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John Newton Goodhall

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN
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309/13
S O L O M O N

D E

MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Schol.

O X O N I Æ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCXXXIV.

AMOUNT

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...

HONORABILI JUVENI

Johanni Wallop Arm.

HONORATISSIMI VICE-COMITIS

DE

LYMINGTON

FILIO NATU MAXIMO.

L E V E hoc munusculum, Juvenis ornatissime, in Schola *Wintoniensi* nuper absolutum, Tibi humillime offerri patiaris. Quod Te amice accepturum nullus dubito, quum in studiis prosequendis astrictiori quadam Necessitudine Tibi propius assidens, penitus perspexerim, quanta morum
sua-

suavitate sis; quam humanioris Literaturæ
amans. Licebit de his nugis quodammodo glo-
riari, siquid forsan oblectamenti, quantulum-
cunque sit, Tibi inde proveniat; Tibi, Viri
illius Honoratissimi Filio, cujus si effusam in
me meosque Benevolentiam profiteri dubita-
rem, indignus viderer qui expertus essem.
Quem, arduum Virtutis Exemplar, faxit Deus,
strenue imiteris; mores eximios avide imbi-
bas; vestigia propius sequaris: ut cum anni
accreverint proVectiores, quanto jam *Wicca-*
micis, tanto Patriæ sis ornamento.

Tibi Devinctissimus

Tuique Observantissimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

S O L O M O N

De M U N D I

V A N I T A T E.

S C I E N T I A:

L I B E R P R I M U S.

S C I E N T I A:
L I B E R P R I M U S.

A Udite, O Gentes; Linguis Animisque favete:
 Suadet Amor, veraxque jubet Sapientia fari,
 Quæ mihi sollicito versat sub Pectore Musa,
 Vana docens quæcunque agimus, quæcunque putamus.
 Quòd septem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
 Per Rupesque Periclorum, Lacrymisque fluentes
 Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
 Lassatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
 Quòdque pari à Cunis fortimur Lege Tumultus
 Affectusque leves, Curasque & Inania Rerum;
 Jamque aderit cum summa Dies, Hoc scire erit unum,
 Nos omnes (tristi meditor quod dicere Versu)
 Gaudia ficta sequi, verisque Doloribus angi.

Pax Animi, usque adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
 Vitæ, sic falsò dictæ; Versumque sequacem
 Ludere mobiliter lasciva, Volatilis Umbra,
 Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,

Cre-

K N O W L E D G E:
T H E F I R S T B O O K.

YE Sons of Men, with just Regard attend,
 Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
 Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
 That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
 That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
 O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
 Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
 Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
 That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
 Of Follies, Passions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;
 And at Approach of Death shall only know
 The Truths, which from these penfive Numbers flow,
 That We pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe.

Happiness, object of that waking Dream,
 Which we call Life, mistaking; Fugitive Theme
 Of my pursuing Verse; Ideal Shade;
 Notional Good, by Fancy only made,

Credulitasque fovet; mendaci Luce coruscans
 Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignes.
 O Fons Curarum, captæque Infania Mentis!
 Quòd si forte Deus Te designasset ADAMO,
 Aut unquam Munus tantum indulisset habendum
 Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuiffes:
 In nostros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
 Toto Fonte finus, plenamque inverteret Urnam.

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra ^{[creasset,} suprema
 Cum nondum steterat jacto fundamine Terra,
 Decretum est, vanos tentante Cupidine Nifus,
 Ut sine fine petita recederet usque Voluptas.
 Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita suadente Magistra;
 Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile fentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri carissima Proles,
 Deliciæ Populi, Solio sublimis *Ebræo*,
 Augustas Ædes tota cum dives *Ophiro*
 Ornâram, fama que extremo Oriente ferebar;
 Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
 Robore nobilem artus, Dulcedine vultum;
 Cum mihi lucida Mens fætis Conceptibus aucta,
 Ingenium velox, solidumque vigeret acumen;

Heus

And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
 Whose dancing Beams mis-lead our fond Desire,
 Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
 O! had'st Thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
 To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
 Entire, had been reserv'd for SOLOMON:
 On Me the partial Lot had been bestow'd;
 And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
 E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
 It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
 That Joy, still fought, should never be attain'd.
 This, sad Experience cites me to reveal;
 And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
 Dear to my People, on the *Hebrew* Throne
 Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treasures blest,
 My Name extended to the farthest East,
 My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
 Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
 My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
 Quick my Invention, and my Judgment found;

Arise.

Heus furgas, (habita est mecum Sententia) furgas,
 Ut Felix, Meditare; ut sis Magnus, Sapere aude:
 Pectoris exoritur Pax inconcussa Sciendo;
 Nam Scire est ipsi Virtus cognata J E H O V A E.

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes:
 Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immensa Corona;
 Historicos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt;
 Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores:
 Audieram attentus; tandem dubitata loquebar:

Per Terras quodcunque Viret, seu Planta, vel Arbor,
 Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ sit Natura, quis Ordo,
 Me bene nôsse ferunt, ea nostri Fama vagatur,
 A Cedro excelsa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
 Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
 Serpentem ad Muscum, & diffusam Mænia circum
 Hyssopum: tamen ah! mihi conscius Ipse fatebor
 Mille animum implicitos scrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emissis cur Fagus plurima ramis
 Undique luxurians teretem exspatiatur in umbram;
 Dum celsis decrescit Apex sub imagine Coni
 Abjetibus, nubes & cuspide scindit acuta:

Arise, (I commun'd with my self) arise;
 Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:
 Content of Spirit must from Science flow;
 For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I said; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:
 Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,
 Historic Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
 The Old discoursing, as the Younger read:
 Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
 It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree,
 I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
 From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
 Of *LEBANON* nodding supremely tall,
 To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall:
 Yet just and conscious to my self, I find
 A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
 With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
 Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* form arise,
 And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:

Nor

Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
 Augusti capitis varium transmutat honorem;
 Dum gerit æternam Taxus sibi fida Juventam,
 Ramo semper eodem, immutatoque colore.
 Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha?
 Cur nigrantem animat feliciùs Umbra Cupressum?
 Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque sedem,
 Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent;
 Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
 Et circum Montes umbracula neçtit Oliva?
 Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diversus, amictu
 Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
 Lilia inornatos patitur pallefcere vultus,
 Cæruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit?
 Cur Carophyllon amat lascivum pandere foli
 Tot varios una nascentes stirpe colores,
 Dum sibi diffimilis Tulippa affurgit in auras
 Partitis radiis, duplicique insignis honore?
 Brachia tortile Jasma, Rosæque rubentia labra
 Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus;
 Narcissus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
 Fortius infusas hausisse à Vespere vires.
 Dicite, sylvestres Fætus, Floresque tenellos
 Unde agit occulti diversa potentia Fati?

Nor why again the changing *Oak* should shed
 The Yearly Honour of his stately Head;
 Whilst the distinguish'd *Yew* is ever seen,
 Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
 Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
 Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?
 The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
 In middle Station, and an even Plain;
 While in the lower Marsh the *Gourd* is found;
 And while the Hill with *Olive*-shade is crown'd?
 Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
 The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue;
 Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet*
 blue?

Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot
 A various Colour from one Parent Root;
 While the fantastic *Tulip* strives to break
 In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak;
 The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,
 With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose:
 The smelling *Tub'rose* and *Junquale* declare,
 The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air.
 Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r
 A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?

Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, æmnis, spiritus idem
Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimit illum?

Queis oritur Causis, *Animatæ* ut nomine *Plantæ*
Sensus inest? sese unde movet, tactumque refugit?
Unde sequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram?

Per Ripam æstivam vel aquosi gramina prati
Diversam jactant foliorum millia formam:
Natali contenta Solo securaque florent,
Texere nec discunt, operamve infumere curant;
Illa tamen clarè ardescunt, ridentque superbam
Pauperiem nostræ vestis, luxumque minorem.
Cincta magis nitido flavent Verbascula cultu,
Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit;
Fulgidiorque Rubor clarescit in ore Rosarum,
Quàm fluitante novi suffusus firmate Spongi.
Aspice Liliolum, cui splendor humillimus agris;
Cedere si possit Ratione Superbia victa,
Ipse etiam facto certamine DAVIDE natus,
Ipse minùs fulget, folio sublimis in aureo,
Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Insignia regni,
Quæsitumque decus; quàm Flosculus iste, decora
Simplicitate nitens, nudoq; illustri honore. In-

Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raife this to Strength, and ficken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thousand Stalks their various Bloffoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confes'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast.
A fairer Red stands blushing in the *Rose*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows.
Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,
It must by sure Comparifon be shown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID'S Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r.

Indigenam undarum gentem scrutemur, Amici,
 Quo generet more & respiret muta Caterva;
 A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, sine honore natans, sine nomine turba,
 Ipsam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora saltu,
 Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
 Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine lusus.
 Protinus, inverfo mutatis sedibus anno,
 Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine factò,
 Fluctibus ex strictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
 Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
 Sollicitam ut stimulat sua cuique Scientia curam
 Conciliare finus aptos, lymphasque, cibosque,
 Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aérias Gentes, ut quæque fruendo
 Colligit instrumenta suis accommoda Nidis;
 Fingit opus, quale humani vis summa cerebri
 Mutabit frustra, vanaque imitabitur arte.
 Ut brevibus sobolem tentare volatibus audent,
 Discipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
 Cur hoc planitie, sylva Genus illud oberrat:
 Cur Tellus proprium sortita est singula fætum.
 Ardua Grus, sinuansque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,

Ut

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute Race engender, or respire;
 From the small Fry that glide on JORDAN'S Stream
 Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
 To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
 And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays.
 How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
 From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
 To Southern Climes directing their Career,
 Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
 How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
 To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
 Proper Materials for her Nest can find;
 And build a Frame, which deepest Thought in Man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
 How in small Flights They know to try their Young,
 And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
 Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood,
 Why ev'ry Land has her specific Brood.
 Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes;

Fear-

Ut fugiant Boreæ fera bella, nivesque ruentes:
 An sese in latebris faxorum altisque recondant
 Arboribus, somno per tempora certa sepultæ;
 An propiore Malo trepidantes, præpete penna
 Mollius ad Cœlum, placidasque ferantur ad oras.

Discemus Pecorumque Insectorumque vagantûm
 Mirandum ingenium, variasque ex ordine Gentes;
 Seu fera, seu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,
 Quantûm Illa aut Nobis, aut Nos cognoscimur Illis?

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicumque studetis
 Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare recessus,
 Unde docetur Apes se ferre audacibus alis
 Per mille ancipitesque vias, cœlumque profundum.
 Unde fugit lentam visco stagnante paludem,
 Fæcundos visens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
 Melliferique expansa recludunt germina Flores.
 Unde indensatis tenebris & Sole cadenti
 Scire potest operæ finem adventare diurnæ?
 Quis docuit ventis pluviisque opponere pectus,
 Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus;
 Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
 Morigeras resonis dantem tinnitibus aures?

Tu-

Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
 If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
 In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
 Or conscious of the coming Evil, fly
 To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace,
 The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
 Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
 Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the *Bee*
 Was first-inform'd her vent'rous Flight to steer
 Thro' tractless Paths, and an Abyfs of Air.
 Whence She avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows
 The fertile Hills, where sweeter Herbage grows,
 And Hony-making Flow'rs their opening Buds disclose. }
 How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun
 Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
 Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
 To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
 And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
 Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And

Tuque aperi, Ceffator iners, æftate ferena
 Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aspera brumæ:
 Ire redire viam repetito fedula curfu,
 Exfruat ut cumulos; plenamque ubi carpsit ariftam,
 Unde levi granum prærodit provida morfu,
 Nè, dum terra tegit, rurfum radicibus actis,
 Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura?
 Confpicienda patent Infecti utriufque Labore
 Signa Animi manifesta, Ars provida, Spesque, Timorq;.

Jamq; age, flecte oculos, animumq; advorte, recenti
 Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muscamque renatam;
 Vermiculumque humilem, hesterno qui repere cæpit
 Vix sub Sole; tuos, Homo Res viliffima, Fratres.
 More Tui motufque cient, fpirantque videntque,
 Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur:
 Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
 Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
 Ovaque dum pariunt, fætûs promiffa futuri,
 Fœcundosque ignes, viresque fatentur^{Amoris}.
 Cuique fua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Viçtum,
 Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant;
 Sunt Membra & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
 Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ postulat Ufus;
 Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum. Quid

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
 'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
 By constant Journies careful to prepare
 Her Stores; and bringing home the Corney Ear,
 By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
 Left hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
 It might elude the Foresight of her Care?
 Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear
 The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
 On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
 On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
 To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
 Like Thee they breath, they move, they taste, they see,
 They show their Passions by their Acts like Thee:
 Darting their Stings, they previously declare
 Designd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
 Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
 The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
 Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
 One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
 Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
 Life and her proper Functions to sustain;
 Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

Quid nostra exilis Ratio concedere possit
 Plus Cete immenso, turrito plus Elephanti,
 Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, *Hydræ*
 Cristatæ, caudamque flagellanti *Crocodilo*,
 Quam titulo & forma solum discrimen haberi,
 Ut sua cuique datur major structura minorve?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
 Nunc amat effusum Spatium, nunc arctius optat:
 Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
 Humani Sensûs modulo indignata teneri.
 Latius Objectum, seu se sublimius effert,
 Effigiem veram nescit comprehendere *Vifus*:
 Sin minus evadat, perstrictum ludit ocellum;
 Confusæ tenebræ, aut lux indivisa videtur.
 Disperdunt variatam *Æther* atque *Unda* figuram;
 Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum sic delusa spe, protractoque labore
 Naturæ frustra sequimur venerabile numen;
 Illa sub obtecto sedet impercepta recessu;
 Circiter agglomerans se plurima fundit Imago,
 Formarumque immensa cohors, quas mystica *Diva*
 Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,

Ut

What more can our penurious Reason grant
 To the large *Whale*, or Castled *Elephant*,
 To those enormous Terrors of the NILE,
 The crested *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
 Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
 Each destin'd to a less, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
 Now forms her Work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense.
 The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
 Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd Sight;
 Becomes mixt Blackness, or unparted Light.
 Water and Air the varied Form confound;
 The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless Hope, and weary Pain,
 We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain;
 Safe fits the Goddess in her dark Retreat;
 Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
 And endless Shapes, which the Myfterious Queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain:

Cum volet abstrufis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, fræniſque Hominis compeſcere Faſtum.

Sævit adhuc mores immitis & efferâ Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, dentesque in vincla fatigat:
Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victûs
Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repensans,
Frangere corpus avet, venasque haurire Magiftri.
Dum fervor generofus Equi, viresque Cameli,
Imparibus faciles ſe ſub juga mittere dextris,
Dant Equiti fleſtenda minacia fulmine colla,
Respondent ſtimulis, & fræni juſſa capeſſunt;
Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
Pondus amant Domini, & ſumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè incomitata vagatur,
Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
Suspecta humani Generis veſtigia vitans:
At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
Quanquam illi & ſpecies & forma ſimillima Vulpis;
Horrentes vitat clivos vallesque reductas,
Calle pedes iterat trito, & ſua tecta requirit;

As from our loft Pursuit She wills to hide
Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* still remains :
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains :
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He seeks his Keeper's Flesh, and thirsts his Blood :
While the strong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horse*,
Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage submit,
And answer to the Spur, and own the Bit ;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again : the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On secret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud ;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverses the Lawn ;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man :
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likest that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refuses thro' these Cliffs and Lawns to roam ;
Pursues the noted Path, and covets home ;

Does

Vultibus arridens notis, testatur amorem
 Blanditiis, manditque satur quod projicit Infans,
 Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magistrum.

Cujusnam impulsu causæ propiore cientur,
 Ardua res, fateor, multis disquirere factis.
 Sunt alia interea, queis perspexisse videmur
 Principia Illorum nihilo discordia nostris;
 Nobiscum fugienda timent, optanda sequuntur;
 Toxicæ dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
 Oderunt & amant ad nostra exempla, sciuntque
 Gradari Sociis, Hostemque laceffere pugna.
 Quicquid agunt, animo prius instituisse videntur,
 Propositumque apto vestigant tramite finem.
 Scilicet ista errat latè Doctrina, moveri
 Facta Hominum Ratione, Instinctu facta Ferarum.
 Nam quo jure licet diversas fingere causas,
 Cum simul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent?
 Quo Ratio Instinctu fecerni limite possit?
 Dividit has Doctorum ignara superbia voces,
 Dum quæ scire nequit, metuit nescire fateri.

Haud minus insipiens Homo jactat Seque suumque
 Imperium, jussis Fera si parere recuset.

Dic

Does with kind Joy Domestic Faces meet;
 Take what the glutton Child denies to eat;
 And dying, licks his long-lov'd Master's Feet.

By what immediate Cause They are inclin'd,
 In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their Principles, and our's agree.
 Evil like Us they shun, and covet Good;
 Abhor the Poison, and receive the Food.
 Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
 To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
 With seeming Thought their Action they intend,
 And use the Means proportion'd to the End.
 Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
 That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's.
 How can We justly different Causes frame,
 When the Effects entirely are the same;
 Instinct and Reason how can we divide?
 'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway;
 If the brute Beast refuses to Obey.

Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
 Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu;
 Nonne metu horrescit, ne fortior ira Leonis
 Fictitiæ legi sublatum opponeret unguem?
 Annon è Rostro trepidans Orator abiret,
 Porticibus subitò irrumpat si fortè reclusis
 Aut immanis Hyæna, aut spumans faucibus Urfus?

Pænitet incepti Pugnacem ferò duelli,
 Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur ensis.
 Concita dum Zephyrò fugit accelerante Carina,
 Serò recedentem respectat Navita terram.
 Sic ferò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
 Ardua jam tentantem animum, & sublime volantem:
 Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri;
 Magna vocant, vastique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum spatia ætheris ampla,
 Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes.
 Sollicitus rogitò, qua causa pendulus Orbis
 Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
 Cum reputo, quali Phæbus revolubilis igne
 Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur;
 De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes

Effu-

For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word
 Proclaims himself the Univerfal Lord;
 Does He not tremble, lest the *Lion's* Paw
 Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?
 Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
 If in the Schools or Porches should appear
 The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*? }

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
 When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
 When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind;
 Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
 And'tis too late now back again to bring
 Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing:
 Forward She strives, averse to be withheld
 From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Confider with me this *Ætherial* Space,
 Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
 Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penfile Ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
 When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
 Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;
 I doubt of many Lands, if they contain

Effusæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent :
 Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat
 Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine solis :
 An gens ulla ferat, septem subjecta trioni,
 Diram urfæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.

Prudentis sed nonne Dei suprema voluntas
 Cuique horum secreta potest concedere dona?
 Forfitan ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æstas,
 Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura ;
 Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,
 Exultantque novo fæcundi germinis ortu ;
 Atque vices nostras lugent, quæis fata dederunt
 Obliquæ Cœlum toties mutabile Sphæræ ;
 Ipsi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phæbum
 Aspiciunt, paribusque horis recreantur & ardent,
 Gaudentes propiore Die ; semperque fruuntur
 Ignibus haud aliis, & tempestatibus isdem.
 Fortè etiam, qui sorte domos posuere remota
 Ultra *Tartariæ* diffusas latius oras ;
 Qua parte, extensæ super æquora longa diei
 Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menses ;
 Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
 Quos densa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores ;

For-

Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:
 If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
 Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
 If any suffer on the Polar Coast,
 The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Frost.

May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of These some secret Good dispense?
 Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,
 May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
 See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,
 And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?
 May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
 The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
 While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,
 They feel twelve Hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame
 Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?
 And may not Those, whose distant Lot is cast
 North beyond TARTARY'S extended Waste;
 Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
 Six shining Months pursue their even Way;
 And Six succeeding urge their dusky Fight,
 Obscur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night:

Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos ista tulere locorum,
 (Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula facti)
 Hunc nostrum affiduè mutatis vultibus axem
 Postponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
 Partibus ex æquo dimensis lucis & umbræ.
 Forfitan hunc Solem, stadiis redeuntibus actum,
 Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
 Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
 Cum supereſt infecta operis pars magna diurni;
 Objiciant nostris quum gentibus, haud sine jure,
 Noctis iter subitum, lapsamque fugaciter umbram;
 Quòd, graviter fessos quàm sat recreaverit artus
 Fæta salute quies, somni nec inutile donum;
 Ante resurgenti cum lumine cura resurgat
 Tædia reſiquiasque hesterni ferre laboris:
 Cùm, simul ipsorum Phæbus se pandat ocellis,
 Intrepidis animis semestri luce fruentes,
 Ad nemora inde procul secreta, lacusque remotos
 Non interruptos audent intendere cursus;
 Et piscaturam venatusque impete longo
 Indomiti exercent, indefessoque vigore.
 Et fugiente Dies ubi deserit æthera curru,
 Collectæque monent hyemem nigrescere nubes,
 Frugibus instanti pro tempestate coactis

Undi-

May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes
 (As Annals may inform succeeding Times)
 To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
 Their own Vicissitude, and equal Share
 Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?
 May they not scorn our Sun's repeated Race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
 Haft'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
 Half of our Daily Toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our Climes upbraid
 Shortness of Night, and Penury of Shade:
 That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest
 With wholesom Sleep, and necessary Rest;
 Another Sun demands return of Care,
 The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?
 Whilst, when the Solar Beams salute their Sight,
 Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,
 Uninterrupted Voyages they take
 To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake;
 Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course
 With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
 And when declining Day forsakes their Sky;
 When gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh;
 With Plenty for the coming Season blest,

Undique, sex totos ducunt ex ordine menses,
 Discursu atque opera, strepitu & mærore soluti,
 Queis nostra affidui vexatur Scena laboris:
 Instaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, menfas,
 Et facili hospitio lætis gratantur Amicis;
 Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
 Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ;
 Deliciis aut elati, requievere supini,
 (Jucundis vicibus solidæ inter munera pacis)
 Diffusam celebrant longa caligine noctem
 Plena super pocula & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Infula longè
 Panditur, hanc latam procul ultra diffita terram,
 Urfa rigens, maculisque aspersæ corpora Lynces
 Prædantur valles, fylvamque horroribus implent:
 Esuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ fibila colla
 Flumine turbato latitant, dumisque sub udis:
 Nec rudis ipse minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs asper
 Vallesque & fylvam, vepresque & flumina vexat.
 Hisne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
 Illicis à stirpe, aut fæta telluris ab alvo?
 Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia nasci
 Frondifera in *Paradiso*, ortuque unius ADAMI?

Vel

Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
 From all the Labor, Procefs, Clamor, Woe,
 Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know :
 They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,
 And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest :
 Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
 Which now they suffer) to the lift'ning Fair ;
 And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease
 (Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)
 They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed
 On the crown'd Goblets, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Isles which our Discov'ers find,
 Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd ;
 The rugged *Bears*, or spotted *Lynx's* Brood,
 Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood :
 The hungry *Crocodile*, and hissing *Snake*
 Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake :
 And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beast,
 Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.
 Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth
 From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth ?
 Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
 In EDEN'S Shade, and one created Man ?

Or

Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
 Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam :
 An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
 Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent?
 An secum veherent Urfas Lyncaſque carinis?
 Fæcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram?
 Nempe fore, ut fætam Crocodilen hospita tellus
 Acciperet, lætoque finu nova monſtra foveret:

Et quando agreſtis penitus ducenda propago
 Servato à NoA, clarisque nepotibus exit;
 Unde patrum poterant labi de mente fuorum
 Quas artes NoE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
 Condere ſemen humo, generoſas ponere vites,
 Thuriferisque pias fanis advolvere flammæ?
 Dum vivit magni proles infaulta Parentis,
 Inſcia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
 Per valles clivosque famis folatia quærens,
 Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUMQUE.

Deinde ſuper maria ac terras quo more ſequemur
 Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus?
 Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant;
 Particulæ rerum fluitant, ſtat Summa manetque.

Nem-

Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
 By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
 Would Those, from whom We will suppose they spring,
 Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poyson bring?
 Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
 Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
 Or could they think the new Discover'd Isle
 Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And since the Savage Lineage we must trace
 From NoAH sav'd, and his distinguish'd Race;
 How should their Fathers happen to forget
 The Arts which NoAH taught, the Rules He set,
 To sow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
 And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
 While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
 Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
 Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,
 And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How shall We next o'er Earth and Seas pursue
 The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;
 That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
 Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?

Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atque elementa fatemur,
 Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora constant,
 Quæque novas sumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
 Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigescit;
 Diffusa, affurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
 Et guttis sensim expansis fluit humidus aer.
 Particulæ hæ tenues rursus tolluntur in altum;
 Ardescunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem:
 Mox iterum iste ignis, crasso magis aere victus,
 Impulsusque deorsum, utero telluris in amplo,
 Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
 Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum:
 Aut penetrans venas per magnæ corpora matris
 Reliquias veteres alia sub imagine ponit;
 Infusa vires resolutas temperat unda
 Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Divisa à notis rapiuntur flumina ripis,
 Immensumque ferent cumulatae pondus arenæ,
 Merfa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corrosus edaci,
 Ventorumque minis, descendet ad usque jacentem
 Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
 Planities gradibus surget sublimior æquis,

Quam

Of those Materials, which have been confes'd
 The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
 Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives Birth
 To Grafs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
 Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;
 Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air:
 Those finer Parts of Air again aspire;
 Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
 That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
 Alters it's Particles: is Fire no more;
 But lies resplendent Dust, and shining Oar;
 Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
 Changes it's Shape; put off it's old Remains;
 With wat'ry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides;
 Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides.

Disparted Streams shall from their Channels fly,
 And deep furcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,
 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
 And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain
 The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
 Shall fall: The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise

Quàm steterant olim suprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod jufferit, Ætas.

