 8.
 but St. *Hieron.* translates their Names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they say
 there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhani* and *Marre*, chief of *Pha-
 raoh's Magicians*, said to *Moses*, thou bringest *Straw* into *Ægypt*, which
 was where abundance of *Corn* grew; as if they should have said, to bring
 your *Magical Arts* hither, is to as much purpose as to bring *Water* to *Nilus*.
Jannes was famous even among *Heathen Authors*, *Plin.* l. 3. c. 1. *Est &
 alia Magices factio, à Mose, & Janne & Jotape Judais pendens.* And *Num-
 menius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euseb.* l. 9. *Preparat. Evang.* They
 here are call'd by several Names, in several Translations, by the *Septuag.*
 Φάρμακοι, *Venefici*, *Poisoners*, and Ἐπωαροῦσι, *Incantatores*, *Incanters*;
 by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldaans*, that is, *Astrologers*; by others, *Sapientes* &
 Malefici,

Malefici, Wisemen (that is, Men esteemed so among the *Egyptians*) *Philosophers* and *Witches*.

2. *Fecerunt etiam ipsi per incantationes Ægyptiacas & arcana quadam similiter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them *threatned* by the *Conjurers*, and forc'd whether they will or no, by the Power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tiresias* in the 4th *Theb.* because they did not obey him at first Word, speaks to them like a Schoolmaster, with a Rod in his Hand,

— *Et nobis favire facultas.*

— *An Scythicus quoties armata venenis
Colchis aget trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Nostri cura minor? &c.*

And *Lucan* says of *Erichtho*,

*Omne nefas superi primâ jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carmenq; timent audire secundum.*

And the *Witches* used always some obscure Murmurings in their Charms. So of *Erichtho*,

*Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Dissona, & humana multum discordia Lingua.*

3. There are four Opinions concerning this Action of the *Magicians*, the first, that their Rods appeared *Serpents* by an *Illusion* of the Sight. This was *Josephus* his Opinion; for he says, Βαλάνειαι οἱ δεξιόντες ἐδόνον; and *Tersullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyssen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius* in lib. 4 *Carm.*

— *Sed imagine falsa*

Visibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras.

This I like not, by no means; for if the *Appearance* of the *Serpents* was an *Illusion*, so was the *devouring* of them too by *Moses* his *Serpent*. Therefore the second Opinion to solve this Difficulty, says, that the Devil for the *Magicians*, did really on the sudden make up some Bodies that look'd like *true Serpents*, but were not so, and those Bodies were truly *devoured* by *Moses* his *true Serpent*. But it does not fully answer the Objection; and besides by this *Deceit*, they might as well have imitated the other *Miracles*. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrios*, and divers others, that they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an instant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his Power) but *Generated* in a Moment of Time by Application of all things required to the Generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* sometimes. The fourth is of *Pererius*, *Abulensis*, and many more, that the Devil snatch'd away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readiness to put in their Place; and this agrees better with the *Swiftnefs* of the Action, for which, and some other Reasons, I follow it.

V.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous *River* in the World, whether we consider the *Greatnefs* and *Length* of it (for it runs about 900 *German Miles*) or the Things that it produces, or the *miraculous* flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called absolutely in the *Scripture*

Scripture *Machal Misraim, The River of Egypt*. From whence the Word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal, Naal, Neel, Neil*; as *Bahal, Baal, Beel, Bel*, ΒήλαϞ: And *Pompon. Mela* reports, l. 5. c. 10. That the Fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Æthiopians*. Now whereas God says to *Moses, Go to Pharaoh in the Morning, when he shall go forth to the Water*: I believe, as the *Persians* worshipp'd every Morning the rising *Sun*, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a constant Act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret. μέγρον ἐσθέρων ἐπι τῶ ποταμῶ κὶ τῷ θεῶν τῶτον ἐνόμιζον*. Nay I doubt whether *Osyris* (their great Deity) be not worshipp'd for *Nilus*. *Seld. de Diis Syris*.

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the Mountains called *Luna Montes*, and one of the Titles of *Prefter John* is, *King of Goyome*, where *Nile* begins; but the Ancients were totally ignorant of it, insomuch that this was reckoned among the famous Proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which see *Lucan* in the tenth Book, where, among other things, he says most admirably of *Nilus*,

—Ubicunque videris,
Quareres, & nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo sit lata suo.

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, says thus of this Change of *Nilus*, μελαβληθεὶς εἰς τὸ αἷμα τὸ γεσημμένον καθήσθηται παιδοκτονίας. Being changed into *Blood*, it accused the *Egyptians* of the *Infants Murder*; and the *Book of Wisdom* in Chap. 11. makes the same Observation.

VI.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the *Septuag.* ὑποζώσσει ὁ ποταμὸς, where the vulgar Edition says, *Computrescent aqua*; that is, *fervebit, vel effervesceat fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *Boils* and burns as it were in the *Veins*: When the *Water* had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produc'd a great Number of *Frogs*; but the Wonder consists in that the Number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produc'd upon the Action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their Nature, they came to molest the *Egyptians* in their very Houses. The like Judgment with this we find in profane Histories, and to be attributed to the same Hand of God, though the *Rod* was *invisible*. *Athenaus* in his eighth Book, Chap. 2. reports, that in *Paonia* and *Dardanium* (now call'd *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddenly produc'd after great Showers) that they fill'd all the Publick Ways, and even private Houses, that their Domestical Furniture was cover'd with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boil'd their Meat; and that what with the Trouble of the *Living*, and the Smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forc'd at last to forsake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his eighth Book, Chap. 29. That a whole City in *Galilia* hath been driven away by *Frogs*, and another in *Africk* by *Locusts*; and many Examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l. 4. Quest. Natur. c. 11.* *Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirsty and sandy Soil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the Clefts of the parched Ground, and covers the dry Places with the Fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways, both by overflowing and by manuring it.

So that *Herod* calls it Ἐρσάλινδον, the *Husbandman*. *Tibul. Te propter nullos Tellus tua postulat imbres, Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovis;* for which reason *Lucan* says, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

— *Nihil indiga mercis*

Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

And one in *Athenæus* bolder, yet calls *Nilus* excellently well, Ἀργύπτιε Ζῶ Νεῦλε. O *Nilus* thou *Egyptian Jupiter*; nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themselves, Ἀντίμιμου ἢ Ἐραυῶ, *The River that emulates and contends with Heaven*.

VII.

1. What kind of *Creature* this was, no *Man* can tell certainly. The *Septuag.* translate it both here, and in the *Psalms* 105. Σκνίπες. And so *Philo*, and the vulgar Edition retains the Word, *Sciniphes*, *Ciniphes*, or *Kniphes*, seem to come from the Word, κνίζην, which signifies to *Prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat*; and *Pliny* renders them *Culices muliones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella*. *Dioscorid.* cap. 112. terms them, θνητὰ κωνωποειδῆ. And *Hesych.* Κνίψ ζῶον ἰσχυρὸν, ὁμοίον κωνωπι. So *Isidor.* l. 12. *Origin.* and *Oros.* 7, 8. and so *Origen*. Yet *Junius* and *Tremel.* and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *Wings*; for *Diod. Sicul.* l. 3. c. 3. speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or *Eaters of Locusts*, says, that when they grow Old, their Bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of *Creature*, called Analogically by an old known Name, which is *Pererius* his Conjecture, and is approv'd by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the Reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *Miracle*, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable Cause than the pleasant Fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devil's* Power is bounded to the producing of no *Creature* less than a *Grain of Barley*, or than *St. Augustine's* allegorical Reason, and too poetical even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the *Magicians* fail'd in the *third Plague*, to shew the Defect of *Human Philosophy*, when it comes to the *Mystery of the Trinity*; but such pitiful *Allusions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

VIII.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies* — so our *English Translation*; *St. Hier.* Omne genus muscarum, all sorts of *Flies*. The *Septuag.* Κυνομάαι, *Canina Musca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read Κυνομάαι, which may signify *Aquila's*, Παμμύαι. Some translate this place, a mixture of *Beasts*. The *French*, une meslée de bestes. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* Colluviem; and it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, θνητων παρσίτων ἢ πολυλεπτων; and *Pagninus*, Omne genus ferarum, which is not very probable, for the Punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this Punishment of infinite Numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that *God* calls them his *Army*, *Joel* 2. 25. nay, his *Great Army*, *The Locust*, *the Canker-worm*, and *the Palmer-worm*, my great Army, which I sent among you.

2. *The God of Flies, Belzebug*, a Deity worshipp'd at *Accaron*, *Jupiter*, $\Sigma\tau\omicron\mu\upsilon\Theta$, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of *Flies*, *Plin.* l. 10. c. 28. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great Multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence, which presently die upon the sacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea-Coasts of *Africk*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar*, at the Temple of *Ælian Apollo*, they sacrific'd an Ox to *Flies*: And *Ælian.* l. 11. de *Animal.* c. 8. $\delta\upsilon\sigma\iota$ $\beta\acute{\epsilon}\nu$ $\tau\acute{\iota}$ $\mu\upsilon\sigma\alpha\varsigma$. Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrific'd the Ox, not to the *Flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, $\Sigma\tau\omicron\mu\upsilon\omega$, *Pausan.* l. 5. $\text{Ἡλείας δύνει τὰς Ἀπομύω Διὶ, Ἥελαύοντι τὴν Ἡλείας Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μύσας}$. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of Flies*) for the driving away of *Flies*, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this *God* not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin.* l. 29. c. 6. No living Creature has less of Understanding, or is less Docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the sacrificing of an Ox to the *God* whom they call *Mviodes*, whole Clouds of them fly out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, $\kappa\omicron\rho\eta\nu\omega\pi\acute{\iota}\omega\nu$, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Erythreans* of *Hercules* $\text{Ἰποκτόν}\Theta$, the *Killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like honourable Employment are to be found among the *Ancients*.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad-fly*) *Virg. Georg.* 3.

*Oestrum Græci vertèrè vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta—.*

Wish'd the Plague that was to ensue, that is, not in the Sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto's Horses*,

Craetina venturæ expectantes gaudia præda.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wish'd for death*.

IX.

1. (i.) *Poisoning*. The Conjunction of which produce *Poisons* (i.) Infectious Diseases, according to the received Opinion of *Astrologers*. *Virgil* says, By the *sick*, or *diseas'd Heav'n*; that is, which causes Diseases, but *Heav'n* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

*Hic quondam Morbo Cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totòq; Autumni incanduit æstu, &c.*

Where see his most incomparable Description of a Pestilence.

X.

1. No Books of Writings of the Rites of *Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*.

2. It is called by *Moses*, Chap. 9. 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in homine, &c.* Sprouting out with Blains, &c. which *Fun.* and *Tremel.* *Erum-pens multis pustulis.* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the Curses with which the Disobedience to *God* is threatned, Chap. 18. 27. *The Lord shall smite thee with the Botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence, I believe, came the Calumny that *Trog. Pompeius*, *Diod. Siculus*, *Tacitus*, and other Heathens, cast

cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being Scabbed and Leprous, which Mistake was easie, instead of being dismiss'd for having brought those Diseases upon the *Egyptians*.

XI.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too big; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the most ancient *Monuments*, we know, were *heaps of Stones*, not great *Tomb-Stones*.

XII.

1. (i.) The Wheat and Rye. See *Chap. 9. v. 32.*

2. *Chap. 10. v. 13.* Our Translation has *East-Wind: And the Lord brought an East-wind upon the Land all that day, and all that Night, &c.* The vulgar has *Ventum urentem*; the Septuagint, a *South-wind*. And *Eugub.* says, there is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which Opinion I follow (though the *Jews* unanimously will have it to be an *East-wind*) because the Southern Parts of *Africk* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some Places the chief Food of the Inhabitants; so that from thence they might easily be fetch'd; for I cannot agree with some, who imagine, that the hot Wind blowing all Day and Night produc'd them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of *Armies of Locusts*, and of the Order and Regularity of their Marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That in the Year 872. they were seen to fly over twenty Miles in *Germany* in a Day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into several Squadrons, and having their Quarters apart when they rested. That the *Captains*, with some few, march'd a Day's Journey before the rest, to chuse the most opportune Places for their *Camp*. That they never removed 'till Sun rising, and just then went away in as much Order as an *Army* of Men could do. That at last having done great Mischiefe wheresoever they past; after Prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent Wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again upon the Shore, caused a great Pestilence in the Country. Some add, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. *St. Hier.* upon *Joel* speaks thus, When the Armies of *Locusts* came lately into these Parts; and filled all the Air, they flew in so great Order, that Slates in a Pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one Inch out of their Ranks and Files. There are reckoned thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three Foot long. The same Author adds, of *Locusts* (*Lib. 11. cap. 29.*) *That they pass in Troops over great Seas, enduring Hunger for many Days together in the search of foreign Food. They are believed to be brought by the Anger of the Gods; for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a Noise with their Wings in flying, that they might be taken for Birds. They overcast the Sun, whilst People stand gazing with Terrour, lest they should fall upon their Lands— out of Africk chiefly they infest Italy, and the People are forced to have recourse to the Sybils Books, to enquire for a Remedy. In the Country of Cyrene there is a Law to make War against them thrice a Year, first by breaking their Eggs, then by killing the young ones, and lastly, the old ones, &c.*

4. The *Red-Sea*, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple*, than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea so;

Virg. *Ἐἰς ἄλα πορφυρέην.*
In Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

Pliny says, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And Theophr. Πορφυρῆ) ἢ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μέλει ζόμφα σκιαδῆ.

XIII.

1 Chap. v. 21. *Even Darknes that may be felt.* The *Vulgar, Tam dense (tenebra) ut palpari queant.* Whether this Darknes was really in the *Air*, or only in their *Eyes*, which might be blinded for the time; or whether a Suspension of *Light* from the Act of Illumination in that Country; or whether it were by some black, thick and damp Vapour which possess all the *Air*, it is impossible to determine. I fancy that the Darknes of Hell below, which is called *Utter Darknes*, arose and overshadowed the Land; and I am authoriz'd by the *Wisdom of Solomon*. Chap. 17. v. 14. where he calls it a Night that came upon them out of the *Bottoms of inevitable Hell*; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) an *Image* of that Darknes which should afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the Fire might give them Light.*

3. See the above-cited Chap. 17.

XIV.

1. *Midnight*, called also by the Latines *Meridies Noctis*.

2. It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first Day. It seems to me to be the most probable Opinion, that it was the *Empyreal Heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth Day; and therefore before, I say that all *Light* seem'd to be return'd to the *Empyreal* or highest Heav'n from whence it came at first.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the *Egyptians* immediately himself, because he says, Chap. 11. v. 4. *About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt.* And to the same effect, Chap. 12. 12. but it is an ordinary manner of Speech to attribute that to God, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an Angel appears out of Chap. 12. 23. *The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.* From which place, and Psalm 78. v. 49. where it is said (of the *Egyptians*) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his Anger, Wrath, and indignation, and Trouble, by sending evil Angels among them:* Some collect, that God used here the ministry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels*; but I cannot believe, that God and the *Magicians* had the same *Agents*, and that Text of the *Psalms* is perhaps ill translated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* understand by it *Moses* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better render'd in *English*, *Destroying* or *punishing Angels*, *Inflictors* of Evil upon them. I attribute this Infliction to the *Archangel Michael*; First, because it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and smote him and his *Angels*, Rev. 12. 7. Secondly, because in *Daniel* too he is mention'd as an *Angel of War* Chap. 10. v. 13. And lastly, because the very Name is said to signify *Percussio Dei*, the *Smiting of God*. The *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 18. v. 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the *Fancy* of this *Stanza*; *For whilst all things were in quiet silence, and that*
the

the Night was in the midst of her swift Course, thine Almighty Word, leap'd down from Heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce Man of War into the midst of a Land of Destruction: And brought thine unfeigned Command as a sharp Sword, and standing up, filled all things with Death, &c.

XV.

1. That this Plague was a *Pestilence* is the Opinion of *Josephus*, and most Interpreters.

2. The Law of consecrating all *First borns* to God, seems *Exod. 13.* to be grounded upon this Slaughter of the *Egyptian First-born*. But that was rather the Addition of a new Cause why the *Hebrews* should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole Reason of it; for even by natural Right, the *First-born*, and *First Fruits* of all things are *Sacred* to God; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but also other Nations, the *Priesthood* belonged to the *Eldest Sons*.

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red-Sea*. There is great Confusion in the Succession of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by some *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the *Red-Sea*; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the most probable and most received Opinion.

XVI.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan*, was the Place where *Moses* did his Miracles, and consequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the Authority of *Psalms 78. 12.* It was likewise called *Tanis* (by the *Gracians*) and from it that Mouth of the *Nile* near which it stood, *Ostium Taniticum*. So that they are mistaken who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the Place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lyes more Southward.

2. The *Adored Heifer*. *Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Osyris* (who was *Misraim*) I conceive to have been the same *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the Names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, &c. and signifying the *Sun*; the great Lamentations for the Disappearing or Loss of *Osyris*, *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoicing for their Return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and Re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The *Egyptians* under *Apis*, or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus*; and *Ἀφαισμός* and *Ἐυφροσύνη* signified the Overflowing of *Nilus*, and Return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their Sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the Shape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Vossius*, and some other learned Men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the *Famine*: Besides, the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the Imitation of the *Egyptian Idolatry*) they kept a *living one*, and worshipped it with great Reverence, and made infinite Lamentations at the Death of it, 'till another was found with the like Marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the Bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the Death or Disappearing.

— Quo se gurgite Nili
Condat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis, Sat.

The *Marks* were these. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white *Streak* along the *Back*, a white *Mark* like an half *Moon* on his right *Shoulder*, two *Hairs* only growing on his *Tail*, with a square *Blaze* in his *Forehead*, and a *Bunch*, called *Cantharus*, under his *Tongue*: By what *Art* the *Priests* made these *Marks*, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Heifer*, both by the *Hebrews*, *Greeks*, and *Latines*. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Psalms* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the *Hebrews* had two *Computations* of the beginning of the *Year*; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Æquinoctial*; and all civil *Matters* were regulated according to this, which was the old *Account* of the *Year*. The *Sacred*, to which all *Festivals*, and all *Religious Matters* had relation, began at the *Vernal Æquinoctial*, and was instituted in *Commemoration* of this *Deliverance*.

XVII.

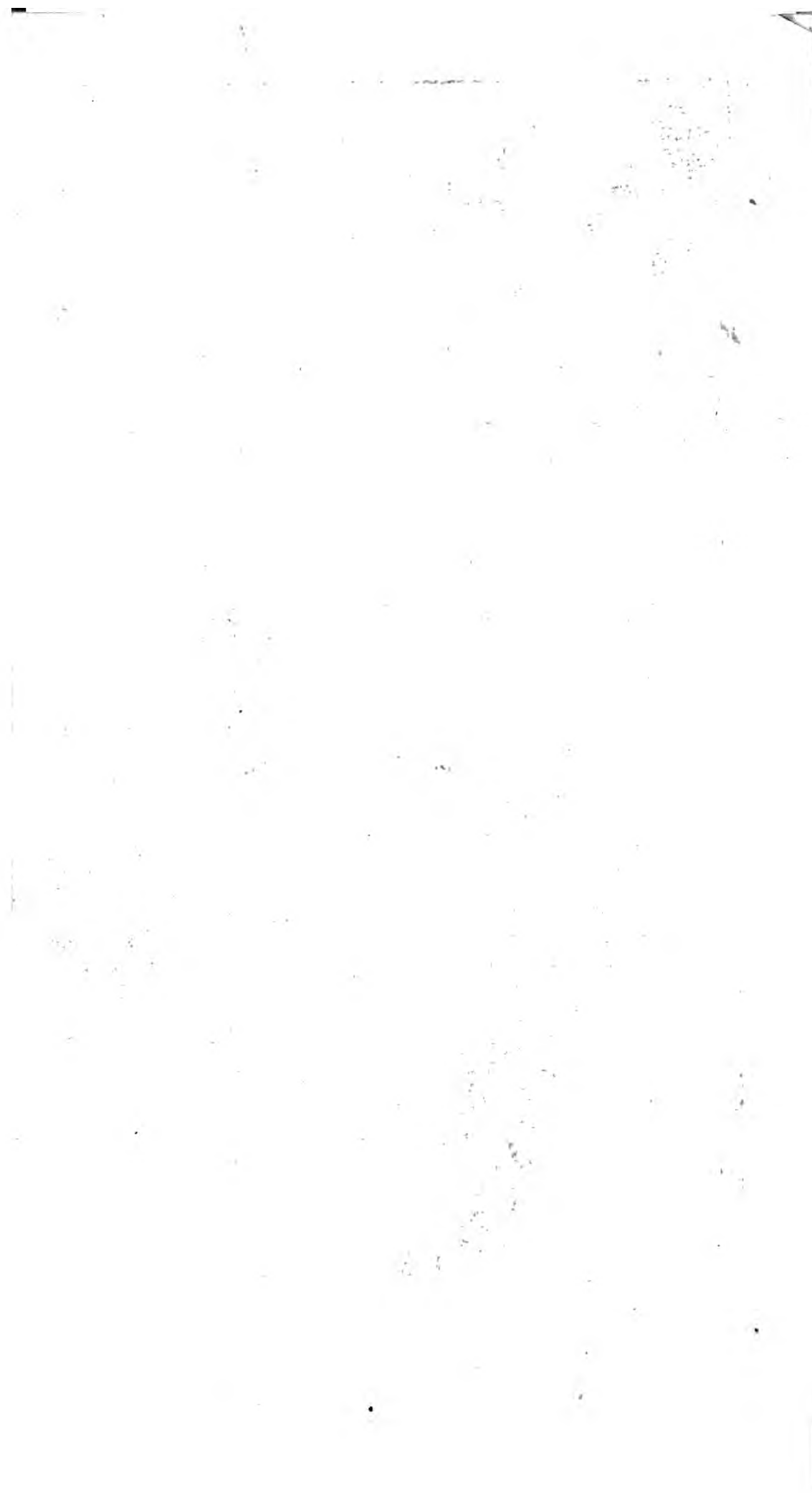
1. Give a new *Occasion* for it to be called the *Red-Sea*. Concerning the *Name* of which, the *Opinions* are very different; that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King Erythra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it was *Esau*, and *Erythraea* his *Country*, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*; but because that *Opinion* of the *Redness* of the *Shore* in some *Places*, has been most received, and is confirmed even to this *Day* by some *Travellers*, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

XVIII.

1. *Plutarch* de *Is.* & *Osyr.* testifies, that *Χημία* was an ancient *Name* of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the *Country* of *Cham*: As also, the *Scripture* terms it, *Psalms* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham.* From whose *Son* it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians* *Mesre* to this *Day*.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the *Egyptians*, who chose at first the *Figures* of *Beasts* for the *Symbols* or *Hieroglyphical Signs* of their *Gods*, perhaps no otherwise than as the *Poets* make them of *Constellations*, but in time the *Worship* came even to be terminated in them.







Vol. 24

DAVIDEIS,
A
SACRED POEM
OF THE
TROUBLES
OF
DAVID.