Omnia sic fato lapsos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut onerosa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympha futuras,
*Pyramidum*que fluet diffusa per aera moles:
Pisonis fluctus ætas ventura requiret,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* signa Viator.

Hæ cum sæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ jufferit ordo;
Ast ubi plus solito fors una vel altera surgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefessa sequatur,
Et ponat dubios operosa Scientia fines:
An nusquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum sumas; par forsitan error utrinque est.

Avulsum trunco ramum, effætumque flagellum
Voce statim missa redivivas trudere frondes
An mirere magis, quàm summi culmina clivi
Vi brumæ spoliata altisque immerfa pruinis,
Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,

Et

Higher than er'ft had flood the Summit-Hill:
 For Time muft Nature's great Behefts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
 All Things are light or heavy, small or great:
 Thus JORDAN'S Waves fhall future Clouds appear;
 And EGYPT'S *Pyramids* refine to Air.
 Thus later Age fhall ask for PISON'S Flood;
 And Travellers enquire, where BABEL flood.

Now where we fee thefe Changes often fall,
 Sedate we pafs them by, as Natural:
 Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
 The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
 Let active Thought thefe clofe *Mæanders* trace:
 Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
 Are all Things Miracle; or nothing fuch?
 And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
 Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
 Is this more ftrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
 Strip'd by *December's* Froft, and white with Snow,
 Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds;
 And

Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
 Æthere diviso, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
 Ambrosios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
 An mirere magis, solito quàm pane recentes
 Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;
 Et semen granumque, solo commissa fideli,
 Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renasci;
 Quæque manu parca fulcis modo sparfit arator,
 Mox onerare solum, lætasque effundere messes?

Quæ se cunque igitur dant sensibus obvia nostris,
 Seu vulgata palàm seu mira recondita rerum,
 Legibus à fixis naturæ sive solutis
 Proveniant, his perspectis id vincitur, omnem
 Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Causæ.
 Hinc certis gradibus se paulatim altius effert,
 Et longæ ascendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
 Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque necesse est
 Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque supremum,
 Quod stetit à primis, & in ultima sæcula stabit.

Hunc magnum monstrante DEUM Ratione magistra,
 Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;
 Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis

Limi-

And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
 That each successive Night from opening Heav'n
 The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n;
 Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
 Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
 Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,
 Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
 And from the handful, which the Tiller sows,
 The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Sense produce
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or Eccentric Laws,
 The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Inf'rence draws,
 That an Effect must presuppose a Cause.
 And while She does her upward Flight sustain,
 Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by Reason found,
 Blest by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
 How can we bind or limit His Decree,

By

Limitibus nostri audemus comprehendere sensus?
 Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
 Ultra explorati confinia diffusa mundi?
 An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
 Hos fluctus aliam jussit fecernere terram;
 Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
 Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
 Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
 Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbis;
 Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
 Occiduasque artes fascesque ferentur ad oras.

Quà feror ingenti perculsus imagine? quæ Lux
 Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro rapta furore
 Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cerno
 Æquora per longè subjecta? En! Infula, sedes
 Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
 Justitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
 Hic sedes posuere suas; hæc maxima amatæ
 Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulfit munera terræ.
 Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Infula famam
 Occidua effundit; classes victricibus armis
 Instructas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
 Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.

By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may see?
 Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loft,
 Beyond the Islands, and the Mid-land Coast?
 Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
 Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth,
 Countries by future Plow-shares to be torn,
 And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
 E'er the progressive Course of restless Age
 Performs Three thousand times it's Annual Stage;
 May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress'd;
 And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
 Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
 Ascends my Soul? what sees She White and Great
 Amidst subjected Seas? AN ISLE, the Seat
 Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
 For Justice and for Mercy sought and known;
 Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd Nation giv'n;
 Yet farther West the Western ISLE extends
 Her happy Fame: her Armed Fleets She sends
 To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
 And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.

Inter utrosque polos audit resonantia facta,
 Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
 Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbasa pandit
 Intra alios secura *Indos* Orbemque secundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo se nomine quondam
 Jaſtabit) belloque diù famaue vigebit;
 Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
 Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
 Extensos felix venerandaque ſtabit in annos,
 Incertaſque viçes rerum immutata videbit.
 Cedent cuncta tamen communi ſubruta fato;
 Ipſa augeta, ingens, morti, licet ultima, cedit.

Jamque oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
 Cærulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus:
 En! quale aulei fluitantis more pateſcit,
 Nunc matutino pictum variumque rubore;
 Luce ſuper media flavo velamine fulgens,
 Nigro indutum horrore per alta ſilentia noctis.
 Unde umbra & lumen certo discrimine ſurgunt.
 Alternis? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores?
 Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere poſſit,
 Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Cœlo,

Et

From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
 And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
 Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
 In other INDIES, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
 Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
 Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
 The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
 Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
 Of human Things least changeable, least vain.
 Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
 And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
 To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
 Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
 Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
 Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
 And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
 Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
 And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
 Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
 Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;

Et radiis inde amotis affurgere noctem,
Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammam?

Sed frustra Auroræ roseum speramus amictum;
Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores;
Speramus frustra solita flavedine spargi .
Lucis iter medium; aut tempestas ingruit atra,
Aut subitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida densis
Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, fœcunda timorum;
Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
Maturate, fenes, totasque intendite vires
Ingenii, & multo tandem sudore repertas
Narrate aerias resolutas usque columnas,
Circuitusque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
Dat Responsum alias voces, frustra que refartum
Quassa novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta:
Diffimili sub veste latens Ænigma recurrit;
Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.

En! Sol indomitus robusti more Gigantis
Immenso varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
Dum duplici vehitur cursu; tamen ordine certo
Mutaturque dies, finisque imponitur Anno.

Mox

Than that Night rifes from his abſent Ray,
And his returning Luſtre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obſcur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder ſometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wiſe, ſend forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and ſcaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Queſtion I receive;
And take the Doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant ſtrong the luſty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Courſe, yet conſtant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finiſhing the Year.

Again

Mox ubi decurso pronus redit æthere, blandum
 Tempus agens fessis; placidaque involvitur umbra
 Terra filens; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,
 Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis:
 Ipsa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
 Legibus, & iustos observat menstrua cursus.
 Quisque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
 Libratis fertur splendenti tramite pennis:
 Quisque sua varium jactat pro forte nitorem,
 Er regit inclusos diviso in limite currus;
 Dumque volans aditum super arva liquentia scindit,
 Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahit alis.
 Anne hi splendescunt vero fulgore Planetæ?
 An sua quemque dies illustrat & infitus ardor?
 An verum est, quod jam vestri explicuere labores,
 Observare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fonte
 Furtivos radios, & non sua mittere tela?

Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
 Quas neque lineolæ cohibent, neque quadra, nec orbis;
 (Heu! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
 Cum feritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)
 Luce tamen diffusa adeo variaque refulgent,
 Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.

Quam

Again when his descending Orb retires,
 And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;
 The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
 And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:
 Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
 Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
 Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
 Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:
 Each sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd:
 Each knows his Course with diff'rent Periods bound;
 And is his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
 Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
 Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
 Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown) }
 Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own, }
 All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun? }

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
 Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
 (Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
 When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
 But shining with such vast, such various Light,
 As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:

How

**Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur
 Humani ingenii summo quæfita labore,
 Si juxtà spectetur amabile consonus ordo,
 Quem Natura jubet, statuit quem Spiritus orbis!**

**Si verò in nostras descendat mitiùs oras
 Vivida vis Solis, nimio neque torreat igne;
 Ardoris sese extendit pars quantula sphæris
 Divisis longo spatio, cœloque remoto?
 Stellarumque, acies nostri quas languida visus
 Æterno fixas cœli sub fornice cernit,
 Quæque suis opibus, nativo & dives honore,
 Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,
 Sol Ipsa; atque alios orbis, oculisque negatas
 Humanis, lustrat diffuso lumine Terras.
 Forfitàn & fuso circum æthere cornua Lunæ
 Diminuunt reparantque novæ, surguntque caduntque;
 Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydera Soles,
 Quæ nostræ in morem Telluris femina certis
 Fætibus apta ferunt, regionesque ordine certo
 Divisas, terrasque suas, suaque æquora nôrunt.
 Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicitùs Orbis,
 Clara receptac'la, & fæcundi lumine fontes,**

Inter

How mean the Order and Perfection fought
 In the best Product of the human Thought,
 Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
 In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun on Earth transmits his Ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day;
 How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
 To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?
 And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye
 Has doom'd and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
 Each by a native stock of Honor great,
 May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
 It self a Sun; and with transmissive Light
 Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
 Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
 New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
 And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;
 Give their own Elements their proper Births;
 Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
 See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;
 Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

Inter se alternis possunt (ut quisque profundo
 Ætheris in gremio propiùsve aut longiùs abfit)
 Igne minore Astrum vel nobiliore videri;
 Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
 Mille simul Terræ, Lunæ, Solesque latere
 Immenfi, quos nostra incassum lumina quærunt.

Necquicquam effusum spatiis crescentibus orbem
 Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum;
 Sphæra ingens se expandit adhuc, nescitque teneri
 Limite vel ficto, mentemque irridet inanem.

Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monstra,
 Quêis vestri attonitum conceptus æthera complent?
 Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt?
Chaldaei nempe in cerebro, pictisque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
 Progeniem Veri fas sit concedere; Stellas
 Has cœli nitidas, quæ sic terrentque juvantque
 Mirantes oculos, trepidos lætosque tuendo,
 Esse orbis modulo numeroque & fine carentes.
 An verò hi pandunt radios, sphærasque revolvunt,
 Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præstent,

Nil

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
 Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star;
 And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
 Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
 Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
 And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
 Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
 Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
 With which your Guessees fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
 Where will their fictitious Images remain?
 In Paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guesse,
 Let Us for once a Child of Truth confesse;
 That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
 And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
 Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite:
 But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
 Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?

Nil nifi pulvis, Homo; conclusus corporis arcto
 Limite, curriculoque ævi brevior coactus?
 Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
 In sua *Caucaseum* vestigia surgere Clivum:
 Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* se extendere faltus,
 Quæis ipse incedat latè, & sibi colligat escam:
 Sic tenuissima Concha, inhians in littoris ora
 Latè exporrecti circum vasta æquora, dicat,
 Eminùs incultum pendere per aera saxum,
 Ipsa equidem fundo ut lateat securior imo;
 Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
 Ut levet ipsa fitim, testamque agitata nitefcet.

Intrepidis Dea se rapiens sublimius alis
 Corporeos orbis, Cœlumque locale relinquit:
 Quæis formata animis Superûm gens pristina, quærit,
 Aut ubi sint campi quos incoluere creati.
 Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
 (Sic sancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
 Opposuit, Cherubefque ausi concurrere, telis
 Tela adverfa tulere & scuta minantia scutis:
 Plaufit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribus Orcus.
 Hæ quænam formæ, quas vestra volumina narrant?
 Ut stabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat!

Hæc

Thy self but Duft, thy Stature but a Span,
 A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
 As well may the minutest Emmet say,
 That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
 The Snail, that LEBANON'S extended Wood
 Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
 The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
 That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy Rocks projects above the Sky,
 That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
 And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
 Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
 Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
 Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
 That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
 For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
 (I offer only what Tradition taught)
 Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;
 Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:
 Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
 What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?

These

Hæc damnata pati diros sine fine labores,
 Numinis æternum exilium, longasque catenas;
 Horrendis vicibus miseros vexare lacertos,
 Per liquidum sudans sulphur, solidosve per ignes:
 Altera primævæ dum surgit ad atria lucis,
 Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
 Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
 Tempestate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
 Cum mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum
 Atroce in Regis stomachum, Populumque rebellem:
 Aut magni trepidanda refigere iussa TONANTIS,
 Et narrare manu lapsuras fulminis iras,
 Cum ponit supplex animos factumque Tyrannus,
 Et plorat Populus lacrimosa in veste rebellis.
 Quî Superi possint cœlorum in limite claudi?
 Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coerces?
 Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet ista locorum?
 Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
 O! ubi nigra cohors talem scrutabitur umbram,
 Tam spissam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
 Sublimem Autorem visûs, oculique Parentem?

Angelus intereà quid creditur esse? videtur
 Mens pura? an solidum corpus, seu mollior aer?

Men-

These bound to bear an everlasting Load,
 Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God;
 By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
 To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire:
 While Those exalted to primæval Light,
 Excess of Blessing, and Supreme Delight,
 Only perceive some little Pause of Joys
 In those great Moments, when their God employs
 Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
 On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
 Or to reverse JEHOVAH's high Command,
 And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
 When to his Duty the proud King returns;
 And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns.
 How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
 Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?
 Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
 He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
 O how can wicked Angels find a Night
 So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
 Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight? }

What mean I now, of Angel when I hear;
 Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?

Mentēs nulla operum nifi mentibus apta fecutæ,
 Pectoribus nostris faciles, animisque propinquæ,
 Internos tantùm motus sub corde cierent,
 Se neque subjicerent externo luminis igni.
 Nonne autem nostri quondam novere Parentes
 Effe illis sensumque dapum, cumque artibus offa?
 Ni foret, ABRAMUS fessos potuitne lavare,
 Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
 Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
 Eripere, & sævum membris arcere furorem?
 Quo more ingressus certamina vera JACOBUS
 Luctantis Seraphini ictus persensit iniquos?
 Qua vi Materiæ potuit se opponere Forma,
 Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra?

Aere densato constant, radiisque coactis?
 Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & nostra per auras
 Vota ferunt? ipsos levibus ludibria ventis
 Spargeret auster agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut sacro carmine fertur)
 Materiem veram, solidasque ad corpora vires?
 Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua sorte potitos
 Numen idem circum expansis complectitur alis)

Ipsis

Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external Eye be ever seen.

Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
 That these had Appetite, and Limbs, and Bone?
 Else how could ABRAM wash their weary'd Feet;
 Or SARAH please their Taste with fav'ry Meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did LOT engage
 To save their Bodies from abusive Rage?
 And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling Angel's Might?
 How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
 Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
 How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
 By stronger Blasts still subject to be tost,
 By Tempests scatter'd, and in Whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
 Substances real, and existing Frames?
 How comes it, since with them we jointly share
 The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

-30)

H

That

Ipsis fortia adhuc florescere lætaque membra,
 Dum nostri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
 Cur, Nobis sub valle diù luctantibus ima
 Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
 Ipsi perpetuæ producunt munera vitæ
 Mellifluos inter cantus scenasque virentes?

dum,
 Mens vaga dum latum circumspicit undique Mun-
 Agnoscitque, Nihil se efferre in lumina posse;
 Dum surgit paulatim, atque ordine singula lustrat,
 Percurrit valles pictas, clivosque feraces
 Umbrarum; fontes vivos, minerasque tepentes,
 Augustum *Thamesin*, fœcundaque flumina *Nili*:
 Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudesque ferasque,
 Seu saltus & prata colant, seu littoris oras;
 Et mare qui tranant vastum, quique ætheris auras,
 Pinnigerum alatumque gregem; Vermemque pusillum,
 Terrarum imbellem Dominum, sub corpore parvo
 Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
 Jamque superne volans Coeli convexa tuetur,
 Ætheraque expansum, quem cœrula gloria vestit
 Effusum ingenti spatio, noctisque per umbram
 Innumerae complent immenso lumine Stellæ;
 Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui insignibus aucti,

Or-

That whilst our Bodies ficken, and decay,
 Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
 Why, whilst We struggle in this Vale beneath,
 With Want and Sorrow, with Disease and Death,
 Do They more blest'd perpetual Life employ
 On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World survey'd,
 And found, that Nothing by it self was made;
 When Thought has rais'd it self by just Degrees,
 From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
 From smoaking Min'rals, and from rising Streams;
 From fatt'ning NIBUS, or victorious THAMES;
 From all the Living, that four-footed move
 Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
 From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
 Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
 From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
 That miserable Master of the Whole;
 From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
 This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
 With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd Light;
 From Effences unseen, Celestial Names,

Ordine quisque suo, propter Solia ardua, fido
 Grande satellitio stipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
 Perque omnem rerum feriem, longamque catenam,
 Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui semina vitæ
 Infudit Toti, legesque & foedera sanxit:
 Qui (Vox quippe operi par est, factoque Voluntas)
 E nihilo iussit pulcrum consurgere Mundum;
 Sæculaque evolvens tanquam spatia arcta diei,
 Instituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
 Et Solem Lunamque suos agnoscere cursus.
 Ille utero à cæco emisit revolubile Tempus,
 Præscriptoque dedit vestigia flectere gyro:
 Ipse suæ gestans tanquam per concava dextræ,
 Ingentis Domini iussa observare paratum,
 Mundi grande Penu, quæ se mensesque diesque
 Effusæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
 Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius extant.
 Ipse idem & primus rerum & postremus, adinstar
 Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
 Hanc sphæram effinxit, iussitque effulgere, qualem
 Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
 At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum;
 Et sacrum illud opus, stellatum, illustre Volumen
 Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis:

Enlight'ning Spirits, and ministerial Flames,
 Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
 All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns :
 Lift we our Reason to that Sov'reign Cause, [Laws ;
 Who blest the whole with Life, and bounded it with
 Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
 His Will and Act, His Word and Work the same ;
 To whom a thousand Years are but a Day ;
 Who bad the Light her genial Beams display ;
 And fet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way :
 Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course :
 Himself, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
 Holding, obedient to His high Command,
 The deep Abyss, the long continu'd Store, [pour
 Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes }
 Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
 This ALPHA and OMEGA, First and Last,
 Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast
 The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see ;
 Yet if He wills, may change or spoil the whole :
 May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry Roll,
 And burn it, like an uselefs parchment Scroll :

Terramque extemplò, divulsam à sedibus imis,
 Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
 Ignibus undantem diffundere ----
 Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
 OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
 Dixit; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
 Cum statuet, jubeat, cessabunt esse: verendum
 Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
 Hoc ingens sacrumque æterna in sæcula Nomen;
 Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM. -----

Mirati mea verba, Senes filuere; stupentes
 Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
 Respondere nihil, nihil ausi efferre; pudorem
 Turba filens celare cupit, proditque filendo.
 Dum quidam, gravitas cui vestiit ora ferena,
 Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cæpit;
 Ulteriùs non posse animi contendere vires,
 Discere quàm nostræ felicia dogmata vocis;
 Esse mei, dictare; sui que, attendere dictis;
 Me cunctis simul Imperio Ingenioque priorem;
 Gentesque attonitas uno fremere ore, disertum
 Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
 Genua alter flexit, facturus verba; futura

May from it's *Basis* in one Moment pour
 This melted Earth -----
 Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
 Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said;
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
 And it was so ---- And when He shall ordain
 In other Sort, has but to speak again,
 And They shall be no more: Of this great Theme,
 This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlasting Name,
 This GOD, I would discourse ----

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;
 And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
 Nor Speech They meditate, nor Answer frame:
 Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their Shame:
 'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
 And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,
 Began; that Human Learning's furthest Reach
 Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
 That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
 For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did sway;
 And the astonish'd World in Me beheld
 MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE'S Son excell'd.
 Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;

Fore-

Sæcula prospexit nostrum venerantia nomen;
 Prudentùm ô vivas Tu Prudentissime, dixit;
 Nil oriturum aliàs, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fæcunda parens, ô pestis Honefti
 Suadela artificis linguæ! tua femina dira,
 Tempeftate parùm faufta dextraque nefanda,
 Luxuriante folo Virtutis fparfa, repentè
 Viribus exauctis culta inter splendida furgunt,
 Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Intereà cruciata animos fine honore Caterva,
 Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad fydera laudes
 Altius insonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
 Aut quî fic extant, ultrò nescire fatetur,
 Plurima qui novit; fed cernunt temporis omnes
 Scilicet occulti fatum, eventusque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophiftæ
 Commiffas verborum acies & inania bella.
 At non *Rabbini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt;
 Ufque recedentes certant; campoque relicto
 Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,

Forefaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
 O Live, faid He, thou Wifeft of the Wife!
 As None has equall'd, None fhall ever rife
 Excelling Thee -----

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeft Deeds,
 Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
 In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
 With rifing Pride amidft the Corn appear,
 And choak the Hopes and Harveft of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
 Mute to my Questions, in my Praifes loud,
 Echo'd the Word: whence Things arofe, or how
 They thus exift, the Apteft nothing know:
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleft fee.

My Prophets, and my Sophifts finish'd here
 Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
 Not fo my *Rabbins*, and *Logicians* yield:
 Retiring ftill they combat: from the Field
 Of open Arms unwilling they depart,

I

And

Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem.
 Diversis eadem linguis narrare laborant;
 Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum
 Exponunt; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
 Artifices voces, & dissona verba Scholarum;
 Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
 Argutosque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin sese studia in contraria scindit
 Discors turba Senum: quod fortiter afferit Ille,
 Hic negat; hostili lingua sibi quisque viciffim
 Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miserrima Sensus!
 Quisque novus falsa Specie prætexitur Error,
 Palantesque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix! vestri ex quo sanguinis Autor
 Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram;
 Ut labem primi soboles imitata Parentis
 Ejusdem repetit veteris vestigia culpæ!
 Turpe patet nimium nudatæ infamia Mentis;
 Cur ita diffusum quærens celare pudorem
 Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictosque colores?

And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
 To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
 Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
 Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
 Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
 Ill-grounded Maxims by false Glofs enlarg'd,
 And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought :
 The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught ;
 And He at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind !
 We erring still Excuse for Error find ;
 And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man ! since first the blushing Sire essay'd
 His Folly with connected Leaves to shade ;
 How does the Crime of thy resembling Race
 With like Attempt that pristine Error trace ?
 Too plain thy Nakedness of Soul espy'd,
 Why dost Thou strive the conscious Shame to hide
 By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride ?

Blandifluis verbis arridens ore sereno,
 Ægrum dixi animum placido fermone levari;
 Ast iterum tacitæ converfus in intima mentis,
 Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
 Multùm exploranti fruſtrà Labor ufque recurrit;
 Quæſivi tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
 Lux noſtri an Caligo animi; ſtant lancibus æquis:
 Tollitur hæc fuſùm, deſcenditur illa deorſùm.

Conſcia jam demùm Ratio me agnoſcere cogit,
 Nos bene ſcire nihil, dum plurima ſcire videmur.
 Heu! ſequimur nubes, & tundimus aera; menti
 Accumulat curas pacis maleſana cupido.
 Materiæ fineſne datur transcendere Menti?
 Quiſve mihi quid ſit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat?
 Necquicquam ad cæcos aspirant Lumina tractus,
 Quos DEUS æterna juſſit caligine volvi:
 Scrutator petit ufque; ſed effugit ufque petitum.
 Pars iſta exilis, quam niſu addiſcimus ægro,
 Ulteriora ſequi ſuadet, fallitque ſequentem,
 Quodque latet, fruſtra Mens indagare laborat.
 Convulſum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum:
 Mutantur mentes; tamen ufque revertitur Error;
 Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
 Own'd my Sick Mind by their Discourse reliev'd;
 But bent and inward to my Self again
 Perplex'd, these Matters I revolv'd; in vain!
 My Search still tir'd, my Labor still renew'd,
 At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
 Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid: [weigh'd.
 Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy

Forc'd by reflective Reason, I confess,
 That human Science is uncertain Guess:
 Alas! We grasp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
 Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
 Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
 Or who shall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
 In vain We lift up our presumptuous Eyes
 To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
 The Searcher follows fast; the Object faster flies.
 The little which imperfectly We find,
 Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
 To fruitless Search of Something yet behind.
 Various Discussions tear our heated Brain:
 Opinions often turn; still Doubts remain;
 And who indulges Thought, increases Pain.

How

Quam tenui clausa orbiculo Sapia suda!
 Perlustrat terras: sperat comprehendere cœlum:
 Obscuras fessis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
 Nunc acri perculsa Diei luce vagatur;
 Latèque expansi supremo à culmine tractus
 Vix, trepidante oculo, videt eminens INFINITUM.

Pectore fige memor, sacro ex ardore sciendi,
 ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxisse dolores.
 Cur vano ulterius cursu tibi corda fatigas?
 Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus;
 Dum nifu eluso sudans, vacuoque labore
 Expetis ut vitam quæsitâ Scientia pandat?
 Æterno à sacra depelleris Arbore fato,
 Quam circum ardescunt Gladii, CHERUBESQ; minantur.

How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n!
 Earth She surveys: She thence would measure Heav'n:
 Thro' Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way:
 Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
 And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
 Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,
 Off-spring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
 Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
 With empty Labour and eluded Strife
 Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
 For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
 Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.



SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

POEMA

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Schol.

OXONIÆ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCLXXXV.



HONORATISSIMIS DOMINIS,
D O M I N O
THO. HENR. Vice-Comiti *DEERHURST*
HONORATISSIMI
Comitis de *COVENTRY*
FILIO NATU MAXIMO;
E T
Domino *FRANCISCO* Baroni *BROOKE.*

O Decus Pubis geminum, inclytæque
Spes Domûs, quæ me simul alma nutrix,
Me finu, vestri memorem favoris,

Fovit alumnum!

Quos virens ætas, Generisque splendor,
Idem Amor, Virtus eadem, fitisque
Una Doctrinæ fociavit, uno

Carmine dicam:

Dulce Par dicam; studioque fido
Gratus orabo, ut maneant amores
Firmiter vestri, vigeatque Laudis

Æmula Cura.

Interim huc, almi Juvenes, adeste
Paululùm, & mecum fugitiva mundi
Gaudia infani, nitidasque rerum

Spernite fraudes.

En!

En! ut auratos aperit colores
Splendidis cincta illecebris *Voluptas*;
Fronte quàm falsâ varias nocendi

Explicat Artes!