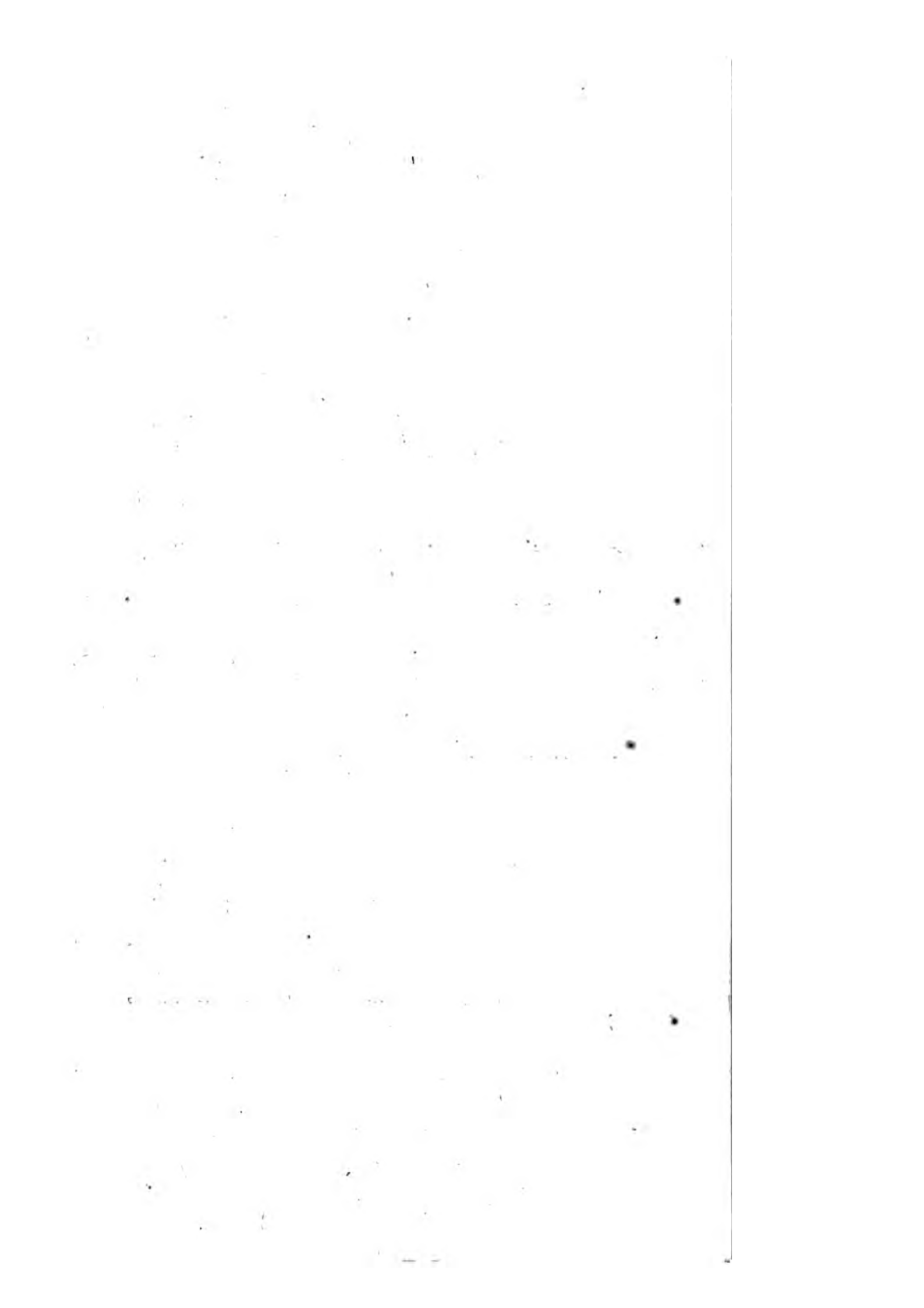
In Four Books.

*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, Cæliq; vias ac Sidera monstrent.*

Virg. Georg. 2.

L O N D O N:

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DAVIDEIS.

BOOK I.

The CONTENTS.

The Proposition. The Invocation. The Entrance into the History from a new Agreement between Saul and David. A Description of Hell. The Devil's Speech. Envy's Reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the Shape of Benjamin, her Speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanish'd. A Description of Heaven. God's Speech: He sends an Angel to David, the Angel's Message to him. David sent for to play before Saul. A Digression concerning Musick. David's Psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His Escape to his own House, from whence being pursued by the King's Guard, by the Artifice of his Wife Michol he escapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's Speech, and Rage at his Escape. A long Digression describing the Prophet's College, and their manner of Life there, and the ordinary Subjects of their Poetry. Saul's Guards pursue David thither, and prophesie. Saul among the Prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose Song concludes the Book.

1,2 **I** Sing the Man who Judah's Scepter bore
 In that right Hand which held the Crook before;
 Who from best Poet, best of Kings did grow;
 The two chief Gifts Heav'n could on Man
 [bestow.

Much Danger first, much Toil did he sustain,
 Whilst Saul and Hell crost his strong Fate in vain.

Nor did his *Crown* less painful Work afford,
 Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword*;
 So long her *Conqu'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd;
 'Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd
 All homebred Malice, and all foreign Boasts;
 Their Strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.

Joh. 8. 58.

Thou, who didst *David's* Royal Stem adorn,
 And gav'st him *Birth* from whom thy self wast born.
 Who didst in *Triumph* at *Death's Court* appear,
 And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
 Whilst *Hell's* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold,
 The glorious Light he forfeited of old,
 Who Heav'n's *glad Burden* now, and justest *Pride*,
 Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Father's* Side,
 (Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head
 Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
 'Till Crimson Drops of precious *Blood* hung down
 Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.)

Ev'n *thou* my Breast with such blest Rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful Strings of *David's Lyre*,

Exod. 13.
21.

3 Guide my bold Steps with thine old *travelling flame*,
 In these untrodden Paths to *Sacred Fame*;
 Lo, with *pure Hands* thy heav'nly *Fires* to take,
 My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chaste *Vestal* make!
 From Earth's vain Joys, and Loves soft Witchcraft
 I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee! [free,
 Lo, this great Work, a *Temple* to thy Praise,
 On polish'd *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!

A Temple, where if *thou* vouchsafe to dwell,
4 It *Solomon's*, and *Herod's* shall excel.
Too long the *Muses-Land* hath *Heathen* been;
Their *Gods* too long were *Devils*, and *Virtues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal Word*, hast call'd forth *me*
5 Th' *Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *thee*;
T' unbind the Charms that in flight *Fables* lye,
And teach that *Truth* is truest *Poesie*.

The Malice now of jealous *Saul* grew less,
O'ercome by constant *Virtue*, and *Success*;
6 He grew at last more weary to *command*
New Dangers, than young *David* to withstand
Or *conquer* them; he fear'd his mast'ring Fate,
And envy'd him a *King's* unpowerful Hate.
Well did he know how *Palms* by' Opppression speed,
7 *Victorious*, and the *Victor's* sacred Meed!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know,
How a tame *Stream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjust Force; he now with wanton Play,
Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away,
But his known Channel stopt, begins to rore,
8 And swell with Rage, and buffet the dull Shore.
His mutinous Waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.
Then scorns he such weak Stops to his free Source,
And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent
Course.

This knew the *Tyrant*, and this useful Thought
 His wounded Mind to Health and Temper brought.
 He old kind Vows to *David* did renew,
 Swore Constancy, and meant his Oath for true.
 A general Joy at this glad News appear'd,
 For *David* all Men lov'd, and *Saul* they fear'd.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
 But *Hell* did neither *him*, nor *that* approve;
 From Man's *Agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take;
 And *Quiet* here, does there new *Business* make.

Beneath the silent Chambers of the Earth,
 Where the *Sun's* fruitful Beams give *Metals* Birth,
 Where he the Growth of *fatal Gold* does see,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *he*.
 9 Beneath the Dens where *unfletcht Tempests* lye,
 And Infant *Winds* their tender *Voices* try,
 Beneath the mighty *Ocean's* wealthy Caves,
 10 Beneath th' eternal *Fountain* of all Waves,
 Where their vast *Court* the *Mother-waters* keep,
 And undisturb'd by *Moons* in Silence sleep,
 There is a Place deep, wondrous deep below,
 Which genuine *Night* and *Horror* does o'erflow;
 11 No Bound controls th' unwearied Space, but *Hell*
Endless as those dire *Pains* that in it dwell.
 Here no dear Glimpse of the *Sun's* lovely Face,
 Strikes through the *solid* Darknes of the Place;
 No dawning *Morn* does her kind Reds display;
 One flight weak Beam would here be thought the
 Day. No

No gentle *Stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
 Offend the tyr'anous and unquestion'd *Night*.
 Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns;
Proud, 'midst his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
 Once *General* of a gilded *Host* of *Sprights*,
 Like *Hesper*, leading forth the spangled *Nights*.
 But down like *Lightning*, which him struck, he came,
 And roar'd at his first Plunge into the *Flame*.

Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there;
 With dropping *Lights* thick shone the singed *Air*.
 Since when the dismal *Solace* of their *Woe*,
 Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo;
Themselves at first against *themselves* they excite,
 (Their dearest *Conquest*, and most proud *Delight*)
 And if those *Mines* of secret *Treason* fail,
 With open Force Man's *Virtue* they assail;
 Unable to *corrupt*, seek to *destroy*;
 And where their *Poisons* miss, the *Sword* employ.
 Thus fought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *David's* Fall;
 And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'rful Rage of *Saul*.

He saw the Beauties of his Shape and Face,
 His female Sweetness, and his manly Grace,

1 Sam. 16.
12.

He saw the nobler Wonders of his *Mind*,
 Great *Gifts*, which for great *Works* he knew design'd.

He saw (t'ashame the Strength of *Man* and *Hell*)

1 Sam. 17.

How by's young Hands their *Gathite* *Champion* fell.

He saw the reverend *Prophet* boldly shed

12 The *Royal Drops* round his enlarged *Head*.

1 Sam. 16.
13.

13 And well he knew what *Legacy* did place,

49 The sacred *Scepter* in blest *Judah's* Race,
 From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to spring;
 A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring!
 And though no less he knew himself too weak
 The smallest *Link* of strong-wrought *Fate* to break;
 Yet would he rage, and struggle with the *Chain*;
 Lov'd to *rebel*, though sure that 'twas *in vain*.
 And now it broke his form'd *Design*, to find
 The gentle *Change* of *Saul's* recov'ring *Mind*.
 He trusted much in *Saul*, and rag'd, and griev'd
 (The great *Deceiver*) to be himself *deceiv'd*.
 Thrice did he knock his *Iron Teeth*, thrice howl,
 And into *Frowns* his wrathful *Forehead* rowl.
 His *Eyes* dart forth red *Flames* which scare the *Night*,
 And with worse *Fires* the trembling *Ghosts* affright.
 A *Troop* of ghastly *Fiends* compass him round,
 And greedily catch at his *Lips* fear'd *Sound*.

Are we such *Nothings* then (said *he*) our *Will*
 Cross'd by a *Shepherd's Boy*? And you yet still
 Play with your *idle Serpents* here? Dares none
 Attempt what becomes *Furies*? Are ye grown
 Benumm'd with *Fear*, or *Virtue's* sprightless cold,
 You, who were once (I'm sure) so *brave* and *bold*?
 Oh my ill-chang'd *Condition*! oh my *Fate*!

14 Did I lose *Heav'n* for this?

With that, with his long *Tail* he lasht his *Breast*,
 And horribly *spoke* out in *Looks* the rest.

The

The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,
 And at each other first could only gaze.
 A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow Place,
 Doubling the Native Terror of *Hell's* Face;
 Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
 So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the Shore;
 No Hifs of *Snakes*, no Clank of *Chains* was known,
 The *Souls* amidst their *Tortures* durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire Throng,
 Of all the direfull'st; her black Locks hung long,
 Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale Skin
 Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within,
 And at her Breast stuck *Vipers* which did prey
 Upon her panting Heart, both Night and Day
 Sucking black *Blood* from thence, which to repair
 Both Night and Day they left fresh *Poisons* there.
 Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,
 And torn by her own Hands, in which she bore
 A knotted Whip, and Bowl, that to the Brim
 Did with green Gall, and Juice of Wormwood swim.
 With which when she was drunk, she furious grew
 And lash'd *her self*; thus from th' accursed Crew,
Envy, the worst of *Fiends*, her self presents,
Envy, good only when she' her self torments.

Spend not, great *King*, thy precious Rage (said she)
 Upon so poor a Cause; shall *Mighty We*
 The Glory of our Wrath to *him* afford?
 Are we not *Furies* still? and *you* our *Lord*?

At thy dread Anger the fix'd *World* shall shake,
 And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake.
 Do *thou* but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,
 And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky,
 Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,
 As shall the *Fire's* proud *Element* affright.
 Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten Way,
 Shall at thy *Voice* start, and misguide the *Day*.
 The jocond *Orbs* shall break their measur'd Pace,
 And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted Place,
Heav'n's gilded *Troops* shall flutter here and there,
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;
 Nay their *God* too——for fear *he* did, when *we*
 Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyranny*,
 So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,
 That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*.
 There was a *Day!* oh might I see't again
 Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in!
 And can such Pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood?
 Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebles* do him good?
 What th' untam'd *Lion*, whet with Hunger too,
 And *Giants* could not, that my *Word* shall do:
 I'll soon dissolve this *Peace*; were *Saul's* new *Love*
 (But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* shall prove,
 Before *their Sun* twice more be gone about,
 I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
 Gen. 4. 8. 16 By me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brother's* Gore,
 A *Sacrifice* far worse than that before;

I saw him fling the *Stone*, as if he meant
 At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
 And laught to see (for 'twas a goodly Show)
 The *Earth* by her *first Tiller* fatned so.

Gen. 4. 2.

I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*;
 He, and his *Host* drank up cold *Death* by *me*;

Exod. 14.
23.

By *me* rebellious *Arms* fierce *Corah* took,
 And *Moses* (curse upon that *Name!*) forfook;

Num. 16.
1.

7 Hither (ye know) almost *alive* he came

Ib. 37.

Thro' the cleft *Earth*; ours was his *Fun'ral Flame*.

By *me*.—but I lose *Time*, methinks, and should
 Perform new *Acts*, whilst I relate the old;

David's the next our *Fury* must *enjoy*;

'Tis not thy *God* himself shall save thee, *Boy*;

No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;

May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* cease,

And banish'd from this potent *Court* below,

May *I* a ragged, contemn'd *Virtue* grow.

She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a *Pause*;

But strait the general *Murmur* of *Applause*

Ran thro' *Death's Courts*; she frown'd still, and begun

To *envy* at the *Praise her self* had won.

8 Great *Belzebub* starts from his burning *Throne*

T' embrace the *Fiend*; but she now furious grown

To act her *Part*, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;

The *Snakes* all hiss'd, the *Fiends* all murmured.

It was the *Time* when silent *Night* began

T'enchain with *Sleep* the busie *Spirits* of *Man*;

And

And *Saul* himself, though in his troubled Breast
 The Weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle Rest:
 So did not *Envy*; but with haste arose;
 And as through *Israel's* stately Towns she goes,
 She frowns and shakes her Head; shine on (says she)
Ruins e'er long shall your sole *Mon'uments* be.
 The Silver *Moon* with Terror paler grew,
 And neighb'ring *Hermon* sweated flow'ry Dew;
 Swift *Jordan* started, and strait backward fled,
 Hiding among thick Reeds, his aged Head;
 19 Lo, at her Entrance *Saul's* strong *Palace* shook;
 And nimbly there the reverend Shape she took
 Of *Father Benjamin*; so long her Beard,
 So large her Limbs, so grave her Looks appear'd.
 20 Just like his *Statue* which *bestrid* *Saul's* Gate,
 And seem'd to *guard* the Race it did *create*.
 In this known Form she' approach'd the *Tyrant's* Side,
 And thus her Words the sacred *Form* bely'd.

Arise, lost *King* of *Isr'ael*; can'st thou lye
Dead in *this Sleep*, and yet thy *last* so nigh?
 If *King* thou be'st, if *Jesse's* Race as yet
 Sit not on *Israel's Throne!* and shall he fit?
 Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?
 From the mild *Brickhills* nobler *Slavery*?
 For this did *Seas* your pow'rful *Rod* obey?
 Did *Wonders* guide, and feed you on your Way?
 Could ye not there *great Pharaoh's* Bondage bear
 You who can serve a *Boy*, and *Minstrel* here?

Forbid

Forbid it *God*, if thou be'st *just*; this Shame
 Cast not on *Saul's*, on *mine*, and *Israel's Name*.
 Why was I else from *Canaan's Famine* led? Gen. 43.
 Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead,
 E'er my full *Loin*s discharg'd this num'rous Race,
 This luckless *Tribe*, ev'n *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace!*
 Ah *Saul*, thy *Servant's Vassal* must thou live?
 Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give?
 What wants he now but that? Can'st thou forget
 (If thou be'st *Man* thou can'st not) how they met
 The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch!* you 1 Sam. 18.
7.
 Your *thousand* only, he *ten thousand* flew!
 Him *Isra'el* loves, him neighb'ring *Countries* fear;
 You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear;
 And yet the *Traitor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;
 The *Court* that must *be his*; where he shall sport
 Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
 Thy costly *Robes*, thy *Crown*, Wert thou not told
 This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he 1 Sam. 13.
13.
 With bold false Threats from *God* affronted thee?
 The *Dotard* ly'd; *God* said it not I know;
 Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so;
 Was not the Choice his own? Did not thy *Worth*
 Exact the *Royal Lot*, and call it forth? 1 Sam. 10.
21.
 Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Son*)
 To *him*, and to his perishing *Nation* done
 Such lasting *Ben'fits*, as may justly claim
 A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame*?

Poor Prince, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys*
invade!

By thine *own Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!

Unnat'ral *Fool*, who can thus cheated be

By *Friendship's* Name against a *Crown* and *thee*!

Betray not too thy self; take *Courage*, call

21 Thy 'enchanted *Virtues* forth, and be *Whole Saul*.

Lo, this great *Cause* makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,

Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes*.

Nor can their jealous *Asbes*, whilst this *Boy*

Survives, the *Priv'ilege* of their *Graves* enjoy.

Rise quickly, *Saul*, and take that *Rebel's* *Breath*

Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'n our *Death*.

Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only *He*

That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *thee*,

As *Earth's* low *Globe* robs the high *Moon* of *Light*;

When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright.

Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;

I've seen thy *Royal Stars*, and know them well.

Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays*! Is not thy *Breast*

(Yes, *Saul*, it is) with noble *Thoughts* possess'd?

May they beget like *Acts*. With that she takes

One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,

Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)

Into his *Bosom* steal, and in it be

My *Vice-Roy*. At that *Word* she took her *Flight*,

And her loose *Shape* dissolv'd into the *Night*.

Th' infected *King* leap'd from his Bed amaz'd,
 Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
 And started back at piec'd up Shapes, which Fear
 And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.
 Terror froze up his Hair, and on his Face
 Show'rs of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
 Then knocking with his angry Hands his Breast,
 Earth with his Feet; he cries, Oh 'tis confest;
 2 I've been a *pious Fool*, a *Woman-King*;
 Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, every thing.
 3 Eight hundred Years of *Death* is not so deep,
 So unconcern'd as my *lethargick Sleep*.
 My *Patience* ev'n a *Sacrilege* becomes,
 Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs*.
 Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father*! who for me
 This curst World endur'st again to see!
 All thou hast said, *great Vision*, is so true,
 That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do:
 Kill him? yes, *mighty Ghost*, the Wretch shall die,
 Though ev'ry *Star* in Heav'n should it deny;
 Nor mock th' Assault of our just Wrath again,
 Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.
 Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose Design
 Is to revenge his *own Disgrace* by mine,
 Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th' Intent,
 Should mine *own Heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent.
 Curse me just *Heav'n* (by which this Truth I swear)
 If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *self* do spare.

1 Sam. 8,
19.

No,

No, gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still Home;
 Thither this Day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come.
 If that curst Object longer vex my Sight,
 It must have learnt to 'appear as *thou* to Night.

Whilst thus his Wrath with Threats the *Tyrant* fed,
 The threaten'd *Youth* slept fearless on his Bed;
 Sleep on, Rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,
 For tho' *thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake.

24 Above the subtle Foldings of the Sky,
 Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,
 Above those petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night*,
 There is a Place o'erflown with hallowed *Light*;
 Where *Heav'n*, as if it left it self behind,
 Is stretcht out far, nor its own *Bounds* can find:
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred Place,

25 Nor can the Glory contain it self in th'endless Space.
 For there no Twilight of the *Sun's* dull Ray,
 Glimmers upon the pure and native Day.
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln Beams appear,
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *Darkness* there.
 On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *Seasons* slide,
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide;
 Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,

26 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.
 There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;
 Whom nothing but *himself* can comprehend.
 Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
 And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.

Only

Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*
 From out the Womb of *fertile Nothing* rise.
 Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy Throne,
 Thou Great *Three-One*?
 There thou thy self do'st in full Presence show,
 Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below;
 No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,
 And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Nature's* Peace.
 The *Sun* would stop his Course, or gallop back,
 The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack:
Earth's strong Foundations would be torn in twain,
 And this vast Work all ravel out again
 To its first *Nothing*: For his *Spirit* contains
 The well-knit *Mass*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he still bestows;
 From him th'*Effect* of our weak *Action* flows.
 Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,
 Which seven triumphant Generals command,
 They sing loud Anthems of his endless Praise,
 And with fix'd Eyes drink in Immortal Rays.
 Of these he call'd out one; all Heav'n did shake,
 And Silence kept whilst its Creator spake.

Are we forgotten then so soon? Can he
 Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *me*
 That gave it? Can he think we did not hear
 Fond Man!) his Threats? And have we made the *Ear*
 To be accounted *deaf*? No, *Saul*, we heard;
 And it will cost thee dear; the Ills thou'st fear'd,
 Practis'd,

Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double fend;
Have *we* not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend!

Alas, poor Dust! didst thou but know the Day

2Sam. 31.

When thou must lye in Blood at *Gilboa*,

Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldst not threaten still,

Thy trembling Tongue would stop against thy Will.

Then shall thine *Head* fix'd in curs'd *Temples* be,

And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at thee.

That Hand which now on *David's* Life would prey,

Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay;

He whom thou *hat'st*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall sit,

And expiate the Disgrace thou dost to it.

Haste then; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,

Tell him whose Blood must paint this rising Morn.

Yet bid him go securely when he sends;

30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.

The *Man* who has his *God* no Aid can lack,

And *we* who bid him *go*, will bring him back.

He spoke; the *Heav'ns* seem'd decently to bow;

With all their bright *Inhabitants*, and now

The jocond *Spheres* began again to play,

Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*.

Only that *Angel* was strait gone; ev'n so

(But not so swift) the *Morning Glories* flow

At once from the bright *Sun*, and strike the Ground;

So winged *Lightning* the soft Air does wound.

Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call

The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *small*.

So flew this *Angel*, 'till to *David's* Bed
 He came, and thus his sacred Message said. [sworn;

31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has
 He swore thy Blood should paint this rising Morn.
 Yet to him go securely when he fends;
 'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.
 The *Man* who has his *God*, no Aid can lack;
 And he who bids thee *go*, will bring thee back.

Up leap'd *Jessides*, and did round him stare;
 But could see nought; for nought was left but Air,
 Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his Thought,
 Lo, the *short Prophecy* t'effect is brought.

In treacherous Haste he's sent for to the King,
 And with him bid his charming *Lyre* to bring.