At dolos vobis speciosa Siren
Porriget frustrâ; teneris ab annis
Vos secuturos sua castra duxit

Candida *Virtus*.

Illa vos fato meliore fervans
Diriget cauto pede; lubricæque
Inter errantes spatia ampla vitæ

Stare docebit.

Undique ardentem Juvenum catervæ
Sentient, quid mens generosa possit
Docta maturè sapere & viriles

Ducere mores:

Sentient, ævo viridante *Virtus*
Pulcra quàm ridet, roseum *Juventæ*
Quàm decet vultum, egregiæque formæ

Auget honorem!

Dignitatis *Vestrae*

Cultor Humillimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

1 AKESPE
539

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

V A N I T A T E.

V O L U P T A S:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

A

V O L U P T A S :
LIBER SECUNDUS.

I Nunc, disce moras & tædia longa dierum
Fallere, sollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ:
I facilem jam quære viam, & melioribus usus
Auspiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis
Grata fume manu; Curarum à tramite nigro,
A vario errorum flexu, quem volvere suadet
Mens studiosa Boni, vestigia flecte nitentes
Ad Campos, suavesque locos, quibus itur ad almam
Lætitiâ, teneros lusus, lentamque quietem;
Utile securus fugias, ut dulce sequaris:
Artis opes varias adhibe, sumptusque superbos;
Et domita Ratione effundat fræna Voluptas.

Hæc mecum ---- mox, siqua darent solatia Regum
Divitiæ, effrænisque immensa Superbia Luxus
Aggredior. --- Studia Artificum molesque futuræ
Excipiunt fessum Curis; jam tecta parabam
Regia, jamque Hortos; Pisces, Volucresque Ferasque,
Quic-

P L E A S U R E :
T H E S E C O N D B O O K .

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find some apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and Pleasure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endless Maze,
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease:
Forfake what may instruct, for what may please:
Essay amusing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of costly Pride.
Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind

Quicquid alit Tellus, spatiosa in Clauftra recepi.
 Quin noſtro peregrina ſolo viget Arbor, & umbram
 Miratur *Judæa* novam; quâ Sylva virebat,
 Squamigeri ludunt piſces; æquantur opaci
 Montes, ut major ſe exporrigat area campo.
 Flumina ducuntur curſus oblita priores,
 Docta novos; grato ſeu præcipitata tumultu
 Deſuper Unda cadit, five eluctatur in altum
 Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.
 Viſceribus latè ſpoliatis, ultima mittit
Africa marmoreas rupes; jamque ardua Turris
 Attingit cœlos, ſtant vaſta mole Columnæ
 Suppoſitæ ſpiſſo nemori, & pendentibus hortis.

Instant Artifices operi; Parieſque nitescit
 Illuſus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum:
 Diſcolor hîc variis nitet intertexta lapillis
 Area; ſubſtrata hîc folio calcatur Jaſpis.
 Ipſa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos
 Vertice ſublîmi, nemoris Regina, peritam
 Artificis confeſſa manum, laquearia fingit;
 Et raptos *Lebanus* ſylvarum mæret honores.

Mille Fabri coeunt, & eburnam ad ſydera turrim

Mi-

I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
 To Trees transferr'd I gave a fecond Birth;
 And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH's Earth.
 Fish-ponds were made, where former Forrests grew;
 And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
 Rivers diverted from their Native Course,
 And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
 From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd;
 Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
 From furthest AFRICA's tormented Womb
 The Marble brought, erects the spacious Dome,
 Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,
 On which the planted Grove, and penfile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,
 To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
 To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;
 And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne:
 The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,
 Supreme of Trees, and Miftrefs of the Wood,
 Cut down and carv'd, my fhining Roof adorns;
 And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thousand Artifts shew their cunning Pow'r,

To

Mirum opus, educunt: percurrunt pectine telas
 Mille simul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,
 Dulce tori thalamique decus; dum murice raptò
 Non habet ipsa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores
 Lana bibat: Montesque *Afri*, *Pariique* queruntur
 Marmoris avulsas usque à penetralibus imis
 Radices; nec jam ulterius sua Saltibus *Indis*
 Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis.

Jamque aderam immensi cupidis miracula Sumptus
 Percurrens oculis --- vidi, indoluique videndo:
 Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâsse superbas;
 Namque Opere extracto fugit ambitiosa Voluptas.

Anxietas infesta novas volitavit ad Ædes,
 Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pependit.
 Quid juvat ah! Thalami Splendor? quid purpura?
 grandi

Sæpe toro infomnis membra irrequieta rotabam:
 Hæsit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,
 Limitis impatiens, & certæ nescia fedis,
 Noctes atque dies vexans; lentoque per hortos
 Incedens passu, vestigia preffit eunti,
 Ambagesque viarum, altosque secuta recessus.

Quin

To raise the Wonders of the iv'ry Tow'r.
 A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
 To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
 'Till TYRE confesses her exhausted Store,
 That on her Coast the *Murex* is no more;
 'Till from the PARIAN Isle, and LIBYA'S Coast,
 The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost;
 And INDIA'S Woods return their just Complaint,
 Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Design with vast Expence atchiev'd,
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
 I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Haft:
 For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past.

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair;
 And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
 In vain on filken Beds I sought Repose;
 And restless oft from purple Couches rose:
 Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind,
 Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
 Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
 Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,
 Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze. }

Yet

Quin age, pande Sinus: aliis nova gaudia quære
 Artibus; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,
 Hærentes si fortè sua dulcedine curas
 Musica dispellat; si Carmina blanda dolores
 Eripiant Animo. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ
 Ipsa lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum;
 Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem
 Spumantesque Urfas; ad carmina stare Leones
 Attentos pendente jubâ; Lynceasque stupentes
 Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.
 An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda?
 Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ?

Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba
 Quisque suas properat; resonantia temperat Æra
 Dulce melos Citharæ: tenuem dat Dorica vocem
 Tibia lene sonans; reddit grave buccina murmur;
 Et misto raucarum unâ clangore Tubarum
 Suaviùs argutos modulatur Fiftula cantus.
 Mane agiles Numeri lentum excuffere Soporem;
 Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem:
 Et fera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,
 Suaferunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos:
 Necquicquam: ipsa novo pertentant Carmina luctu

Ægrum

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Sense
 Indulge; add Music to Magnificence:
 Effay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
 Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
 Often our Seers and Poets have confest,
 That Music's Force can tame the furious Beast;
 Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain
 His Rage: the Lion drop his crested Main,
 Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
 His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet.
 Are we, alas! more savage yet than these?
 Else Music sure may human Cares appease.

I spake my Purpose; and the chearful Choir
 Parted their shares of Harmony; the Lyre
 Soften'd the Timbrel's Noise: the Trumpet's Sound
 Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both sweeter found
 When mix'd :) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;
 And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
 Each Morn they wak'd Me with a sprightly Lay:
 Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladsome Day.
 Each Evening their repeated Skill express'd
 Scenes of Repose, and Images of Rest:
 Yet still in vain; for Music gather'd Thought:

B

But

Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta ministrant.
 Lætus quippe Sonus filo levioꝛe resultans
 Ocyus it, summamque fugax prælabitur aurem;
 Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœstumque dolorem
 Incutit, atque altum figit sub pectore vulnus.

Jamque agitans mœstè mecum, quàm languet ocelli
 Imbecilla acies, vidi; quàm incerta vagatur,
 Utque novas quærit species spernitque paratas
 Instabilis; piget heu! piget advertisse, sed aurem
 Adverti miseram simili languescere morbo;
 Illa etiam inconstans, brevibus fatiata sonorum
 Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continuò Juvenes cultos se adungere lætis
 Virginibus jussi, numerisque aptare Chœreas.
 Frustra! Compositos redeuntesque ordine certo
 Culpabam motus, passosque infana querebar
 Jura pedes: Artem observans Natura magistram
 Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat
 Servitio; Indignor tantum potuisse protervi
 Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque sonantem.

But how unequal the Effects it brought?
 The soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
 Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot:
 The solemn Violence of the graver Sound
 Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting Wound.

And now reflecting, I with Grief descry
 The fickle Lust of the fantastic Eye;
 How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
 Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
 And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
 The fickle Ear soon glutted with the Sound,
 Condemn'd eternal Changes to pursue,
 Tir'd with the last, and eager of the New.

I had the Virgins and the Youth advance,
 To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.
 In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions seem:
 What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem.
 Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
 Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
 And vex'd I found, that the Musician's Hand
 Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

Indulsi Cyathis; rabies mera; clamor ineptus,
 Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.
 Credulus ah nimium! speravi pocula mæstum
 Poffe animum lenire, atraſque avertere Curas.
 Poſt Ludos ſera jam nocte licentiùs actos
 Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant;
 Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma
 Diſpulerat Ratio fimulacra fugacia noctis;
 Quid facere & fari ſuaſerunt pocula, mecum
 Volvi animo; quales & quo de fonte Lepores
 Fluxerunt, reputans. Riſus, Jocus ille, ſolutos
 Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,
 Forſitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum
 Duxerat, ambiguo luſu, vel imagine falſa,
 Improbuliſve lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,
 Caſta quibus metuat violari fordibus auris.
 Forſitan heu! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos
 Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,
 Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò
 Parceret, & denſa velaret honeſtius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conferta malorum
 Agmina cæca latent; hinc linguæ effuſa Venena
 Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocanda querelis.

I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas Rage ; 'twas Noise ;
 An airy Scene of tranſitory Joys.
 In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
 Would baniſh Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
 To the late Revel, and protracted Feaſt
 Wild Dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd Reſt ;
 And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reaſon's Light
 Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night,
 What had been ſaid, I ask'd my Soul, what done ;
 How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun.
 Perhaps the Jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly Croud,
 And made the Jovial Table laugh ſo loud,
 To ſome falſe Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
 To an ambiguous Word's perverted Senſe,
 To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
 Offence and Torture to the ſober Ear.
 Perhaps, alas ! the pleaſing Stream was brought
 From this Man's Error, from another's Fault ;
 From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
 And Prudence mention with the laſt Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unſeen
 In the pernicious Draught ; the Word obſcene,
 Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly

Irre-

Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore
 Responsum torquetur atrox, spargitque vicissim
 Infanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhaustas vini quòd largior usus
 Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah miserum! rabies quem cæca atrique dolores
 Diversis hinc inde malis involvere certant!
 Heu! sperat Curarum haurire obliviam; nescit
 Intereà sævo confidere funditùs haustu
 Morborum omne genus; lentæ intolerabile pondus
 Defidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis
 Somnia, quæ passu sequitur mors tarda silenti:
 Nec videt innexis circum cratera corollis
 Lethiferosque Angues, atraque latere Colubras.

Ecquid inexpertum restat, quod pectoris ægri
 Mulceat infanos æstus, Curasque resolvat?
 Restat Amor: propera, salientibus imbibe venis
 Spem lætam, blandosque accende Cupidinis ignes;
 Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam
 Liberiore animo, totasque exquirere vires.

Irrevocable? the too prompt Reply,
 Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate;
 What We should shun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course
 Of Health suppress'd by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
 To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
 Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor fees,
 That melancholy Sloath, severe Disease,
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
 Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
 And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,
 Fell Adders hiss, and poy'snous Serpent roll.

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
 Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom? --- Love,
 Love yet Remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
 Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,
 And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
 This last great Remedy's Myfterious Pow'r.

Why

Quis malus hic languor? vel quæ tam fera moratur
 Segnities? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt?
 Quin agite ô fidi citius properate ministri,
 Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.
 Omnis Amicarum cætus Sponsæque frequentes
 Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivia, cultus;
 Quas plaga nostra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum
 Munera seu Regum fuerint, seu præmia Martis.
 Ordine quæque suo nostri studiosa favoris
 Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.

Hæc ubi dicta, onerant mensas, cyathosque coronant;
 Unà omnes studiisque favent, fremituque secundo;
 Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum splendidus Ordo:
 Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes
 Ardentesque oculos: memori quàm pectore fervo
 Semina nascentis flammæ, dulcesque dolorum
 Primitias! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,
 Gentis erat *Phariæ*: quæ læti gratia vultûs
 Spirabat! quæ forma! ut mollia membra movebat,
 Incessu facili gressus ornata decoros!
 Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,
 Nec Zona cohibente: fluebat nigra soluto
 Cæsaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe
 Per nitidos diffusa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore

Why therefore hefitates my doubtful Breaft?
 Why ceafes it one Moment to 'be bleft?
 Fly fwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
 Your infant Pains to bring your Mafter Joy.
 Let all my Wives and Concubines be drefs'd:
 Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaft;
 All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
 The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
 Before their Monarch They fhall fingly pafs;
 And the moft Worthy fhall obtain the Grace.

I faid: the Feaft was ferv'd: the Bowl was crown'd:
 To the King's Pleafure went the mirthful Round:
 The Women came: as Customs wills, they paff:
 On One (O that diftinguifh'd One!) I caft
 The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
 That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.
 Mature the Virgin was of EGYPT's Race:
 Grace fhap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:
 Eafy her Motion feem'd, ferene her Air:
 Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rofe: her Hair
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
 Adown her Shoulders loofely lay display'd;
 And in the Jetty Curls ten thousand CUPIDS play'd. }

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus
 Vulnere, adeste (inquam) nascentem augete Sodales
 Lætitiâ, mollique toro properate recentes
 Accumulare rosas, dum prodiga veris odori
 Copia deficiat; lasciva in tempora Myrrhæ
 Lacrymulas suavemque Electri fundite rorem,
 Fundite opes *Arabum* varias: date carmen amicum,
 Et pulsate lyram fidibusque adjuncta canoris
 Tympana; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,
 Tu, cujus rosea ora & clari fulgur ocelli
 Delicias spirant, toto quas pectore Princeps
 Exoptat: palmam referas, atque annue votis.
 O Virgo ante alias, quam regius ardet Amator,
Eoum qui sceptrâ quatit metuenda per orbem!

Sic fatus, Solioque simul delapsus ab aureo,
 Passu humili accedens, oblatis pignus amoris
 Tendebam supplex; altæque Insignia Frontis
 Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,
 Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.
 O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogabam)
 Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & spectanda decoræ
 Præmia frontis habe; Sociis prælata puellis
 Splendebis; Sociæ peragent tua iussa puellæ.
 Surge age, deliciae; sequere ô mea sola voluptas! Pro-

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
 Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
 Your Monarch's Blifs, I said; fresh Roses bring
 To ftrow my Bed; 'till the impov'rish'd Spring
 Confefs her Want; around my am'rous Head
 Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber fhed,
 'Till ARAB has no more. From the foft Lyre,
 Sweet Flute, and ten-fting'd Inftrument, require
 Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
 Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye
 Thy Mafter's Joy long fought at length is found;
 And as thy Brow, let my Defires be crown'd;
 O fav'rite Virgin, that haft warm'd the Breaft,
 Whose fov'reign Dictates fubjugate the Eaft!

I said; and fudden from the golden Throne
 With a fubmiffive Step I halted down.
 The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
 Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
 O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said)
 Receive the Honors deftin'd to thy Brow;
 And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
 Their Duty muft thy fov'reign Word obey.
 Rife up, my Love; my fair One, come away. What

Protinus heu! quantus dolor ingruit! ut furor ardens
 Invasit sensus, & perculit intima cordis;
 Cum fertum abjecit Virgo, fastuque modesto
 Triftior, avertens candentia colla, refugit!

Luçantem juffit celare Superbia curam;
 Ægrum animum queror, & fomni Solatia posco:
 Mox Epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui
 Sollicitus; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,
 Qui fervant nostras veteri de more puellas,
 Ut ducant Nympham thalami in secreta, torisque
 Ornatis Dominum instantem sperare juberent.

Anxius atque moræ impatiens (Amor Iraq; mentem
 Præcipitant) Nympham fequor indefeffus iniquam;
 Accessi donisque petens precibusque fatigans,
 Imbellesque iterum gemitus & mollia vota
 Turpiter effudi; querulo jam murmure supplex,
 Elatâ mox voce minans: neglectaque dona
 Ante pedes iterum posui; seu mallet Amoris
 Cedere deliciis, seu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa sed inviçtas aures inimica tenebat;
 Et paulùm avertens, irâ mistoque dolore,

What Pang, alas! what Ecstasy of Smart
 Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart;
 When She with modest Scorn the Wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd,
 Pretended Drowiness, and Wish of Rest;
 And sullen I forsook th' Imperfect Feast:
 Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care
 Our Eastern Grandeur gives th' imprison'd Fair,
 To lead Her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,
 And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid
 (Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)
 Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,
 Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrate:
 By Turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord:
 Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
 Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
 And Choice of happy Love, or instant Death.

Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,
 Far as She might, She decently retir'd:

And

Occupat, Hic ille est SOLOMON? totumque per orbem
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapientia Regis?

Te coram hoc imbelle vides horrescere corpus;
Id Fortuna potest; nescit mens libera frangi;
Victorisque minas & inania vincula temnit.

Te Fama est, Vatum Princeps, Te posse Deorum
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moresque Ferarum
Pandere; Te docto sermone exponere cæci
Ut turbant animum Affectus, utque arbitra fluctus
Componit Ratio; arrectæque edicere turbæ
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ:
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique capacem
Latiùs expatiari animum; Teque optima lætos
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus?
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur?
Quid tibi mens agitat? quid jam meditaris? Amorem?
Res Amor incerta est: hac unâ ab origine luctus
Gaudiaque exundant; varios hinc Vita colores
Induitur; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.

Ille

And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
 What means, said She, King SOLOMON the Wife?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
 Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.
 Free to her self my potent Mind remains:
 Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis said, that Thou can't plausibly dispute,
 Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;
 Can't plead, with subtil Wit and fair Discourse,
 Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force.
 That to the Tribes attentive Thou can't show,
 Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow.
 That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
 And Truth and Honour on Thy Edicts wait.
 Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,
 With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?
 Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove ---
 What in one Moment dost Thou offer? Love ---
 Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:
 'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:
 And Human Mis'ry must begin or end,
 As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.

Would

Ille pius sanctusque excelsi DAVIDIS Hæres
 Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,
 Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet?
 Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,
 Atque instar lethi discrimina tollere Amorem;
 Dum tamen indomitas misero sub pectore vires
 Exercet, Tu sola Deum per vulnera fentis;
 Sæviet implacatus adhuc; frontem usque severam
 Contrahet, atra mei nisi vincant nubila Ritus.

Sponte sua furgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos
 Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,
 Æqua utrinq; alimenta trahens; dum pectora flammæ
 Utraque dant similes, & mutua gaudia miscent.
 Donec Spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,
 Germina se expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis
 Floribus, & circum suaves funduntur odores.
 Pabula fin blanda hæc defint, hic mutuus ardor
 Deficiat; languet collapsæ vertice Planta,
 Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.

Vi sævâ vin'clisque immitia corda ferarum
 Vincimus: expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.
 Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,

Would DAVID'S Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
 To the firſt Bride-bed of the World receive
 A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
 Or grant, Thy Paſſion has theſe Names deſtroy'd;
 That Love, like Death, makes all Diſtinction void;
 Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,
 His Flames and Torments only are expreſt:
 His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;
 And all his Joys follicit my Conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, it's parted Root
 Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
 Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
 The pleaſing Ecſtaſy, which each receives:
 Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
 It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
 And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows.
 If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
 The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:
 Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force refrain'd:
 The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
 Thy uſeleſ Strength, miſtaken King, employ:

Irâ animum fatians; nec inania gaudia speres
 Virgine ab invitâ; spolies licet invidus arva,
 Non messem referes optatam. En! aspice regni
 Quam tibi sint arcti fines: Te torva tuentem
Judæi metuant, patriâque superbus in Aulâ
 Se jactet SOLOMON: sed lætâ fronte petendus
 Mollis Amor; folium lentis accede verendum
 Passibus; utque abeas felix, affuesce placere.

Nil tamen hîc artes poterunt præstare placendi:
 Est mihi, qui dudùm sibi me devinxit; amores
 Abstulit Ille meos: nec Justa minæque feroces
 Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
 Mecum iniit Juvenis: junxit data dextra vicissim
 Concordes; neque vana animos fiducia fallit.
 Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,
 Cælituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
 Spectavere fidem, lætùm plaudentibus alis,
 Fædera que æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat; aufer
 His oculis dudùm contemptæ munera lûcis:
 Me moriente tui malefanos pectoris ignes
 Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ;

Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
 Nor reap the Harvest, tho' Thou spoil'st the Field.
 Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
 Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL shall obey:
 But wilful Love Thou must with Smiles appease;
 Approach his awful Throne by just Degrees;
 And if Thou would'st be Happy, learn to please.

Nor that those Arts can here successful prove:
 For I am destin'd to another's Love.
 Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
 To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
 My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
 Each swore with Truth: with Pleasure each believ'd.
 The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
 In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd
 It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread
 The lasting Roll, recording what We said.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd:
 Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:
 End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
 Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate.

Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas
 Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,
 (Obtestor metuenda *Ægypti* Numina) sævis
 Te sequar usque odiis; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.

Quin ferias, inquit; nudumque ad vulnera pectus
 Exposuit: memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis
 Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, *DAVIDE* natum
 Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, trepidus victusque pudore,
 Sic mecum: heu! nimio languescens pectora luxu,
 Exere te, *SOLOMON*, lapsamq; recolligè mentem;
 Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponde dolores.
 Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas
 Spes avidas umbrâ duxit fugiente, (superbum
 Sic *Fortuna* animum illudit) quod pectore toto
 Optavi impatiens, habet improba *Nympha*, negatque.
 Ergone me Regem *Judæi*, mene fatentur
 Gentes? & mea vox trepidantia stamina vitæ
 Conservat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo
 Dum veneror, ridetque meas *Virguncula* vires?

For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;
 Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;
 Hear me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
 Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Despair.

Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast:
 Stand it in JUDAH'S Chronicles confest,
 That DAVID'S Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
 Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;
 And to my Soul yet uncollected said:
 Into Thy self, fond SOLOMON, return;
 Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn.
 When I through number'd Years have Pleasure fought;
 And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
 To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,
 'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.
 Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
 Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
 While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
 And One mad Dam'fel dares dispute My Pow'r?

An rapiam invitam? fugiat tam turpis Imago!
 Hoc pronò pecori Me æquaverit. --- Anne remittam?
 O! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, *cujus* in ulnas?
 Illuc quà *SOLOMON* nunquam vestigia figet;
 Brachia quà *Juvenis* ferventia pandet amatus,
 Cui fervans decus *Illa* suum, mea munera spernit.

Improbe Amor, quales misero de corde triumphos
 Sævus agis! quam triste jugum! quam cuspis iniqua!
 Illæsus vivit, qui fræna audire recusat;
 Et lacerant fidos asperrima vulnera servos.

En! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla; quid optes
 Nobilius? spolia unde magis memoranda reportes?
 Cur *Nympha* usque adeo sævam intractabilis aurem
 Obstruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur?
 Nescio quem vilem populi de fæce *Bubulcum*
 Cur petit, ardentisque amplexus *DAVIDE* nati
 Contemnit? demens, quæ Principis atria spernat,
 Quà pompam inter opesque effusaque gaudia lætus
 Regnat Amor. Casa nimirùm, Casa fordida, summo
 Monte tremens, ventis sævoque obnoxia cœlo,
 Avocat; hìc vivos compescet pectoris ignes
 Res angusta domi, veneremque extinguet egestas.

Ah

To Ravish Her? That Thought was soon depress'd,
 Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.
 To send Her back? O whither, and to whom?
 To Lands where SOLOMON must never come;
 To that Insulting Rival's happy Arms,
 For whom, disdain'd Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
 How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
 Those 'scape Thy Anger, who refuse Thy Sway;
 And those are punish'd most, who most Obey.

See JUDAH'S King revere thy greater Pow'r:
 What can'st Thou covet, or how triumph more?
 Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
 Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
 Why to some simple Shepherd does She run,
 From the fond Arms of DAVID'S Fav'rite Son?
 Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
 Where Wealth and Pleasure may Thy Reign support,
 To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
 Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow:
 Where pinching Want must curb her warm Desires,
 And Household Cares suppress Thy Genial Fires?

Too

Ah nimis! imperium viresque fatentur Amoris
 Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant:
 Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit
Græcia, vel fuso spirantem ostendit in auro;
 Quem *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.
 Arcum dextra minax gestat, lævoque pharetra
 Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas
 Sustinet, immitis lacrymosa Insignia regni.
 Infidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces
 Jam movet accelerans; reduces mox flectere gaudet;
 Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.
 Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo
 Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammâs.
 Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ;
 Dira hominum pestis! pereant, precor, aspera tela,
 Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus!
 O! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent!
 Lassatus trepides, pennâ languente moreris,
 Ni cursum huc teneas, versamque reducere Nympham
 Approperes, ægro meditans solatia Regi.

[Nymphæ

Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,
 Heu! frustra cupidam, meditantem oblivia frustra;
 Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortiùs institit illinc

Sævus

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
 The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.
 His Mystic Form the Artizans of GREECE
 In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express:
 And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:
 Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow:
 A Quiver by his Side sustains a Store
 Of pointed Darts; sad Emblems of his Pow'r:
 A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
 Now to be gone; which now again He bends
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends. }
 Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid:
 I felt Him strike; and now I see Him fly:
 Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye
 Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
 O! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed!
 Tir'd may'st Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing; }
 Except Thou turn'st Thy Course, resolv'd to bring }
 The Dam'sel back, and save the Love-sick King. }

My Soul thus struggling in the fatal Net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;

E

Sent

Sævus Amor: fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.
 Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus
 Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.
 Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,
 Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.

At brevia heu! longos abrumpunt otia luctus;
 Tarda venit requies; celeri pede Cura recurrit.
 Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant
 Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)
 Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,
 Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,
 Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Jussa
 Præveniens, motusque oculi servabat herilis;
Abra (hoc nomen erat) comes adstitit usque parato
 Obsequio; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.
Abra animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,
 Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

Sollicito ardentem studio videre puellam
 Jamdudum æquales: risum officiosa movebat
 Sedulitas; me verò haudquaquam infueta videntem
 Impatiens labor iste operosaque Cura latebat.
 Dum tandem admonuit Fama, insolitosque ministræ
 Ipse etiam sensi fervere conscius ignes. Cum

Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd :
 'Till hopeless plung'd in an Abyss of Grief,
 I from Necessity receiv'd Relief:
 Time gently aided to assuage my Pain;
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd Rein.

But O how short My Interval of Woe !
 Our Grievs how swift; our Remedies how slow !
 Another Nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
 To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
 Another Nymph, amongst the many Fair,
 That made My softer Hours their solemn Care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand;
 And watch'd my Eye, preventing My Command.
 ABRA, She so was call'd, did soonest hast
 To grace my Presence; ABRA went the last:
 ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name.
 And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equals first observ'd her growing Zeal;
 And laughing gloss'd, that ABRA serv'd so well.
 To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
 Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
 'Till more appris'd of what the Rumour said,
 More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid.

The

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam sparserat ignem,
 Tranquillâ sub nocte negotia longa diei
 Diluere, atque animo volui dare fessus habenas,
 Fæmineis secreta fovens convivia tectis.
 Accumbens purgare manus lustralibus undis
 (Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.
Abra suas tum fortè vices fortita, recentem
 Ritè dabat lympham & dulces miscebat odores.

Mox humiles demissa genas & supplice passu
 Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces
 Infundens latices, trepidabat corpore toto.
 Jamque meos inhians vultus ardensque tuendo,
 Conscia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo
 Necquicquam obluetans suspiria corde trahebat.
 Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?
 Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine? Vitæ
 Secreto sic calle latens, Tu pectoris æstus
 Nostin'? Tu curasque & gaudia, spesque metusque?
 Nimirùm tuto sub pectore, blandula Virgo,
 Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitat ictu.

Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta; Pudorque
 Ornavit fractam vocem & trepidantia verba.

The Sun declin'd had shot his Western Ray;
 When tir'd with Bus'ness of the solemn Day,
 I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
 And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
 I call'd, before I sat, to wash My Hands:
 For so the Precept of the Law commands.
 LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA'S Turn
 To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn.

With awful Homage, and submissive Dread
 The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
 To pour the Oyls: She trembled as She pour'd;
 With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
 My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh.
 And whence, said I, canst Thou have Dread, or Pain?
 What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
 Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,
 Hast Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart
 Ne'er felt LOVE'S Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abash'd She blush'd, and with Disorder spoke:
 Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

Supplicis ancillæ series miseranda dolorum
 Si fortè attentas intrabunt Principis aures,
 Ah! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes
 Per populos das jura; Superciliique minacis
 Abfint horrentes rugæ, frontisque verenda
 Majestas; & amica exporrige mitiùs ora.

Est mandare Tuum; mihi Jussa capeffere fas est:
 Et quanquam ah! renovem crudelia vulnera fando;
 Si modò Tu facilem vultum præbere querenti
 Digneris, luctus si Rex miseretur obortos,
 Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conscia fydera, testor,
 Celari neque enim fas est; incendor amore:
 Si fit amor, venis effrænem agitare furorem,
 Et sine Spe miserum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques
 Occulto, varioque doces se flectere motu;
 Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis
 Abjungis spatiis causam finemque dolorum?
 Ille, meo sævos qui pectore fuscitat ignes,
 Splendentique oculo neglectam heu! perculit *Abram*;

Ob-

If the great Master will descend to hear
 The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;
 O! while She tells it, let him not put on
 The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
 O! let not Death severe in Glory lye
 In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain;
 If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite;
 If weeping I find Favor in His Sight;
 Flow fast my Tears, full rising his Delight.

O! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
 For can I hide it? I am sick of Love:
 If Madness may the Name of Passion bear;
 Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controls
 The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!
 Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite Degrees
 Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease?
 The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
 In which unpity'd A B R A must expire,

Had

Obscurâ si stirpe fatus, si Patre Bubulco
 Vixisset Custosve boum, pecorisve magister;
 Manè comes fummos superâram sedula montes,
 Ardentesque æstus temnens, brumamque rigentem;
 Usque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.
 Ille ubi nocte domum speratus venerat hospes,
 Condideram dulci convivia inempta labore;
 Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine tecti,
 Obvia venturo mississem ardentia longè
 Lumina per campos; trepida inter spemq; metumque,
 Gaudia dum secum ferret rediviva, canisque
 Blandulus adventum Domini monstraret amati.
 Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudisque papillis
 Acclinem, dulces suasissimè carpere somnos:
 Et capite à molli, Phæbi redeuntis ad ortum,
 Sollicita elapsum subducere lene lacertum,
 Exieram, fætus stabulo missura coactos,
 Et Pecori blanda, & Pastoris amica quieti.

Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,
 (Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in pectora flammam
 Coelitus immitti) natalem ornaverat horam
 Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmata longo,

Had He been born some fimple Shepherd's Heir,
 The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
 At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
 Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun,
 Still asking, where He made his Flock to rest at Noon. }
 For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,
 I had with hafty Joy prepar'd the Feaft;
 And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,
 Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
 Wav'ring, impatient, tofs'd by Hope and Fear; }
 'Till He and Joy together should appear;
 And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.
 On my declining Neck, and open Breast,
 I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest;
 And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
 With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away;
 To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,
 Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
 Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
 With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:

Cor impunè altùm se evexerat, & mea vota
Spirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipsa *Sabæâ*
Principe, spectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum
Lustratura Virum; molles avidâ aure Poetæ
Exceptura fonos & ab ore fluentia mella.
Libassem simul à roseis redolentia labris
Oscula, quæ dulces vicissent thuris odores.
Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâffet
Singulaque eximiæ miracula pingere formæ!
Quam radii mites oculorum; Solis adinstar,
Pura repercussos ignes cum temperat unda!
Quam rubet aureus ora; finumque argenteus albet!
Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crines
Cornicis plumam exsuperant; certare labellis
Coccineus metuat rubor, Hesperiumque corallum.
Ut dentes nitido stant ordine, more coævi
Jam tonfi Gregis, emerisque à flumine vivo,
Candida in aprico ficcantis vellera faxo!
Sapphiris ut fiquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,
Vena super niveam turgescens cærulea dextram
Effulget. Quas Crura ostentant fortia vires,
Quamque decora nitent, Parias imitata Columnas!

Ut

Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,
 Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA'S Queen,
 To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men;
 To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
 And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
 To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,
 Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
 Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien
 To all that Great or Beauteous I had seen.
 Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams
 Reflecting temper'd Light from Crystal Streams;
 Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Bosom fair
 As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
 Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
 Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread;
 Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook
 Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
 Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains
 How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.
 Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set
 On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet.

Ut toto attollit se corpore! surgit in auras
 Palmæ instar, pinuque caput sublimior effert.
 Suavè crocum redolent Vestes Myrrhamque fluentem,
 Et caput ambrosii circum jactantur odores.
 Quid loquor aut ubi sum? heu! infelix, inscia Virgo!
 Quin morere ô! morere *Abra*; eheu nimis ausa fateri
 Quam Tibi Cor ardens aspirat Principis alto
 Misceri amplexu, ferosque beare nepotes;
 Plaudente ut populo Te illustret regia Proles,
 Felicemque novis jactes SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hic lacrymis lingua interrupta filescit obortis;
 Curarum ô triftis series! malefana Puella!
 Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit;
 In me frustra alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.
 Hei mihi! adhuc altè cruciatis sensibus hæret
 Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,
 Et *Pharium* vinc'lum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitens (dixi) poterit volventibus annis
 Principis opprobrii vanescere triftis Imago;
 Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,
 Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores.

His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,
 Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine.
 Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed :
 And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head.
 What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
 Dye, ABRA, dye: too plainly hast Thou said
 Thy Soul's Desire to meet His high Embrace,
 And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race;
 To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb,
 With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.
 O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
 My suffering Heart for ever shall defy
 New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
 O! yet my tortur'd Senses deep retain
 The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
 The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As Time, I said, may happily efface
 That cruel Image of the King's Disgrace;
 Imperial Reason shall resume her Seat;
 And SOLOMON once fall'n, again be great.

Luserit Affectus, seu Marte subegerit Hostis,
 Cautior intendat totos Sapiaentia nervos,
 Servatâque femel metuat virtute relabi.

Abra fed intereà --- quæfita accedere ad ora
 Sæpiùs indulfi; nam fic Clementia fuafit
 Ancillæ miferos paulùm lenire dolores.
 Verus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;
 Tangimur & veros ultrò miferescimus ignes.
 Affiduam blandâ fpectavi fronte miniftram;
 Et femper ftudiofam accedere, fæpe vocavi.
 Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magifque
 Paulatim in venas tacitum infinuavit amorem.

Sera ubi fæmineis agerem conviviam tectis,
 (Jam tum fola dedi levifcula tempora Nymphæ)
 Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,
 Illius à dextrâ meliùs fapere Placentæ.
 Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,
 Constructas nifi blanda epulas ornaverat *Abra*:
 Necquicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,
 Ridentem nifi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.
 Carmina miferent cum vespertina Puellæ
 Æquantes parili citharæ modulamina cantu;

Betray'd by Passion, as subdu'd in War,
 We wisely should exert a double Care,
 Nor ever ought a second time to Err.

This ABRA then ----

I saw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
 Some Respite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
 Her fond Excess proclaim'd her Passion true;
 And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
 Well I entreated Her, who well deserv'd;
 I call'd Her often; for She always serv'd.
 Use made her Person easy to my Sight;
 And Ease insensibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs
 (For first I fought Her but at looser Hours)
 The Apples She had gather'd smelt most sweet:
 The Cake She kneaded was the fav'ry Meat:
 But Fruits their Odor lost, and Meats their Taste;
 If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feast.
 Dishonor'd did the sparkling Goblet stand:
 Unless receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:
 And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
 Raising their Voices to the master-Lyre;

Too

Languidiùs Vox illa, argutiùs illa fonabat,
 Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est;
 Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*
 Sola melos: Sociis prælata, insignior ibat;
 Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.
 Arctiùs ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,
 Pulcrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis;
 Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyropi
 Pectora vicini commendavere rubores:
 Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,
 Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.
 Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi
 Grator effulfit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ
 Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri:
 Saucia corda libet paulùm lenire vicissim,
 Conceptosque fovere astris melioribus ignes.
 Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali? quæ causa timoris?
 Tam tenera insultare potest? tam blandula lædet?
 Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere?
 Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque recessum

Inveniam:

Too flat I-thought This Voice, and That too shrill;
 One show'd too much, and one too little Skill:
 Nor could my Soul approve the Mufic's Tone;
 'Till all was hush'd, and A B R A fung alone.
 Fairer She feem'd, 'distinguish'd from the reft;
 And better Mein disclos'd, as better drest.
 A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
 To jufter Bounds confin'd it's rifing Pride:
 The blushing Ruby on her snowy Breaft,
 Render'd it's panting Whitenefs more confefs'd;
 Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundefs to her Arm;
 And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.
 Her Senfes pleas'd, her Beauty ftill improv'd:
 And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
 The feveral Follies of my former Flame;
 Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
 The certain Joys that lye in prosp'rous Love.
 For what, faid I, from A B R A can I fear,
 Too humble to infult, too foft to be fevere?
 The Dam'fel's fole Ambition is to please:
 With Freedom I may like, and quit with Eafe:

Inveniam; fine fraude animum solabitur *Abra*;
Et Pax alma semel comitem sese addet amori.

iniquæ

Magne Deus, quam cæcus Homo est! quam fortis
Ludibrium infelix; laqueos sibi tendere natus!
Viribus heu! nostris nimium confidimus; hostis
Nec fatis infidias adversaque tela cavemus:
Altiùs inflatas ventosa superbia mentes
Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.
Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,
Dum revocare licet vestigia: nulla peric'li
Securos terret facies; frænisque remissis
Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.
Florifero deinde in præto aut viridante sub umbrâ
Lascivè fusi languentia membra, repletos
Inter Crateras, varièque nitentia ferta,
Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus:
Dum tandem erumpens violentior ingruit Æstus,
Turbidus immiscet terramque & Sydera nimbus;
Præcipitesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati
Vexamur fero malè credula corda dolore:
Se circum capita agglomerant pereuntia fluctus,
Mærentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

She fooths, but never can enthrall my Mind:
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
 How by Himself insenfibly betray'd!
 In our own Strength unhappily fecure,
 Too little cautious of the adverfe Pow'r;
 And by the Blaft of Self-opinion mov'd,
 We wifh to charm, and feek to be belov'd.
 On Pleasure's flowing Brink We idly ftray,
 Mafters as yet of our returning Way:
 Seeing no Danger, We difarm our Mind;
 And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
 Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
 To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
 And fmiling fee the nearer Waters roll;
 'Till the ftrong Gufts of raging Paffion rife;
 'Till the dire Tempeft mingles Earth and Skies;
 And fwift into the boundlefs Ocean born,
 Our foolish Confidence too late We mourn:
 Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
 And from our troubled View the leffen'd Lands retreat.

O latè dominator Amor! tua sceptrā latentem
 Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum?
 Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes?
 Quæ varias aperire potest Sapiētia formas
 Infidiis vestris ritè inservire paratas,
 Cum miseros sævo meditaris perdere ludo?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendi
 Arma palam induitur, belloque laceffit inermes:
 Elato vultu incessuque patet Dea: stat mens
 Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque casibus, audet
 Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea scuto præcordia septa virili
 Claudentes, dum non inhonestā Superbia munit;
 Ducimur egregiæ laudis muliebria Gesta
 Mirari, nostræ virtutis imagine capti.
 Quæ placuisse potest, facili dulcedine vincet;
 Quos hodie incendit, cras sub juga mittet amantes.
 Vitra oculis Ratio prætereundere fida videtur;
 Quàm fallax! Formæ quàm incerta resultat Imago!
 Mirantes animum, & percussi luminis igne,
 Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, speramus amores.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
 How shall the human Bosom rest secure?
 How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare
 The different Shapes, Thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dress,
 To-Day encounters our unguarded Breast:
 She looks with Majesty, and moves with State;
 Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
 She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,
 And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;
 Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,
 We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.
 She that can please, is certain to persuade:
 To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right;
 Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
 Struck with her Eye, whilst We applaud her Mind;
 And when We speak Her great, We wish Her kind.

Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela ministras,
 Mærorem effusum & passos sine lege capillos :
 Voce querens humili ducit miserabile carmen,
 Hærentisque vicem suppleant Suspiria linguæ.
 Concipit hinc generosa incendia pectus honestum ;
 Tollimus afflictam sustentamusque jacentem :
 Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,
 Et lenit miserum Pietas humana dolorem ;
 Curarum intereà nobis contagia furtim
 Obrepunt, similique jubent languescere luctu ;
 Cingimus ah ! fero munimine ductile pectus,
 Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liquefcere pronum.

Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque sævior alter,
 Quâ fraude elusus, quâ vi turbabitur Hostis ?
 Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,
 Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita fastu ?
 An licet externam sperare aliunde medelam,
 Cum Pectus fallax internum admiserit hostem ?
 Ille intus domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,
 Palantisque Ducis cæcus vestigia flectit.

Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis
 Colla mihi captiva coercuit ; Illa repletum

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou arm'ft the Fair
 With flowing Sorrow, and difhevel'd Hair:
 Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
 Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
 Here gen'rous Softnefs warms the honeft Breast:
 We raife the fad, and fuccour the diftrefs'd:
 And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief;
 Whilst Pity mitigates her rifing Grief:
 We ficken foon from her contagious Care;
 Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Defpair;
 And againft Love too late thofe Bofoms arm,
 Which Tears can foften, and which Sighs can warm.

Againft this neareft crueleft of Foes,
 What fhall Wit meditate, or Force oppofe?
 Whence, feeble Nature, fhall We fummon Aid;
 If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
 External Remedy fhall We hope to find,
 When the clofe Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
 Infulting there does Reafons Pow'r deride;
 And blind Himfelf, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my lovely A B R A held
 My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd

With

Possedit mihi cor, Illa unica; Spesque voluptasque
 Omnis in Illâ affixa pependit: ut abfuit Illa,
 Multa moram incusans gemitus lugubrè profudi;
 Ocyus Illa redux gemitus luctusque fugavit:
 Nox orta est, abeunte; Dies, veniente, refulsit.

Ordine Conventus, Scenæ, ludique sequuntur
 Larvati: facit Illa melos, facit Illa choreas:
 Tot formas habitusque novos induta nitescit,
 Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.

In campo dominata hodiè sub tegmine palmæ
 Vestra arma & vestros fibi, *Debora*, sumit amictus;
 Victricique sedet frontem circumdata lauro:
 Ipse instar *Baraci* vestigia pronus adoro:
 Turba Illi fictos canit obsequiosa triumphos,
 Illam effert clademque Hosti Patriæque columnam.

Cras mitem induitur faciem moresque serenos,
 Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis;
 Mollius incedens Mulier jam rustica, Villâ
 Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere visit.
 Depositis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis
 Collatum certant cantando rependere munus;

Dum

With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
 It fought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
 It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
 Return'd, She chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away:
 Her Absence made the Night: her Presence brought
 [the Day.]

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns succede.
 For Her I make the Song: the Dance with Her I lead.
 I court Her various in each Shape and Dress,
 That Luxury may form, or Thought-express.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
 In DEBORAH'S Arms and Habit ABRA reigns:
 The Wreath denoting Conquest girds her Brow:
 And low, like BARAK,* at her Feet I bow.
 The Mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand;
 As She had slain the Foe, and fav'd the Land.

To-morrow She approves a softer Air;
 Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War:
 The Form of peaceful ABIGAIL assumes;
 And from the Village with the Present comes:
 The Youthful Band depose their glitt'ring Arms;
 Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;

H Whilst

Dum feror incessu spectabilis ipse paterno
Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abræ* si mens vaga gestiat ire
Latiùs in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces;
Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus
Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.
Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori
Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*
Expectat. Prodit jam tandem: corpore purus
Partim *Arabum* partim *Perfarum* è femine natus
Vectat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,
(*Sidonie* quo more solent *Thressæ*que Puellæ)
Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,
Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.
Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,
Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus:
Aureâque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit)
Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.
Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis
Crescentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.
Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* fimillima; vultus,
Incessum, vocemque agnoscimus: ipsa *DIANA*,
Ipsa Dea est; digno veneramur honore, Deæque

Poni-

Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If haply ABRA'S Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JERUSALEM, descends to wait,
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA'S, and ARABIA'S Breed,
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN use)
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Ruffles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray.
DIANA, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABRA speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present Goddess, I obey;

Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.
 Vocali infignem Chorus accinit ore **DIANAM**;
 Altiùs & lituorum unà clangorque tubarum
 Divinas effert laudes: pulsare triumphi
 Oppositos Colles: Colles iterare triumphos.

Cras si fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltûs
 Lenire ad vitreas piscofi fluminis undas
 Suaferit; extemplò artifices se mille labori
 Addunt, & Regis certatim Jussa capeffunt.
 Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum
 Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Infula surgit.
 In medio, Currus solido stat fulgidus auro,
 Cui vifi gemere argentei sub pondere Cycni.
Abra Dea infignis folio sedet alta corusco,
Argolicæ **VENERIS** vultus induta decoros.
 Circumfusa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris
 Egregias celebrant dulci modulamine laudes.
 Dum magni intereà Spectac'li pompa propinquat,
 Et **VENEREM** lætæ clamant instare Catervæ;
 Cultor Ego heu! nimium supplex in margine terræ
 Extremo, fervens avidâ spe brachia tendo
 Excipere impatiens surgentem è gurgite Divam.

Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
 The mingl'd Chorus sings DIANA'S Fame:
 Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
 Her Myftic Praise: the vocal Triumphs bound
 Againft the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
 To the large Fish-pools, or the glaffy Floods
 Her Mind To-morrow points; a thoufand Hands
 To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
 Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
 Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Ifle.
 A golden Chariot in the Midft is fet;
 And filver Cygnets feem to feel it's Weight.
 ABRA, bright Queen, afcends her gaudy Throne,
 In femblance of the GRÆCIAN VENUS known:
 TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round her move;
 And fing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
 Whilft as th' approaching Pageant does appear;
 And echoing Crouds fpeak mighty VENUS near;
 I, her Adorer, too devoutly ftand
 Faft on the utmoft Margin of the Land,
 With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
 The fancy'd Goddefs rifing from the Wave.

O Ratio subjecta jacens! ô sæve Cupido!
 Quò tamen ulterius mea se Dementia ferret?
 Satne erit, ut Nympham summa ad fastigia ducam
 Intra ædes clausas vel amica silentia Villæ:
 Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno
 Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?
 Quin omni potiùs *Solymæ* spectante coronâ
 Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:
 Solennis dapibus Mensis datur; hospitioque
 Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.
 Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,
 Huc varios mittunt fætus Sylvæque Lacusque,
 Huc *Arabum* & Deserta *Ægypti*; huc fertur Edule
 Quodcunque est: vix ipse fugit convivia *Phænix*.
 Commissis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ
 Dulce fonant *Abra* decus & mea gaudia: servi
 Quinetiam Vates præconia fordida fingunt,
 Et celebrant nostros numeris mendacibus ignes.
 Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,
 Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,
 Se jactat spectatam omni notamque popello
 Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magistræ.

Huc

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
 Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
 Is it enough, that A B R A should be great
 In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
 That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
 Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
 No, no: J E R U S A L E M combin'd must see
 My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
 Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast:
 A B R A invites: the Nation is the Guest.
 To have the Honor of each Day sustain'd,
 The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
 A R A B I A'S Wilds, and Æ G Y P T'S are explor'd:
 The Edible Creation decks the Board:
 Hardly the *Phenix*'scapes -----
 The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raise,
 To sing my Happiness, and A B R A'S Praise.
 And flavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse
 In lying Strains, and ignominious Verse:
 While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
 Whom prudent Love from publick Eyes should hide;
 I show Her to the World, confess'd and known
 Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And

Huc coeunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,
 Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit: honorum
 Hi mercaturas agitant; hi munera donant,
 Multa nec immodicis par est provincia votis.
 Scilicet his primùm monstrantibus *Abra* nocendi
 Edidicit varias artes; orare, filere,
 Atque leves summis adjungere rebus amores:
 Imperiumque suum certis firmare peritè
 Legibus, & dulci exitio mea fallere Corda.
 Hinc etiam acceptum, miserum mihi tradidit *Illa*
 Consilium, Regum esse animis obducere vela:
 Et mala fucato celantes pectora vultu
 Affiduos agitare dolos; dumque Hostibus almi
 Obsequio arrident blando, contemnere Amicos.
 Mox Ego præfidia imperii certissima sperno.
BARZILLÆ magni sobolem, atrocisque *BENAIÆ*
 Progeniem egregiam; quorum subiere Parentes
Davideas curas, juveni sua gaudia Regi
 Testantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*
 Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.
 Ocyus (ah triste auspiciam!) cumulantur honore,
 Quos mihi reddiderat dementia nostra timendos,
 Mordacis *Shimeique* genus, *Coræque* propago;
 Qui turpes facilem experti sunt *DAVIDA*, quanquam
 Calcâssent leges, Regique indigna tulissent. Crescit

And now her Friends and Flatt'ers fill the Court :
 From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They resort :
 They barter Places, and dispose of Grants,
 Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
 They teach Her to recede, or to debate ;
 With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State ;
 By practis'd Rules her Empire to secure ;
 And in my Pleasure make my Ruin sure.
 They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
 That Monarchs should their inward Soul disguise,
 Diffemble and command, be false and wise ;
 By ignominious Arts for servile Ends
 Should compliment their Foes, and shun their Friends.
 And now I leave the true and just Supports
 Of Legal Princes, and of honest Courts,
 BARZILLAI'S, and the fierce BENAI AH'S Heirs ;
 Whose Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
 Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,
 Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
 And now, unhappy Counsel, I prefer
 Those whom my Follies only made me fear,
 Old CORAH'S Brood, and taunting SHIMEI'S Race ;
 Miscreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID'S Grace ;
 Tho' they had spurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his
 Face.

Crescit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis
 Neglecti crescunt: subvertens fasque nefasque
 Fæmina dux rerum, fixit decreta refixitque,
 Et Nymphæ instabiles flexit vox unica leges.

Oblitus Patriæ solâque moratus in *Abra*
 Factaque Conceptusque Illi Vitamque dicabam:
 Non potui læso Rationem opponere cordi;
Abra ibi se dominam afferuit, pars optima nostri.
 Quòd si jam nostrum steterat Lis ante tribunal
 Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores
 Accepi Juvenis: Simulatæ lingua parentis
 Fuderat illecebras frustra, blandamque loquelam;
 Frustrà etiam Veræ trepidantia viscera matris
 Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura;
 Utrique elusæ fatum decreverat *Abra*
 Ore potens placido servare & perdere torvo.

Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam
 Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.
 Pupillis miseris questus funduntur inanes,
 Nec tangunt nostram Viduæ suspiria mentem:
 Neglectæ lites pendent infamè; supino
 Opprobrium injiciunt Domino cessantia Jura.