1 Sam. 18.
 10.
 &c 19. 9.

The King, they say, lyes in a raging Fit,
 Which does no Cure but sacred Tunes admit;

32 And true it was, soft *Musick* did appease
 Th' obscure fantastick Rage of *Saul's* Disease.

1 Sam. 16.
 23.

33 Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *thou*, or none canst tell
 The mystick Pow'rs that in blest'd *Numbers* dwell,
 Thou their great *Nature* know'st, nor is it fit
 This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit)
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly Charms arise;
 Teach the dull World t'admire what they despise.

As first a various unform'd *Hint* we find
 Rise in some god-like *Poet's* fertile *Mind*,
 'Till all the Parts and Words their Places take,
 And with just Marches *Verse* and *Musick* make;

34 Such was *God's Poem*, this *World's* new *Essay*;
 So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay,
 Th' ungovern'd Parts no *Correspondence* knew,
 An artless *War* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
 'Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
 By the *eternal Mind's Poetick Thought*.

35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,
Earth made the *Base*, the *treble Flame* arose,
 36 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk Stroke he gave,
 To *Saturn's String* a Touch more soft and grave.
 The *Motions strait*, and *round*, and *swift*, and *slow*,
 And *short*, and *long*, were mix'd and woven so,
 Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,
 As made this decent measur'd *Dance of All*.
 And this is *Musick*; *Sounds* that charm our Ears,
 Are but one *Dressing* that rich *Science* wears.
 Tho' no Man hear't, tho' no Man it rehearse,
 Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse*.
 In this *great World* so much of it we see;

37 The *lesser, Man*, is all o'er *Harmony*.
Storehouse of all *Proportions!* *single Quire!*
 Which first *God's Breath* did tunefully inspire!
 From hence blest'd *Musick's* heav'nly *Charms* arise
 From *Sympathy* which *them* and *Man* allies.
 Thus they our *Souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
 Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.
 38 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant *Wound* does guide.

Thus

39 Thus when two *Brethren Strings* are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike,
Thus *David's Lyre* did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,
40 And tun'd the harsh Disorders of his *Soul*.

41 When *Israel* was from Bondage led, Pfal. 114
Led by th' *Almighty's* Hand
From out a foreign Land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As Men pursu'd, when that Fear past they find,
Stop on some higher Ground to look behind,
So whilst through wondrous Ways
The sacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar stood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did represent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordan's* Waters to their *Spring*
Start back with sudden *Fright* ;
The *Spring* amaz'd at Sight,
Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* shook ; and to the *Mountains* Side,
The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide ;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless *Dams* ;
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *Excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee?
 Or why did *Jordan's* Tide
 Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordan's Tide, what ailed thee?
 Why leap'd the *Hills*? why did the *Mountains* shake?
 What ail'd them their fix'd *Natures* to forsake?
 Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!
 And *Jordan's* Current cease;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
 For at *God's* Word, whene'er he please,
 The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of
 [these.

Exod. 17.
 6.
 Num. 20:
 11.

Thus fung the great *Musician* to his Lyre;
 And *Saul's* black Rage grew softly to retire;
 But *Envy's* *Serpent* still with him remain'd,
 And the wise *Charmer's* healthful Voice disdain'd.
 Th'unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his Fit,
 Seems to lye drown'd and bury'd still in it.
 From his past Madnefs draws this wicked Use,
 To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *Excuse*:
 For whilst the fearless Youth his Cure pursues,
 And the soft *Medicine* with kind Art renews:
 The barb'rous *Patient* casts at him his *Spear*,
 (The usual *Scepter* that rough Hand did bear)
 Casts it with violent Strength, but into th' Room
 An *Arm* more strong and sure than his was come;

1 Sam. 18.
 11. & 19.
 10.

An

An *Angel* whose unseen and easie Might
 Put by the *Weapon*, and *miss-led* it right.
 How vain Man's Pow'r is! unless God command,
 The *Weapon* disobeys his *Master's* Hand!
 Happy was now the Error of the Blow;
 At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.

One would have thought, *Saul's* sudden Rage t' have
 He had himself by *David* wounded been. [seen,

He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
 And thought his *Honour* now engag'd i' th' *Sin*.

A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
 (*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *Friends*)

To mend his *Error* by a surer Blow,

So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not so.

Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*

Relates the new-past Hazard of his Life,

Which she with *decent Passion* hears him tell;

For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well.

43 Upon their *Palace* Top beneath a Row

Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,

And with bright Stores of golden Fruit repay

The *Light* they drank from the *Sun's* neighb'ring *Ray*,

(A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd;

And Hand in Hand sad gentle Things they talk'd.

Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies

(So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)

Which march'd, and often glister'd thro' a Wood,

That on right Hand of her fair *Palace* stood;

1 Sam. 19.
11.

She saw them; and cry'd out, They're come to kill
My dearest *Lord*; *Saul's* Spear pursues thee still.
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haste quickly, fly,
For Heav'n's sake haste; my dear *Lord*, do not die.
Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd Rage
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can assuage!
Will he part those he join'd so late before?

Sam. 18.
17.

Were the two hundred Foreskins worth no more?
He shall not part us; (Then she wept between)
At yonder Window thou may'st 'scape unseen;
This Hand shall let thee down; stay not, but haste;
'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.

Best of all Women, he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his Answer with a Kiss;
Throw not away (said she) thy precious Breath,
Thou stay'st too long within the *Reach* of *Death*.
Timely he obeys her wise Advice, and streight

44 To unjust Force she opposes just Deceit.

Sam. 19.
3.

She meets the Murd'ers with a *virtuous Lie*,
And good dissembling Tears; May he not *die*

b. v. 14.

In quiet then? (said she) will they not give
That Freedom who so fear lest he should *live*?
Ev'n Fate does with your Cruelty conspire,
And spares your *Guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.
Must he not *live*? For that ye need not *sin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lyes within,
And has too little left of vital Breath
To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.

One

One *Hour* will do your Work——

Here her well-govern'd Tears dropp'd down apace;

Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one Face,

Has such resistless Charms, that they believe,

And an *unwilling Aptness* find to grieve

At what they *came* for; A pale *Statue's* Head

In Linnen wrapt appear'd on *David's* Bed;

Two Servants mournful stand and silent by,

And on the Table Med'cinal Relicks lye;

In the close Room a well-plac'd Taper's Light,

Adds a becoming Horror to the Sight.

And for th' *Impression God* prepar'd their *Sense*;

They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.

How vain Attempts *Saul's* unblest'd Anger tries,

By his own *Hands* deceiv'd, and Servants *Eyes*!

It cannot be (said he) no, can it? Shall

Our great *ten thousand Slayer* idly fall?

The silly Rout thinks *God* protects him still;

But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *Ill*.

Oh may he guard him! may his Members be

In as full Strength, and well-set Harmony,

As the fresh Body of the first made Man,

E'er *Sin*, or *Sin's* just Meed, *Disease* began.

He will be else too *small* for our *vast Hate*;

And we must *share* in our Revenge with *Fate*.

No; let us have him *whole*; we else may seem

To' have snatch'd away but some few Days from him,

And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* into two;
 Will our great Anger learn to stoop so low?
 I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
 Of our just Wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,
 45 That must not *blemish'd* be; let him remain
 Secure, and *grow up* to our *Stroke* again.
 'Twill be some Pleasure then to take his Breath,
 When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *Death*;
 Go, let him live----And yet----shall I then stay
 So long? good and great Actions hate delay.
 Some foolish Piety perhaps, or he
 That has been still mine *Honour's Enemy*,
Samuel may change or cross my just Intent,
 And I this *Formal Pity* soon repent.
 Besides, *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,
 That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
 Miss! Can we miss again? Go, bring him strait,
 Though gasping out his Soul; if the wish'd Date
 Of his accursed Life be almost past,
 Some *Joy* 'twill be to *see* him breath his last.
 The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue* asham'd,
Saul's Courage prais'd, and their own Weakness
 [blam'd,
 But when the *pious Fraud* they understood,
 Scarce the Respect due to *Saul's* sacred Blood,
 Due to the sacred *Beauty* in it reign'd,
 From *Michol's* Murder their wild Rage restrain'd.

1 Sam. 19.
15.

She' alledg'd the holiest Chains that bind a *Wife*, 1 Sam. 19: 17.
Duty and *Love*; she' alledg'd that her own *Life*,
 Had she refus'd that Safety to her Lord,
 Would have incurr'd just Danger from his Sword.
 Now was *Saul's* Wrath full grown; he takes no Rest;
 A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled Breast,
 And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* does break;
 Not his own *Fav'orites*, and best Friends dare speak,
 Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
 Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall.
 So when the *Pride* and *Terror* of the *Wood*,
 A *Lion* prick'd with Rage, and Want of Food,
 Espies out from afar some well-fed Beast,
 And bristles up, preparing for his Feast;
 If that by *Swift*ness scape his gaping Jaws;
 His bloody *Eyes* he hurls round, his sharp *Paws*
 Tear up the Ground; then runs he wild about,
 Lashing his angry *Tail*, and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their *Dens*, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *Wind* be stirring, shake with *Fear*;
Silence and *Horror* fill the Place around,
Eccho it self dares scarce repeat the Sound.

46 Midst a large *Wood* that joins fair *Rama's* Town 1 Sam. 19: 19.
 (The neighbourhood fair *Rama's* chief Renown)

47 A *College* stands, where, at great *Prophets* Feet,
 The *Prophets* Sons with silent Dil'igence meet,
 By *Samuel* built, and mod'rately endow'd,
 Yet more to 'his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they ow'd.

There

There himself *taught*, and his blest Voice to hear,
 Teachers themselves lay proud *beneath* him there.
 The *House* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
 Wise *Nature's* use *Art* strove not to out-go.
 An inward *Square* by well-rang'd *Trees* was made;
 And midst the friendly *Cover* of their *Shade*,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome *Fountain* rose;
 Which no vain *Cost* of *Marble* did enclose;
 Nor through carv'd *Shapes* did the forc'd *Waters* pass;
Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' *liquid Glass*.
 Yet the chaste *Stream* that 'mong loose *Peebles* fell
 48 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well.
 49 The *Scholars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small *Chambers* were:
Well-furnish'd Chambers, for in each there stood,
 50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of *Wood*;
 More is but *Clog* where *Use* does bound *Delight*;
 And those are *Rich* whose *Wealth's* proportion'd
 [right
 To their *Life's Form*; more *Goods* would but become
 A *Burden* to them, and contract their *Room*.
 A second *Court* more *Sacred* stood behind,
 Built fairer, and to nobler *Use* design'd:
 The *Hall* and *Schools* one *Side* of it possess;
 The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest.
 Tables of plain-cut *Firre* adorn'd the *Hall*;
 51 And with *Beasts Skins* the *Beds* were cover'd all.

The reverend *Doctors* take their Seats on high,
 Th' *Elect Companions* in their Bosoms lye.
 The *Scholars* far below upon the Ground,
 On fresh-ftrew'd Rushes place themselves around.
 With more respect the *Wise* and *Ancient* lay;
 But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,
 Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant Feast;
 But by great Days, and *Sacrifice* encreas'd.
 The *Schools* built round and higher, at the End
 With their fair Circle did this Side extend;
 To which their *Synagogue* on th' other Side,
 And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.
 The midst tow'rds their large *Gardens* open lay,
 To admit the Joys of *Spring* and *early Day*.
 I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood;
 Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small Store was *good*;
Writing, Man's *Spir'itual Physick* was not then
It self, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suitors* knew;
 The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,
 And with her *spurious Brood* loads now the Prefs;
Laborious Effects of *Idleness*!
 Here all the various Forms one might behold
 How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of old;
 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *Plates*,
 Some cut in *Wood*, some lightlier trac'd on *Slates*;

Some

54 Some drawn on fair *Palm Leaves*, with short-liv'd
[Toil,

Had not their *Friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oil*.

55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *Barks*;

Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;

56 Some in Beasts *Skins*, and some in *Biblos Reed*;

Both new rude *Arts*, which *Age* and *Growth* did need.

The *Schools* were painted well with useful *Skill*;

Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd *Wall* did fill.

Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mix'd around the *Room*,

57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some.

Here all the noblest *Wits* of *Men* inspir'd,

From *Earth's* flight *Joys*, and worthless *Toils* retir'd,

Whom *Samuel's* *Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,

Each *Day* by turns their solid *Knowledge* read.

58 The *Course* and *Power* of *Stars* great *Nathan*
[taught,

And home to *Man* those *distant Wonders* brought,

How toward both *Poles* the *Sun's* fix'd *Journey* bends,

And how the *Tear* his *crooked Walk* attends.

By what just *Steps* the *wandering Lights* advance,

And what eternal *Measures* guide their *Dance*.

Himself a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* shew'd

How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'd.

Mahol th' inferior *World's* fantastick *Face*,

Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,

Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took;

On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels*, did look,

Of

Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal Art
 Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.
 The *Prophet Gad* in learned *Dust* designs
 Th' immortal solid Rules of fancy'd *Lines*.
 Of *Numbers* too th' unnumbered *Wealth* he shows;
 And with them far their *endless Journey* goes.
 9 *Numbers* which still encrease more high and wide,
 From *One*, the *Root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*.
 Of *Men*, and *Ages* past *Seraiah* read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd *History* the *Dead*.
 Show'd the *steep Falls*, and flow *Ascent* of *States*;
 What *Wisdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*.
Samuel himself did *God's* rich *Law* display;
 Taught doubting *Men* with *Judgment* to *obey*.
 And oft his ravish'd *Soul* with sudden flight
 Soar'd above *present Times*, and human *Sight*.
 These *Arts* but welcome *Strangers* might appear,
Musick and *Verse* seem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
 Scarce the blest *Heav'n* that rings with *Angel's*
 Does with more constant *Harmony* rejoice. [Voice,
 The sacred *Muse* does here each *Breast* inspire;
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd *Asaph* rule their *Quire*:
 Both charming *Poets*, and all *Strains* they plaid,
 By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
 The *Synagogue* was dress'd with *Care* and *Cost*,
 (The only *Place* where that they esteem'd *not lost*)
 The glittering *Roof* with *Gold* did daze the *View*,
 9 The *Sides* refresh'd with *Silks* of *sacred Blue*.

Here

Here thrice each Day they read their perfect *Law*;
 Thrice Pray'rs from willing *Heav'n* a Blessing draw;
 Thrice in glad *Hymns* swell'd with the *Great Ones*
 [Praise]

- 61 The pliant *Voice* on her sev'en Steps they raise,
 Whilst all th' *enlivened Instruments* around
 To the just Feet with various Concord sound;
 Such things were *Muses* then, contemn'd low Earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *Birth*.
 'Twas *God* himself that here tun'd every Tongue;
 And gratefully of him alone they sung.
- 62 They sung how *God* spoke out the World's vast Ball;
 From *Nothing*, and from *Nowhere* call'd forth *All*;
 No *Nature* yet, or *Place* for't to possess,
 But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptiness*.
 Full of *Himself*, th' *Almighty* fate, his own
 63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude*, alone.
 But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd;
 Which e'er they *were*, his *active Word* fulfill'd;
 And their astonish'd Heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
 An unshap'd kind of *Something* first appear'd,
 Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest
 As if it stept in haste before the rest;
 Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome Womb,
 Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ry thing to come.
 From hence the chearful *Flame* leap'd up so high;
 Close at its Heels the nimble *Air* did fly;

Dull *Earth* with it's own Weight did downwards
 To the fix'd *Navel* of the *Universe*, [pierce
 And was quite loft in *Waters*: 'Till God said
 To the proud *Sea*, shrink in your ins'olent Head,
 See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place;
 That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace.
 Since when his Bounds are fet, at which in vain
 He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
 With richer Stuff he bad *Heav'n's* Fabrick shine,
 And from him a quick Spring of *Light Divine*
 Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cher'ishing
 [Flame

Fills the whole World, like *him* from whom it came.
 He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moon's* imperfect Mold,
 And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold;
 Be thou (said he) *Queen* of the mournful Night,
 And as he spoke, she 'arose clad o'er in *Light*,
 With thousand *Stars* attending on her Train;
 With her they rise, with her they set again.
 Then *Herbs* peep'd forth, new *Trees* admiring stood,
 And smelling *Flowers* painted the infant Wood.
 Then Flocks of *Birds* through the glad Air did flee,
 Joyful, and safe before *Man's* *Luxury*,
 Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught Lays:
 Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his Praise.
 For those he made, and cloath'd with Silver Scales;
 From *Minoes* to those living *Islands*, *Whales*.

Beasts

Beasts too were his Command; what could he more?
 Yes, *Man* he could, the *Bond* of all before;
 In him he all things with strange Order hurl'd;
 In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.
 This, and much more of *God's* great Works they told;
 His *Mercies*, and some *Judgments* too of old:
 How when all Earth was deeply stain'd in Sin;
 With an impetuous Noise the Waves came rushing in.
 Where *Birds* e'er while dwelt, and securely sung;
 There *Fish* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
 The Face of *Shipwrack'd Nature* naked lay;
 The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*.
 This Men forgot, and burnt in Lust again;
 'Till Show'rs, strange as their Sin, of *fiery Rain*,
 And scalding Brimstone, drop'd on *Sodom's* Head;
Alive they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.
 No better End rash *Pharaoh's* Pride befel,
 When *Wind* and *Sea* wag'd War for *Israel*.
 In his gilt Chariots amaz'd *Fishes* fate,
 And grew with Corps of wretched *Princes* fat.
 The Waves and Rocks half-eaten Bodies stain;
 Nor was it since call'd the *Red-sea* in vain.
 Much too they told of faithful *Abram's* Fame,
 64 To whose blest Passage they owe still their *Name*:
 Of *Moses* much, and the great Seed of *Nun*;
 What Wonders they perform'd, what Lands they won;
 How many *Kings* they slew, or *Captive* brought;
 They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.

Thus

Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their Days;
 And their whole *Life* was their dear *Maker's* Praise,
 No Minute's Rest, no swiftest Thought they sold
 To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*.
Gold, for which all Mankind with greater Pains
 Labour towards *Hell*, than those who dig its Veins.
 Their *Wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
 They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining *Ore*.
 The *Silk-worm's* precious Death they scorn'd to wear,
 And *Tyrian Dye* appear'd but fordid there.
Honour, which since the Price of *Souls* became,
 Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name*.
 Instead of *Down*, hard Beds they chose to have,
 Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.
 Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,
 Free *Nature's* Bounty thriftily they spent,
 And spar'd the *Stock*; nor could their Bodies say,
 We owe this *Crudeness* t'Excess Yesterday.
 Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no Soiling fear,
 But entertain their welcome *Maker there*.
 The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,
 And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.
 And when the *Down* of *Sleep* does softly fall,
 65 Their *Dreams* are heav'nly then, and mystical.
 With hasty Wings *Time present* they out-fly,
 And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*.
 There walk and sport among the *Years to come*,
 And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ry *Causes Womb*.

Thus these wise *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
 Free from the Spight of *much-mistaken Saul*:
 For if Man's Life we in just Ballance weigh,
David deserv'd his *Envy* less than *they*.

Of this Retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
 Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.

But long unknown even here he could not lye;
 So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envy's* Eye!

1 Sam. 19.
20.

Th'offended Troop, whom he escap'd before,
 Pursue him here, and fear Mistakes no more;
 Belov'd Revenge fresh Rage to them affords;
 Some Part of him all *promise* to their *Swords*.

They came, but a new Spirit their Hearts possess'd,
 Scatt'ring a sacred Calm through ev'ry Breast:
 The Furrows of their Brow, so rough e'er while,
 Sink down into the Dimples of a *Smile*.

Their cooler Veins swell with a peaceful Tide,
 And the chaste Streams with even Current glide,
 A sudden *Day* breaks gently through their Eyes,
 And *Morning-blushes* in their Cheeks arise.

The Thoughts of War, of Blood, and Murther cease;
 In peaceful Tunes they adore the *God of Peace*.

Ibid. v. 21.

New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent,
 And was twice more mock'd with the same Event.

His heightned Rage no longer brooks Delay;

Ibid. v. 23.

It sends him there himself; but on the Way

His *foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,

And *Blessings* from his Mouth *unbidden* flew.

His

His kingly Robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
 Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown*;
 Employ'd his mounting Thoughts on nobler things;
 And felt more *solid Joys* than *Empire* brings.
 Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his Head,
 The *Balm* of all past *Wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed.

So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond Intent Num. 22.
 Of *curfing* the *bleft Seed*, to *Moab* went.

But as he went his *fatal Tongue* to fell;
 His *Afs* taught him to *ſpeak*, *God* to *ſpeak well*. Ibid. v. 28.

How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Israel*! Num. 24.

(Thus he began) what Conqueſts they foretel!
 Leſs fair are *Orchards* in their *Autumn* Pride,
 Adorn'd with *Trees* on ſome fair *River's* Side.
 Leſs fair are *Valleys*, their green *Mantles* ſpread!
 Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their Head!
 'Twas *God* himſelf (thy *God* who muſt not fear?)
 Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Maſter* here.
Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe; new *Weapons* get;
 And *Death* in triumph on thy *Darts* ſhall fit.
 When *Judah's Lion* ſtarts up to his *Prey*,
 The *Beaſts* ſhall hang their *Ears*, and creep away.
 When he lyes down, the *Woods* ſhall *Silence* keep,
 And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *Sleep*.
 Thy *Curfers*, *Jacob*, ſhall twice *curſed* be;
 And he ſhall bleſs *himſelf* that bleſſes *thee*.

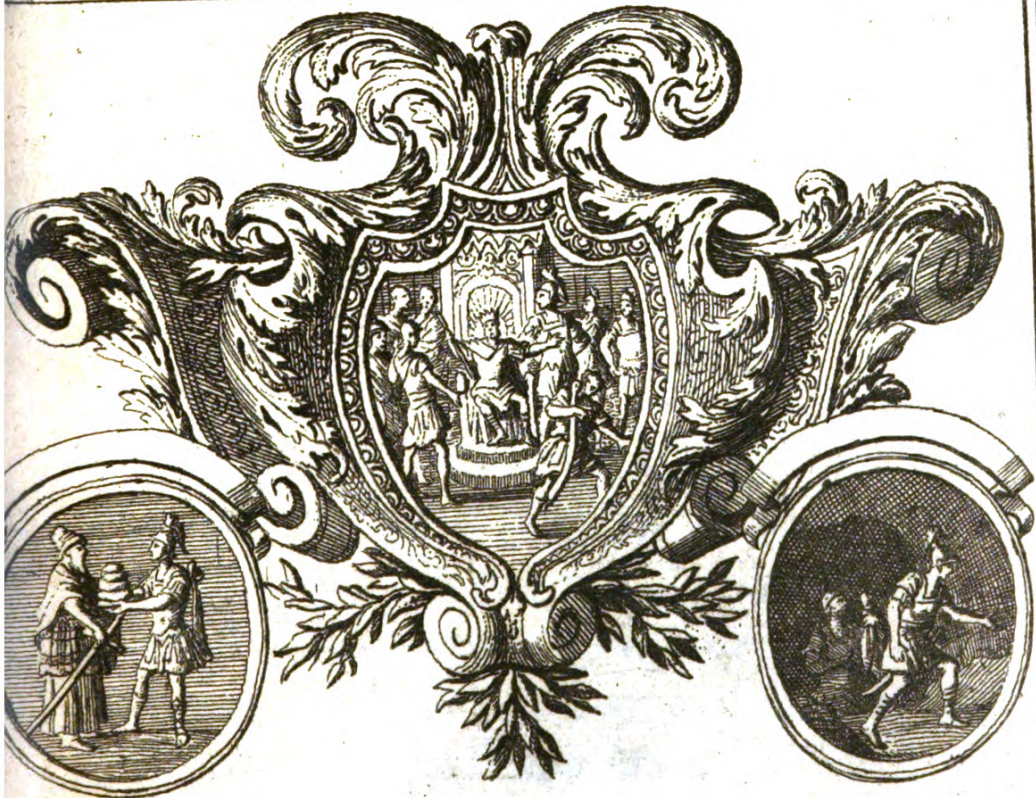
DAVIDEIS,

BOOK II.

The CONTENTS.

The Friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that Occasion a Digression concerning the Nature of Love. A Discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from Court, and the former goes thither to inform himself of Saul's Resolution. The Feast of the New-Moon, the Manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digression of the History of Abraham. Saul's Speech upon David's Absence from the Feast, and his Anger against Jonathan. David's Resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of Fancy; an Angel makes up a Vision in David's Head; the Vision itself, which is, A Prophecy of all the Succession of his Race 'till Christ's time, with their most remarkable Actions. At his awaking Gabriel assumes an Human Shape, and confirms to him the Truth of his Vision.

BUT now the early Birds began to call
 The Morning forth; up rose the Sun and
 Saul;
 Both, as Men thought, rose fresh from sweet
 Repose;
 But both, alas, from restless Labours rose.





For in *Saul's* Breast, *Envy*, the toilfome *Sin*,
 Had all that Night active and ty'rannous been,
 She'expell'd all Forms of *Kindness*, *Virtue*, *Grace*,
 Of the past Day no Footstep left or Trace.

The new-blown Sparks of his old Rage appear,
 Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *Fear*:

So near a Storm wife *David* would not stay,
 Nor trust the glittering of a faithless Day.

He saw the *Sun* call in his Beams apace,
 And angry Clouds march up into their Place.

The *Sea* it self smooths his rough Brow a while,
 Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a Smile,
 But he, whose Ship-wrack'd Barque it drank before,
 Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.

Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*.

But *Jonathan*, his Son, and only Good,
 Was gentle as fair *Jordan's* useful Flood.

Whose innocent Stream as it in Silence goes,

■ Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden Spring bestows
 On both his Banks to ev'ry Flower and Tree;
 The manner *how* lyes hid, th' *Effect* we see.

But more than *all*, more than *himself* he lov'd

The Man, whose Worth his *Father's* Hatred mov'd.

For when the noble *Youth* at *Dammin* stood,
 Adorn'd with *Sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,

Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy Eye, 1 Sam. 18.
 And understood the future *Majesty*, 1.

Then destin'd in the Glories of his Look;
 He saw, and strait was with Amazement strook,
 To see Strength, the Feature, and the Grace
 Of his young Limbs; he saw his comely Face,
 Where Love and Rev'ence so well mingled were;
 2 And *Head*, already crown'd with golden Hair.
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Sp'irit* did tame,
 Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.
 He saw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'd;
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he lov'd.

What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing?
 From what hid Stock does thy strange *Nature*
 spring?

'Tis thou that mov'st the *World* through ev'ry Part,
 And hold'st the vast Frame close, that nothing start
 From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.

3 By *Thee* were all things made, and are sustain'd.
 Sometimes we see thee *fully*, and can say [way;
 From hence thou took'st thy *Rise*, and went'st that
 But oftner the short Beams of *Reason's* Eye,
 See only, *there thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
 How is the *Loadstone*, Nature's subtle Pride,
 By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
 How was the *Weapon* wounded? What hid *Flame*
 The strong and conqu'ring *Metal* overcame?
 4 *Love* (this *World's* *Grace*) exalts his *Natural* State;
 He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.

5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *Garlands* grace,
 Why does that twining Plant the *Oak* embrace?
 The *Oak* for Courtship most of all unfit,
 And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
 How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
 How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?
 Which are the *Wings* of *Lightness* to ascend?
 Or why does *Weight* to th'*Centre* downwards bend?
 Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy *Laws*,
 And seldom *We*, *they* never know the *Cause*.
 In thy large State, *Life* gives the next degree,
 5 Where *Sense*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;
 But thy chief *Palace* is *Man's Heart* alone,
 Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full *Glories* shown;
 7 Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,
Union, *Inherence*, *Zeal*, and *Extasie*,
 With thousand *Joy*s cluster around thine Head,
 O'er which a gall-less *Dove* her *Wings* does spread,
 A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter far
 Than *Consciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,
 Lyes at thy Feet; and thy right Hand does hold
 The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of Gold.
 Thus doest thou fit (like Men e'er Sin had fram'd
 A guilty Blush) *Naked*, but not *asham'd*.
 What Cause then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
 When first their Superstition made thee *blind*?
 'Twas *they*, alas, 'twas *they* who could not see,
 When they mistook that *Monster*, *Lust*, for *thee*.

Exod. 32.

Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame*;
 Such in th' amazed Bush to *Moses* came;
 When that secure its new-crown'd Head did rear,
 And chid the trembling Branches needless Fear.
 Thy *Darts* are healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
 Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletch'd withal.
 Such, and no other, were those secret Darts,
 Which sweetly touch'd this noblest Pair of Hearts.
 Still to one End they both so justly drew,
 As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
 No weight of *Birth* did on one Side prevail,
 Two *Twins* less even lye in *Nature's Scale*.
 They mingled Fates, and both in each did share,
 They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
 If any Joy to one of them was sent,
 It was most his, to whom it least was meant,
 And Fortune's Malice betwixt both was crost,
 For striking one, it wounded th' other most.
 Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,
 Or Men's Desires with so glad *Violence* bind;
 For there is still some Tincture left of *Sin*,
 And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in.
 Those Joys are full of Dross, and thicker far,
 These, without Matter, clear and liquid are.
 Such Sacred *Love* does Heav'n's bright *Spirits* fill,
 Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,
 With swift and unseen *Motions*; such as we
 Somewhat express in heightned *Charity*.

O ye blest One! whose Love on Earth became
 So pure, that still in Heav'n 'tis but the same!
 There now ye sit, and with mix'd Souls embrace,
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious Face,
 And pity this base World where Friendship's made
 A Bait for Sin, or else at best a Trade.

Ah wondrous Prince! Who a true Friend could'ft be,
 When a Crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
 Who held'ft him dear, whose Stars thy Birth did cross!
 And bought'ft him nobly at a Kingdom's Loss!
 Isra'el's bright Scepter far less Glory brings;
 There have been fewer Friends on Earth, than Kings.

To this strange pitch their high Affections flew;
 'Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.

Hither flies David for Advice and Aid,
 As swift as Love and Danger could persuade,
 As safe in Jonathan's Trust his Thoughts remain,
 As when himself but dreams them o'er again.

1 Sam. 20.
1.

My dearest Lord, farewell (said he) farewell;
 Heav'n blefs the King; may no Misfortune tell
 Th' Injustice of his Hate, when I am dead;
 They're coming now, perhaps, my guiltless Head
 Here in your Sight, perhaps, must bleeding lye,
 And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
 Think me not scar'd with Death, howe'er't appear,
 I know thou can'ft not think so: 'Tis a Fear
 From which thy Love, and Dammin speaks me free;
 I've met him Face to Face, and ne'er could see

One

One Terror in his Looks to make me *fly*
 When *Virtue* bids me *stand*; but I would *dye*
 So as becomes my *Life*, so as may prove
Saul's Malice, and at least excuse your *Love*.

He stopp'd, and spoke some Passion with his Eyes;
 Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
 Thou hast so prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
 To all good Men, more than to each his *own*.
 Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be
 Of thy great Actions? for he lives by *thee*.
 Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *Success*;
 That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less,
 And should my *Father* at thy Ruin aim,
 'T would wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
 Think them not coming then to slay thee here,
 But *doubt* Mishaps, as little as you *fear*.
 For by thy loving God, who e'er design
 Against *thy Life*, must strike at it through *mine*.
 But I my Royal *Father* must acquit
 From such base Guilt, or the low Thought of it.
 Think on his Softness when from Death he freed
 The faithless *King* of *Am'aleck's* cursed Seed;
 Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* so bloody grow,
 He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a *Foe*?
 Admit he could; but with what Strength or Art
 Could he so long close, and seal up his Heart?
 Such Counsels jealous of themselves become,
 And dare not fix without Consent of some.

1 Sam. 17.
9.

Few

Few Men so boldly ill, great Sins to do,
 'Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
 No more (believ't) could he hide this from me, 1 Sam. 20,
 24
 Than *I*, had he discover'd it, from *thee*.

Here they Embraces join, and almost Tears;
 'Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his Fears.
 The Praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to spend,
 Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*.
 That Name alone does dang'rous Glories bring,
 And gives Excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*.

What did his Spear, Force, and dark Plots impart,
 But some eternal Rancour in his Heart?
 Still does he glance the Fortune of that Day,
 When drown'd in his own Blood *Goliath* lay,
 And cover'd half the Plain; still hears the Sound
 How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the Ground;
 The *Dance*, and, *David his ten thousand slew*,
 Still wound his sickly Soul, and still are new.
 Great Acts t'ambitious *Princes Treason* grow,
 So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *owe*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in Place,
 From the *Good*, *Danger*; from the *Bad*, *Disgrace*.
 They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples Hate*,
 'Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*.

Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
 But still they *fear* ev'n more than they *affright*.
 Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern:
 His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.

Remem-

Remember, Sir, the *Honey's* deadly Sting;
 Think on that savage Justice of the *King*.
 When the same Day that saw you do before
 Things above Man, should see you Man no more.
 'Tis true th' accursed *Agag* mov'd his Ruth,
 He pity'd his tall Limbs, and comely Youth;
 Had seen, alas, the Proof of Heav'n's fierce Hate,
 And fear'd no Mischief from his pow'rless Fate.
 Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
 And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown.
 Since then his Pride quakes at th' *Almighty's* Rod,
 Nor dares he love the Man belov'd by *God*.
 Hence his deep Rage and trembling *Envy* springs;
 Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*.
 Whom should he Counsel ask, with whom advise,
 Who *Reason* and *God's Counsel* does despise?
 Whose head-strong Will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,
 Dares he not sin, d' you think, without your Grant?
 Yes, if the Truth of our fix'd Love he knew,
 He would not doubt, believ't, to kill ev'n *you*.

The Prince is mov'd, and strait prepares to find
 The deep Resolves of his griev'd Father's Mind.
 The Danger now appears, *Love* can soon show't,
 And force his *stubborn Piety* to know't.

1 Sam. 26.
 5, &c.

They agree that *David* should conceal'd abide,
 'Till his great Friend had the Court's Temper try'd
 'Till he had *Saul's* most secret Purpose found,
 And search'd the Depth and Rancour of his Wound.

'Twas

'Twas the Year's seventh-born *Moon*; the solemn Lev. 23.
 That with most Noise its sacred Mirth express'd. [*Feast* Nu. 26. 1.²⁴
 From op'ning Morn 'till Night shuts in the Day,
 On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see
 The *New-Year's-Day* of great *Eternity*,
 When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more *Changes make*,
 And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* Sound awake;
 0 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ry still,
 Giv'n with like Noise on *Sina's* shining Hill, Exod. 19.
 1 Or that (as some Men teach) it did arise 19.
 From faithful *Abram's* righteous *Sacrifice*,
 Who, whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac's* Fire did fry,
 His *Horn* with joyful Tunes stood founding by.
 Obscure the *Cause*; but *God* his Will declar'd;
 And all nice Knowledge then with Ease is spar'd.
 2 At the third Hour *Saul* to the hallow'd Tent
 Midst a large Train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went;
 The sacred *Herd* march'd proud and softly by;
 3 Too fat and gay to think their Deaths so nigh.
 Hard Fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *we*!
 Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Piety*!
 Whose guiltless Blood on *Boards* and *Altars* spilt,
 Serves both to *make*, and *expiate* too our Guilt!
 4 Three *Bullocks* of free Neck, two gilded *Rams*,
 Two well-wash'd *Goats*, and fourteen spotless *Lambs*,
 With the three vital *Fruits*, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
 (Small Fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)

Are

- Are offer'd up; the hallowed Flames arise,
 And faithful Pray'rs mount with them to the Skies.
 15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost Court is brought,
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd *Prophet* taught,
 And from the sacred Tent to' his Palace Gates,
 With glad kind Shouts th' Assembly on him waits;
 The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
 And fresh-strew'd Flow'rs paint his triumphant Way.
 Thus in flow State to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
 Rich dress'd for solemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
 16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'estry* hung the Room,
 The noblest Work e'er stretch'd on *Syrian* Loom;
 For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought,
 18 Sam. 18. And giv'n to *Saul* when *Saul's* best Gift he sought,
 19 The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful Day
 No Ornament so proper seem'd as they.
 17 There all old *Abram's* Story you might see;
 18 And still some *Angel* bore him Company.
 His painful, but well-guided Travels, show
 The Fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
 Gen. 21. 19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came,
 24 He blush'd with sudden *Passion*, she with *Shame*;
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'ring in the Strife
 'Twixt her own *Honour*, and her *Husband's* *Life*.
 Gen. 14. Here on a conqu'ring *Host* that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the Joys of their new gotten Prey,
 The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you see
 20 The confus'd Marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.

1 In the next Piece blest'd *Salem's* mystick King, Gen. 14.
18.
 2 Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring;
 Like him whose *Type* he bears, his Rights receives;
 Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
 Ev'n in his Port, his Habit, and his Face,
 The *mild*, and *great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had place.
 Here all their starry Host the Heav'ns display; Gen. 15. 5.
 And, lo, an heav'nly *Youth*, more fair than they,
 Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; such, said he,
 3 So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be.
 4 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes, Gen. 17.
 And in his Flesh the Marks of *Homage* takes;
 5 Here he the three mysterious *Persons* feasts, Gen. 18. 2.
 Well paid with joyful Tidings by his *Guests*. Ver. 10.
 Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near Ver. 23.
 Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear. Gen. 19.
24.
 And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
 6 Since he from * *Ur* to † *Ephron's* Cave was brought. * Gen. 11.
31.
† Gen. 25.
9.
 But none 'mongst all the Forms drew then their Eyes
 Like faithful *Abram's* righteous *Sacrifice*. Gen. 22.
Ver. 3.
 7 The sad old Man mounts slowly to the Place,
 With *Nature's* Power triumphant in his Face
 O'er the *Mind's* Courage; for in spight of all,
 From his swoln Eyes resistless Waters fall.
 8 The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel Burthen bore Ver. 6.
 With smiling Looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk; above was made
 The *Altar's* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid Ver. 9.

The

29 The *Hope of Mankind*; patiently he lay,
And did his *Sire*, as he his *God*, obey.

Ver. 10. The mournful *Sire* lifts up at last the Knife,
And on one Moment's String depends his *Life*,
In whose young *Loins* such brooding *Wonders* lye.
A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th' affrighted Sky,
Amaz'd at this strange *Scene*; and almost fear'd,
For all those joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard.

Ver. 11. 'Till *one* leap'd nimbly forth by *God's* Command
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his Hand.
The gentle *Spirit* smil'd kindly as he spoke,
New Beams of Joy through *Abram's* Wonder broke.

Ver. 12. The *Angel* points to'a Tuft of Bushes near,
Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
And struggles vainly with that fatal Net,
Which though but slightly *wrought*, was firmly *set*.
For, lo, anon, to this sad Glory doom'd,
The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's* *Pile* consum'd;
Whilst on his *Horns* the ransom'd Couple plaid,
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the Tunes he made.

Near this *Hall's* End a *Shittim* *Table* stood;
Yet well-wrought Plate strove to conceal the Wood.
For from the Foot a Golden Vine did sprout,
And cast his fruitful Riches all about.

Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* express,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no less.

Of the same Wood the gilded Beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd *Carpets* laid,

From

From *Egypt* the rich Shop of *Follies* brought,
 But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught.
 Behold sev'n comely blooming *Youths* appear,
 And in their Hands sev'n Silver *Waspots* bear,
 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest Sons that be
 Of *Gibeon's* Race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
 Sev'n beauteous *Maids* march'd softly in behind;
 Bright Scarves their Cloaths, their Hair fresh Gar-
 lands bind,
 And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them shed
 Rich *Ointments*, which their costly Odours spread
 O'er the whole Room; from their small *Prisons* free
 With such glad Haste through the wide Air they flee.
 The *King* was plac'd alone, and o'er his Head 1 Sam.
20. 254
 A well-wrought *Heav'n* of Silk and Gold was spread.
 Azure the Ground, the *Sun* in Gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with Silver Light.
 The right hand Bed the *King's* three Sons did grace,
 The third was *Abner's*, *Adriel's*, *David's* Place.
 And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below,
 With the prime Men *Saul's* Court and Camp could
 show;
 The Palace did with *Mirth* and *Musick* found,
 And the crown'd *Goblets* nimbly mov'd around.
 But though bright Joy in ev'ry Guest did shine,
 The Plenty, State, Musick, and sprightful Wine
 Were lost on *Saul*, an angry Care did dwell
 In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.

1 Sam. 20.
26, 27.

David's unusual Absence from the Feast,
To his sick Spir'it did jealous Thoughts suggest.
Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
And thus at last his troubled Silence broke.

Where can he be? said he; It must be so:
With that he paus'd awhile; Too well we know
His boundless Pride: He grieves and hates to see
The solemn *Triumphs* of my *Court* and *me*.
Believe me, Friends, and trust what I can show
From thousand Proofs, th' ambitious *David* now
Does those vast things in his proud Soul design
That too much *Business* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious Fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire
Against *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilst we
Are loth ev'n to *suspect*, what we might *see*.

35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true.

With that he strook the Board, and no Man there
V. 28, 29. But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear
The blameless *Prince*; and scarce ten Words he spoke,
When thus his Speech th' enraged *Tyrant* broke.

V. 30, 31. 36 Disloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mother's Shame*!
Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'n blushes at thy *Name*!
Who fears lest her chaste Bed should doubted be,
And her white Fame stain'd by black Deeds of *thee*!
Can'st thou be *Mine*? A *Crown* sometimes does hire
Ev'n *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,

But

But ne'er did Story yet, or Fable tell
 Of one so wild, who meerly to *rebel*.
 Quitted th'unquestion'd *Birth-right* of a *Throne*,
 And bought his *Father's* Ruin with his *own* :
 Thou need'st not plead th'ambitious *Youth's* Defence;
 Thy Crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
 Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
 Whilst thy *unnatural Guilt* is plac'd so near.
 Is this that noble *Friendship* you pretend?
 Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *En'emy's Friend*?
 If thy low Spirit can thy great *Birth-right* quit,
 The thing's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no such Mind;
 Nor such prodigious Worth in *David* find,
 That we to him should our just Rights resign,
 Or think *God's Choice* not made so well as *thine*.
Shame of thy *House* and *Tribe*! hence, from mine *Eye*,
 To thy false *Friend*, and servile *Master* fly;
 He's e'er this time in Arms expecting thee;
 Hasten, for those Arms are rais'd to ruin *me*.
 Thy Sin that way will *nobler* much appear,
 Than to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
 When I think this, *Nature* by thee forsook,
 Forsakes me too. With that his Spear he took
 To strike at him; the Mirth and Musick cease;
 The Guests all rise this sudden Storm t'appease;
 37 The *Prince* his *Danger* and his *Duty* knew; Ver. 33.
 And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew. Ver. 34.

Ver. 35. To *David* strait, who in a Forest nigh
 Waits his Advice, the Royal *Friend* does fly.
 The sole Advice, now like the Danger clear,
 Was in some foreign Land this Storm t' out-wear.
 All Marks of comely Grief in both are seen;
 And mournful kind Discourses pass'd between.
 Ver. 41. Now generous Tears their hasty Tongues restrain,
 Now they begin, and talk all o'er again.
 Ver. 42. A reverend *Oath* of constant Love they take,
 And *God's* high Name their dreaded *Witness* make;
 Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
 But 'twas the tedious *Zeal* of endless *Love*.
 Thus e'er they part, they the short Time bestow
 In all the Pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could show.
 And *David* now with doubtful Cares oppress,
 Beneath a Shade borrows some little Rest;
 When by Command Divine thick *Mists* arise,
 And stop the *Sense*, and close the conquer'd Eyes.
 38 There is a Place which *Man* most high doth rear,
 The *small World's Heav'n*, where *Reason* moves
 the *Sphere*.
 Here in a Robe which does all Colours show,
 (Th' Envy of Birds, and the Clouds gawdy *Bow*)
Fancy, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious Pride
 By twin-*Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
 Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about
 Of Shapes and airy *Forms* an endless Rout.

A *Sea* rolls on with harmless Fury here;
 Strait 'tis a *Field*, and Trees and Herbs appear.
 Here in a Moment are vast *Armies* made,
 And a quick *Scene* of War and Blood display'd.
 Here sparkling *Wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
 The *Bawds* for *Sense*, and lying Baits of *Sin*.

39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling kind,
 The Forepart *Lion*, and a *Snake* behind;
 Here golden *Mountains* swell the cov'etous Place,
 40 And *Centaur*s ride *themselves* a painted Race.
 Of these slight Wonders *Nature* fees the Store,
 And only then accounts her self but *poor*.

Hither an *Angel* comes in *David's* Trance,
 And finds them mingled in an antique Dance;
 Of all the numerous Forms fit Choice he takes,
 And joins them wisely, and this *Vision* makes.

First *David* there appears in Kingly State,
 Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread Commands await;
 Strait to the Wars with his join'd Strength he goes,
 Settles new *Friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.

2 Sam.
 5. 1.
 1 Chro.
 12. 23.
 Ver. 6.

To *Solima*, *Cana'an's* old Head, they came,
 (Since high in Note, then not unknown to *Fame*)

41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted Wall defend,
 And no *new* Wounds or Dangers apprehend.

2 Sam.
 5. 6.

The busie *Image* of great *Joab* there
 Disdains the Mock, and teaches them to fear.
 He climbs the *airy* Walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted Shapes of Slaughter fill the Town.

They curse the Guards their Mirth and Brav'ry chose,
All of them now are slain, or made like *those*.

42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full Banners a fair *Fish* display.

2 Sam. 5.
17, 18, 19
20, 21, 22
1 Chron.
14. 8.

From *Sidon* Plains to happy *Egypt's* Coast
They seem all met; a vast and warlike *Host*.
Thither hastes *David* to his destin'd Prey,
Honour, and noble *Danger* lead the Way;

Ver. 22, 43
23, 24
1 Chron.
14. 14.

The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverend Fear
Their *unblown* Tops; *God* walk'd before him there
Slaughter the weary'd *Riphaims* Bosom fills,
Dead Corps *imbofs* the *Vale* with little *Hills*.

2 Sam. 8. 34
1 Chro.
18. 3.

44 On th' other Side *Sophenes* mighty King
Numberless Troops of the blest'd *East* does bring;

Ver. 5.

Twice are his Men cut off, and Chariots ta'en;
45 *Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vain.

2 Sam. 10. 6.
1 Chro.
19. 6.
& 19. 8.

46 Here *Nabathæan* Troops in Battel stand,
With all the lusty Youth of *Syrian* Land;
Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery Steed;
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around;
The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the Ground.

Ver. 10.

On th' other Wing does brave *Abishai* ride
Reeking in Blood and Dust, on ev'ry Side
The perjur'd Sons of *Ammon* quit the Field,
Some basely *die*, and some more basely *yield*.
Through a thick Wood the wretched *Hanun* flies,
And far more justly then fears *Hebrew Spies*.