Nec

Still ABRA'S Pow'r, my Scandal ftill increas'd:
 Juftice fubmitted to what ABRA pleas'd:
 Her Will alone could fettle or revoke;
 And Law was fix'd by what She lateft fpoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
 I durft not reafon with my wounded Heart;
 ABRA poffefs'd; She was it's better Part.
 O! had I now review'd the famous Caufe,
 Which gave my righteous Youth fo juft Applaufe;
 In vain on the diffeubl'd Mother's Tongue
 Had cunning Art, and fly Perfuaftion hung;
 And real Care in vain, and native Love
 In the true Parent's panting Breast had ftrove;
 While both deceiv'd had feen the deftin'd Child
 Or flain, or fav'd, as ABRA frown'd, or fmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A life-lefs King, a Royal Shade I lay.
 Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:
 The Widow's Cries addrefs the Throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd difgrace the loaded File;
 And fleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.

Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta
 Audirent, suaque in melius præcepta referrent;
 Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS
 Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.
 Discinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum
 Non intermissis traxerunt otia ludo.
 Quin nudæ tectis in publica commoda turres
 Eductæ steterunt; oneravit machina muros
 Nutantes immanè ----
 Expectant mediæ fastigia summa columnæ,
 Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu:
 Artifices languent, tristesque abrupta queruntur
 Mænia: Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes
 Magni sacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.

Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,
 Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.
 Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens
 Altior omnigenas iit indefessa per artes;
 Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientia fines
 Virtutis Vitique: disertis cujus ab ore
 Plurima quæ fluxit Sapientia, tradita fide
 Spirat adhuc chartis; Patrumque in frontibus hæret
 Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,

Atque

No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
 To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.
 No more the Young Nobility were taught,
 How MOSES govern'd, and how DAVID fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay;
 Or lost in Drink and Game the solid Day:
 Porches and Schools, design'd for publick Good,
 Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin ---
 Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
 And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
 The Artifts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
 My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
 God's Temple lies unfinish'd ---

The Wife and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
 And future Mischiefs of a sinking State.
 Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,
 Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?
 Who by just Rule and elevated Skill
 Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
 Whose Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
 On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,
 Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,

Our

Atque infigne fenum pariter Decus? Ergone nescit
 Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æstum?
 Ille quid admonuit? quid nos advertimus aures?
 Moribus ipsa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,
 Et quo plura sciat, culpâ graviore laborat.

Turba faceta magis, leviori scommate, (fertis
 Ut vincti roseis genio indulgere) vicissim
 Hauferunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abræ*
 Formosæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis
 Gloria *Judæi*: Pars laudavere jocosè,
 Tam bene quem Luxus cum Majestate deceret:
 Advertere alii quantum pugnaret Amori
 • Confilium; factisque meis mea dicta refellunt.
 Rex vivat tamen, (hic infit) regnoque fruatur: [audit
 Quem memoras Regem? (Alter ait;) neq; enim amplius
 Rex SOLOMON; patriæ dudum immemor Ille sui que
 Servit amans *Abræ*: quid nostrum pejus uterque
 Patraret? nobis fluat ordine Vita soluto,
 Si sic, quæis animo melior sententia, peccant.
Dina premat vario lascivos flore capillos;
 Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulset
 Fila lyrae: dulces mellis fine acumine succos
 Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.

Dulcis

Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?
 Could not the Wise his wild Desires restrain?
 Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!
 What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
 But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay
 (As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay)
 Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,
 And Charms superior to their Master's Fame:
 Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see,
 How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife;
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
 However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
 To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
 The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wisdom's Curse,
 To ABRA yields: could I, or Thou do worse?
 Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer:
 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
 Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
 And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air:
 Let us the Bliss without the Sting receive,
 Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Plea-

Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas ;
 Seria deducunt animum & mærore fatigant.
 Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magister
 Hæc mea Dicta, fuis meritò ascribenda libellis.

Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri
 O Ratio, exerces trepido quæ pectore dura
 Imperia ! ut gaudes sævas imponere leges,
 Si, sapere ut possim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,
 Majoresque premant meditantem plura dolores :
Judææ misero Regi si gaudia Vitæ
 Deliciasque adimas, ut Principe digna sequatur ;
 Et Curâ paulùm mutatâ, vincula Amoris
 Exutum Tu compescas graviore catenâ !

Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum.
 Sævitiâ queror immitem fascesque potentes ;
 Cum sis interea nihil heu ! nisi nomen inane ;
 Quot Capita vivunt, totidem variata figuris
 Diversis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,
 Mendaces formas, fluxosque induta colores ?
 Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra ! Catena,
 Quâ sese alternis Hominum genus acre coercent,
 Quam primùm finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.

Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow :
 Thought brings the Weight, that finks the Soul to Woe.
 Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
 And added to the Thousand He has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r express'd,
 Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breast!
 And harsh the Rules, which We from Thee receive; }
 If for our Wisdom We our Pleasure give; }
 And more to think be only more to grieve. }
 If JUDAH'S King at thy Tribunal try'd,
 Forfakes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;
 And changing Sorrows, I am only found [bound.
 Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more strictly

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy Laws, how absolute thy Reign?
 While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
 To no Two Men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
 The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
 In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
 A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
 A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
 By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

K

Yet,

Sis tamen invifum nomen feu vera potestas,
 Te quacunq; libet deducere origine, vires
 Agnofco, fævâ præcordia cuspide fixus.
 Te fenfere intùs luçtancia pectora, Fatis
 Decretam dare jura, & debita fceptra tenentem.
 Cedo equidem; fupplex ediçta fuperba faceffam;
 Unica erit merces Virtus fibi: Cedo, rebellis
Judæa! infelix à noftrâ mente Puella
 Exulet æternùm: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.
 Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur; *Abraë*
 Vincula nec patiar, populo fervire paratus;
 Seque anima imbellis forti fubmittet iniquæ:
 Pro dolor! audebo mifer effe viriliter, ut Rex
 Incedam, multâque in Majeftate gemifcam.

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luçtu
 Altiùs, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.
 Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatæ,
 Linquendæ tamen æternùm, portanda puellæ.
 Expofuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox
 Littera, Majeftas quantum pugnaret Amori:
 Addidit, & Nymphæ memorem fore, dum memor effem
 Ipfe mei; longumque Vale: compesceret ignes

Heu

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
 Whence ever I thy cruel Effence bring,
 I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
 Yes; thy insulting Dictates shall be heard:
 Virtue for once shall be Her own Reward:
 Yes; Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid
 Shall be dismiss'd: the Crowd shall be obey'd:
 The King his Passion, and his Rule shall leave,
 No longer ABRA'S, but the People's Slave.
 My Coward Soul shall bear it's wayward Fate:
 I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;
 And fight in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my Grief
 At once so far, as to expect Relief
 From my Despair alone -----
 I chose to write the Thing I durst not speak,
 To Her I lov'd; to Her I must forsake.
 The harsh Epistle labor'd much to prove,
 How inconsistent Majesty, and Love.
 I always should, It said, esteem Her well;
 But never see her more: It bid Her feel

Heu malè conceptos, jussi; connubia votis
 Appeteret magis apta suis, thalamofque minores:
 Atque humili vitæ cursu, paribusque Hymenæis
 Dedita, tranfigeret reliquos felicior annos.

Perlegit, extemplóque ad Me se corripit amens,
 Ad Me, præsentem curas lenire priores:
 Sollicitans flexis genibus, luctata, minasque
 Et lacrymas dedit alternis; jam languida jamque
 Ardescens: tandem ulteriùs data nulla dolendi
 Copia; corripitur, nostroque miserrima Virgo
 (Illa meos potuit quæ sola inflectere sensus)
 Fertur ab aspectu; mox exspes, fracta dolore,
 Effudit miseram properato funere vitam,
 Et vana imperia infaustosque reliquit Amores.

Fare age si poteris, Mens conscia, quanta dolorum
 Agmina opes in Te simul effudere coactas:
 Quas Furias & quos ignes, quæ sæva tulisti
 Spicula; Curarum quam multa oppreffit Imago!
 Me quoties regni à strepitu in secreta removi,
 Nequicquam tacitum pascens sub pectore vulnus?
 O quoties labente die, blanda oscula, amores
 Præteritos reputans, in Nymphâ absente morabar

No future Pain for Me; but instant wed
 A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
 And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
 To the just Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
 To Me, the Ease of all her former Pain.
 She kneel'd, intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
 And with alternate Passion liv'd, and dy'd:
 'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
 And by rude Fury from my Prefence torn,
 This only Object of my real Care,
 Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair,
 In some few posting fatal Hours is hurl'd
 From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, & from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,
 What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll?
 What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didst Thou sustain?
 What sad Vicissitude of smarting Pain?
 How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
 To feed Despair, and cherish hopeless Love?
 How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABR A'S Charms,
 Her Beauties press'd, and panting in my Arms?

How

Anxius? ô quam sæpe oculis muliebria passim
 Ora pererrabam, cari vestigia vultus
 Siqua forent? libuit folio mihi sæpe relicto
 Solam inter tacitos fylvarum ambire recessus:
 Sæpe etiam in somnis per longa silentia noctis,
 Floriferaeque super Valles, perque alta sequebar
 Flumina: surgentem auroram spectare pigebat,
 Cum fugerent gratæ fraudes & amabilis Error.

Dum fremeret trepidante diu sub pectore luctans,
 Et magis atque magis ferveret Æstus Amoris;
 Evicit tandem fines; Rationis habenas
 Audire impatiens, rapido sese impete volvit,
 Molliaque indignans Naturæ fœdera rupit.

Montibus haud aliter fummis, quorum antra coercent
 Concava congestasque nives pluviasque tumentes,
 Dum spatiis nimis angustis negat unda teneri;
 Sese præcipitem Torrens agit, ut fuga nulla
 Prævertat cursu, vis nulla retardet euntem:
 Quin urbes rapiens fylvasque armenta virosque
 Obruit; horrescit communi funere tellus,
 Et referunt procul ingeminatum Saxa dolorem.

How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
 Where mimic Fancy might her Likeness trace?
 How oft desir'd to fly from ISRAEL'S Throne,
 And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
 How oft, all Night, pursu'd her in my Dreams,
 O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Crystal Streams;
 And waking, view'd with Grief the rising Sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear Delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love,
 In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;
 At length they broke their Bounds; at length their Force
 Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course:
 Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste;
 And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past.

So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain
 The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;
 'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;
 Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
 In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:
 Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,
 With one great Death deform the dreary Ground:
 The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

And

Jamque, furor quocunque rapit, Quæ turpiter auri,
 Oblitus decorisque mei Solique paterni!
 Ut falsis acclivem animum per mille secutus
 Ambages Vitii curvas, cæcosque recessus!
 Jam patrias, jamque externâ de gente puellas
 Sordidus in thalami gremium commune recepi.
 Mutavi flammam affiduè: Quamcunque beatam
 Viderat una dies, neglectam postera vidit;
 Utque animum movit fluitantem incerta libido,
 Has, illas, arsi impatiens, captasque reliqui.
 O! precor, ô! fugiant mortalia lumina Scenæ
 Infames; tacitam inducant Oblivia nubem;
 Et nigram errorum Seriem super incubet umbra
 Denfior, offusæque æterna silentia noctis!
 Vel feri tantum compendia parva Nepotes
 Et scelerum signa accipiant, quibus undique Gentes
 Cognoscant monitæ, vitiis Opprobria nasci,
 Et certos Levitate animi fluxisse Dolores.

Desidiâ languens penitens luxuque solutus,
 Noctem epulis ludisque, & fomno perdere lucem
 Consuêram: tandem oppressas nova pabula flammæ
 Accumulata necant; aciesque hebetatur amori
 Mutato toties; propriâ vi fracta libido
 Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.

Quin

And now, what impious Ways my Wishes took;
 How they the Monarch, and the Man forfook;
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
 Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill;
 How JUDAH'S Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
 By turns my prostituted Bed receives:
 Thro' Tribes of Women how I loofely rang'd
 Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
 And by the Instinct of capricious Luft,
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
 O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
 In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!
 O, be the wanton Images convey'd
 To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
 Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,
 And outward Lines to future Age be known,
 Enough to propagate the sure Belief,
 That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay:
 The Night I revell'd; and I slept the Day.
 New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
 And daily Change extinguish'd young Defires.
 By its own Force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
 And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.

No

Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,
 Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes;
 Jàm neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,
 Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa:
 Torpescunt pigri sensus; mentique sepultæ
 Ingenii veteris vestigia nulla supersunt.
 Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque
 Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia; fractæ
 Paulatim frigent effæto in corpore vires,
 Et blando ulterius Vitio superesse recusant.

Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis;
 Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum;
 Nympha superba jubet nunc *Persica* firmate longo
 Verrere humum & lento spectandum incedere passu;
 Jamque *Syræ* (indignum!) cantus interque *Choreas*
 Crure tenus medio vestes succingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, ritusque & dissona Sacra,
 Quidlibet insanum suadente sequebar Amicâ.
 Dira *Philistinæ* vereor dum iussa, *Dagonis*
 Invisi ante aras adolescit flamma; regente
 Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldaeæ* altaria fumant,
Affyrioque Deo fervent redolentia Thura.
 Usq; novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,

Quot-

No longer now does my neglected Mind
 Its wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
 Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
 To take the True, or set the False aside.
 No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
 Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells;
 Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
 Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
 By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
 Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
 They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
 In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,
 Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'fel's haughty Pride.
 Now with the looser SYRIAN dance, and fmg,
 In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eye, their Manners I acquire;
 And shape my Foolishness to their Desire.
 Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
 At DAGON'S Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
 With the CHALDEAN'S Charms her Rites prevail;
 And curling Frankincense ascends to BAAL.
 To each new Harlot I new Altars dress; And

Quotque arsi Nymphas, colui tot sacra Deosque.

Quo fugit Ratio, sensus deluse? paterni
 Quo sese eripuit Majestas ardua regni?
 Quò fugere sacræ Virtutis Dogmata, vivo
 Quæ data fonte DEUS primis mihi tradidit annis;
 Dum veneror cæcas *Phariâ* monstrante puellâ
 Effigies, nuper Cælo data numina, quorum
 Fana suis hos ante dies haud viderat oris
Judæa; infames Superos, armenta Deorum
 Turpia, *Osirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus; & sua thura
 Et ritus habet obscænos latrator *Anubis*.
 Quin marmor vetitâ sylvosi montis in umbrâ
 Cædebam in varias facies, cæsoque ferebam
 Ipse preces supplex: mediâque palude, nefandâ
 Religione ardens, colubras muscasque verebar.
 Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque vilia cultus
 Accepere suos, timuique quod ante ferebam:
 Omnia honore sacro donans Animalia, solum
 Præterii, cælum & terras Qui numine torquet.

Per cæcam hanc animi nubem tristesque per umbras
 Tenuia cæperunt jam tandem albescere lucis
 Semina; nascentis radii nova flammula spargi
 Per nubem, optatæ præstans promissa diei. . . . Men-

And serve Her God, whose Person I carefs.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
 Where the high Majesty of DAVID'S Throne?
 Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
 With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?
 When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore
 Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
 In ISRAEL'S Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
 Beastly Divinities, and Drovers of Gods:
 OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
 And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:
 When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
 I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd it's Aid:
 When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
 Unworthy human Thought, I prostrate fell:
 To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
 And fet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
 When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
 Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' these sad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
 Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll;
 The rising Motion of an Infant Ray
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day. And

Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem
 Despectum vidi: tardè mea iussa Ministri
 Egerunt, fugitque sacri Reverentia vultûs.
 Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis
 Certatim proferre, suisque obducere nubem.
Davidis oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,
 Et fermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.
 Dum Pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato
 Monstraret vitiorum exempla miserrima; mores
 Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.
 Hoc Custos iterum atque iterum memoravit Alumnis;
 Principe deliro Sanus præstantior Infans.

In me converti Rationis lumen, & imam
 Altius ut mentem scrutabar, plura dolebam;
 Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis instar,
 Agnoscunt Gentes, vultuque & voce moventur;
 Vincula libertasque, infamia turpis, honorque,
 Et Fata à nostro pendent trepidantia nutu.
 Heu! nimiùm jaëtat sese mea gloria; Regem
Judææ innumeri cogunt servire Tyranni:
 Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum infana Caterva
 Principis everfæ menti dominantur; & Ipse,
 Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,
 Ipse jugo turpi submittit colla, protervi

Man-

And now one Moment able to reflect,
 I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
 Seen without Awe, and serv'd without Respect.
 I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
 To lessen their Defects, by citing Mine.
 The Priest with Pity pray'd for DAVID'S Race;
 And left his Text, to dwell on my Disgrace.
 The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son,
 The sad Examples which He ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not SOLOMON.
 Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil sing,
 A Wise Child better than a Foolish King.

Into My self my Reason's Eye I turn'd;
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
 Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod;
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
 And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
 Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
 O'er JUDAH'S King ten thousand Tyrants reign.
 Legions of Lust, and various Pow'rs of Ill
 Insult the Master's Tributary Will:
 And He, from whom the Nations should receive
 Justice and Freedom, lyes Himself a Slave,

Tor-

Mancipium Domini, stimulosque cupidinis acres
Sentit iners, sævoque piger sub Verbere torpet.

Te compello iterum, ô Ratio! miserere doloris
Effusi, miserere, oro, & succurre labanti.
Nimirùm cælis Sapientia nascitur; altos
Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.
Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altissima mentis
Sceptra parùm metuenda manu sustentat inerti;
Incola si gravior furgat, folioque potitam
Vi majore premens, cogat fibi cedere Victor.

Sis verò licet imbellis, sis mollis inersque,
Confilio tamen orba tuo Mens inscia, cursu
Incauto tutæ vestigia linqueret alta
Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans
Unguentum, lætas pertentat suaviter aures
Laudis honos meritæ; quod si labatur in urnam
Muscula, contacti dulces violantur odores;
Balsamaque, heu! quantum mutata, inamabile spirant.
Sic minimas laves inter pulcherrima facta
Si spargas hinc inde, lues subnascitur atra,

Con-

Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Defires,
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wisdom, Thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth.
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worse Extremes with swifter Steps would run,
Not fav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I said; the Praise of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell.
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,
Into the Alabafter Urn should fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (sad Change!) their Place supply.
So the least Faults, if mix'd with fairest Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:

M

Into

Contrahit informes maculas purissima Virtus,
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique pestis.

Infelix SOLOMON! mitte has de pectore curas:
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ;
Demissis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum
Carmine dum celebret Musa immortalis, honores
Accumulans famæ meritos; tua crimina sola
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcat
Nomina, manfurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me tandem eripui è fomnis, oculosque patentés
Conscius erexi; bilem movere cohortes
Fæmineæ, Turbæque Deorum: stat mihi certum
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto
Oceano Vitii: Querulos hinc mæsta resurgens
Musa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ
Gaudia; sublimique audens se attollere pennâ,
Spes hominum fragiles sævi ludibria fati,
Divitias frustra aggestas, ingrataque honorum
Tædia prosequitur, miseræque libidinis atræ
Blanditias: aperitque dolos, nugæque fatetur.

Into the Balm of purest Virtue cast,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaft.

Loft SOLOMON! purfue this Thought no more:
Of thy paff Errors recollect the Store:
And filent weep, that while the Deathlefs Muse
Shall fing the Juft; fhall o'er their Head diffufe
Perfumes with lavish Hand; She fhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame
Impartial, fcatter Damps and Poyfons on thy Name. }

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods afham'd,
From this Abyfs of exemplary Vice
Refolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to rife;
Again I bid the mournful Goddefs write
The fond Purfuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and fav'd from Paffion, fing
Of human Hope by crofs Event destroy'd,
Of ufelefs Wealth, and Greatnefs unenjoy'd,
Of Luft and Love, with their fantaftic Train,
Their Wifhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.



SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

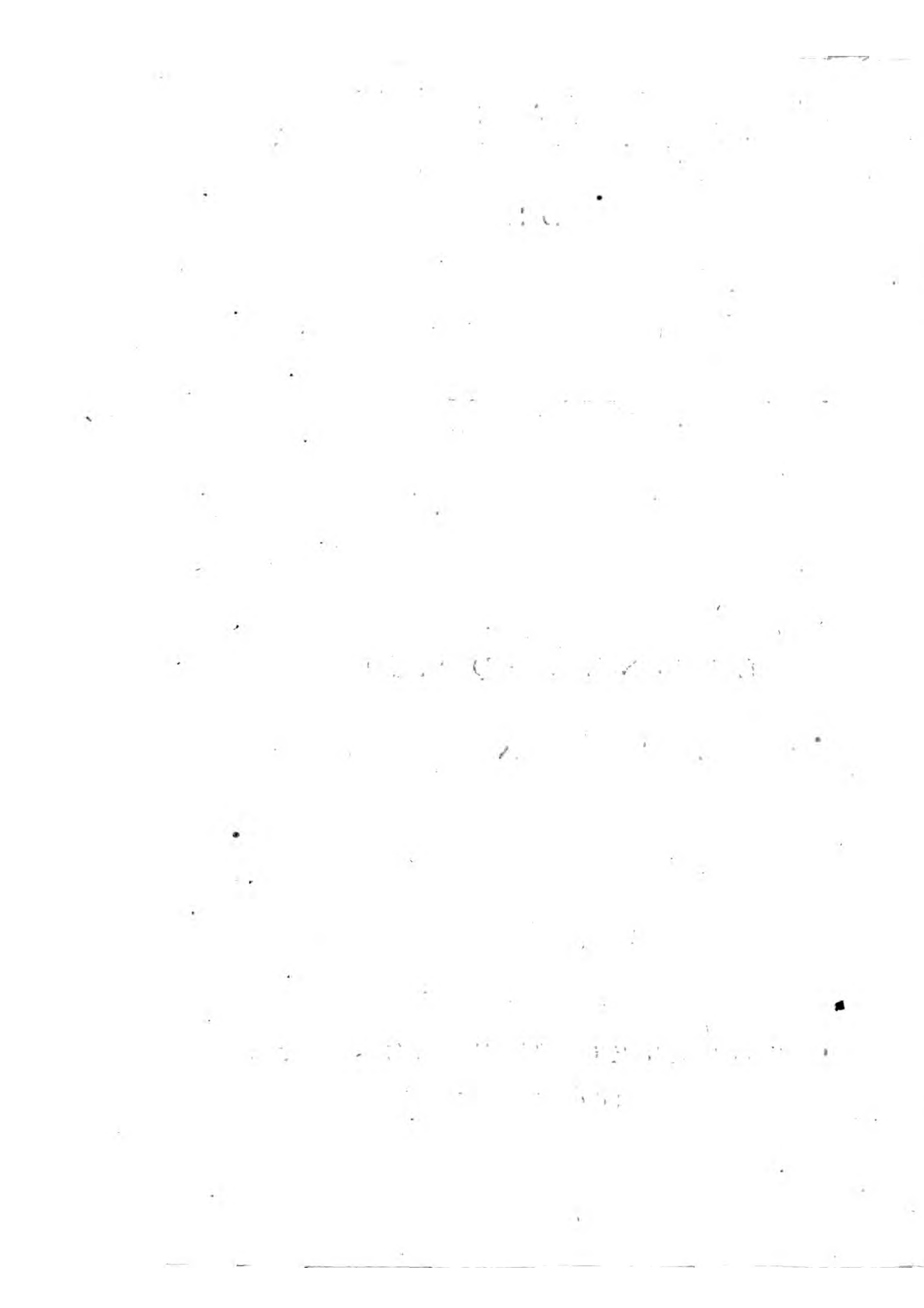
LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

O X O N I Æ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCLXXXVI.



EGREGIO JUVENI

Godfrido Clarke

ARMIGERO.

HEU! Quæ rupit iter dira malignitas
Fati? Te quianam destituit Salus,

Te flagrante Sciendi

Ardentem, Juvenis, fiti:

Gentes & populos Juraque Gentium

Scrutantem interius, quo melius Tuam

Pulcris moribus ornes,

Firmo pectore protegas?

At quascunque novas tranferis plagas,

• Veloci poteris lumine cernere

Quantis sæva gravescant

Regum *Sceptra* laboribus.

Quæ

Quæ non Terra docet, quam merito ciet

Questus Musa sagax, dum *Diademata*

Intertexta severis

Curarum stimulis canit?

Quin & Te, Juvenis, Te comites opum

Cingent implicitum Sollicitudines;

Incumbentque volenti

Curæ pro Patriâ graves.

Læto Tu studio, quod Patria expetit

Munus, fortis adi: pectori inhæreat

Libertatis, Honesti,

Virtutisque tenax Amor.

Sic Te *Wiccamicæ* Delicias Domus,

Spem magnam Populi, longa dies beet,

Læto splendida vultu,

Multis dives honoribus!

Tui Studiofissimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

MILTON
463

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

V A N I T A T E.

P O T E N T I A:

LIBER TERTIUS.

A

P O T E N T I A:
LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Nostrî melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima! hoc Ego Te, quæcunq; es, nomine
dignor:

Conscius Ipse Mei per Te, Te pectore toto
Percipio, viresque tuas & munera nosco.
Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia; de Te
Tot Vates diversa canit, diversa Sacerdos.

An Genus obscurum & stirpis vulgare fateris
Principium, lectæ forsan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ, quæ se certo ordine miscent
Mirifico rerum motu faustoque Atomorum
Concursu implicitæ: hinc fato statuyente juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur; trepidas, audes, ducisque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut sanguis se concitat æstu:
Utque calor magis ardescit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta viges viridante ævo, languente senescis:

Dum

P O W E R:

THE THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that
Name,

Thou busie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That must needs exist, which can impart.
But how Thou cam'st to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Priests and Poets sing.