Moloch

- 47 *Molech*, their bloody God, thrusts out his Head, 2 Sam. 10.
3. 4.
1 Chro.
19. 3.
 Grinning thro' a black Cloud; him they'd long fed
 In his *sev'n Chambers*, and he still did eat
 New-roasted *Babes*, his dear, delicious Meat.
 Again they 'arise, more anger'd and dismay'd;
- 48 *Euphrates*, and *swift Tigris* sends them Aid: Ver. 15.
1 Chro.
19. 16.
 In vain they send it, for again they're slain,
- 49 And feast the greedy Birds on *Helay* Plain.
- 50 Here *Rabba* with proud Tow'rs affronts the Sky, 2 Sam.
11. 1.
1 Chr. 20.
 And round about great *Joab's* Trenches lye,
 They force the Walls, and sack the helpless Town;
- 51 On *David's* Head shines *Ammon's* massie Crown. 2 Sam. 12.
30.
1 Chro.
20. 2.
Ver. 31.
1 Chro.
20. 3.
1 Kings 1.
1 Chro.
23. 1.
1 Kings 3.
12.
2 Chro.
1. 12.
1 Kin. 10.
Mat. 12.
42.
Lu. 11. 31.
 Midst various Torments the curst Race expires,
David himself his severe Wrath admires.
- Next upon *Isra'el's* Throne does bravely fit
- 52 A comely *Youth* endow'd with wondrous Wit.
- 53 Far from the *parched Line* a Royal *Dame*, 1 Kings 6.
2 Chro. 3.
& 4. 5.
 To hear his Tongue and boundless *Wisdom* came.
 She carry'd back in her triumphant *Womb*
 The glorious Stock of thousand *Kings* to come.
 Here brightest Forms his Pomp and Wealth display,
 Here they a *Temple's* vast Foundations lay.
 A mighty Work, and with fit Glories fill'd,
 For *God t' inhabit*, and that *King* to build.
 Some from the Quarries hew out massie Stone,
 Some draw it up with Cranes, some breath and grone
 In Order o'er the Anvil; some cut down
 Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient Crown

Some carve the Trunks, and *breathing Shapes* bestow,
Giving the *Trees* more *Life* than when they grow;

1 Kin. 11.

But, oh (alas) what sudden Cloud is spread
About this glorious *King's eclipsed* Head?
It all his Fame benights, and all his Store,
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.

1 Kin. 82.
2 Chr. 10.

When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd
With young and heedless *Council* circled round;
Unseemly Object! But a falling State
Has always its *own* Errors join'd with *Fate*,

Ver. 18.
2 Chro.
10. 18.

Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* Throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his Message stone;
Brethren of Israel!—More he fain would say,
But a Flint stopp'd his Mouth, and Speech i'th' way.
Here this fond King's Disasters but begin,
He's destin'd to more Shame by 'his *Father's* Sin.

1 Kin. 14.
25.
2 Chro.
12. 2.

Susack comes up, and under his Command
54 A dreadful *Army* from scorch'd *Africk's* Sand
As *numberless* as *that*; all is his Prey,

The *Temple's* sacred Wealth they bear away;

55 *Adrazar's* Shields and Golden Lofs they take;

Ev'n *David* in his Dream does sweat and shake.

1 Kin. 12.
10.
2 Chro.
10. 10.

Thus fails this wretched *Prince*; his *Loins* appear
Of less *Weight* now, than *Solomon's* *Fingers* were.

1 Ki. 15. 1.
2 Chro.
13. 1.
& 13. 3.

Abijah next seeks *Isra'el* to regain,

And wash in Seas of Blood his *Father's* Stain;

56 Ne'er saw the aged *Sun* so cruel Fight,

Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful Light.

Nebat's

Nebat's curst Son fled with not half his Men,
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then? 2 Chr. 13.
17.

Yet could not this the fatal Strife decide;
God *punish'd* one, but *blest* not th' other Side.

Afan a just and virtuous Prince succeeds; 2 King.
15. 9.
2 Chr. 14.
1.
High rais'd by Fame for great and godly Deeds;
57 He cut the solemn Groves where *Idols* stood,
And *Sacrifis'd* the *Gods* with their *own Wood*. Ver. 13.
2 Chr. 14.
3.

He vanquish'd thus the proud weak Pow'rs of Hell,
Before him next their doating Servants fell.

58 So huge an Host of *Zerab's* Men he slew,
As made ev'n that *Arabia Desert* too. 2 Chr. 14.
9.
2 Chr. 16.
23.

59 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baasha's* fight?
Or bought the dangerous Aid of *Syrian's* Might? Ver. 18.
2 Chr. 16.
8.

Conquest Heav'n's Gift, cannot by Man be sold;
Alas, what *Weakness* trusts he? *Man* and *Gold*.

Next *Josaphat* possess'd the Royal State;
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his Fate; 2 King.
15. 25.
&c 22. 43.
2 Chr. 17.
2 Chr. 17.
11.
His oft Oblations on God's Altar made,

With thousand Flocks, and thousand Herds are paid,

Arabian Tribute! What mad Troops are those,

Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his Foes?

He *Prays* them dead; with mutual Wounds they 2 Chr. 20.
17.
fall;

One Fury brought, one Fury slays them all.

Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;

Never o'ercome but by's Friend *Ahab's* Sin; 1 King.
22. 30.
2 Chr. 18.
19.

60 On whose Disguise Fates then did only look;

And had almost their *God's* Command *mistook*.

2 King. 3.
14. & 3.
9. & 3. 8.

Him from whose Danger Heav'n securely brings,

And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings*.

61 Their Armies languish, burnt with Thirst at *Seere*,
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.

They fix their greedy Eyes on th' empty Sky,

And fancy *Clouds*, and so become *more dry*.

2 King. 3.
13.

Elisha calls for Waters from afar

To come; *Elisha* calls, and here they are.

In Helmets they quaff round the welcome Flood;

And the Decrease repair with *Moab's Blood*.

2 King. 3.
24.
2 King. 8.
16. & 8.

62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng

For *Judah's* Scepter; both *short-lived too long*.

25.
2 Chr. 21.
1. & 22. 1.

63 A *Woman* too from *Murder Title* claims;

Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames.

2 King.
11. 1.
2 Chr. 22.
10,

Proud cursed *Woman!* But her Fall at last

To doubting Men *clears* Heav'n for what was past.

2 King.
12.
2 Chr. 24.

Joas at first does bright and glorious show;

In Life's fresh Morn his *Fame* did early *crow*.

Fair was the Promise of his dawning Ray,

But *Prophets* angry Blood o'ercast his Day.

2 Chr. 24.
21.

From thence his Clouds, from thence his Storms

2 King. 12.
18.

64 It cries aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in. [begin]

2 Chr. 24.
23.

65 So *Amaziah* lives, so ends his Reign;

Both by their *Trayterous* Servants *justly slain*.

2 King.
14.

2 Chr. 25.
2 King.

Edom at first dreads his victorious Hand,

14. 7.
2 Chr. 25.
11. & 25.

Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.

12.

Down

ook II. of the Troubles of David. 347

- Down a Precipice deep, down he casts them all, 2 Chr.25.
14.
- 5 The *Mimick Shapes* in several Postures fall. 2 King.
14. 13.
- But then (mad Fool!) he does those *Gods* adore, 2 Chr.25.
23.
- Which when pluck'd down, had *worshipt* him before.
- Thus all his Life to come is Loss and Shame;
- No help from *Gods*, who themselves help'd not,
came.
- 7 All this *Uzziah's* Strength and Wit repairs, 2 King.
15. 1.
- Leaving a well-built Greatness to his *Heirs*. 2 Chr.26.
- 8 Till Leprous Scuff o'er his whole Body cast, 2 King.
15. 5.
- Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last. 2 Chr.26.
19.
- 9 As virtuous was his *Son*, and happier far;
- Buildings* his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*. 2 King.
15. 32.
2 Chr.27.
2 Chr.27.
- But *Achaz* heaps up Sins, as if he meant
- To make his worst Forefathers *Innocent*. 4.
2 King.
16. 1.
2 Chr.28.
- 10 He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilst around
- The roaring Child Drums and loud Trumpets found 2 King.
16. 3.
2 Chr.28.
3.
- This to the Boy a *barbarous Mercy* grew,
- And snatch'd him from all Mis'ries to ensue.
- Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall, 2 King.
16. 5.
- Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all: 2 Chr.28.
6.
- 11 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus Son*
- Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.
- The last of *Adad's* ancient Stock is slain,
- Isra'el* captiv'd, and rich *Damascus* ta'en. 2 King.
16. 9.
- All his wild Rage to revenge *Juda's* Wrong; & 15.27.
2 Chr.28.
- 12 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong! 20.

Thus

Down went the *Calves* with all their Gold and Cost;
 The *Priests* then truly griev'd, *Osyris* lost,
 These mad *Egyptian* Rites 'till now remain'd;
 Fools! they their worser Thraldom still retain'd!

2 King.
 23. 10.
 Ibid. v. 13.

In his own *Fires Moloch* to Ashes fell,
 And no more *Flames* must have besides his *Hell*.

Like End *Astartes* horned Image found,
 And *Baal's* spired Stone to Dust was ground.

No more were *Men* in *Female* Habit seen,
 Or *they* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*,
 No lustful *Maid*s at *Benos* Temple sit,
 And with their Body's *Shame* their Marriage get.

The double *Dagon* neither Nature saves,
 Nor flies *she* back to th' *Erythraean* Waves.

2 King.
 23. 11.

The travelling *Sun* sees gladly from on high
 His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched lye.

The King's impartial Anger lights on all,
 From *Fly-blown* *Acca'ron* to the *thundring* *Baâl*.

Here *David's* Joy unruly grows and bold;
 Nor could *Sleep's* filken Chain its Vio'lence hold;

Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his Eyes
 The Humours stir'd, and bid more Mists arise:

When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
 And in it good *Josiah* bleeding lay.

One Hand's held up, one stops the Wound; in vain
 They both are us'd; alas, *he's slain, he's slain*.

Jehoias and *Jehoikim* next appear;
 Both urge that Vengeance which before was near

2 King.
 23. 31.
 Ibid. v. 36.
 2 Chr. 36.
 1. & 5.

He

2 King. 23. 34. He in *Egyptian* Fetters Captive dies,

2 Chr. 36. 86 This by more *courteous* Anger murther'd lyes.

4. Jer. 36. 30. 87 His Son and Brother next do Bonds sustain,

2 King. 24. 8. *Isra'el's* now solemn and *Imperial Chain*.

2 Chr. 36. Here's the last *Scene* of this proud City's State;
All Ills are met ty'd in one *Knot* of *Fate*.

88 Their endless Slavery in this Trial lay ;

Great God had heap'd up *Ages* in one *Day* :

2 King. 25. 1. Strong Works around the Wall the *Caldees* built

Jer. 52. 4. The *Town* with Grief and dreadful Bus'iness fill

To their carv'd *Gods* the frantick Women pray,

Gods which as near their *Ruin* were as *they*.

At last in rushes the prevailing Foe,

Does all the Mischief of proud *Conquest* show.

2 Chr. 36. 17. The wond'ring Babes from Mothers Breasts are reed

And suffer Ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*.

No Silver Rev'ence guards the stooping Age,

No Rule or Method ties their boundless Rage.

2 Chr. 36. 19. The glorious *Temple* shines in *Flames* all o'er,

2 King. 25. 9. Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before.

Nothing but Fire or Slaughter meets the Eyes,

Nothing the *Ear* but Groans and dismal Cries.

The Walls and Towers are level'd with the Ground

And scarce ought now of that vast *City's* found

But Shards and Rubbish which weak Signs mig

keep

Of forepast Glory, and bid *Travellers* weep.

ok II. of the Troubles of David. 351

Thus did triumphant *Affur* homewards pass,
And thus *Jerus'alem* left, *Jerusalem that was*.

Thus *Zedechiab* saw, and this not all,
Before his Face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The Sport of ins'olent *Victors*; this he views,
A *King* and *Father* once; ill Fate could use
His *Eyes* no more to do their Master's Spight;
All to be seen she took, and next his *Sight*.
Thus a long *Death* in Prison he out-wears;
Bereft of Grief's last *Solace*, ev'n his *Tears*.

2 King.
25. 7.
Jer. 52.
10.

Then *Jeconiah's* Son did foremost come,
And he who brought the Captiv'd Nation home;
A Row of *Worthies* in long Order pass'd
O'er the short Stage; of all old *Joseph* last.
Fair *Angels* pass'd by next in seemly Bands,
All gilt, with gilded Baskets in their Hands.
Some as they went the blue-ey'd *Violets* strew,
Some spotless *Lilies* in loose Order threw.
Some did the Way with full-blown *Roses* spread;
Their Smell Divine, and Colour strangely red;
Not such as our dull Gardens proudly wear,
Whom *Weathers* taint, and Winds *rude Kisses* tear.
Such, I believe, was the first *Rose's* Hew,
Which, at *God's* Word, in beauteous *Eden* grew.
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard*
gay,
The Morning Blushes of the *Spring's* new *Day*.

Mat. 1.
12.
Luk. 3.

With

With sober Pace an heav'nly *Maid* walks in,
 Her Looks all fair; no *Sign* of *Native Sin*
 Through her whole Body writ; *Immod'rate Grace*
 Spoke things far more than Human in her Face.
 It casts a dusky Gloom o'er all the Flow'rs;
 91 And with *full Beams* their *mingled Light* devours.
 An *Angel* strait broke from a shining Cloud,
 And press'd his Wings, and with much Rev'ence
 bow'd.

Again he bow'd, and grave Approach he made,
 And thus his Sacred Message sweetly said:

Luk. i.
28.

Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole World shall call
 Above all *Bless'd*; *thee*, who shalt blest them all.
 Thy *Virgin Womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd
Jesus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
 Conception the great *Spirit* shall breath on thee;
 92 Hail thou, who must *God's Wife*, *God's Mother* be!
 With that, his seeming Form to Heav'n he rear'd;
 She low Obeisance made, and disappear'd.

Mat. 2. 1.

Lo a new *Star* three Eastern *Sages* see;
 (For why should only *Earth* a *Gainer* be?)
 They saw this *Phosphor's* Infant-light, and knew
 It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.
 They hasted all this rising *Sun* t'adore;
 93 With them rich Myrrh, and early Spices bore:
 Wise Men; no fitter Gift your Zeal could bring;
 You'll in a noisome *Stable* find your *King*.

Anon a thousand *Devils* run roaring in;
 Some with a dreadful Smile deform'dly grin.
 Some stamp their cloven Paws, some frown, and tear
 The gaping Snakes from their black-knoted Hair.
 As if all Grief, and all the Rage of Hell
 Were *doubled* now, or that just *now* they fell.
 But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,
 All fled with trembling Fear and silent Awe.
 In her chaste Arms th' *Eternal Infant* lyes,
 Th' *Almighty Voice* chang'd into feeble Cries.
Heav'n contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
 Never did *Virgin* contain *Heav'n* before.

Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
 And *Halleluiab* round, all *Halleluiab* sing.

No longer could good *David* quiet bear
 Th' *unwieldy Pleasure*, which o'er-flow'd him here.
 It broke the Fetters, and burst ope his Eye,
 Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly.
 Fix'd with Amaze he stood; and Time must take,
 To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that *Heav'n* this *Vision* sent,
 And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went.
 Sometimes, that only 'twas wild *Fancy's* Play,
 The loose and scatter'd *Reliques* of the *Day*.

4 When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or fair)
 5 Bodies and Cloaths himself with thicken'd Air.
 All like a comely *Youth* in Life's fresh Bloom;
 Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom!

He took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd through with
Light:

Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,
Wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest Red.
An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for Hair,
And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.
He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the Skies,
Where the most sprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.
This he with starry Vapours spangles all,
Took in their Prime e'er they grow *ripe*, and *fall*.
Of a new *Rainbow* e'er it *fret* or *fade*,
The choicest Piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display,
Not virtuous Lovers Sighs more soft than they.
These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure Streams on which he plays.

Thus dress'd the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious Day
Through the thick Woods; the gloomy Shades a
while

Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.
The trembling *Serpents* close and silent lye,
96 The *Birds obscene* far from his Passage fly.
A sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* rose.
Thus he appears to *David*, at first Sight
All Earth-bred Fears and Sorrows take their flight.

In rushes Joy Divine, and Hope, and Rest;
A Sacred Calm shines through his peaceful Breast.
Hail, *Man* belov'd! From highest Heav'n (said he)
My mighty *Master* sends thee *Health* by me.

The things thou saw'st are full of *Truth* and *Light*,
97 Shap'd in the *Glass* of the Divine *Foresight*.

Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the Years
To go in Order thus; hence empty Fears;
Thy Fate's all *White*; from thy blest Seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.

Round the whole Earth his dreaded Name shall
found,

And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*;

The *Southern Clime* him her Sole *Lord* shall stile,

98 Him all the *North*, ev'n *Albion's stubborn Isle*.

99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell.

100 Strait into shapeless Air unseen he fell.

NOTES upon the FIRST BOOK.

1. **T**HE Custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole Work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his Assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better Way, I should not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that Part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no less necessary for a *Christian Poet*. *A Jove principium, Musa*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole Work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with less State, and made but one Part of these *Two*; in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the Judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abused the *Prayer*, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worst of *Men*, their *Princes*; as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.

2. I call it *Judah's*, rather than *Israel's Scepter* (though in the Notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater) First, Because *David* himself was of that *Tribe*. Secondly, Because he was first made King of *Judah*, and this Poem was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, Because the *Monarchy* of *Judah* lasted longer, not only in his *Race*, but out-lasting all the several *Races* of the *Kings* of *Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, Because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

3. I hope this kind of *Boast*, which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*, will not seem immodest; for though some in other *Languages* have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in *English*: So *Virgil* says in the Third of his *Georgicks*,

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

Because none in *Latin* had written of that Subject. So *Horace*,

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede.——*

And before them *Lucretius*,

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atque haurire——*

And so *Nemesianus*,

*——Ducitq; per avia, quâ sola nunquam
Trita rotis——*

Though there he does Wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so *Oppian*, 1 *Ven.* *Eggsis

Ἐρεο, καὶ τραχέαν ἐπείβαλον ἀταρπὸν
 Τὼ μυστῶν ἔγω τις εἴς ἐπάτησεν ἀοιδεῖς.

My own Allusion here is to the Passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar of Flame*.

4. Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod*. (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluck'd down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superior to that of *Zorobabel* in Riches and Magnificence, though that was forty six Years a building, whereas *Herod's* was but eight, and *Solomon's* seven; of all three the last was the most stately; and in that, and not *Zorobabel's* Temple, was fulfilled the Prophecy of *Hagai*, that the Glory of the last House should be greater than of the first.

5. To be made an *Apostle* for the Conversion of *Poetry* to *Christianity*, as *St. Paul* was for the Conversion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the *Eternal Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the *Latin Translation*.

6. It was the same Case with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this Subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & crescit malis,
 Iraque nostrâ fruitur, in laudes suas
 Mea vertit odia, dum nimis seva impero.
 Patrem probavi; gloria feci locum.

And a little after,

Minorq; labor est Herculi jussa exequi.
 Quàm mihi jubere——

7. In the publick *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the Sign and Reward of *Victory*, because it is the Nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all Pressures,

——Palmaque nobilis
 Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the *Greek Grammarians* say, that *vixev* (to overcome) is derived from the same Sense, ὡς δὲ τὸ μὴ εἶεν, à non cedendo.

8. *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: And the same Difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

Littora qua dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minæus*.

9. That the Matter of *Winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the *Concavities* of the *Earth*, is the Opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates*, his *Doctrine*, who defined the *Wind* to be *Air in Motion*, or *Flux*. In those *Concavities*, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the *Places*, the moist ones turn into *Water*, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and

these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep Caves,

— *Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinculis & carcere frenat.*

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fugâ ventus est:* For though it get not yet out, it is Wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However, my Epithete of *unstetcht Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *Wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream Resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal, Sat. 5.* expresses very well the *South-wind*, in one of these Dens.

— *Dum se continet Auster,
Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas.*

10. To give a probable Reason of the perpetual Supply of Waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep Gulph of Waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea*; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of Water, like that of *Blood* in *Man's Body*: For to refer the Original of all *Fountains* to *Condensation*, and afterwards *Dissolution* of Vapours under the *Earth*, is one of the most unphilosophical Opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of Waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the Blessings of the *Heavens* above, and with the Blessings of the *Deep* beneath; that is, with the *Dew* and *Rain* of *Heaven*, and with the *Fountains* and *Rivers* that arise from the *Deep*; and *Esdra*s conformably to this, asks, What *Habitations* are in the *Heart* of the *Sea*, and what *Veins* in the *Root* of the *Abyss*? So at the End of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the *Windows* of *Heaven*, and the *Fountains* of the *Abyss*.

And undisturb'd by *Moons* in *Silence* sleep. For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole Cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the *Sea*, but to have no Effect upon the Waters that are beneath the *Sea* it self.

11. This must be taken in a *Poetical Sense*; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the *Earth*, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my *Conscience*, where-e'er it be, it is not so strait, as that *crowding* and *sweating* should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessius* in his *Book de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to survey it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch Mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more *Elbow-room*, and extends it to 1600 *Furlongs*, that is 200 *Italian Miles*. *Virgil* (as good a *Divine* for this Matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the *Distance* betwixt *Heaven* and *Earth*:

*Bis patet in praeceptis tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad aethereum caeli suspectus Olympum.*

Hesiod is more moderate:

Τόσων ἐνεργᾷ ἰσὸς γῆς ὄσων ἐργῶς ἐς' ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the Distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one.

*Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi*—————

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάρταρος νέσθεν αἴδου*, the *Scripture* terms it *Uiter Darkness*, *Σκότος ἑώτερον*, & *Ζόρον σκότους*.

12. There are two Opinions concerning *Samuel's* anointing of *David*: One (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a Secret from *David's* Father and Brethren; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the Word *Boldly*: Nay, I believe, that most of the People, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul's* great Jealousie of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his Knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a Covenant with him, that he should use his Family kindly when he came to be King. Anointing did properly belong to the Inauguration of High-Priests; and was apply'd to Kings (and likewise even to Prophets) as they were a kind of extraordinary High-Priests, and did often exercise the Duties of their Function; which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reprov'd and punished, not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an Usurpation of the Priests Office) as for his Infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by God himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing Priests and Kings was different; as, that the Oyl was poured in a Cross (*decussatim*, like the Figure of Ten X) upon the Priests Heads, and round in fashion of a Crown upon their Kings; which I follow here, because it sounds more Poetically (*The Royal Drops round his enlarged Head*) not that I have any Faith in the Authority of those Authors.

13. The Prophecy of *Jacob* at his Death concerning all his Sons, *Gen* 49. v. 10. The Scepter shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the Law-giver from between his Feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All Interpreters agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ στοιχεῖα αὐτῶν, *qua reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar Edition, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the *Rabbies*, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius Mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the *French* Translation retain the Word *Shilo*, which I chuse to follow.