Hear'st Thou submiffive, but a lowly Birth?
Some sep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill;
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will;
Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail;

Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
 Laberis in fumum tenuesque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem
 Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
 Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
 Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdere juncta,
 Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
 Per varias comitata vices variosque dolores:
 Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri;
 Ut Bona vel Mala percipere; & pallore fateri
 Irarum rabiem, aut flammâs sentire pudoris;
 Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
 Confilio; & rerum varius ceu postulat usus,
 Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
 Nobilitates, aptum paci, bellique potentem.
 Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
 Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
 It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
 Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
 Inclusas; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
 Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco
 Scire

Till mingled with thy Partner's latest Breath
 Thou fly'st, dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death.

Or if Thy great Existence would aspire
 To Causes more sublime; of Heav'nly Fire
 Wer't Thou a Spark struck off? a separate Ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with Terrestrial Clay;
 With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
 To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
 To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame;
 Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
 To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
 In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
 Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
 As fits the various Course of human Age;
 'Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
 The Captive breaks Her Prison's mould'ring Walls,
 Hovers a-while upon the sad Remains,
 Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
 And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go

(Points

Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
 Pectoris insanos motus fedantis, ut alta
 Sit Tibi pax; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
 Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
 Fac age, quodcunque aggredieris, fac arbitra certum
 Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
 Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ
 Ardua, pulcra petant: Et Vitam disce ferendo,
 An curis hominum & tanto fit digna labore.

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantum
 Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
 In se Hominem: pecudum sensus, aliumque vigorem
 Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.
 Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
 Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
 En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
 Protrahitur miser in lucem; auxiliique alieni
 Indigus, in genibus maternis nudulus hæret!
 Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
 Ejiciturve foras; genitrici languet iniquæ
 Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte foventis.
 Mollis adhuc fragilisque oculus fugit acria lucis
 Tela, diemque novum; insuetam male sustinet auram

(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
 Which for Thy Sake from Passions I divest:
 For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
 Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life.
 Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
 As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may persuade:
 Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
 And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole Creation has excel'd:
 The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
 The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:
 Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows:
 Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.
 In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
 The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
 Helpless and Naked on a Woman's Knees
 To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please;
 Feel her Neglect, or pine from her Disease.
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;

His

Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti
 Æstuat. Ut variâ perculsus imagine rerum
 Obstupet! ut pavet attonitus! Membra irrequieta
 Luçantem interius produnt augentque dolorem:
 Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
 Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
 Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
 Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.
 Mox ut paulatim affurgit puerilibus annis,
 Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
 Concipit à nugis: cum firma adoleverit ætas,
 Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
 Implicitum; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe;
 Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
 Infelix latus: hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
 Hinc fævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
 Quin facta inquirit Populus; laudesque maligno
 Ore filet; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
 Nec cætu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
 Derisor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis
 Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
 Si vero his lassus turbis secreta ferarum
 Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquat;

His Heart affaulted by invading Air,
 And beating fervent to the vital War,
 To his Young Sense how various Forms appear;
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
 'Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe,
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
 To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears:
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorners, or the Judge's Seat
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;

B

And

Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosque recessus
 Addit se comitem; innumeris Mens usque secuta
 Turbat Imaginibus: palantemque implicat Error,
 Ceu nemorum ambage illufum; aut torrentis iniqui
 More ruens, rapido premit acrior impete Cura.
 Multa animo verfans, varioque exercitus æstu,
 Dulce miser Socii alloquium defiderat; audit
 Attonitus mæstos faxa ingeminare dolores,
 Seque fugit trepido deferta per avia curfu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
 Vexamur cæcis animorum Affectibus: atris
 Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanem,
 Fuluros olim meliori lumine Soles?
 Instabiles Hominum Sensus, trepidantia ut Ægri
 Somnia, profiliunt volucres; curfuque citato
 Semper amant amota sequi, fugientiaque ardent
 Arripere: usque adeo, fomni fallacis Imago,
 Spes malefuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
 Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
 Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus
 Horrescunt, miseramque viam remeare recufant.
 Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
 Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur;
 Nec

And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
 Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought;
 Diff'rent Ideas to his Mem'ry brought:
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
 No sweet Companion near, with whom to mourn:
 He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
 And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path so'er of Life We rove,
 Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
 Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
 Why seek We Brightness from the Years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
 Our troubled Thoughts to distant Prospects leap:
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
 For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake:
 But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
 Of Woes, a-new which were We to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the Path again.
 Still adding Grief, still counting from the First;
 Judging the latest Evils still the worst;

Nec mora, nec requies; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
 Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
 Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
 Otia venantes nequicquam, effætaque membra
 Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
 Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
 Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
 Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est; hesternæ recentes
 Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
 Craftina Lux referet; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
 Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
 Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes?
 Quid deformem Ursam, rabidumque per arva Leonem
 Grassantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum:
 Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
 Pendentisque immane minaci vertice rupes?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque diæ spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi fecat æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.

Sæpe

And sadly finding each progreffive Hour
 Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
 'Till by one countefs Sum of Woes opprest,
 Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Rest,
 We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
 Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn;
 Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;
 Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
 We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb
 Naked again We muft To-morrow lye,
 Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pafs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
 The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
 The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
 The Sheepfold fcatter'd, and the Shepherd flain;
 The frequent Errors of the pathlefs Wood,
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
 The noifome Peft'lence, that in open War
 Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
 And fcatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
 Cuts the dank Mift, and fatal wings it's Flight;

The

Sæpe unà densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altifque à montibus agmine facto,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repetitis ictibus artus?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas sæva Podagra
 Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
 Dum gemitum affiduum & longos finire dolores
 Mors venerata negat; lectoque abscedit acerbo
 Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
 Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit;

Cum

The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r, }
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store, }
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
 Canker or Locust hurtful to infect
 The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
 And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel Stone, with congregated War
 Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
 With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksome Life;
 The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,
 The sad Experience of Decay; and Age,
 Her self the forest Ill; while Death, and Ease,
 Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
 Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede
 From the vex'd Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
 Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near

Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
 Dextera; nec domini votis respondet, amoris
 Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactûs.
 Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
 Fila lyræ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit
 Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis
 Destitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
 Mons viridi hîc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem
 Ridet picta finum, quem lucidus alluit amnis:
 Illic cæruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
 Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ:
 Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,
 Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculosque natantes
 Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
 Alma dies: spissi descendunt largius imbres,
 Seque iterum scindunt nebulæ & diffunditur æther.
 At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
 Jam poterunt recreare Vices; non aurea Solis
 Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo
 Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur; iniqua
 Nox cingit, tristesque urgent fine fine tenebræ.

En! ubi succumbit fævæ miseranda Senectæ
 Victima! languentes oculos, dextramque tredientem
 Aspice!

To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
 Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will.
 Nought shall the Pfltry, and the Harp avail,
 The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale;
 When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
 And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.
 The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,
 The Vale enamell'd, and the Crystal Rill,
 The Ocean rolling, and the shelly Shore,
 Beautiful Objects, shall delight no more;
 When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
 In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffusion lye.
 Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
 After the falling of the later Rain:
 But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful Viciffitude: He still must mourn
 The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
 Eclips'd to Him, and lost in everlasting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
 See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:

Afpice! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus!
 Senfibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia fomni,
 Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
 Vincula, diffilientque; ruet volventibus annis
 Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
 Scilicet hæc fati lex est: moriemur honoris
 Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.
 Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem;
 Gens cadit hæc; nova surgit, abit, sequiturq; priorem;
 Ævi quæque brevis, terræque exorta parente,
 Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena; coronet
 Alma falus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.
 En! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei
 Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates:
 Sole oriente iterum prodit; labor usque recurrit,
 Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti
 Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
 Forfitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet
 Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito

Filia:

Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves :
 To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense He gives ;
 And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the silver Cord
 Diffever'd lies : unhonor'd from the Board
 The Crystal Urn, when broken, is thrown by ;
 And apter Utenfils their Place supply.
 These Things and Thou must share One equal Lot ;
 Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ;
 While still another, and another Race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the Place.
 From Earth all came, to Earth must all return ;
 Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of these Ills suppress'd :
 And view we Man with Health and Vigor blest.
 Home He returns with the declining Sun,
 His destin'd Task of Labour hardly done ;
 Goes forth again with the ascending Ray,
 Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
 And find the Ill sufficient to the Day.
 Haply at Night He does with Horror shun
 A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son :

Filia: Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
 Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.
 Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
 Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi:
 Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant
 Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt:
 Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
 Digna videt; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
 Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Judice litem
 Protractam, inversasque haud æquo Interprete leges;
 Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
 Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentum;
 Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
 Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænnet amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
 Enasci Mala? num pariunt vaga Semina motu
 Confuso implicita; an potius fert ordine certo
 Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile fædus?
 Quin age, si poteris, nodum mihi Musa resolve;
 Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jubenti?
 At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
 Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam
 In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent;

Atra,

His Neighbor's Off-Spring He To-morrow fees;
 And doubly feels his Want in their Increase:
 The next Day, and the next he must attend
 His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
 In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
 Publick Calamities, or Household Ills;
 The due Reward to just Desert refus'd,
 The Trust betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd,
 The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cause,
 And doubtful Issue of misconstru'd Laws.
 The crafty Turns of a dishonest State,
 And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
 The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
 Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Esteem We these, my Friends, Event and Chance,
 Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
 Or higher yet their Effence may We draw
 From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
 Again my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat:
 Spring they, I say, from Accident, or Fate?
 Yet such, We find, they are, as can controll
 The servile Actions of our way'ring Soul;

Atra, fevera Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
 Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater fœcunda Malorum.

Usque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
 Venatu affiduo frustra mens anxia quærit;
 Sperat adhuc, multi post tœdia longa laboris,
 Post tot sollicitos requiescere suaviter annos;
 Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
 Exoptat; vitâque aliud dictante magistrâ,
 Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit
 Lætitiæ, miseris sine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
 Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit;
 Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
 Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
 Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
 Jam vitam comitumque agmen superâsse Malorum.
 Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
 Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
 Pondere; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
 Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
 Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,

Qui

Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
 Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
 Still press'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find
 A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
 From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release;
 Hoping at least She may Her self deceive,
 Against Experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at last
 Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past;
 Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
 The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
 Whom the cut Brass, or wounded Marble shows
 Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
 He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
 Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
 Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
 But O! beyond Description happiest He,
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

Who

Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profuit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo factorum munere) folis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“Parce gravis nimium Cenfor! cur tam aspera tradis
 “Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis
 “Legibus includas? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque?
 “Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura Reges,
 “Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos?

Tota, inquam, similes subit undique vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

“Ergone per terras nusquam Pax ridet; & omnis
 “Scena venenati patitur contagia luctûs?

Nulla usquam, Pax nulla --- age, conscia Musa, dolores
 Pande nimis veros; sublimius exere vocem
 Mæsta sonaturam: sed vos procul ite, Profani,
 Dum plectro graviore canam, fociandaque magnis
 Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minus auribus apta.
 “O mentes Hominum illusas! Formidine mortis,

Affi-

Who with blest Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
 Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb. }
 Who breaths, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
 And He alone is blest, who ne'er was born.

“Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
 “Are not these general Maxims too severe?
 “Say: cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Bliss;
 “And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
 “Are Victors blest with Fame, or Kings with Ease?” }

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
 And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

“But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
 “From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?”

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
 Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
 But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
 For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
 To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
 Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd:

D

. Your

Affiduis fitietis adhuc extendere votis
 Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
 Sperantes superesse diu, famâque perenni
 Partem aliquam sævo ereptam servare sepulchro :
 Utque olim memorum gratâ sub mente nepotum
 Spireset, celfas nitidasque parabitis ædes,
 Grandiaque ingenti condetis scripta labore.
 Spes vanæ! labor effusus! labentibus annis
 Ipsæ ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
 O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
 Prætereunte ævo vasti membra omnia mundi
 In fedes migrare alias, aliasque figuras,
 Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

Musa modos revoca --- Vanâ usque illudimur umbrâ
 Lætitiæ: affiduos fortitur Vita dolores.

Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
 Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
 Quid Regum tituli? --- En Regem sub pondere vasto
 Sudantem imperii! sævo nunc auctus honore,
 Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;
 Nunc ruit infelix malefanæ victima plebi.

Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
 To catch the Shade of Immortality;
 Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
 Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
 To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of Time, and Death;
 A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
 And in a Book, or from a Building live.
 False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly,
 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:
 Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange
 That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
 Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
 And lose their Shape, their Effence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
 Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
 The Name of Wise or Great, of Judge or King?
 What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
 The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
 Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
 Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:

Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
 Et tenera infinuat fallax in corda venenum:
 Usque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,
 Serva cohors, maculasque aliis aspergere prona.
 Egrediturne foras? numerofo milite cinctus
 Incedit, magnaue latus ftipante caterva,
 Innumeras fraudes fe formidare fatetur;
 Ipsaque follicitos testatur pompa timores.
 Sit quanquam illuftris bello, fit pectore fortis,
 Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ cafibus anceps:
 Volvitur, ambiguo illufus certaminis æftu,
 Afperaque incertam fequitur per tædia palmam.

Sed redit infigni redimitus tempora lauro,
 Vota foluturus cœlo folennia; curru
 Sublimi fedet excelfus, vinctique fequuntur
 Pone Duces; fremitus effufaque gaudia mifcent
 Turba falutantum, plaufuque ad fydera tollunt.
 Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempe tumultum
 Plebs agitat confufa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
 It captiva Cohors, miferâ sub imagine Martem
 Ancipitem oftendens, & quæ fors craftina belli
 Alea victori meditatatur fata superbo.

From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
 Nourish'd in Flatter'y, and estrang'd from Truth:
 At Home surrounded by a fervile Crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:
 Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
 His very State acknowledging his Fears:
 Marching amidst a thousand Guards, He shows
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes;
 In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:
 Seeking to fettle what for ever flies;
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow;
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow:
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
 The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.

What is this Triumph? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,
 One great Collection of the People's Voice.
 The Wretched he brings back, in Chains relate,
 What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.

The

Ipsa etiam spolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
 Ostentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
 Damna olim fortasse in se ruitura, suosque.
 Nonne dolet, recolens tot merfos funere acerbo
 Heroes, magni quos pectoris ardor honestam
 Impulit in mortem; qui nuper gloria campi
 Infignes fulsere, feris nunc præda relictæ
 Alitibusque jacent? Heu splendet flebile laurus,
 Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot sanguine sparsa Virorum.

En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte secundo
 Victor agit, densâ mirantum inhiante catervâ!
 Si tantos inter fremitus festique triumphæ
 Lætitiâ undantem, secum si pauca volutet,
 Ipsi successus auditaque Vota docebunt,
 Quam levis instabilisq; hominum, quam lubrica vita est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
 An curas supra evehitur? nullinæ timores,
 Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
 Cognita; num stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
 Exsuperat misero luçtantes corde dolores?
 Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,

The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show
 National Loss, and Epidemic Woe,
 Various Distress, which He and His may know.
 Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
 The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
 Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
 Or the Wolfe's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
 Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
 Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
 See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
 In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
 And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
 One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
 The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
 And Popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,
 That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
 Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
 The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise;

Tho'

Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
 Quamquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat secum: glomerata faventum
 Turba virum, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos;
 Si forte instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
 Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores;
 Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
 Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
 Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
 Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O cæcus furor, & dominandi insana libido!
 Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
 Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
 Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
 An quisquam interea mirantum ex agmine tanto,
 (Pro pudor!) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementum,
 Defuncti laudes caneret? quisquamne lavaret
 Vulnera, vel lacrymâ faltem sequeretur inani?
 Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
 Vincula, victoris post currus sordidus irem;
 Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
 Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico?

Scili-

Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praifes loud,
(Should fleeting Vi&ct'ry to the Vanquish'd go;
Should She depreſs my Arms, and raiſe the Foe)
Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With reſtleſs Rage would pull my Statues down;
And caſt the Braſs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Deſire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghaſtly with Wounds, and lifeleſs on the Bier!
Then (Vilenefs of Mankind!) then of all Theſe,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labour fees,
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
Wah my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hoſtile Carr,
The Vi&ctor's Paſtime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own He was my Friend?

Scilicet egregios præstat Sapientia fructus!
 Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,
 Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
 Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
 Facta manent recolenda; omni quæramus ab ævo,
 Siqua unquam effulfit penitens sine nube doloris
 Gloria; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
 Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
 Muneribus! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
 Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
 Orbis alit gremio; vasti five ætheris oras,
 Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.
 Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt?
 Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
 Gaudia! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
 Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amænâ
 Per fentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
 Dumeta; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
 Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
 Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita fomni

Dona

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wife?
 To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
 To know with more Distinction to complain,
 And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
 Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;
 And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
 Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
 The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
 A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea and Land,
 And all that move therein, to his Command
 Render'd obedient: say, my Pensive Muse,
 What did these golden Promises produce?
 Scarce tasting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
 One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
 Destin'd the next His Journey to pursue,
 Where wounding Thorns, and curst Thistles grew.
 E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
 Inclind to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:
 His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;

Dona refecturi vires optata ferat Nox.
 Ut focium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
 Criminis, infaustam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
 Et nimiam heu suadam, nimiosque incusat amores!
 Sæpe horret raucæ perculsus imagine vocis,
 Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen:
 Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
 Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cum dextra minacis
 Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes!
 Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
 Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ:
 Frater sanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
 Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.
 Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
 Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.

Turpior affiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
 Singula succedit; patrium scelus æmula pubes
 Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarsit in iras
 OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit:
 En formasse hominem Me pœnitet! Eripe terris
 Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
 Ite sinu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

Audi-

E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:
 Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
 He for Her Follies, and His own must grieve:
 Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;
 His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
 Aghast, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
 And the stern CHERUB stop'd the fatal Road,
 Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
 His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
 First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound
 Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldest Birth
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
 Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
 Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age finn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time;
 The Son still added to the Father's Crime;
 'Till GOD arose, and great in Anger said:
 Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
 Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
 And from your deep Abyfs, Ye Waters, rise!

The

Audivere Undæ Dominum : & mandata secuti
 Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
 Subjectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
 Tradidit interea *Noæ* servanda fideli
 Quæ voluit supereffe DEUS : naufragia mundi
 Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
 Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprevit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrescentibus undis
 Emergit Tellus; pacifque Infigne Columba
 Ore refert placido ramum felicitis Olivæ.
 At *Noæ*, licèt alma fides mærentia firmat
 Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
 Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
 Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
 Prospicit inde aliam faciem abfimilemque priori
 Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
 Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
 Squallida; prærupti hinc tollunt capita aspera montes.
 Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
 Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
 Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
 Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
 Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.

Et

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
 And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
 Tempests and Storms, obedient to his Word.
 Mean time, His Providence to NoAH gave
 The Guard of All, that He design'd to save.
 Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;
 Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall filent; and the Waves decrease:
 The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
 Yet still His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
 Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
 If on the backward World his Views are cast,
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste.
 Present (sad Prospect!) can He ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
 The Beauties of the Antient Fabric lost,
 In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
 While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
 Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
 Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
 drown'd;

And

Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola relictæ
 Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
 Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
 Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

[Amicus,

Rex quanquam illustris, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS
 At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
 Pertulit, & cæsis quæsit regna tyrannis :
 Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
 Affuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
 Jam miseram invitus mæstâ cum prole parentem
 Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia solas
 Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victûs :
 Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
 Spem senii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
 Infelix! puerum hæc ferro jugulare cruento
 Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussa TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Mosi* :
 Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
 Undique inaccesso velatum lucis amictu.
 Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscas ;
 Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas !

Ille

And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
 The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,
 One He foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
 And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
 Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;
 By Blood and Battels must his Pow'r maintain,
 And slay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
 Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
 To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;
 Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
 In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
 Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
 To trembling MORIAH's melancholy Top,
 Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
 Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep Abyfs of Light;
 While present, too severe for Human Sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.

Ille autem, tanto quānquam dignatus honore,
 Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
 A cunis usque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
 Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
 Oppressere senem infidiæ, atque adversa malorum
 Agmina; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
 Frustrari egregios: quin aspera Turba furore
 Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
 Quas ipsa æterni signârat Dextra J E H O V Æ.
 Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores
 Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna;
 Promissa en! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succedunt! quot iniqua pericula, quotque tumultus!
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius urfæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli*:
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Ardua que ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum

Exitit

The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
 To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.
 His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:
 Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.
 Some C O R A H still arose, some Rebel Slave,
 Prompter to sink the State, than He to save:
 And I S R A E L did his Rage so far provoke,
 That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
 His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
 In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
 And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
 A Scene of Danger, and a State of War. —
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
 The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
 By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
 G O L I A H's lifted Sword, and S A U L's emitted Spear.
 Forlorn He must, and persecuted fly;
 Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to dye. }
 For ever, from His manly Toils, are known

Exstitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere fudet
 Majestas, quantosque ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ!
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta
 Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,
 An tolerare famem, aut sævi discrimina Martis!

Occubuit tandem Genitor: precor, ossa quiescant;
 Nulla sacrum fœdâ violare ærugine nomen
 Lingua aufit: quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
 Hunc faltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem:
 Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni
 Hæredem instituit; jussis me vinxit iniquis
 Devotum maectare caput, cæsoque meorum
 Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec mora; continuò juvenili fanguine fervens
 Dira sequor præceps crudelis jussa Parentis.
 Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro;

In

The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.
 What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
 When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
 When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
 The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
 The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child? }
 What Heart can think the Grief which He sustain'd;
 When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
 And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
 Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed
 It's poy'snous Venom on the Royal Dead:
 Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast:
 Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
 He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
 Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
 And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill
 The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
 Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took;

But

In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari:
 Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
 Protegeret patriam! ut leges venerandaque jura
 Servaret constans! Lætâ sed mente revolve
 Nequitiis fractum affiduis, turpique solutum
 Pellicis amplexu: fugienda exempla secutus
 Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps
 Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles.
 Fraudibus affuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
 Jam potui, mortisque atrocia tela serenus
 Dirigere; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,
 Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,
 (Ambitione odii stimulos acuate) fugamque
 Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.
 Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque represserat iram.
 Quin do sponte fidem, certus violare; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis simul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemitusque valent, nil vota precesque;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumque premens sub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ora sereno:
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, testorque DEI venerabile numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluso funera fratri.

Quæ

But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
 Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
 His Care of Right, his Rev'ence to the Laws:
 But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
 Broken and old in BATHSHEBA'S Embrace;
 Could follow Him, where-e'er He stray'd from Good,
 And cite his sad Example; whilst I trod
 Paths open to Deceit; and track'd with Blood. }
 Soon docile to the secret Arts of Ill,
 With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
 Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue.
 In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
 Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
 Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He should have fell;
 But that my Interest did my Rage conceal.
 Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, Perswasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
 With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain;
 Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
 'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
 In solemn State to Parricide I rise;
 And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor! Ut libet
atrum

Delere ex animo scelus! Ut prætexere vellem
Nominibus falsis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
Alteriusque onerare immani crimine famam!
Nequicquam heu! gladium si dextra aliena cruentum
Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa secuta est:
Omne meum est; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
Usque fluens cursu vix tandem abstergere possit:
Hinc solùm, hinc solitam sperat mens conscia pacem,
Fletibus affiduis, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
Ostentans, nostrum veraci carmine Musa
Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
Describens actæ ætatis vestigia, pandit
Quàm spes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
Exagitant; primoque à vitæ carcere feram
Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmq; undiq; acerbum!
Nugarum immensâ hac serie jam pene peractâ,
Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus:
Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque; nec atra doloris

Tan-

Be Witness to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt;
 In vain on JOAB'S Head transfer the Guilt:
 The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
 The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
 Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
 Years of Contrition must the Crime atone:
 Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
 But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
 Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,
 Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
 The mournful Figures of my Action past:
 The penfive Goddess has already taught,
 How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
 From growing Childhood to declining Age,
 How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
 This Course of Vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
 In the still Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
 And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,

Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.

Cur trepidas, Ratio? quidnam est Mors ista? nihilne
Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultimæ vitæ?
Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras;
Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento:
Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas;
Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
Aera; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
Occasus juxta insequitur, cunafque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
Novimus: hinc animo fatalia tempora forti
Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec infcia flecti
Naturæ jura incuses; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ data lege, hilaris lætusque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, secum diversa volutans,

Respon-

And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our State: so pass our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye.

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews Us, what We knew was near,
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou wast born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wife,

Respondet tandem, dubius metuensque futuri:
 Si mecum evolvam spatium omne, quod usque peregit
 Lapforum fine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
 Ex quo profluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
 Quâ primùm incepti matris concrefcere in alvo,
 Aut Nîl prorsus eram, aut memet saltem ipse latebam.
 Rurfusne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
 Hâc artus fugiente Animâ: penitusne jacebo
 Perditus, angustâque æternùm condar in urnâ?
 Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ composuere, caducos
 Illapfæ in cineres, nunquamne in prisca coibunt
 Fædera: sed rerum confusâ mole solutæ,
 Incipient membra in diversa aliasque figuras
 Ire, nec agnoscent veteris vestigia formæ?
 An Vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere sensum
 Dignata est, prohibet redivivo accendier igne?
 Nulla semel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
 Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Hesperus, igne
 Præcipiti pronum video descendere Solem;
 Nec longum, & radiis isdem fimilique vigore

Urget

To fuch Advice the Reas'ner ftill replies.
 Yet meafuring all the long continu'd Space,
 Ev'ry fucceffive Day's repeated Race,
 Since Time firft started from his priftin Goal,
 'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
 Joyn'd to my Body fwell'd the Womb; I was,
 (At leaft I think fo) Nothing: muft I pafs
 Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
 Ceafing, configns Me o'er to Reft, and Death?
 Muft the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
 To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
 And never fhall thofe Particles agree,
 That were in Life this Individual He?
 But fever'd, muft They join the general Mafs,
 Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pafs;
 Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was? }
 Does the great Word that gave him Senfe, ordain,
 That Life fhall never wake that Senfe again?
 And will no Pow'r his finking Spirits fave [Grave?
 From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the

Each Evening I behold the fetting Sun
 With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
 Yet the fame Light (pafs but fome fleeting Hours)

Exerts

Urget iter solitum, rutilique Infigne diei
 Purpureum referens, illæso ardore refulget.
 Instabiles video ventos fine lege vagari,
 Incertamque agitare fugam; nunc flamine molli
 Leniter aspirant, rapido nunc turbine fervent,
 Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, cursum.
 Fontibus occultis sese erumpentia primùm
 Flumina, mox prona immensum glomerantur in æquor:
 Hæc fugiens abit unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluçtibus assiduis lapsuque feruntur eodem:
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copia inexhaustis fæcunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternùm lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recufant?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles; & primo vespere marcet;
 Nos itidem --- Eois ut concitus Eurus ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
 Ut faxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma;

Sic,

Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
 Starts the bright Race again: His constant Flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the Same:
 I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
 These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds:
 They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
 Various their Speed, but endless is their Course.
 From the first Fountain and beginning Ouzé,
 Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
 Tho' fundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;
 The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the Same:
 Still other Waves supply the rising Urns;
 And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.
 Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
 Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
 And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;
 A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
 The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;
 A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
 A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
 A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
 A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;

Sic, sic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta brevifque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventofaque fomnia velox
 Ætatis referunt iter — Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Tranfit, & æternum Mors feſe extendet in ævum?