14. Though none of the *English* Poets, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half Verses (where the Sense seems to invite a Man to that Liberty) yet his Authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully; and I am far from their Opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemestiques*: There are some Places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his Death by the putid Officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

————— *Moriamur inulta?*
Sed moriamur, ait.—————

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the Passion she was then in, than to conclude abruptly with that

Resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a Necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her Sense; for to have dy'd revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Shall we die (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make Death unpleasant to us: But however it is necessary to die. I remember, when I made once this Exception to a Friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a Note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Which does indeed a little mend the Sense; but then the Expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that Age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the Use of these broken Verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16th *Controversie*) upon these two Verses of *Varro*,

*Desierant latrare canes, urbemq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placida composita quiete.*

Said they would have been much better, if the latter Part of the second Verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant———

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own Verses, as most remarkably in that,

*Omnia pontus erant, deérant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.*

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erant———

But the Addition is superfluous, even to Ridiculousness.

15. An *Aposiopæsis*, like *Virgil's*

Quos ego——Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

This would ill besit the Mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole Speech without some Lies in it; such are those precedent Exaltations of the *Devil's* Power, which are most of them false, but not *all*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her Boasts more false than her Threatnings vain, when she says afterwards, 'Tis not thy God himself——yet *Seneca* ventures to make a Man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

*Amplētere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi——*

16. *Cain* was the first and greatest Example of *Envy* in this World; who slew his *Brother*. because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angered, and his Countenance*

penance cast down. It is hard to guess what it was in Cain's Sacrifice that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a Defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the Offering, ἄν, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέβης, ὀρθῶς ἢ μὴ διέλκῃς, ἡμαρτίας; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? But this Translation, neither the vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the Cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knock'd him on the Head with some great Stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural Weapons of Anger. That this Stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tomb-stone* of *Abel*, is not so Hyperbolic, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

—————*Saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem:*

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*,

“Ο δ' ἔδύο ἄνδρες φέρονται,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσιν, ὁ δ' ἐμιν ῥέα πάλλε ἢ οἷον. Il. 21.

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

*Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Functa, Phololeniden à summo vertice fregit.*

17. Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that Custom; which, if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Gracians* before the *Theban War*.

18. *Belzebub*. That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received Opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this World*, *John* 12. 31. *Prince of this Age*, *Corinth.* 11. 6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, *Ephes.* 2. 2. *Prince of Devils*, *Mat.* 12. 24. by the express Name of *Belzebub*; which is the Reason why I use it here. *Porphyrius* says his Name is *Serapis*, μήποτε εἰσὶν ὧν ἀρχαὶ ὁ Σάραπις, ἢ τῶτων Σύμβολον ὁ τεικάρηνον κύων, τῶτ' ὅστιν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τεσσὶ σοιχείοις, ὕδασι, γῆ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not; for he adds, *Quem scire nefastum est*. This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyry*, address themselves,

Δαῖμον ἀλίθρον ἰσχυρῶν ψυχῶν διάδημα λελύσχεως
Ἠερῶν ὑπέρεσθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the Command of guilty *Souls*, beneath the Vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read *χθονίων τ' ὑπέρεσθε*; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now

Now for the Name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the Lord of Flies; which some think to be a Name of Scorn given by the Jews to this great Jupiter of the Syrians, whom they called Βεελσαμυν, id est, Δία ἔσθιον, because the Sacrifices in his Temple were infested with Multitudes of Flies, which by a peculiar Privilege, notwithstanding the daily great Number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the Tradition) into the Temple at Jerusalem. But others believe it was no Mock-Name, but a Surname of Baal, as he was worshipt at Ekron, either from bringing or driving away Swarms of Flies, with which the Eastern Countries were often molested; and their Reason is, because *Abaziah* in the time of his Sicknes (when it is likely he would not railly with the God from whom he hoped for Relief) sends to him under the Name of *Belzebub*.

19. That even insensible things are affected with Horror at the Presence of Devils, is a frequent Exaggeration of Stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the Appearance of Poetical Spirits,

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylva intonnuere profunda,
Audiit & Trivia longè lacus, &c.*——Virg. *Æneid.* 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus,
& nefando tota contactu horruit*——*Fam tuum moesta pedem Terra gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus aëus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the War with his Brother, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the Shape of *Tiresias*, *Longevi vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocemq; & vellera*, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

——*Ramos, ac vellera fronti
Diripuit confessus avum*——

Neither do I more approve in this Point of *Virgil's* Method, who in the seventh *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the Shape of a Priestess,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus;——

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her her own Figure of a Fury; and so speak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all; for no Person is so improper to persuade Man to any Undertaking, as the Devil without a Disguise; which is the Reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the Likeness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Saul's* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his Welfare, and the easiest be believ'd and obey'd.

20. I fancy here that the Statue of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a Colossus over *Saul's* Gate; for which perhaps I shall have some Criticks fall severely upon me; it being the common Opinion, that the Use of all Statues, nay, even Pictures, or other Representations of things to the Sight was forbidden the Jews. I know very well, that in latter Ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the Letter of the Law (which they began to be about the Time when they should have left it) even the civil Use of Images was not allow'd, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe

believe that at first it was otherwise: And first, the Words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worshipping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implied more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several Examples in the *Bible*, which shew that *Statues* were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cherubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the Ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lions* upon *Solomon's Throne*, and the *Statue* of *David*, placed by *Micahol* in his Bed, to deceive the *Soldiers* who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erecta aut constituta modo accomodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accomodatus adorationi*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or *Addition* for the Ornament of some other thing; as for Example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21. *Enchanted Virtues*. That is, whose Operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Novement d'esguillette*, which hinders the natural Faculty of Generation.

22. So *Homer*, Ἀχαιῶδες, ἐκ ἐτ' Ἀχαιοί.

And *Virg.* O verè Phrygia, neq; enim Phryges!

23. The Number of Years from *Benjamin* to *Saul's* Reign; not exactly: But this is the next *whole Number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: And indeed, though it were in *Prose*, in so passionate a Speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24. In this, and some like Places, I would not have the Reader judge of my Opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers Expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their Motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* Parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common Opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a Fault in Poetry, that it is the Custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the poetical Pieces of it; as where it attributes the *Members* and *Passions* of Mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *is*, and in too many other Places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgil's* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram.

Says in his 86th *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give Shade to the *Planter*: But that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing* *Husbandmen*: Infinite are the Examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the Description of a *Tempest* (a common Place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four Winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Unà

Unà Eurúsq; Notúsq; ruunt, creberg; procellis
 Africus—— And Statius,
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And so of all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of Statius to Sleep in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by Scaliger himself,

——Facet omne pecus, volucresq; feraque,
 Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no Scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He adds,

Nec trucibus fluviiis idem sonus, occidit horror
 Equoris, & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the Truth.

25. I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of Readers, that it is not by Negligence that this Verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *vast*; it is to paint in the Number the Nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other Places of this Poem, that else will pass for very careless Verses: As before, *And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent Course.* In the second Book, *Down a Precipice deep, down he casts them all*——and, *And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.* In the third, *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and o'er his Breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore.* In the fourth, *Like some fair Pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong*; and many more; but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the Disposition of Words and Numbers should be such, as that out of the Order and Sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our English Poets observed it, for ought I can find. The Latins (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their Prince, Virgil, always. In whom the Examples are innumerable, and taken Notice of by all judicious Men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26. Eternity is defined by Boet. Lib. 5. *de Consolat.* *Interminabilis vita tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The whole and perfect Possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which Definition is followed by Tho. Aquin. and all the Schoolmen; who therefore call Eternity *Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a Difference of Time, and is always in *Fluxu*.

27. Seneca, methinks, in his 58th *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the Divines: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia aeterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, immortalia tutore non egent, hac conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materia vi suâ vincens.* And the Schoolmen all agree (except, I think, Durandus) that an immediate *Concourse* of God is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the World, and that the Nature of things is not left to it self to produce any Action, without a concurrent Act of God; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the Fire could not burn the three young Men in the red-hot Furnace.

28. The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat. 6.* Ἐπὶ τὰς ἑπτὰ μέγιστον δυνάμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest Power, the *First-born Angels*. *Tob. 12. 15.* I am *Raphael*, one of the *seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the Glory of the Holy One; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap. 10. 13.* Lo *Michael* one of the chief Princes came to help me. That some *Angels* were under the Command of others, may be collected out of *Zechar. 2. 3.* where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young Man*, &c. and out of *Rev. 12. 7.* where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The Number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*; but I doubt whether the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three Names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, and *Anael*, let the Authors of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an Expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδε θρόνω πύρροντι παρ᾽ ἄσιν πολύμοχοι
Ἄγγελοι, οἷσι μέμηλε βεβύτοις ὡς πάντα τελεῖ.}

So *Gabriel* is called, *Luke 1. 19.* ὁ παρ᾽ ἐσθκῶς ἐνώπιον τῆς θεῆς. He that stands before the Face of God. And *Daniel* had his Vision interpreted by one, τῶς ἐσθκῶτων, of the *Standers* before God.

29. The *Poets* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either spoke, or so much as nodded. *Hom.*

—Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπον.

Virgil. Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Stat. —Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.

30. *Friends* in the plural, as an Intimation of the *Trinity*; for which Cause he sometimes uses *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31. I do not like *Homer's* repeating of long Messages just in the same Words: But here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from God, from whose Words no Creature ought to vary, and being deliver'd by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative Speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a Crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

32. That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what Degrees he pleased, that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same Art enraged *King Ericius*, even to the striking of all his *Friends* about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same Means a *Woman* to stop the Fury of a young *Man*, who came to set her House on Fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hinder'd another from murdering his *Father*, when the *Sword* was drawn for that purpose; that the Fierceness of *Achilles* his Nature was allay'd by playing on the *Harp* (for which Cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the

the Spoils of *Eëtion*) that *Damon* by it reduc'd wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even seditious Multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own Flesh (with many more Examples of the like kind) is well known to all Men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden Passions should be rais'd or suppress'd (for which Cause *Pindar* says to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμάτων κροαυόν σβεννύεις, Thou quenchest the raging Thunder.) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Human and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib. 28. cap. 1. Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulysssem inhibuisse carmine. Theophrastus Ischiadicis sanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris;* where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with musical Notes. For the Cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the Pipe, and *A. Gell.* for giving Ease to it, *Ut memoria proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy Admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthusiasm*, that *Musick* cures many Passions and Diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λεπθυμίας. φόβας. ἢ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρῶν, γιγνομένης τ' Διανοίας ἐκστάσεις. ἰατρῶν γὰρ φησὶν ἢ κατὰ λήθην ἢ Ἰαχίδα ἢ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the Pipe for the Cure of several Sicknesses, which *Galen* calls καλῶν λαῖν τὸ τόπος, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere;* or, *Loca dolentia decantare.* So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad-men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this Example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular Cure of the *Tarantism*, the Experiments of which are too notorious to be deny'd or eluded, and afford a probable Argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet that Art. For the Explication of the Reason of these Cures, the Magicians fly to their *Colcodea*; the *Platonicks*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power* of the Instrument, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the Harmony of a Pipe made of *Hellebore*, because the Juice of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciaticque* by a Musical Instrument made of *Poplar*, because of the Virtue of the Oyl of that Tree to mitigate those kind of Pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* Experiments are so false, that I wonder at the Negligence or Impudence of the Relators. *Picus Mirand.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *Body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural Reason to be, that in the same manner as musical Sounds move the outward Air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the Seat of Diseases) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the Effect desired, *Athan. Kercherus* requires four Conditions: 1. *Harmony.* 2. *Number and Proportion.* 3. *Efficacious* and pathetic Words joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly under-

understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. an adapting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this Subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnâ Consoni & Dissoni*.

33. *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit* blames *Claudian* for his Excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the Cause of it in his own Person. If he had brought in, says he, any other Person making the Relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new Occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the Person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular Matter, I have the Authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the *Digression* been upon any Subject but *Musick*. Hom. Il. 2.

Ἐπέειπε γυνὼ μοι Μῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δῶματ' ἔχουσαι.
 Ὑμῶν γὰρ θεαὴ ἔσσι, πάρεςέ τε, ἴση γὰρ πάντα.
 Ἡμῶν δ' κλέθ' οἷσ' ἀκρόαμην, εἰδέ τι ἰδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (*Æn.* 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato——
Tu Vatem tu Diva mone, &c.——

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Heliconæ Dea, cantibusq; ciete——
Et meministis enim Diva, & memorare potestis,
Ad nos vix tenuis fama perlabitur aura.

34. I have seen an excellent Saying of *St. Augustine's*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem saculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen, ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus*—— *sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quâdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione saculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number, Weight and Measure*; which are all Qualities of a good *Poem*. This Order and Proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the World, and not that which *Pythagoras, Plato, Tully, Macrobi.* and many of the *Fathers* imagin'd, to arise audibly from the Circumvolution of the *Heav'ns*. This is their *musical* and loud Voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalms* 19. *The Heavens declare the Glory of the Lord*—— *There is no Speech nor Language where their Voice is not heard. Their Sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their Words to the End of the World*—— Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it, *Their Line is gone out, Linea, vel amussis eorum*: To shew the Exactness of their Proportion.

35. Even this Distinction of Sounds in the Art of *Musick*, is thought by some to have been invented from the Consideration of the Elementary Qualities: In Imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have form'd an Harp with four Strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36. Because the *Moon* is but twenty eight Days, and *Saturn* above twenty nine Years in finishing his Course.

37. There

37. There is so much to be said of this Subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large Kercherus in his tenth Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38. The *Weapon-Salve*.

39. The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a Straw upon one of the Strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40. Here may seem to want Connexion between this Verse and the *Psalms*. It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the Reader; to wit, *That David sung to his Harp, before Saul, the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*.

*Fungimus hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.
Da propriam Thymbræ domum, &c. —*

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such Words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supply'd by any Care. Though *Scaliger* be of another Mind in the fourth Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some Places in *Virgil*, where the Sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out some Verses, through the over-much Severity of his Judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the Gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his fifth Book, upon the Death of *Palinurus*,

*Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.*

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb*.

— *Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio dignata virum, — Sate gente superbi
O Eneôs, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuiamus. —*

And why do I instance in these, since the Examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41. For this Liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no Authority or Example; and therefore like Men who venture upon a new Coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græcæ
Ausû deferere. — Hor.*

42. *Pfal. 58. 5. They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her Ear, which will not hearken to the Voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely. So Jerem. 8. 17. Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio: Which Texts are ill produc'd by the Magick-mongers for a Proof of the Power of Charms: For the first is plainly against them, Adder being there taken for Serpent in general; not for one Species of Serpents, which alone had a Quality of resisting Incantations: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have*

have said, though you practise *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no Remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole Human, or Diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the Power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the Creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to Human Nature.

Erigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.

Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.

Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,

Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi,

Humanog; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

43. Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *Wonders* of the *World*) than the κήπη or ἄρδεις κρεμασός, render'd by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon*, which was planted on the Top of prodigious Buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, four Square, and each Side containing four Acres of Ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorn'd with many Banqueting-Houses. The particular Description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l. 11.* and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l. 5.* It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosar*, for so *Josephus, l. 10.* and *Suidas* expressly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Qu. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorumylvuarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulit natura genium amoenitate majus operis imitari.* And *D. Chryostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susa*, in his *Sermon of Riches*, 'Ουδ' ἐν γίνοισι ποτὲ ἀνθρώποι εὐδαίμονες ἀνθήσοι ἢ ἀφρονες, ἐδ' ἐν τ' ἐν Σέσοις ἄρδεις οἰκοδοκίωσσωσι, ὅς ἦν, ὡς φασί, μελέωρ' ἄτας. These were Miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the Top of Palaces, was very frequent among the Ancients, *Seneca, Trag. Act. 3. Thyest.*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva. Sen. Epist. 122.

Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? quorum ilva in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quò improbè cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Roma scandebant silva;* which Luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the *Hebrews*, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scripture make me Conjecture, *2 Sam. 16. 22.* *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went in unto his Father's Concubines in the sight of all Israel.* *2 Sam. 11. 2.* *And it came to pass in an Evening, that David arose from off his Bed, and walked upon the Roof of the King's House; and from the Roof he saw a Woman washing her self.* And *1 Sam. 9. 25.* *Samuel communed with Saul upon the Top of the House.* And again, *v. 26.*

44. *1 Sam. 19. 13.* *And Michol took an Image, and put it in the Bed, and out a Pillow of Goats Hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a Cloath.* An Image, the *Hebrew* is *Theraphim*, a Word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good Sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by Ἐιδωλον, in other places by Θεραφειν, or Θεραφειν, sometimes by γλυπτρον, here by ενοταφριον, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the Representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herse*. The *Latin* uses *Simulachrum*, or *statua*, and

Aquila, μερράμαλα. The Fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the Cloaths the Liver of a She-Goat, newly cut out, and shew'd the Palpitation of it under the Coverlet to the Soldiers, saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all Night: How come such Men as he to have such odd Dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the Bed? Certainly no *Idol*, for those were not to be found in the House of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the Reception of Celestial Influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the *Jews*; but she made some Figure like a Man, out of several Cloaths, which she stuff with other things, like *Scare Crows*, or those Figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theatres, or those that are placed upon great Mens *Horses*. And she put the Skin of a She-Goat about his Head, to represent his Red Hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a *Statue* of *David* in the House, and laid that in the Bed, pretending that he was Speechless, and even this Deceit I am forced to help, with all the Circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th' Impression God prepared their sense.* And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the *Jews*, I have declared my Opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of Importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of Probability.

45. It was a necessary Condition required in all *Sacrifices*, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit. 1.* and this was observed too among the *Heathen*.

46. *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several *Towns*, but *Naioth* was a Place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious Meetings. *Adricom.*

47. The Description of the *Prophets College* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight as if I had taken the Pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian Customs*) were form'd after the Example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or Fore-tellers of future things, but Religious Persons, who separated themselves from the Business of the World, to employ their time in the Contemplation and Praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: For which cause in *1 Sam. 10. 5.* they carry'd with them a *Psaltery, Tabret, Pipe and Harp*; these it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for *Chap. 19. Ver. 20.* they saw the Company of *Prophets* prophesying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *stantem super eos*; which the *Chaldee* Interprets *Stantem docentem eos, Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward compos'd *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee, Scribes*, because they labour'd in reading, writing, learning and teaching the *Scriptures*; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as *2 King. 2. 3.* The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v. 5.* the Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Fericho*: Out of which may be collected, that *Colleges* of them were founded in several *Towns*. They are thus named (*Sons of the Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel, Elias, Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the Sense that the *Greeks* term *Physicians*.

Physicians, ἰατρῶν παῖδας, the *Sons of the Physicians*; and the *Hebrews Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this Appellation. To this alludes St. *Matth.* 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children*. And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, 2 *King.* 2. 12. *My Father, my Father*, &c.

48. For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by Water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod.* *Levit.* *Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the Omission of which, in some Cafes was punished with no less than Death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49. I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the Speech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this Distinction of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sat in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high Chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the Ground at the Feet of their *Teachers*, from whence St. *Paul* is said to be brought up at the Feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sat at *Jesus* his Feet, and heard his Word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the *Scholars* had made good Progress in Learning, they were *Elected* and made, by Imposition of Hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows of Colleges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions*.

50. The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha's* Chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51. It was the ancient Custom to cover the Seats and *Table-Beds* with Beasts Skins: So *Eumans* places *Ulysses*, *Odys.* 14.

Ἐσθεσεεν δ' ἐπὶ δέσμα ἰονδαδὸς ἀγροῦ αἰγῶν.

Collocavit super pellem villosa silvestris capra.

So *Evander Aeneas*, 8 *Aeneid*.

Pracipuumq; toro & villosa pelle Leonis

Accipit Aeneam—

Ovid. Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.

52. There is a great Dispute among the Learned, concerning the Antiquity of this Custom of *Lying down* at Meat; and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That in our Saviour's time (long before which the *Romans* and *Gracians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several Words used in the New Testament upon this occasion, as ἀναπίπτειν, *Luke* 22. ἀνακλιθεῖς, *Matth.* 26. καθεκλιθεῖς, *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matth.* 14. so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus* Bosom, *Joh.* 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feast; and alluding to this Custom, *Christ* is said to be in the *Bosom* of his *Father*, and the *Saints* in the *Bosom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this Fashion from the *Romans*, after they were subdu'd by them, but that is a Mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eastern People: Even in the *Prophets* time we have Testimony of this Custom, *Ezek.* 23. 41. *Thou satest upon a stately Bed, and a Table prepared before it*, *Amos* 2. 8. *They lay themselves upon Cloathes laid to Pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used Garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrific'd to *Idols*. What was the Fashion in *Samuel's* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice.

and long before; for the plucking off their Shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular Command to have their Shoes on their Feet at the Eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their Shoes off at other Meals?

53. There is no Matter capable of receiving the Marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were engraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Livy*, *Dec. 1. Lib. 2.* and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feign'd to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous Stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in *Brass*, and put them severely in Execution. *Pausan.* in *Boetic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiod's* Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in *Lead*; which kind of Plates *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden Paper*. This Fashion was in use before *Job's* time; for he says, *Job 19. 23, 24.* *Oh that my Words were graven with an Iron Pen and Lead, in the Rock for ever.* *Rock*, that is, the *Leaden Plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engrav'd the very *Pillars* themselves; as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his Days. And *Jamblicus* avows, that he took the Principles of his Mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars of Mercury*. *Plin. l. 7. 56.* reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Cochis lateribus*, that is, *Pillars of Brick*. *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace*,

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *Private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* or *Leaves of Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their Bigness. *Mart.*

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable Materials were written upon. Of thin Shavings of *Wood* the *Lombards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: Some of which *Pancirollus* had seen and read in his time.

54. See *Plin. l. 13. 11.* From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicæan*, not from the Country, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm-tree*. But *Guiland. de Papyra* thinks that *Phœnicæa* in *Pliny* is not the same with φοῖνιξ, and has a long Discourse to prove that *Palm-leaves* were not in use for writing, and that he should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold Correction upon very slight Grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna*, cited by him:

*Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malva descripta libello
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.*

But this was a *Rarity*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that Use. At *Athens* the Names of those who were expell'd the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this Sentence was called Ἐφυλλοφόρησις, as the Names of those banish'd by the People were in *Shells*; but

at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive-leaves*, and called Πέλαιισμοὶ ὑπο τῷ πετάλῳ ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgil's Sybilla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under Ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oil of *Cedar*. *Horace, de Ar. Po.*

— *Speramus carmina fingi*

Posse linenda Cedro, aut laevi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid. — *Nec Cedro charta notetur; and,*

— *Cedro digna locutus;*

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oil*; which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55. Of *Linnen Books* *Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *Publick Records*; by others termed too *Lintea Mappa*, and *Carbasina volumina*, filken Volumes, *Claud. de B. Ger.*

— *Quid carmina poscat*

Fatidico custos Romani carbasus avi.

And *Sym. l. 4. Epist.* *Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their Cloaths.

55. *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of Skin between the outward Bark and the Body of the Tree. The Paper used to this Day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of Stuff. The Name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp Style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library at Naioth.* *Iliad. 6.* *Præus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon*. The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *Styles* of Bone; it was made sharp at one End to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *Stylum vertere.*

56. *Pliny* says, that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that Name in the *Marshes of Egypt*) was not found out 'till after the building of *Alexandria*; and *Parchment* not 'till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod.* in *Tertf.* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper-skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *Skins* instead of it. See *Melch. Guiland. de Pap.* upon this Argument. And the *Diptera* of the *Grecians* were nothing else but the *Skins of Beasts*; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things, was made of the *She-Goat* that gave him Milk. And many are of Opinion, that the famous *Golden Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-skin.* *Diod. Sicul. l. 2.* affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produc'd: However, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here, because they were later than the other.