Se certè anguſtis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus: aut unde humanæ eſt illa infita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forſne altera & altera ſedes
 Præmiaque & pænæ, luctusque & gaudia reſtent?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula ſomni
 Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
 Cum Sponſi lacrymoſa oculos compreſſerit Uxor,
 Fæmineo funus gemitu planctuque ſecuta;
 Num dormit, paulùm aſſueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus deviſtum, exſanguè Cadaver:
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermefve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
 Uſque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Guſtabit ſenſu, horreſcetque affecta dolore?
 Illane, ſi pulchrè ſe geſſerit, inſcia labis,
 Dum ſocium amplecti dignata eſt corpus amico
 Fædere, fulgentem ad patriam ſedesque beatas,
 Regnaque perpetuâ ſurget ridentia pace?
 Noſq; Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
 Cæli-

A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream
 Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
 Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast
 Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd:
 Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind!
 Does Something still, and Somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
 Say: shall our Relicks second Birth receive?
 Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
 When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
 And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
 Lyes the pale Corps nor yet entirely Dead,
 The Spirit only from the Body fled,
 The groffer Part of Heat and Motion void,
 To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;
 The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
 Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
 And if Her Acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
 Shall She with Safety reach her pristine Seat,
 Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat:
 And while the buried Man We idly mourn;

H

Do

Cælicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverso?
 Sin sese scelerum maculis & crimine multo
 Polluerit, superisne tremens depellitur oris
 Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra; ibi cogitur ævum
 Immortale pati, æternos sentire dolores?

Nos adeo, angusto trepidantes limite terræ,
 Fluctibus oppositis geminum circumfluit æquor:
 Flectimus hinc atque inde oculos; dolor opprimit inde,
 Imminet hinc timor: & vario dumvolvimur æstu
 Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
 Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore sic varias inter fluitante procellas,
 Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat;
 En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
 Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis?
 Quo more exercet sese? quæis clauditur oris?
 Nosne illam imperio premimus, frænisque tenemus?
 Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem?
 Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
 Aufugere: utrinque heu! studio exercemur inani:

Dum:

Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
 But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
 With murd'rous Rapine, and feditious Strife;
 Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
 From the Ætherial Seat, and blisful Heav'n,
 In everlasting Darkness must She lye,
 Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One small Point of Land
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We stand:
 On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn:
 Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
 Losing the Present in this dubious Haft;
 And lost Our selves betwixt the Future, and the Past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,
 My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppres'd,
 Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
 This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
 How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
 Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We please?
 Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?
 We Happiness pursue; We fly from Pain;
 Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain: And,

Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
 Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno;
 Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas
 Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit spem;
 Omniaque offendit, nobis licet usque videntur
 Libera, præscriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
 Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
 Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
 Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
 Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
 Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
 Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
 Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientum rostra, dolores
 Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
 Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
 Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
 Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
 Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
 Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
 Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.

Hæc

And, while poor Nature labors to be blest,
 By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with Rest;
 Some stronger Pow'r eludes our fickle Will;
 Dashes our rising Hopes with certain Ill;
 And makes Us with reflective Trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,
 Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
 Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
 And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
 Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:
 Throw Loads of Incense in to turn the Scales;
 And let the silent Sanctuary show,
 What from the babling Schools We may not know,
 How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
 Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
 Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
 Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
 Unequal Thought; whilst All We apprehend,
 Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end;
 As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam
 Dona Sacerdotem, & sacris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis:
 Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros:
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu:
 Per templi spatia ampla incessu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur: claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Finierant cæleste melos; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & sydera torques;
 Quo mandante ingens tenebris sese extulit Orbis;
 Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
 Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
 Quotidie agnoscunt; subitam sensura ruinam,
 Te vires revocante tuas! Rex maxime Regum,
 Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia numine completes,
 Te supplex precor: ô magni miserere doloris!

Qui

I said; --- and instant bad the Priests prepare
 The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.
 Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
 A hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way.
 The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
 They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.
 The Maids in comely Order next advance;
 They beat the Tymbrél, and instruct the Dance.
 Follows the chosen Tribe from LEVI sprung,
 Chanting by just Return the holy Song;
 Along the Choir in Solemn State they pass:
 ----- The Anxious King came last.

The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
 I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,
 Father of Heav'n! I said, and Judge of Earth!
 Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth;
 By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceasing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
 They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
 Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,
 To Thee, to Thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou,

Qui potes infanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
 Luçantefque notos frænis nimbofque feroces
 Comprimere: ô animam hanc laceram defende procellis,
 Quas mifcent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido:
 Nec gravis obruat Ira, altifve Superbia faxis
 Illidat. Veftrum fed opus vaga Cymbula veftri
 Sentiat auxilii munus: vitæque per æftus
 Incertos, variasque vices, cæleftia curfum
 Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore fiftant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum fpiritus artus,
 Pertæfos vitæ, mortifque horrore trementes;
 Si forte annueris, faltem ut breviufcula pacis
 Attingam dona, & luctu ceffante quiefcam;
 Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
 Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat;
 O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisque fugatis
 Pande oculis meliora; hinc Te modulamine multo,
 Te citharâ celebrabo; hinc lingua animata recenti
 Lætitiâ, effufo referet tua munera cantu.
 Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita fuperfit,
 Expectentque aliæ fedes, da firma dolori
 Pectora ut opponam, fuperemque adverfa ferendo.

Thou, that can't Still the Raging of the Seas,
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease;
 Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
 Of cruel Passions, and deceitful Lufts;
 From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride:
 Let Thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide
 (It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
 Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
 Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
 Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
 It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I should know
 Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe;
 From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell
 The Clouds that press my Soul; from *Now* reveal
 A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inspire
 My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
 My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise;
 And, for Thy Mercy, let me sing Thy Praise.
 Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
 Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
 And raise my Mind superior to my Care.

Arcanasque vias quanquam explorare negabis
 Interius, penitusque aditus invisere sacros;
 Da tamen, ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
 Spe minuens, supplex venerabile numen adorem:
 Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
 Justitiæ meritos solvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram: cœlo nox ingruit atra;
 Intonat; ingenti nutant delubra fragore;
 Alta quies subit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
 Innuat sacrum interius per corda pavorem.
 Nec mora; se erumpit multo fulgore coruscans
 Clara Dies; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt subitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balsama spirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra rosæ) latè diffunditur aera circum;
 Irriguumque solum cœlesti rore madescit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod frustra æquare canendo
Jessides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes suaviter aures,
 Et ferit attonitos nimiâ dulcedine sensus.
 En! oculos quæ Forma rapit? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit? cœlo delapsus aperto

Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
 The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
 With humble Zeal confests Thy awful Pow'r;
 Still weeping Hope, and won'dring still Adore.
 So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd:
 And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
 Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome:
 To the beginning Miracle succeed
 An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
 The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows ----
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
 From ARAB'S Gum, or the SABÆAN Rose,
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
 Celestial Music (such JESSIDES' Lyre,
 Such MIRIAM'S Timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear:
 And lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals

En! facer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
Nuntius accedit; rofeoque hæc ore profatur:

Define, Mortalis, jam tandem define finem
Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte: rebelles
Quin potius reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
Erige; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
Obdurata malis, longoque affueta dolori.
Membra gravi fractus senio affiduoque labore,
Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis:
Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste!) tumultus,
Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Offa simul tumulo dederis tua; Spes tibi sola
Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
(Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido!)
Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,

Suaden-

An Heav'nly Form embody'd, and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decrease; and hasten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curst Poyson to the Prince's Mind !)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.

Suadente heu! Juvenum turbâ: mox victus atroci
 Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
 Deteret; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
 Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
 Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
 Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
 Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
 Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
 Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
 Utrinque attonitus; solos neque degener hostes
 Horrescet; *Judæ* simul arma incerta timebit:
 Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
 Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
 Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
 Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
 Perpetuo; lacrymosa onerabunt temporâ longæ
 Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
 Quinetiam in geminas divisæ flumine partes
 Diffluet Imperium: laxos age funde dolori
 Toto corde finus; sævis Gens barbara ludet
 Opprobriis; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, solis spectanda ruinis.

Altera

Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB'S Strength effac'd;
 Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the Crown
 With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son.
 Shall see the Wreaths, His Granfire knew to reap
 By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
 Pining incline their fickle Leaves, and shed
 Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
 By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage
 Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
 Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
 From ISRAEL'S Arrow, and from JUDAH'S Spear:
 Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN'S Flood,
 By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred-
 [Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race
 Charg'd with ill Omens, sully'd with Disgrace:
 Time by Necessity compell'd shall go
 Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
 The Empire lessen'd in a parted Stream,
 Shall lose its Course ----
 Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme:
 JUDAH shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame;
 And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.

Altera adhuc supereſt viſenda *Aegyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent; uret graviore flagello
 Aſperior Dominus: paſſura atrocius olim
 Mæſta jugum foboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confuſâ clade Nepotes
 Diſiectos latè aſpicient; mæſtique ſtupebunt
 Immane excidium & vaſtæ veſtigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
 Quâ vos fulſuros ſera uſque ad ſæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hoſtiles ducetur in oras,
 Victoriſque ſuperbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin ſacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vaſa ipſa DEO templiſque dicata Tyrannus
 Efferus indecori violabit ſquallida vino;
 Sacrilegoſque fales inter luſuſque profanos
 Exultans, vetito ſe proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena affiduo revolubile curſu
 Tempus aget; varias fato verſante ſubibunt
 Regna vices; alios dum Gens infaſta dolores

Volvet

New ÆGYPTS yet, and second Bonds remain,
 A harsher PHARAOH, and a heavier Chain:
 Again obedient to a dire Command,
 Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land:
 Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
 Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
 Inglorious Change! shall in Destruction lye
 Low, levell'd with the Dust; their Heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
 For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat
 Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,
 Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
 Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
 The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load
 Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to GOD;
 Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd,
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
 With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:
 Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;
 While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know

Volvēt adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenas;
 Demissisque oculis & mæsto languida vultu
 Lapsa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.

Hostili *Judea* solo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
 Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immerfa sedebit;
 Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta salictis.
 Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
 Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
 Membra diu affueta, & tacitæ studiosa quietis.
 Lucenti undarum in speculo nimiumque fideli
 Sponsa percussos formidans squallida vultus
 Horrescet: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
 Prospiciet sobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
 Asperaque, amplexus vexantia, vincula queretur.
 Lugebunt neglecta diu solennia Sacra
 Turba Sacerdotum, percussi tristia palmis
 Pectora; festorumque obliviam longa dierum
 Plorantes, solvent lugubribus ora querelis.
 Quin lacrymas, gemino quasi fonte, effundere posse
 Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque cedere
 Perpetuos; noctis super alta silentia fauces
 Horrescent barathrorum atras dirasque procellas;
 Et subito excussis flammaram turbine fomnis,

A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:
 With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-gaist,
 Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past.

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down
 Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
 Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
 Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
 Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest.
 In the reflective Stream the sighing Bride,
 Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive Head; and in her languid Face
 The Bridegroom shall fore-see his fickle Race:
 While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace. }
 With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
 And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days:
 Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
 Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;
 And wish their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from
 Dreams
 Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,

Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
 Myſtica ſigna dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.

Interea miſeranda Cohors, poſcente Tyranno
 Feſtivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
 Uſque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
 Gaudebit? dudum filuerunt pendula plectræ,
 Ora melos filuere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
 Hoſtili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
 Noſne jugo oppreſſos graviori, flagra timentes
 Aſpera; & ad nutum ſævi trepidare magiſtri
 Affuetos, humilesque trementia flectere genua;
 Nos, fordes hominum, noſne efferet alma voluptas;
 Languentesve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
 Heu longæ tandem poſt tædia tarda diei
 Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc ſumma, labores
 Exuere ingratos paulùm, feſſiſque ſoporem
 Indulgere brevem trepida inter ſomnia membris,
 Donec atrox redeat redeunti ſole Tyrannus.
 Luſtibus aſſueti meditemur gaudia? luſtus
 Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
 Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primùm
 Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?

Certè

Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Myftic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall fay: can JACOB'S fervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Mufic, and difus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They shall difcourfe) how fing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-caft of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, foft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longfome Day;
The fullest Blifs our Hearts aspire to know,
Is but fome Interval from active Woe;
In broken Reft, and startling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleafure be our Theme?
Our endless Anguifh does not Nature claim?
Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleafure's Sire:

Mad-

Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
Protulit effrænesque jocos rifusque profanos.

Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
Nec leges metire Dei Rationis ocello;
Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compeſce superbum!
Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; veſtrum eſt
Cunçta pati, vitæque datos evolvere curſus.
Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolabile tendit
Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea conſona ſola,
Quæ magni arbitrio reſpondent æqua J E H O V A E.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere ſenſus,
Neu penitus ſpes fracta cadat; ſolatia luçtûs
Accipe, quæ ſpondet vobis, Qui fallere neſcit,
Nec falli potis eſt --- Veniet labentibus annis
Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
Lætior, hoſtiles ſolvat ſecura catenas:

Attol-

Madness, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know,
Illustrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reason's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Distance is too high.
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Sense;
Nor let Duft argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who must dispose, and Man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life must His Decrees fulfill;
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,
Loft to Delight, and destitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Messenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;
Shall from her sad Captivity return:

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges :
 Tempa iterum aeriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo ; Sedesque verendi
 Promiffa Imperii montes super ardua surget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cælo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
I L L E Hominum curas emolliet : **I L L E** dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur : **I L L O**
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
 Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.
 Hoc Tibi fcire fatis : Superis nec panditur ultrà.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ
 Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres
 Nominis; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
 Strenuus; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
 Pande finus, Tibi Cenfor atrox, aliisque benignus;
 Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,
 Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum
 Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore ferva :
 Te Justum atq; Humilem præsta. --- Quæ deinde locutus
 Nun-

SION shall raise her long-dejected Head;
 And in her Courts the Law again be read.
 Again the glorious Temple shall arise,
 And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
 The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again
 Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain;
 And from Thy Race distinguish'd, ONE shall spring,
 Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
 In Dignity and Pow'r, sent down from Heav'n,
 To succour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
 Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.
 Thro' HIM soft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
 Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.
 No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
 Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
 Go forth: Be strong: With Patience, and with Care
 Perform, and Suffer: To Thy self severe,
 Gracious to Others, Thy Desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd Thy Virtues, First of Men, be Best.
 Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
 O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
 Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:

L

With

Nuntius, in cœlum reduci se sustulit alâ.
Pronus Ego in terrâ, variique impulsibus actus,
Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas
Sollicitus, tandem mæstos ad sydera vultus
Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar :

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Confilii Fons!
O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
Dirigis, ardenti lucis quâ cinctus amictu
Arce fedes rutilâ; Cujus sacra ora tueri
Non Homini datur! O Terris Cœloque supreme!
Tu Mihi, quodcunq; est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque
Concilias: Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti
Vestrum Opus! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis!

With upward Speed His agil Wings He fspread;
 Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
 By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, Allwife, Eternal Potentate!
 Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!
 Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
 Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!
 Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
 Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
 Benign Creator, let Thy plastic Hand
 Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
 Restore, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
 And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.

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D E

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

P O E M A.

Πᾶς ὀδυνηρὸς βίῃ ἀνθρώπων,
Κῆκ ἔσι πόνων ἀνάπαισις·
Ἄλλ' ὅ, τι τῷ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο,
Σκότῳ ἀμπίχον κρύπτει νεφέλαις.
Δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες
Τῷδ', ὅτι τῷτο σίλβει κτ' γλώ,
Δι' ἀπειροσυνίαν ἄλλου βιότου,
Κῆκ λυπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·
Μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεθα.

Euripides.

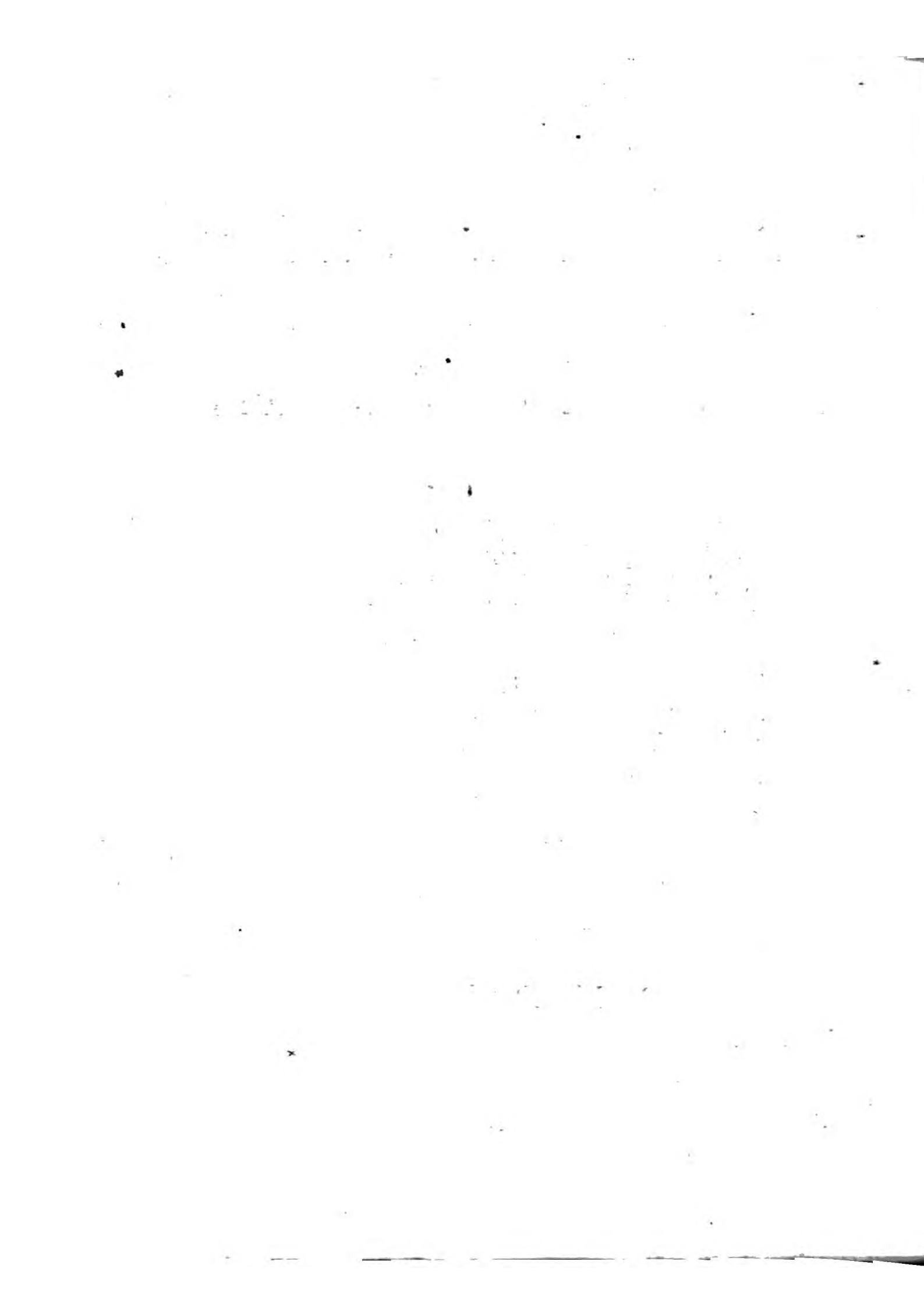


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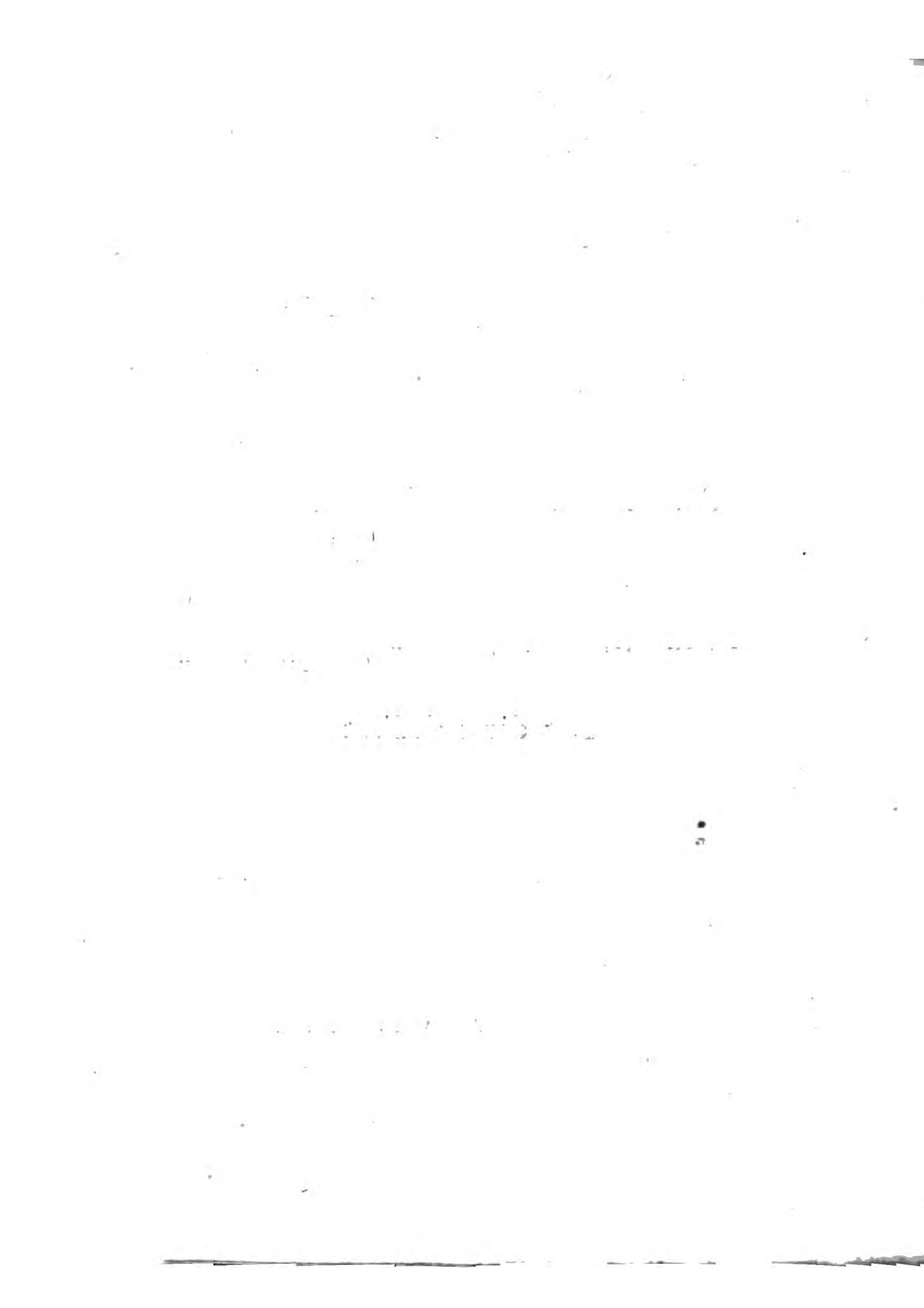
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T O T I U S A N G L I Æ
P R I M A T I .

Hoc qualecunque de Re gravissima Poema

Dat dicat dedicat

ISAACUS HAWKINS BROWNE





D E

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER PRIMUS.



ÆTERA per Terras animalia forte fruuntur
Quam sua cuique dedit Natura; nec ampliùs
optant.

Solus homo, qui scire sagax, cui summa cupido
Scrutari causas et mutua foedera rerum,
Vanum iter ingreditur; nigris namque imminet alis, 5
Et cursu in medio Mors intercludit euntem.
Quorsum isthoc; si nil sapientia dia creârit
Incassum? Quorsum hæc divinæ femina mentis,
In proprios si non poterint adolescere fructus?

B

Ecquid

Ecquid enim prodest rerum cognoscere causas; 10.
 Jungere venturis præsentia; mente vagari
 Solem atque astra super, morituro? Scilicet omnes
 Una manet Lethi lex et commune sepulcrum.
 Nonne ergo fatius cum Phyllide ludere in umbra;
 Teque, Lyæ pater, lætis celebrare choreis? 15.
 Novit enim Bacchus curas depellere, novit
 Præteriti sensus abolere metumque Futuri.

Quare age, vina liques: epulæ, convivia, lusus,
 Psallere docta Cloe, citharæque perita Neæra,
 Non absint; volucris rape lætus dona diei; 20.
 Quærere nec cures quid craftina parturit hora.

Atqui pertæsum est harum citò deliciarum;
 Scilicet, hæc fatiat vix dum libata voluptas.
 Ergo dimissis quæramus feria nugis.
 Accumulentur opes; ducit quò Gloria, quòve 25.
 Ambitio, stipatus eas examine denso
 Manè salutantum. Quid multa? Huc denique eòdem
 Volueris, ut clames heu! quantum in Rebus inane!
 Quænam igitur tentanda via est? Ubi littus amicum?
 Nempe

Nempe vides ut semper avet, dum corpore clausa est,
Mens alia ex aliis scire, ac sine fine gradatim
Æternum (sic fert Natura) attingere Verum.

Gaudia quinetiam non hæc fugientia poscit,
At magis apta sibi, vicibusque obnoxia nullis;
Gaudia perpetuum non interitura per ævum.

Quare fume animum; neque enim sapientia dia
Frustra operam impendit; neque Mens arctabitur istis
Limitibus quibus hoc periturum corpus; at insons
Terrenæ labis viget, æternùmque vigebit:

Atque ubi corporeis emissa, ut carcere, vinculis,
Libera cognatum repetet, vetus Incola, cœlum,
Nectareos latices Veri de fonte perenni
Hauriet, ætheriumque perennis carpet Amomum.

At verò dum vita manet (si vita vocanda est
Corporis hæc cæco conclusa putamine) torpet
Vivida vis animi, nec ovantes explicat alas.
Multa tamen veteris retinet vestigia stirpis.
Unde etenim tot res reminiscitur? Unde tot apto
Ordine disponit, mox et depromit in usus?

Quippe haud tam locuples hæc, tamque immensa supellex 50

Corporis in cellis poterit stipata teneri;

Aut vi corporea revocari in luminis oras.

Illa etiam inventrix, varias quæ protulit artes,

Suppeditans vitæ decus et tutamen egenæ;

Nomina quæ imposuit rebus, vocemque ligavit 55

Literulis; aut quæ degentes more ferarum,

Dispersosque homines deduxit in oppida; quæve

Legibus edomuit, foedusque coegit in unum;

Quænam isthæc nisi Vis divinior, ætheriusque

Sensus, et afflatu cœlesti concita virtus? 60

Jam quorum undanti eloquium fluit amne, rapitque

Quò velit affectus, tonitruque et fulgura miscet;

Divitias trahit unde suas? Vigor igneus ille

Num mortale sonat? Quid censes carmina vatum?

Sive etenim flexu numerorum vique canora, 65

Oblectet varia dulcedine lapsus ad aures;

Seu, speciosa canens rerum miracula, fictis

Ludat imaginibus, peragretque per intima Cordis;

Nil parvum spirat, nil non sublime Poeta.

Cumque

Cumque super Terris quæ fiunt, quæque tuemur 70.
 Omnia, curriculo volventia semper eodem,
 Non explent animum, varia et magis ampla petentem;
 Sanctus adest Vates, per quem sublimior ordo,
 Pulcrior et species, et mentis idonea Votis
 Exoritur, vitæ spes auguriumque futuræ. 75.

Quid, qui cœlestes nôrunt describere motus;
 Sidera, qua circa solem, qua lege Cometæ
 Immenfum per Inane cientur, ut æthere vasto
 Astra alia illustrant alios immota planetas;
 Nonne hanc credideris mentem, quæ nunc quoq; Cœlum 80.
 Astraque pervolitat, delapsam cœlitus, illuc
 Unde abiit remeare, suasque revifere sedes?

Quî tandèm hæc fierent nisi quædam in mente subeffet
 Vis sua, materiæ mixtura immunis ab omni?
 Confcia porrò sibi est, vult, nonvult, odit, amatque; 85.
 Et timet, et sperat; gaudet, moeretque sua vi
 Ipsa; ministerio neque corporis indiget ullo:
 Viribus ipsa suis inter se comparat, et res
 Sejungit rebus; vaga dissociataque Veri

Membra

Membra minutatim legit, ac concinnat amicè. 90

Elicit hinc rerum causas, atque artibus artes

Hinc alias aliis super extruit ordine pulcro;

Et magis atque magis summa ad fastigia tendit

Unde omnis series causarum apparet, et omnis

Numinis à folio ad Terram demissa catena. 95.

Denique et in sese descendit, et aspicit intus

Rerum ideas, quo quæque modo nascantur; et unde

Cogitet, ac prope jam sua quæ sit fabrica novit.

Tantane corporea est Virtus? An machina vires

Percipit ulla suas, aut quid sibi præbeat escam? 100.

Omne etenim corpus nihil est nisi machina, motu

Impulsa externo, non interiore suoque.

Vulgi igitur studiis noli altæ mentis acumen

Metiri; ast illos, etiam nunc laude recentes,

Contemplare viros Tellus quos Attica, vel quos 105.

Roma, nec alterutri cedens tulit Anglia, nutrix

Heroum, dum tempus erat, melioribus annis.

Quid tibi tot memorem divino pectore Vates,

Totve repertoires Legum, Fandive potentes?

Quid,

Quid, per quos venit spectanda scientia; dudum
Informi cooperta situ, lucemque perosa?

110

Ante alios verò Baconus, ut ætherius Sol,
Effulgens, artes aditum patefecit ad omnes.

Hic à figmentis Sophiam revocavit ineptis

Primus; quàque regit fida Experientia gressus,

115

Securum per iter, Newtono scilicet Idem

Designatque viam, et præcursor lampada tradit.

Illustres animæ! Si quid mortalia tangunt

Coelicolas, si Gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ;

Vos precor, antiquum Vos instauratione vigorem;

120

Ut tandem excusso nitamur ad ardua somno,

Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

Nempe horum egregias reor haud sine numine dotes
Enasci potuisse; Deum quin tempore in omni

Consperxisse, velut stellas, hinc inde locorum

125

Splendidiora animi quasi quædam lumina; ut istis

Accensa exemplis se degener efferat ætas,

Agnoscatque suū quàm sit sublimis origo.

Præterea esse aliquid verè quod pertinet ad nos,

Morte

Morte obita, nemo secum non concipit; intus, 130.
 Monstratum est intus; testatur docta vetustas;
 Publica vox clamat; neque Gens tam barbara quæ non
 Prospiciat trans funus, et ulteriora requirat.

Hinc feritur, tardè crescens, et posthuma merces,
 Quercus, natorum natis quæ profit: et ingens 135.
 Pyramidum moles stat inexpugnabilis annis.

Hinc cura illa omnis vivendi extendere metas,
 Nomine victuro; tanti est hinc Fama superstes,
 Ingenio ut quisquis præcellit, nulla recuset
 Ille subire pericla, nec ullos ferre labores, 140.
 Si modo venturi speciem sibi vendicet ævi,
 Gloriaque ad feros veniat mansura nepotes.

Nonne videmus uti convictus criminis, ipso
 Limine sub mortis, culpam tamen abneget omnem;
 Mendax, ut sibi constet honos atque integra fama? 145.
 Nempe animis hæc in sevit Natura Futuri
 Indicia, obscurasque notas; hinc sollicita est mens,
 De se posteritas quid sentiat; At nihil ad nos
 Postera vox, erimus si nil nisi pulvis et umbra;

Sera venit, cineres nec tangit Fama quietos.

150.

Quid porrò exequiæ voluere? Quid anxia cura
Defunctis super, et moles operosa sepulcri?

Pars etenim Terræ mandant exfanguæ cadaver,

Et tumulo ferta imponunt, et sacra quotannis

Perfolvunt; tanquam poscant ea munera Manes:

155.

Extracta pars ritè pyra, cremat insuper artus,

Colligit et cineres, fidaque reponit in urna;

Ut sic relliquiæ durando sæcula vincant.

Quid memorem fluctu quos divite Nilus inundans
Irrigat? His patrius mos non exurere flamma,

160.

Non inhumare solo; nudant quin corpora primùm
Visceribus, terguntque; dehinc vim thuris odoram

Et picis infundunt, lentoque bitumine complent:

His demùm exactis, vittarum tegmine multo

Constringunt, pars ut sibi quæque cohæreat aptè;

165.

Picta superficiem decorat Viventis imago.

Usque adeò ingenita est spes, et fiducia cuique

Consignata, fore ut membris jam morte solutis

Restet adhuc Nostri melior pars; quam neque Fati

Vis perimet, nec edax poterit delere Vetustas. 170

Aspice quas Ganges interluit Indicus Oras:
 Illic Gens Hominum medios se mittit in ignes,
 Impatiens vitæ; vel ad ipsa altaria Divum
 Sponte animam reddit; percussa cupidine cæca
 Migrandi, fedes ubi fata dedere quietas; 175
 Ver ubi perpetuum, et soles sine nube fereni.

Nec minùs Uxores famâ celebrantur Eoæ:
 Non illæ lacrymis, non fœmineo ululatu
 Fata virum plorant; verum, (mirabile dictu!)
 Conscenduntque rogam, flammaque vorantur eadem. 180
 Nimirum credunt veterum sic posse maritum
 Ire ipsas comites, tædamque novare sub umbris.

Aspice quâ Boreas æternaque frigora spirant,
 Inviçtas bello Gentes: par omnibus ardor;
 Par lucis contemptus agit per tela, per ignes, 185
 Indomita virtute feros: hoc concitat œstrum,
 Hos versat stimulos, Ecquid nisi dulcis Imago
 Promissæ in Patriam meritis per sæcula Vitæ?

Adde

Adde isthæc quæ de campis narrantur amœnis
Elyfii, Stygioque lacu, Phlegethontis et unda.

Fraude Sacerdotum sint hæc conficta; Quid ad rem?
Non fraudi locus ullus enim nisi primitus esset
Infita notities, licet imperfecta, Futuri:
Substratum agnoscunt etenim ficta omnia Verum.

At quia difficile est mentem sine corpore quid sit
Per se concipere, et crasso sejungere sensu,
Corporeas illi tribuit plebecula formas;
Dat similes vultus, dat membra simillima veris,
Et certis habitare locis dat corporis instar.
Unde Alii, quibus hæc prava et delira videntur,
Nec constet quo more animus post fata supersit,
Extinctum omnino communi funere censent.
Vel quia discendi nequeunt perferre laborem;
Vel quia turpe putant quidvis nescire fateri.
Namque opus haud tenue est sincerum excernere ficto.
Discute segnitẽm idcirco, neque respue verum,
Fabellas propter quas intersperfit iniquus
Sive dolus, seu vana fuat petulantia Vatũm.

Quid, nonne esse Deum consensus comprobatur omnis,
 Consensus, qui Vox Naturæ ritè putatur? 210

At quàm falsa homines, indignaque Numine fingunt!

Quippe humana Deo tribuunt, numerumque Deorum

Multiplicant, juxta ac spes erigit aut metus angit

Instabiles animos; Quid enim? Quæ profore credunt

Hæc Divos sibi præsentem, at Numina læva 215

Quæ metuere putant; valuitque infania tantum

Bestiolas ut deformes pro numine, et ipsum

Cæpe etiam et porrum, coleret lymphata vetustas.

Hæc igitur reputans Sophiæ dux Atticus Ille

Affore prædixit perfecto temporis orbe, 220

* *Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas*

Auxilium adventumque Dei; qui, Solis ut ortus,

Discuteret tenebras animi, et per cæca viarum

Duceret, ipse regens certo vestigia filo.

Interea multis licuit dignoscere signis, 225

Natura monstrante, velut per nubila, Verum.

Ergo age qua ducit nos conjectura sequamur,

Nec spernamus opem si quam Ratio ipsa ministrat.

* Virg. Æn. viii. 200.

Haud equidem inficior mentem cum corpore multis
Consentire modis; Lex mutua foederis illa est: 23
Ast eadem in multis dispar se disparis esse
Naturæ probat ac divina stirpe profectam.

Sæpe videmus uti solido stant robore vires
Corporeæ, cum mens obtusior; invalidoque 23
Corpore inest virtus persæpe acerrima mentis.
Quinetiam interitu si Corporis intereat mens,
Consimili pacto par est ægrotet ut ægro
Corpore, quod fieri contrà quoque sæpe videmus.
Namque ubi torpescunt artus jam morte propinqua
Acrior est acies tum mentis, et entheus ardor; 240
Tempore non alio Facundia suavior, atque
Fatidicæ jam tum Voces morientis ab ore.

Corporeis porrò si constet mens elementis,
Quî fit ut in somnis, cum clausa foramina sensûs,
Nec species externa manet quæ pabula menti 245
Sufficiat, magis illa vicens, tum denique veras
Expromat vires, tum se plaudentibus alis
Tollat, avi similis, cavea quæ fortè reclusa

Fertur

Fertur ad alta volans, cœloque exultat aperto.

Jam si corporea est animi Natura, necesse est

Partibus hæc eadem conflata sit infinitis;

Ergo et sensus erit cuique, et sua cuique libido

Particulæ, totidemque animi in diversa trahentes.

Has inter turbas atque in certamine tanto

Dic, quo more queat verum consistere et æquum;

Et vitæ tenor unus, et hæc sibi conscia virtus.

Materiæ quin fortè situ certa que figura

Vis animi confit; --- Tanquam quadrata rotundis

Plus saperent; --- partes seu demis an addis, eòdem

Res redit, ac quali fuerint corpuscula forma, ---

Tantundem ad mentem est, color an fiet albus an ater.

At quodam ex motu fit Vis quæ cogitat omnis:

Quid non conficiat motus? Nempe ipsa Voluntas,

Discursus, Ratio, Rerumque Scientia constant

Vectibus ac trochleis; pueri, credo, actus habena

Concipit Ingenium, sapit et sub verbere turbo:

Nec non lege pari, liquor ut calefactus ahenò est,

Eloquii tumet atque exundat divite vena.

Unde

Unde autem exoritur motus? Mens scilicet una,
 Mens, non corpus iners fons est et origo movendi: 270
 Utque Deus Mundum, sic molem corporis omnem,
 Arbitrio nutuque suo, mens dirigit intus.

Desine quapropter mirari quomodo possit
 Vivere mens omni detracto corpore, miror
 Hoc potiùs qua vi poterit labefacta perire: 275
 Utpote quæ nullis consistat partibus, ac non
 Divelli queat externo violabilis ictu:
 Tum porrò ipsa sui motrix est, non aliundè
 Instincta; at quodcunque sua virtute movet se,
 Vivet in æternum, quia se non deferet unquam. 280

Verùm haud conceptu facile est existere quidvis
 Posse quidem, formam si dempseris et posituram.
 Quidnam igitur censes de Numine? Nam neque Formam
 Mens (quæ scire licet) recipit divina, nec ullo
 Circumscripta loco est, nisi forte putaveris ipsum 285
 Materiam esse Deum; sin vero Spiritus Idem,
 Integer et, purusque, et fæce remotus ab omni
 Corporis, humana pariter de mente putandum:

Ecquid

Ecquid enim per se pollet magis, aut magis haustus
Indicat ætherios, genus et divinitus ortum? 290.

Atque adeo dum corporei stant foedera nexûs,
Exit sæpe foras tamen, effugioque parat se;
Ac veluti Terrarum hospes, non incola, sursum
Fertur, et ad patrios gestit remeare penates.

I nunc, usuram vitæ mirare caducam;
Sedulus huc illuc, ut musca, nitentibus alis
Pervolita, rorem deliba, vescere et aura
Paulisper, mox in nihilum rediturus et exspes. 295.

Hæccine vitæ summa est? Sic irrita vota?
Huc promissa cadunt? En quantò verius illa, 300.
Illa est vita Hominis, dabitur cum cernere Verum,
Non, ut nunc facimus, sensim, longasque coacti
Ire per ambages meditando, at protinus uno
Intuitu, nebulaque omni jam rebus ademptâ.

At ne scire quidem poterit mens, forte reponas, 305.
Sensibus extinctis; hoc fonte Scientia manat;
Hoc alitur crescitque; hoc deficiente, peribit.

Quid

Quid verò infirmis cum sensibus, Arte ministra,
Suppeditet vires sua quas Natura negavit?

Arte oculis oculos mens addidit, auribus aures.

310

Hinc sese in Vita supra fortemque situmque
Evehit humanum; nunc Cœlo devocat astra,
Intima nunc Terræ referat penetralia Victrix;
Quæque oculos fugiunt, tenuissima corpora promit
In lucem, panditque novi miracula Mundi.

315.

Quid porro errores sensûs cum corrigit, et cum
Formamque et molem mens intervallaque rerum
Judice se, contra sensûs suffragia cernit?
Nonne hæc sejunctam sensu vim signa fatentur,
Semen et ætherium? Quare hac compage soluta,
Credibile est animum, qui nunc præludia tentat,
Excursusque breves, tum demùm posse volatu
Liberiore frui, verumque excurrere in omne.

320

Si quæras quâ fiat, adhuc neque noscere fas est,
Nec refert nostrâ; scisne istam matris in alvo
Vitam qualis erat? Num nôrit amœna colorum
A puero cæcus? Verùm inquis et Hic quoque sentit

325

D

Esse

Esse aliis sibi quod nato ad meliora negatur.

Mens itidem nihil hinc Terrarum quicquid ubique est
 Par votis videt esse suis ; quin omnia fordent 330
 Præ forma æterni servat quam pectore **P**ulcri,
 Ingenii cui sit vigor, et sublimia cordi.

Hoc ergo exoptat solum sibi, totus in hoc est:

Abfens, absentis tabescit amore perenni ;

Congressusque hominum vitans, ut verus Amator, 335

Et nemora, et fontes petit, et secreta locorum ;

Solus ubi secum possit meditarier, atque

Nunc Sophia, ingentes nunc carmine fallere curas.

Quocirca Ille mihi felix vixisse videtur,

Qui postquam aspexit Mundi solenne Theatrum 340

Æquo animo, Hunc solem, et Terras, mare, nubila
 et ignem ;

Protinus unde abiit, fatur ut conviva, remigrat.

Nempe hæc, seu centum vivendo conteris annos,

Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes ;

Hisque nihil melius, nihil atque recentius unquam : 345

Omne adeo in Terris agitur quod tempus, habeto

Ut

Ut commune Forum; peregre vel euntibus amplum
Hospitium, temerè fluitans ubi Vita moratur,
Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.

Qui prior abscedit, portum prior occupat; Eja!
Collige vela citus, ne fortè viatica desint.

Quid cessas? subeunt morbique et acerba Tuorum
Funera, et insidiis circum undique septa senectus.

Quò feror? Haud etenim injussu decedere fas est
Illius, hac Mundi qui nos in sede locavit

Spemque metumque inter, Ducis ut vexilla sequamur.
Quicquid erit, Deus ipse jubet ferre; ergò ferendum.

Sin mihi persuasum fixumque in Mente maneret
Nil superesse rogo, vellem migrare repentè
Hinc; et abire omnes ubi, seriùs, ociùs, acto
Dramate, in æterna sopiti nocte quiescent.

Immo Deus mihi si dederit renovare Juventam,
Utve iterum in cunis possim vagire; recusem.

Non, si contingant Vitam quæcunque beârint;
Ingenii vis, eloquium, prudentia, mores,
Invidiâ sine partus honos, longo ordine nati,

Clari omnes, patriâ pariter Virtute, suâque ;
Non tantâ mercede isthac, dignarer eandem
Ire viam toties, et eodem volvier orbe :
Splendidiora quidem mens expetit ; illius altis
Nil votis par est mutabile, nil perituum.

370.





D E

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER SECUNDUS.



ERGO aliis Deus in rebus, quascunque creavit,
Argumenta animi dedit haud obscura be-
nigni;

Omnibus, excipias modò nos, licet esse beatis.

Nos, opus in Terris princeps, nos mentis imago

Divinæ, poënis nos exercemur iniquis.

Haud ita; --- longè absint isti de numine questus.

Attamen humanam mecum circumspice vitam;
Agnosces, quanta urgeat undique turba Malorum,
Non hunc, aut illum, fert ut Fortuna; sed omne

Pæne

Pæne catervatim genus, ac discrimine nullo.
 Millia quot Belli rabies, quot sæva Tyrannis
 Corpora dat morti, duris oneratve catenis;
 Inque dies, varias cruciandi excogitat artes!
 Quid, quos dira fames, ad victum ubi cuncta superfunt,
 Absumit miseros, aut quos vis effera morbi
 Corripit, aut lento paulatim angore peredit
 Infantes? neque enim dignabor dicere, vulgò
 Quot Venus aut Vinum pessundedit ac sua culpa.
 Quid profit Virtus? Sanctorum ubi præmia Morum?
 Virtuti tribuo quantum licet; ut mala vitæ,
 Quæ prohibere nequit, doceat lenire ferendo;
 Spe recreet meliore; hominem sibi concilietque;
 Irarum et tumidos et Amorum temperet æstus:
 Verùm adeò non tutela est, certusque fatelles
 Contra omnes casus, sæpe ut (si dicere fas est)
 Sæpe etiam et Virtus in aperta pericula mittat.
 Expedit esse malis Dominum qui ferre superbum
 Coguntur: probitatem omnes odère Tyranni.
 Quàm multi bene promeriti de civibus, Horum

Quos

Quos conservârunt cæco perière furore!

30

Jam verò Ingenio si quis valet, omnis in Illum

Invida conjurat plebecula; dente parati

Rodere vipereo, famæque aspergere virus.

Fac porro ut meritis obstantem dissipet Umbram;

Muneraque emergens vix demùm publica tractet:

35

Sudandum ingrata est hominum pro Gente, ferendum

Probrorum genus omne; adeunda pericula, vel quæ

Seditio attulerit Vulgi, Ambitiove potentùm.

Audiat hæc, sibi qui Nomen, qui poscit Honores;

Demens; nec novit se quanta incommoda cingant.

40

Vivitur an meliùs privatim? Non minus isthic,

Cernis ut ira, libido, scelus dominantur ubique;

Fraus et amicitiam simulans; livorque malignus;

Jurgiaque insidiæque, et iniquæ retia Legis.

Attamen est, vitæ lenimen, amabilis uxor;

45

Lætus agis secura domesticus otia; dulces

Arrident circum, properant et ad oscula Nati;

Mox obrepentis decus et tutela senectæ.

Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus; esto, sed isthæc
Nullæne interea corrumpunt gaudia curæ? 50

Quid mala commemorem, si quando, ut sæpiùs, ambos
Discolor Ingenium studia in contraria ducat?

Adde quod in trutina mores expendere iusta

Haud facile, ante ferit quam foedus uterque jugale:

Nec si poeniteat, fas est abrumpere vinclum; 55

Sors at dura manet; conjecta est Alea vitæ.

Præterea Natos Ecquis præstabit honesto
Ingenio imbutos, pulcrique bonique tenaces?

Sin hac parte tuis respondent omnia votis;

Heu! minimè cum reris, in ipso flore juventæ, 60

Mors inopina Domûs spem protinùs abripit omnem.

At non hæc Virtus mala parturit: immo fatemur,

Munia si peragat sua quisque fideliter, esset

Nil potius Virtute; redirent aurea jam tum

Sæcula; verùm isto non vivere contigit ævo. 65

His animadversis, quidam primordia Mundi

Bina, Deos fingunt binos; quorum alter iniquo

Præditus Ingenio, scelus omne immittit in orbem;

Alter

Alter opem præfens affert, medicina malorum.
 Hinc varius vitæ color, hinc pravique bonique
 Mistæ seges, roseisque latens malus anguis in hortis.
 Siccine res ergo est confecta? Sed illa potestas,
 Quæsierim, par sit, quam Dîs adscribis, an impar:
 Si par illa quidem, ruerent aut cuncta repente
 In Chaos antiquum, nihil aut potuisset oriri;
 Quippe Bonum res est semper contraria Pravo:
 Sin impar, mora nulla foret quin cederet alter
 Alterius vi debellatus, et omnia deinceps
 Deleret victor prisca vestigia litis.

Aufer abhinc igitur stulta hæc commenta Magorum,
 Et quæ coenosus fert monstra biformia Nilus.

Stoicus an meliùs? Nempe Hic non esse Bonorum
 In numero censet, nos quæ miramur ineptè:
 Divitias, famam, quodcunque accesserit extra,
 Pro nihilo sapiens habet; aut hæc possidet Unus;
 Possidet, ignotus licet ac pauperrimus; Euge!
 Quàm pulcrum sapere est! simili ratione Dolorem
 Haud putat esse Malum, sibi consentaneus Idem.

Comburas igni; tradas ferrove secandum;
 In cruce suffigas; nunquam extorquebis, ut isthæc 90
 Esse Mala agnoscat: Quidnam ergo? Incommoda dicit.
 Quid tibi visa Valetudo? Quid gratia formæ,
 Stoice? Quid validæ vires? Sunt hæc Bona, necne?
 Non optanda quidem sunt, at sumenda; Sophistam
 Quis ferat hunc, Verbis non Re diversa docentem? 95

Quid multa? Externis sine rebus posse beatè
 Vivere te speres, si nil nisi Spiritus esses:
 Interea quinam sis, Stoice, nosse memento;
 Natus Homo es, qui mente itidemque ex corpore constat.

Sin verò, acciderint quæcunque extrinsecus, isthæc 100
 Dat Fortuna adimitque; benigna, maligna vicissim
 Nunc mihi nunc alii; neque sunt quæ nostra vocemus;
 Quid sapiente illo fiet, qui non minus ac nos
 Momento dubiæ fluitat mutabilis horæ?
 Vim porro hanc