7. Hieraglyphicks. The use of which is very likely the Jews had from Egypt, where they had lived so long, *Lucan. l. 3.*

*Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblas
Noverat, & saxis tantum volucresq; fereq;
Sculptaq; servabant magicas animalia linguas.*

58. Nathan and Gad were famous Prophets in David's time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with Samuel in his College: For their particular Professorships, the one of Astronomy, the other of Mathematicks, that is a voluntary Gift of mine to them, and I suppose the Places were very lawfully at my disposing. Seraiab was afterwards Scribe or Secretary to David, called 1 Kings 42. Sifha, and 1 Chron. 18. 16. Shausha. Mahol the Reader of Natural Philosophy, is mention'd, 1 Kings 4. 31. Heman and Asaph are often spoken of in Scripture, 1 Kings 4. 1 Chron. 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42. and 25.

59. A Pyramide is a Figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, 'till it end in a Point, like our Spire-Steeple. It is so called from Πῦρ, Fire, because Flame ascends in that Figure. Number is here called a turn'd Pyramide, because the Bottom of it is the Point One (which is the Beginning of Number, not properly Number, as a Point is of Magnitude) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the Nature of Pyramidical Ascension.

60. Sacred Blue. Because of the use of it in the Curtains of the Tabernacle, the Curtain for the Door, the Vail, the Priest's Ephod, Breast-Plate, and briefly all sacred Ornaments. The reason of choosing Blue, I suppose to have been in the Tabernacle, to represent the Seat of God, that is, the Heav'ns, of which the Tabernacle was an Emblem, Numbers 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that Lace or Ribbond of Blue, wherewith their Fringes are bound to their Cloathes; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; because, they say, the Art is lost of dying that kind of Blue, which was the perfect Sky-Colour. Cœruleus is derived by some, Quasi cœluleus.

61. Virg. l. 6. Æn.

Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.

From which Pancirollus conjectures, that as we have now six Notes in Music, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, (invented by a Monk from the Hymn to St. John, beginning every Line with those Syllables) so the Ancients had Seven; according to which Apollo too instituted the Lyre with seven Strings; and Pindar calls it ἑπτάτοπον, his Interpreter, ἑπτάμιλον, and the Argives forbade under a Penalty, the use of more Strings.

62. Porphyrius affirmed, as he is cited by Eusebius, 3. Prepar Evang. that the Egyptians (that is, the Thebans in Egypt) believed but one God, whom they called Κνῆθ (whom Plutarch also names de Is. & Osyr. & Strabo, l. 17. Cnuphis) and that the Image of that God was made with an Egg coming out of his Mouth, to shew that he spoke out the World, that is, made it with his Word; for an Egg with the Egyptians was the Symbol of the World. So was it too in the Mystical Ceremonies of Bacchus, instituted by Orpheus, as Plut. Sympos l. 11. Quasi. 3. and Macrob. l. 7. c. 16. whence
Præcius

Proclus says upon *Timæus*, τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ἂν καὶ τὸ τῶν Πλάτωνος ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

63. *Theophil.* l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς ἐ χωρῆ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὄν τὸ πᾶν ὅλων, God is in no Place, but is the Place of all Things; and *Philo*, αὐτὸς ἐαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐαυτῶν πλήρης. Which is the same with the Expression here.

64. *Gen.* 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great Controversie among the Learned, about the Derivation of the Name of the *Hebrews*: The general Opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many Learned Men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more follow'd by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the Name came from *Abraham's* Passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the Name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *Strangers*, which they were called by the People amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which Opinion is chiefly grounded upon the *Septuagint* Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τῷ περατῆ, the *Passenger*; and *Aquila* Περσῆ.

65. For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colleges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 *King.* 2. 3, &c.

NOTES upon the SECOND BOOK.

1. **H**onours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *honoured*; in which Sense *Virgil* often uses the Word, and delights in it:

Et latos oculis afflârat Honores.

And in the second *Georg.* (as in this Place) for *Leaves*,

Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.

2. *Josephus* calls *David*, Πᾶς ξανθός, *The Yellow*; that is, *yellow-hair'd Boy*, or rather *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, because he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy Complexion, and Red, or rather *Yellow Hair*.

3. *Power*, *Love* and *Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (the *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghost*, *Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the World: And it is not only preserved by these three, the *Power*, *Love* and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the *Emanations* and *Beams* of them derived to, and impress'd in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to Act, *Wisdom* to direct those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their *Natures*, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary *Assistances* and *Benefits* from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero* *Cognatio Natura*, the *Kindred*, or *Consanguinity* of *Nature*. And to *Love*, the *Creation* of the World was attributed, even by many of the ancient *Heathens*, the *Verse* of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυέροπος.

Wisdom and Love were Parents of the World; and therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*,

Ἡδ' Ἐρῶς ὅς κ' ἀλλοίωσεν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

Pherecides said excellently, that *God* transform'd himself into *Love*, when he began to make the World,

Ἐἰς Ἐρώτα μεταβλήθη
Δία μέλλοινα δημιουργεῖν.

4. As *Human Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem contrary to their *Nature*, as the *Ascension* of heavy *Bodies*, and the like.

5. *Garlands* of *Ivy* were anciently the *Ornaments* of *Poets*, and other learned Men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like. *Horace*.

*Me doctarum Hedera premia frontium
Diis miscet superis—*

Me *Ivy* the Reward of learned *Brows* does mingle with the *Gods*.

Virg.—*Atq; hanc sine tempora circum
Inter vitricas hederam tibi serpere laurus.*

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy *Temples* with triumphant *Laurel* bound. Because *Ivy* is always *Green*, and requires the *Support* of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great Men

6. The *Object* of the *Sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which appears to be *good*. There is great *Caution* to be used in *English* in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives*. I think when they constitute *specific Differences* of the *Substantives*, they follow best; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey, the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; sometimes even in other Cases the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good *Ear* must be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7. These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas* in *Prima Sec. Quæst* 28. the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th *Artic.* to whom I refer for the *Proof* and *Explanation* of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8. 1 Sam. 5. *And David* said unto *Jonathan*, *behold to Morrow* is the *New-Moon*, and I should not fail to sit with the *King* at *Meat*, but let me go, &c. *Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxta regem ad vescendum, &c.* The first Day of every Month was a *Festival* among the *Jews*: For the *First-Fruits* of all things, even all *Distinctions* of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; in it they neither bought nor sold. *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the New-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn?* The *Vulg.* *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Festum Mensis*) & *venundabimus mercem?* They went to the *Prophets* to hear the *Word* as upon *Sabbaths*, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to Day? It is neither New-Moon*

nor Sabbath; which was likewise a Custom among the Romans: For the Day of the Calends the High-Priests called together the People (from whence the Name of Calends à Calando plebem) to instruct them in the Divine Duties which they were to perform that Month, Macro. 1. Saturnal. And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary Days, Num. 28. 11. But of all New-Moons, that of the seventh Month was the most solemn, it being also the Feast of Trumpets. It is not evident that this was the New-Moon spoken of in this Story of David; but that it was so, may probably be conjectur'd, in that the Text seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary Calends, and that the Feast lasted above one Day, 1 Sam. 20. 27. And it came to pass, that on the Morrow, which was the second Day of the Month, David's place was empty. Now the Reason of this greater Observation of the Calends of the seventh Month (called Tisri, and answering to our September) was, because according to the Civil Computation (for the Jews had two Accounts of the Beginning of the Year, one Civil, the other Religious; this later being instituted in Memory of their Passage out of Egypt in the Month Abib, that is, about our March) this was the beginning of the Year; from hence Contracts, and the Account of Sabbatical Years and Jubilees bare Date. It is called by some Sabbathum Sabbathorum, because it is the Sabbath of Months; for as the seventh Day, and the seventh Year, so the seventh Month too was consecrated to God. Of this New-Moon it is that David speaks, Psalm 81. 3. Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the Time appointed on our solemn Feast-Day. In insigni die solemnitatis vestre. And the Psalm is inscribed, Pro Torcularibus; which concurs just with this seventh Moon; which Philo in Decal. terms ἡ ἱερομενίαν ἢ σαλπιγγεῖν ὑποσημαίνουσι. And St. August. reads, In initio Mensis Tuba. See the Institution of this Festival, Levit. 23. 24. and Numb. 29. 1.

9. The Priests were wont to blow the Trumpets upon all Festivals, the Year of Jubilee was proclaimed by them with the Sound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay, the Sabbath it self was begun with it, as Josephus testifies, l. 5. Bel. Jud. c. 9. But why the Trumpets were founded more extraordinarily on this Day, is hard to find out; for which it is named Dies Clangoris. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the New-Year; which Opinion is likewise adorned with an Allusion to the Beginning (or as it were New-Year's Day) of Eternity; which is to be proclaimed by Angels in that manner with a great Sound of a Trumpet, Mat. 24. 31.

10. This was St. Basil's Opinion, but is not much follow'd, because when Festivals are instituted in Memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same Day that the Blessing was conferred.

11. This third is the common Opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Festival Festum Cornu, and say, that they founded only upon Rams Horns; But that, methinks, if this be the true Reason of it, is not necessary.

12. The third Hour; i. Nine a-Clock in the Morning: For the Day began at six a-Clock, and contain'd twelve little, or four great Hours, or Quarters. The first Quarter from six to nine, was called the Third Hour, because that closed up the Quarter.

13. Gay.

13. *Gay*, because the Beasts to be sacrificed, used to be *crowned* with Garlands, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards.

14. For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first Year without Spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added to this *New-Moon*, one young *Bullock*, one *Ram*, seven *Lambs* of the first Year without Blemish, and one *Kid*, *Numb.* 29. which join'd, make up my Number. *Bullocks* of *Free-Neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, imply'd in the *Epithete Young.* *Intactâ cervicè Juvenci.*

15. The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16. The Custom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing Garments, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the History of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlit of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed.* *Catull.* *Argonaut.*

*Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.*

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the Rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextusq; puer frondosâ regius Idâ.

And many Authorities of this kind might be alledged if it were necessary.

17. *You might see.* That is, *It might be seen*, or *any one might see.* This manner of speaking, which puts the second Person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

Φαίης κερζάλορον τινα ἔμμεναι.

Virg. 4. *Æn.*

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honesta figura s; rem tertia persona in secundam transferas.* *Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8 *Æn.*

Credas innare revulgas Cycladas; that is, Credat quis.

18. *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God.* An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* Πέσωπον Σεῦ.

19. Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abram's Brother*; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which Marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture, *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terah's Daughter-in-Law*, not *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abram's Kinswoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters.* Ἀδελφιδὴ non Ἀδελφὴ. *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore Years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two Kings in Love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech.* It is to be believed that People in those Days bore their Age better than now, and her Barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief Reason, I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God*, as particular as that of her *Child-bearing* after the Natural Season.

20. The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surpriz'd this Army in, or after a Debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that
this

this was the Case. Of these *confused Marks of Death and Luxury*, there is an excellent Description in the 9th *Æneid*. where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the Quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; sepultam.—

*Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens, &c.*

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

21. St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to his Time; and that there were then remaining some Ruins of the Palace of *Melchisedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*; for being a *Type of Christ*, that Seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*. *Psal.* *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his Habitation in Sion.* And the Addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the *Jebusites*; that is, *Salem of the Jebusites, Adric.* The Situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this Story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the Parts about *Damascus*, passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchisedec*, the Difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *Man*, but *God* himself, or the *Holy-Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Christ* himself; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the Son of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former extravagant Fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the true *God*, which makes him so remarkable among those *Idolatrous Nations*; for which Cause he is termed, Ἀνευαλόγητος, because he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typify'd or represented *Christ*, as being both a *King* and a *Priest*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*; But this and the other Controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22. Ver. 18. *And Melchisedec King of Salem brought forth Bread and Wine, &c.* The Romanists maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, as *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ*; others, that it was only a *Present* for the Relief of *Abram's* Men. Why may we not say that it was both? And that before the Men were refresh'd by Bread and Wine, there was an Offering or Prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most *High-God*, as he is denominated? For even this Oblation of Bread and Wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) is called *δυσία*, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec* upon this Occasion, ἐπιβία εἶδνε. I therefore name them *Sacred Presents*. Like him whose *Type* he bears; that is, *Christ*. And the *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abram's* Substance, or of the *present Spoils*, (ἀνευδία) is a great Controversie.

23. *Gen.* 15. 5. and *Gen.* 22. 17. *I will multiply thy Seed as the Stars of the Heav'n, and as the Sand upon the Sea Shore.* An ordinary Proverb in all Languages, for great Numbers. *Catul.* *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another Place he joins the Sand of the Sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythrai Siderumq; micantium subducatur numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberless* to the Similitude.

¶ 24. *Gen. 17.* It is called a *Covenant*; and Circumcision may well be termed a *Mark of Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the *Flesh*, and peculiar Dedication of *Abram* and his Seed to the Service of the true *God*.

25. The received Opinion is, that *two* of these Persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen. 18. 22.* But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat.* *Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the *Jews* have a Tradition, that these *three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient Opinion that these were the *Three Persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious Saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit.* This appearing of *Gods* in the Manner of *Strangers*, to punish and reward Men was a common Tradition too among the *Heathens*, *Hom. 9. Odyss.*

Καὶ τε θεοὶ ξένοισιν εἰκότες ἀλλοπαδοῖσι
 Παντοῖοι τελέθειες ἐπιδρωσῶσι πολλὰς
 Ἀνθρώπων ὕβειν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The *Gods* in the Habits of *Strangers* went about to several *Towns* to be *Eye-witnesses* of the *Justice* and *Injustice* of Men. So *Homer* makes the *Gods* to go once a Year to feast,

————— μὲν ἀμύμονας Ἀιθιοπῆας,

With the *unblamable Ethiopians*. And we find these *Peregrinations* frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo—————

Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. *Metam.*

26. From *Ur*, the Place of his *Birth*, to *Ephron's Cave*, the Place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Caldees*, *Gen. 11. 31.* Some of the *Jews* take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous Fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his Brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning Furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib. 9. Prepar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the Name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls ἕρην, and *Plin. l. 5. c. 24.* makes Mention of *Ura*, a Place *Usq;* quem fertur *Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the Worship of *Fire* in that Country. The Name continued 'till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib. 25.*

27. *Mounts*. For the Place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. *Aquila* ἡ γῆ καὶ λαοανῆ; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the Place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same Reason has Ὀπασίας, which is the same with the *Latin Visionis*; and the *Septuag.* call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, the *Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abraham's*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the Seat of *Solomon's Temple*.

28. *The Boy*. Our *English* Translation, *Lad*, which is not a Word for Verse, the *Latin Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve Years old. But that is an Age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that Reason conceives that he was

was about 16 Years of Age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33. because at that Age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. None of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the Word *Boy*; for so all young Men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliath*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young; and my Description agrees most with that Opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetic than the others.

29. Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30. The *Ancients* (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the washing at least of their *Hands* and *Feet* before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his *Concubine*, *They wash'd their Feet, and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a little Water, I pray you, be fetch'd, and wash your Feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a Morjel of Bread, &c.* So likewise *Joseph's Steward* treats his *Master's Brethren*. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy House, and wash thy Feet, &c. and there follow'd him a Mess of Meat from the King*. It is in vain to add more Authorities of a thing so notorious. And this Custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much *Dirt*, and were (of which this Custom is some Argument) to lye down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the *Feet* of their *Guests*.

— ἀρχαῖον ἢ τῆτο εἶδος. Athen. L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient Custom; and so the *Daughters* of *Cocalus* wash'd *Minos* at his Arrival in *Sicily*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful *Servants* for this, and the like *Ministeries*. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *Wash-pots* standing by at the *Jewish Feasts*, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these Reasons six *Water-pots* stood ready at the *Wedding-Feast* of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

31. *Ecclef.* 2. 8. *I gat Men-singers, and Women-singers, the Delights of the Sons of Men, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόσας*. He and she *Servants* to fill *Wine*; says the *Septuagint*: Though I know the *Vulgar*, and our *English Edition* translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the *Ancients* were in the *Choice* of *Servants* to wait at *Table*, *Mart*.

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos,

32. After washing they always anointed themselves with precious *Oyl*. So *Judith.* 10. 2. So *Naomi*, to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David* after the Death of his Child, *Rose up, and wash'd, and anointed himself, &c.* So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her *Maids*,

Ἄϊ ἢ λοσάμηναι καὶ χειράμηναι λίπ' ἐλάω
Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἰλονίσο παρ' ὄχθησιν πῶλαμοῖο.

But this too is as notorious as the other Fashion of washing. *Small Prisons*. *Boxes* of *Ointments*, such as the *Woman* poured upon the *Head* of our *Saviour*, *Mat.* 26. 7. ἀλάσασθν μύρε, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other Matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, *St. Mark* affirming that it was broken. *Horace*,

Nardi parvus Onyx,

Clau-

Claudian. *Gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum
Effudere cadis*—

33. The Roman Custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the Word *Triclinium*) and *three Persons* to each *Bed* (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatics*, as well as the very Fashion of *Discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for State I gave 2 whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Cousin German, and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons-in-Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 Sam. 20. 25. *And Saul sat upon his Seat as at other times, even upon a Seat by the Wall*: Because the Words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in Practice at several Times, and in several Nations.

34. At the Feasts of the Ancients, not only the Rooms were strewed with *Flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were crowned with them. *Virg.*

*Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronam
Induit, implevitq; mero*—

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homer's*,

Κρατήρας ἐμπέφαντο ποτοῖο.

Which they say are said to be *crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the Liquor standing higher than the Brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen. l. j. c. 11*. But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They crowned, κρατήρας ποτοῖο, Bowls of Drink*, as well as *They crowned Bowls with Drink*?

35. The Name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36. 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious Woman*, &c. The *Vulg. Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapientis*; that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself, casts the Fault of his Stubbornness and ill Nature upon his *Mother*. In which I cannot abide to be of his Opinion; the Words are so ungracious from the Mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this; thou who art so stubborn and unnatural, that thou mayst seem to be not my Son, but a *Bastard*, the Son of a Whore or rebellious Woman; and that which follows in the same Verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own Confusion, and to the Confusion of thy Mother's Nakedness*; that is, to her Shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other Man and not of me.

37. 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And Jonathan arose from the Table in fierce Anger*, In irâ furoris. But his Passion (it seems) did not overcome his Duty or Discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathan's* shooting Arrows, and sending his Page for them; from the 35th to the 40th Verse: By *Horace* his Rule,

— *Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquant*:

And

And what Art or Industry could make that Story *shine*? Besides it was a Subtlety that I cannot for my Life comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talk'd to him himself, what needed all that politick Trouble of the shooting?

38. The *Head*, which is the Seat of *Fancy*.

39. These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Fantastick Creatures*.

Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, *Lucret. L. 5.*

And afterwards,

Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimera,

Which is out of *Homer*,

Πρότερον λέων ὃ ὀπίσθινον δράκων.

40. When the Country People in *Thessaly* saw Men first that came on Horseback, and drove away their Cattle, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaurs* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which *Fancy*, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

41. Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, *2 Sam. 5. 6.* There are some other Interpretations of the Place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jeubistes* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no Probability. Thinking *David* cannot come in hither; is a plain Proof that they did it in Scorn of *David*, and Confidence of the extraordinary Strength of the Place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred Years since the Entrance of the *Israelites* into the Land, in the very midst of them.

42. *Fish*; *Dagon* the Deity most worshipp'd by the *Philistims*.

43. The *English* says *Mulberry Trees*; the *Latin*, *Pear Trees*; the safest is to leave it *indefinite*. The Sound of a going in the Tops of the *Mulberry Trees*, *v. 24.* some interpret, The Noise of the dropping of the Dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* τῆς κλαυθμῶν.

44. *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus* *Sophene*, a Part of *Cœlosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses*. This Kingdom is first mention'd; *1 Sam. 14. 47.* at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*.

45. *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the Family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great Lustre.

46. The Children of *Ammon*.

47. *Mo'och* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, *1 Kings 11. 5, & 7.* *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrob. 1. Saturn. Curt. Lib. 4. Diodor. Lib. 20, &c.* I had rather believe the *Sun* was worshipp'd under that Name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the Word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Affyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that Children were not burnt or sacrificed to him, but only consecrated and initiated by passing between two Fires; which perhaps might be a Custom too. But it is evident by several Places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* say, that

passing

passing through the Fire, is but a Phrase for Burning. He had seven Chapels from the Number of the Planets, of which the Sun is King; for which Reason the Persians likewise made seven Gates to him. In the first Chappel was offer'd to him a Cake of fine Flower, in the second a Turtle in the third a Sheep, the fourth a Ram, the fifth an Heifer, the sixth an Ox, and the seventh a Man, or Child, commonly a young Child. The Image was of Brass, of wonderful Greatness, with his Hands spread, and set on Fire within, perhaps to represent the Heat of the Sun, and not as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewise the Face of a Bullock, in which Figure too Osyris among the Egyptians represented the Sun, and Mithra among the Persians.

Stat. *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the Worship of the Sun, under this Name of Moloch, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipp'd; which makes me say, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

48. *Swift Tygris.* Curt. L. 4. No River in the East runs so violently as Tygris, from which Swiftness it takes the Name; for Tygris in the Persian Language signifies an Arrow.

49. *Helam, or Chelam,* which Ptolomy calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of Euphrates.

50. The Metropolis of Ammon, since Philadelphia.

51. And he took their King's Crown from off his Head (the Weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious Stones) and it was set on David's Head, 2 Sam. 12. 30. and the like, 1 Chro. 20. 2. *Tulit Diadema Regis eorum de Capite ejus, &c.* But the Seventy have it, *Καὶ ἔλαβεν ὁ δαυὶδ τὸ στέφανον Μολχὸν τῆ βασιλῆος αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ τὴ κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c.* He took the Crown of Molchom their King from off his Head. That is, The Crown upon the Head of their Idol Moloch, or Melchom; which makes some of the Greek Fathers say, That Melchom's Image had a bright precious Stone in form of the Morning-star, plac'd on the Top of his Forehead. I rather follow the English Translation.

52. Some would have Solomon to have begun his Reign at eleven Years old, which is very unreasonable. Sir W. Raughley, methinks, convinces that it was in the nineteenth Year of his Age; at which time it might truly be said by David to Solomon, *Thou art a wise Man*; and by Solomon to God, *I am but a young Child.*

53. I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned Men in this Point, who make Saba, of which she was Queen, a Part of Arabia Felix,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabais.*

And Frankincense was one of her Presents to Solomon. Psalm 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where she liv'd they say was called Marab; by Strabo, Mariaba; and her, some name Nicanna; others, Makeda; the Arabians, Bulkis. This consists well enough with her Title of the Queen of Ethiopia; for there were two Ethiopias, the one in Asia, the other in Africk. Nevertheless I make her here Queen of this latter Ethiopia for two Reasons; First, Because she is called in the New Testament Queen of the South, which seems to me to be too great a Title for the Queen of a small Territory in Arabia, lying full East, and but a little Southward of Judaa; and therefore the Wise Men that came to worship Christ

Christ from those Parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African-Ethiopians* affirm, that he was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *Mer* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary Names of them seem to confirm, and the Custom of Circumcision used even to this Day, tho' they be *Christians*. In fine, whatever the Truth be, this Opinion makes a better Sound in *Poetry*.

54. This *Egyptian* King's Name is very variously written. *Shishac* the *English*, *Sesac* *Latin*, *Susakim* *Septuagint*. *Susac* *Josephus*, *Susesin* *Cedreus*, also *Safuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sosachis*; and by *Eusebius Smendes*, *Josephus*,

8. proves that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the Acts of this *Susac* to *Sesoftris*, and particularly his setting up of Pillars in *Palestine*, with the Figures of Womens Privy Parts graven upon them, to reproach the Effeminate-ness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without Number, compos'd of *Lubims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countries West of *Egypt*. *Sukkym*, from *Uccoath Tents*, Lat. *Troglodita*, a People bordering upon the *Red Sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cusita*, *Joseph.* which is more probable, than to make them, as some do, the People of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petraa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claim'd the Sovereignty of *Judaa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55. *Adadesar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the golden Shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concern'd in them.

56. The Story of this great Battel between *Abijah* and *Feroboam* is one of the strangest and humanly most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant Men should be slain in one Battel; and of this not so much as any Notice taken in *Abijah's* or *Feroboam's* Lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the Wonder, that this Defeat should draw no other Consequence after it but *Abijah's* Recovery of two or three Towns; no more than all the mighty Troubles and Changes in *Israel*, that happen'd afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the Advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good Discourse to prove the Reason of this to have been, because the Successors of *Solomon* still kept up that Severity and Arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the Separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those Liberties to the People, upon the score of which *Feroboam* possess'd himself of the Crown; which the People chose rather to enjoy, though with great Wars and Disturbances, than to return to the Quiet which they enjoy'd with Servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many Changes) find a Party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute Determination of *God's* Will for a Cause of it, who being offended with the Sins of both, made both his Instruments of Vengeance against one another, and gave Victories and other Advantages to *Judah*, not for Blessings to that, but for Curses and Scourges to *Israel*. *God punish'd one, but bless'd not the other Side.*

57. This Superstition of consecrating Groves to Idols grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some Idol,

— *Lucoſq; vetuſta*

Religione truces & robora Numinis instar. Claud.

The Word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come à *Lucendo*, from the constant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from *Tapers* continually burning there in Honour of them. At last the very *Trees* grew to be the *Idols*:

————— *Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druida* had their Name from worshipping an *Oak*; and among the *Celta* an *Oak* was the Image of *Jupiter*; the *Holm Tree* had no less Honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the Names of the *Gods*. 2 *Kings* 23. 6. *Josiah* is said to bring out the *Groves* from the House of the Lord; where it seems the *Idols* themselves are called *Groves*; either having gotten that Name from standing commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps because they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with *Trees* represented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the Silver Similitudes of *Diana's Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58. The Number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa's* consisting of five hundred and eighty thousand, and *Zerah's* of ten hundred thousand Men, called *Ethiopian*s, *Cusita*: Now though I took the *Cusites* of *Susac's* Army to be the *Ethiopian*s of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palestine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabouts are spoiled by *Asa*, as belonging to *Zerah*, but that is in *Arabia Petraea*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countries thereabouts; and with the Help of his neighbour Princes: For otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopian*s as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Cbau*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petraea*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

59. It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the Field, after his great Success against *Zerah*, and his Father's but a little before against *Feroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a Murderer, and an unsettled Usurper; for which Cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temple's Treasures for the Assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of Fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been bought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigning in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this Occasion found the Weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judea*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attack them.

60. The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, to whom the *Government* of this *World* is committed. The Meaning is, that having a Command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward Disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the Person was) they had like to have caused the *King* of *Judah* to be slain instead of the *King* of *Israel*. He had like to have dy'd as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

61. *Seir*, a little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

62. *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight Years in *Jerusalem*, 2 *Kings*

8. 17. 2 *Chron.* 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident Collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight Years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckon'd in the Life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his Mistake, who says, *Foram filius regnum tenuit (Josaphat rege defuncto) annos duo deviginti*: Reign'd eighteen Years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochofta* or *Ahaziah* reign'd scarce one Year.

63. *Athaliah*, by some *Gotholia*. Her Murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only Pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the *first Possessor*. She had been in effect in Possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochofta*, Ἐσπένδασε μηδένα τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Δαβίδος καταλιπεῖν οἴκῳ, πᾶν δ' ἔξαράϊσαι τὸ γένος. *Joseph*. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, First, as she was not of the *House of David*: And Secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenouille*, *Deut.* 17. 5. Yet she reign'd peaceably almost seven Years, which was very much to be wonder'd at, not only in regard of her Murders, *Usurpation*, *Tyranny* and *Idoltry* at home, but because *Jehu* then King of *Israel* was a sworn Enemy of the *House of Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the Person of this wicked *Woman*, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolvitq; Deum*.

64. 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazael's* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great Sum of *Mony*. The Second of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the Loss of a Battel by *Joas*, and the Slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both those Places signifie but one War, and that the Composition follow'd the Victory. That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable, and that mention'd in the *Chronicles* to be the former of two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful Composition, after the Loss of a Battel, and of the greatest Part of his Nobility, against a small Number, than before he had ever try'd his Fortune in the Field against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that Agreement for a vast Treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small Company; as that having at first with a Party only defeated the *Judean* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forces to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable Conditions. But it may be objected that it is said, 2 *Chron.* 24. 25. *When they (the Syrians) departed from him (for they left him in great Diseases) his own Servants conspired against him, and slew him*; as if this follow'd immediately after the Battel. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical Parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the Relation very imperfect and confus'd, (especially in Circumstances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*: So that *When they departed*, &c. may relate not to this Defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other Composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second Invasion was but a Consequence, and almost *Continuance* of the former. In which Respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first Part, which was the Battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the se-

cond, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the Conditions of Agreement, both have fulfilled the Duty of *Epitomies*.

65. That is, in the same manner as his Father *Jons*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same Resemblance in their Defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the Consequences of them, which were the Loss of all their Treasures, and those of the Temple; a dishonourable Peace, and their Murders, by their own Servants.

66. This Punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *Enemies*.

67. *Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint *Οζίας*, and so *Josephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High-Priest's* Name in his time.

68. At first from *Men*, 2 *Chron.* 26. 21. Dwelt in an House apart, being a *Leper*. So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. From Earth at last: For *Josephus* reports, that the Grief caused his Death. *χρόνον μὲν τινα διήγεν ἔξω τῆ πόλεως ἰδιωτῶν ἀποζῶν βίον—ἐπειδὴ ὑπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυρίας ἀπέθανεν.*

69. *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy. That he wanted no kind of Virtue, but was religious towards God, just to Men, and wise in Government.

70. To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the Custom to make a great Noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the End that his Cries might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a Valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipp'd in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the Word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Lophet*. Some think (as *Theodor Salis.* &c.) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two Fires, for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, 2 *Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son pass through the Fire. But 2 *Chron.* 28. 3. explains it, He burnt his Children in the Fire. And *Josephus.* *εἰδῶλοισι ἰδίου ὀλοκαύτωσε παῖδά.*

71. *Tiglat-pileser*, or *Tiglat phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belosus*, by *Diador*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire* After which the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sovereignty, and made other great Additions to it by Conquest.

72. For after the Spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroy'd upon *Achaz* Quarrel, he possess'd himself also of a great Part of *Judaea*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief Riches of the Country, and made *Achaz* his Tributary and Servant.

73. The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan* say the Angel of God destroy'd them by Fire from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*. *λοιμικὴ νόσῳ*

74. He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint. *Νεσεροῦ*, *Josephus*, *πρὸς ναῶν Ἀρσάσκη λεγομένη*, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his Distress at *Pelussum* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound himself by Vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, their younger Brother by another Mother, his Successor. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacherib's* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Ἐἵς ἐμὲ τὴς ὁράων ἐσοῦσῃς ἔσω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75. It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *Shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this Opinion hath the Authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

76. *Forgetful Man*, which is the Signification of his Name.

77. The *Egyptians* worshipp'd two *Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their *Sacred Language*, of *Osyris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this *Idolatry*, but applying to it the Name of the *true God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same *Figure*, as they had seen *Osyris* worshipp'd in *Egypt*. Such was *Aaron's Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Feroboam's two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his Banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different *Idols*, in Imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be ador'd under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* call'd, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78. See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to *Dust*, as the graven *Image* of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stamp'd to *Powder*; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of *Wood*, for then it would have burnt to *Ashes*. 2 *King*. 23. 6.

79. The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Asherah*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βαδλ, mentioned often in the *Septuagint*, *Tob*. 1. 5. ἔδουον τῇ Βαδλ τῇ Δαμδαλ. They sacrific'd to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Dea Syr.* Ἀστέρευ δ' ἔγα' Ἰοκέω σεληνείαν ἐμμέναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her *Head* the *Head* of a *Bull*. *Syderum Regina bicornis*. *Hor*.

80. *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipp'd in a *great Stone*, round at *Bottom*, and ending in a *Spire*; to signify the Nature of *Fire*. In the like *Figure* *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipp'd, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* Superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the *Wife* of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a *Surname* of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81. *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is the *Moon*, *Men* sacrific'd to her in the *Habit* of *Women*, and they in that of *Men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀρρενοθῆλις, both *Male* and *Female*, *Macrobius*. *Saturn*. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*. *Jul. Firm.* says of these *Priests*, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the *Occasion* of the *Law*, *Deut*. 22. 5.

82. 2 *Kings* 17. 30. And the *Men* of *Babylon* made *Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Bnos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βίνθ, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose *Worship* *Herodot.* L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crown'd with *Garlands* sat in *Order* in her *Temple*, separated from one another by little *Cords*, and never stirr'd from thence 'till some *Stranger* came in, and giving them a *Piece* of *Mony* took them out to lye with them; and 'till then they could not be marry'd.

83. Some

83. Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτῶν, deriving it from *Dagon, Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believ'd, that it comes from *Dag, a Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper Part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Definit in Piscem mulier formosa superne*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan, the mighty Fish*) and *Derceto*, whose *Image* was such, and her *Temple* at *Ascalon*, which is the Place where *Dagon* was worshipp'd. *Diodor.* says of the *Image*, L. 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἦχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύου. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισὲν μὲ γυνή, τὸ δ', ὀκῶσον ἐν μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρας πόδας ἰχθύου ἀπολείνε. There is an ancient Fable, that ὠάνης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught Men several Arts, and then return'd again to the Sea. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several Ages had arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and that the Name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this Matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag. 2. c. 3.*

84. 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the *Swiftnefs* of his Motion. See *Zen. l. 8. de Cyro. 11. Ἀνακῶν. Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth. 10. Justin. 1. Herod. 1.* They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal, 2 Kings 17. 30. And the Men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in Honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the *Romans*. The ancient *Persians* worshipp'd it, and had no other *Idol* of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the Borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, θεῶ πρώτω τῶ Πυρὸς εὐχον, which was the Reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead Bodies, as a *Profanation* of their *Deity*.

85. *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The God of *Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the Ode called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and Note 18. upon the first Book.

Thundering Baul. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countries. See Note 45. L. 3.

86. Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular Mention of the *Slaughter* of *Jehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*. Nay 2 *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he first bound him with an Intent to carry him away *Captive*, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer. 36. 30. And *Josephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be slain, and his *Body* to be cast over the Walls.

87. *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away *Captive* after three Months and ten Days, *Zedechia* being set up in his Place, the younger Brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; the fourth *King* of the *Jews* successively, that was made a *Bond-slave*. *Israel's* now *solennar and Imperial Chain*: For it was the Custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the *Romans* too, *U: haberent instrumenta seruitutis & reges*. Tacit.

88. For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recover'd their ancient Liberty, but continu'd under the Yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* 'till their final Destruction.

89. In this manner Oedipus speaks, after he had put out his own Eyes. In *Theb.* *Quid hic manes meos detineo?*

Why do I keep my Ghost alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

*Funus extendis meum,
Longasq; vivi ducis exequias patris.*

And Oed. Act. 5.

*Mors eligatur longa, quaratur via
Qua nec sepultis mistus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem.*——— *Seneca the Philosop.*

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia's* Affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*.

*Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Lewis.*

But *Seneca the Father* in the 19th *Controvers.* has rais'd an Objection against the next Verse, *Bereft of Grievs*, &c. *Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false Sense, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self.* And again, *So much Cause, and no more Power to weep.* As if (says he) *Blind People could not weep.* Truly, Philosophically speaking, the Moisture that falls through the Place of the Eyes, if provoked by Grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the Eyes, as to make the Expression *Poetically true*, though not *Literally* And therefore the *Tragædian* was not frightened with his *Criticism*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

*Cuncta fors mihi infesta abstulit.
Lacryma supererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.*

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well.

90. I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouly*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the Effects and Footsteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her Body.

91. Their mingled *Light*; i. their *Colours*; which are nothing but the several Mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the Superficies of opacous Bodies; as for Example, *Yellow* is the Mixture of *Light* with a little *Darkness*; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, *ολόγα ἢ σωματων ἐκὰςων ἑσπερέσσι*. *Flames*, that is *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and *Pindar*, *Od. 6.* elegantly attributes to *Flowers*, *Παμπαροφουεῖς ἀχλίνας*, *Purple Beams*.

92. *God's Wife*. Though the Word seem bold, I know no Hurt in the Figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical Word*. The *Church* is called *Christ's Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *contracted*, not *married*, 'till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same Reason.

93. *Early*, i. *Eastern Spices*. From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Juda*. Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise Men came *ἀπὸ ἀνατολών*. We have seen his Star, *ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ*. *Virg.*

Ecce Dionai processit Caesaris astrum.

And the Presents which these wise Men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia*.

94. *Gabriel*; the Name signifies, *The Power of God*. I have seen in some *magical Books*, where they give barbarous Names to the *Guardian Angels* of great Persons, as that of *Mathatron* to the *Angel* of *Moses*, that they assign

assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, and this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Jofua* and *Daniel*. But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no Mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employ'd particularly in things that belong to the Manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary*. The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of God's *Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*.

95. *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the *Senten. Distinct. 9. Art. 2.* It is necessary that the Air should be *thicken'd*, 'till it come near to the Propriety of Earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid Body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in Bodies of condensed Air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about *Witches*. But they are beholden for this Invention to the ancient *Poets*. *Virg. 12.*

*Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.*

Which is the Reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the Drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employ'd to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*, 4. *Iliad.*

Ἀύρα δ' ἔδωλον τεύξ' ἀργυρέτοξ' Ἀπόλλων
Ἄυτ' ἄν' ἄν' ἰκελον κ' τεύχεσι τοῖον.

96. *Obscene* was a Word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill Fortune*. And it is most frequently apply'd to *Birds* of *ill Omen*. *Virg. 3. Æn.*

*Sive Dea, ceu sint Dira, obscenæq; volucres.
Æn. 12.—Nec me terrete timentem
Obscena volucres.—*

Ovid.—Obscena quo prohibentur aves.

And *Servius* interprets *Virgil's Obscanam fumem*, to be, The Hunger that drives Men to *obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *obscene*; i. *unlucky Bird*.

97. It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

98. *Albion* is the ancientest Name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *David's* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Munda*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the *Vanity* of those who derive it from a *Latin Word*, *Ab Albi Rupibus*.

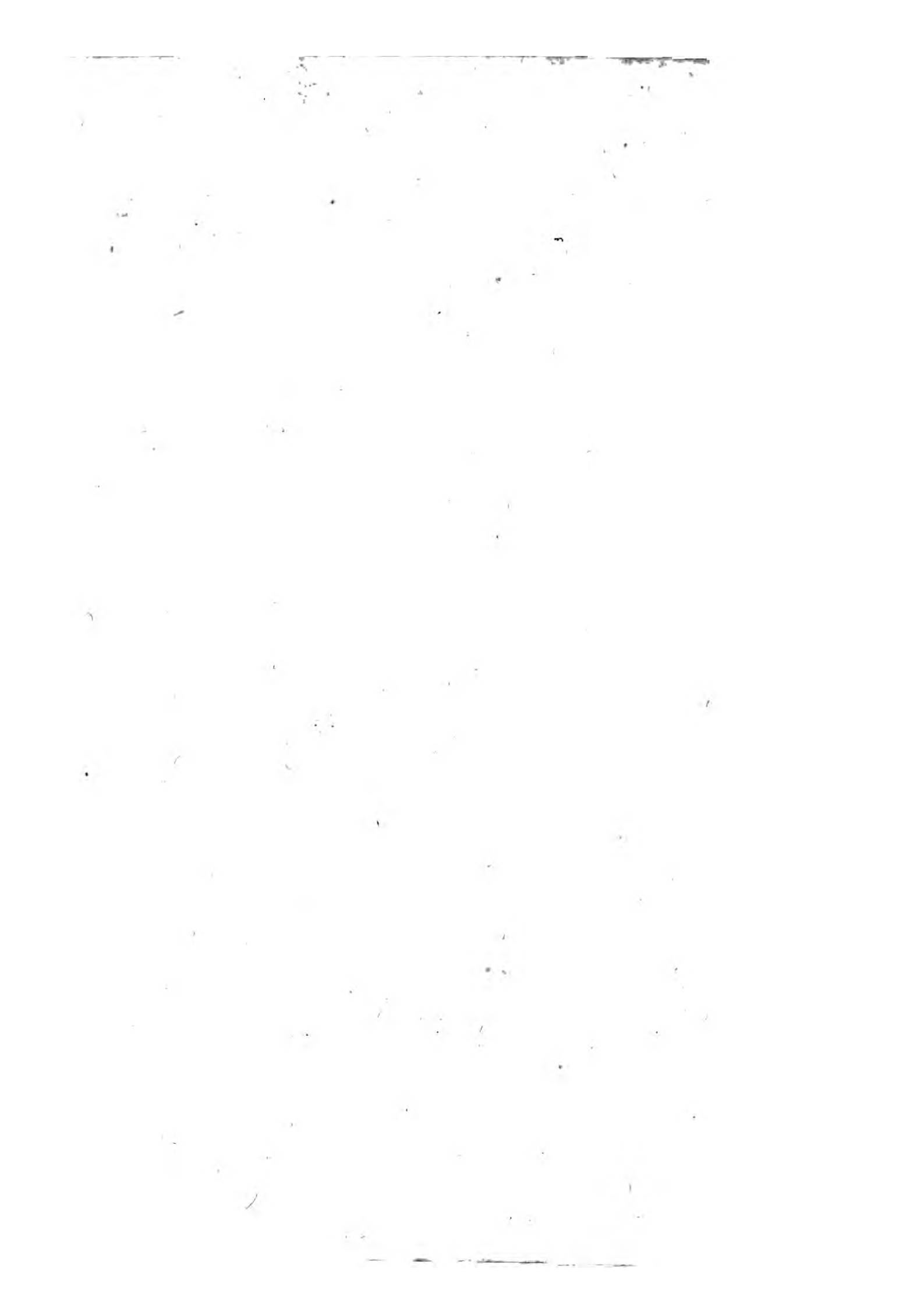
99. So the Angel to *St. John*, *Revel. 19. 10.* and *22. 9.* calls himself His *Fellow servant*.

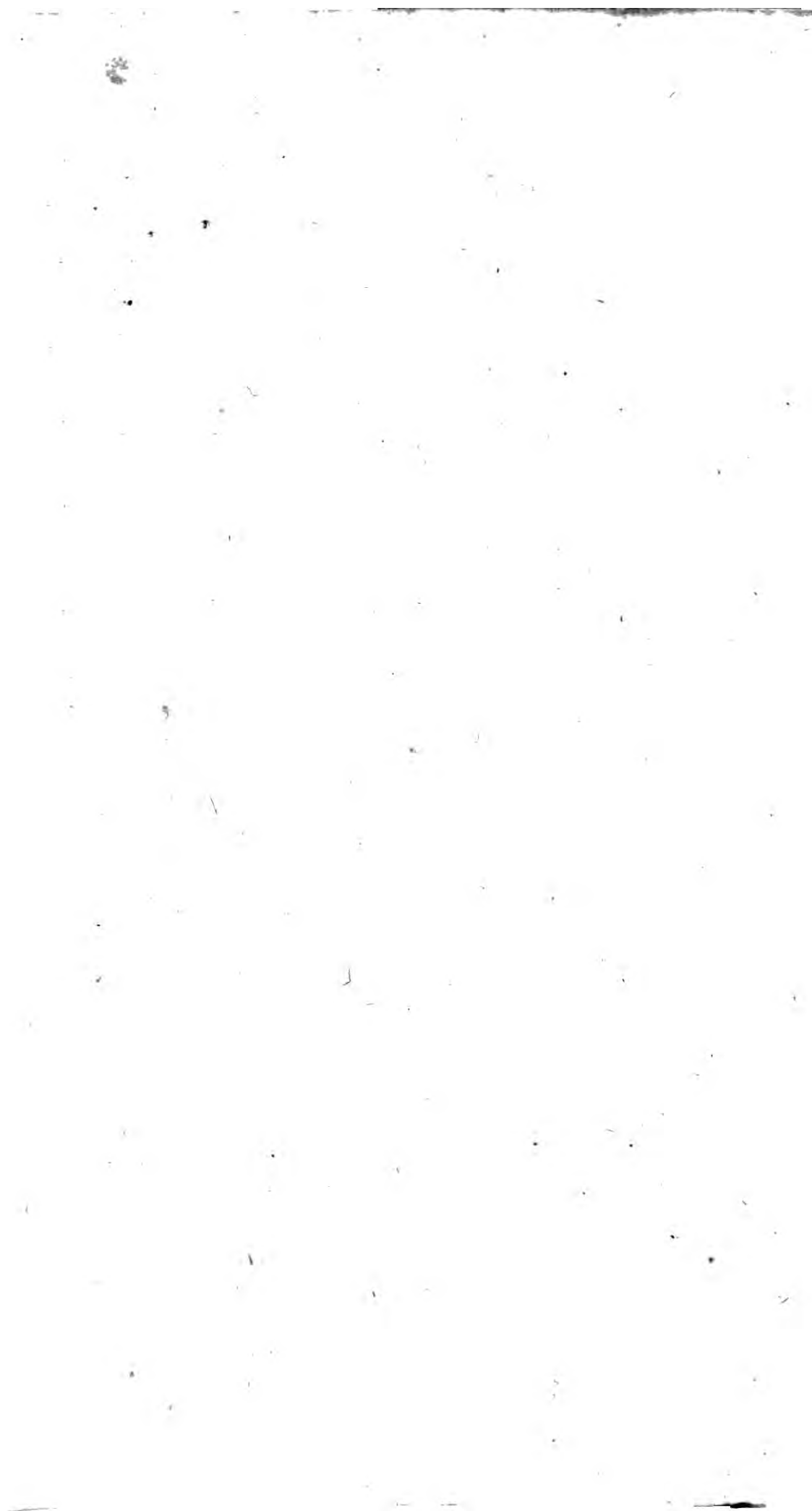
100. *Virg.* — *Cum circumfusa repente
Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum;* and again,
Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.

Hom. Σκίη ἰκελον ἢ κ' ἐνέρω Ἐπίατο.

The End of the First Volume.







8-1-1954



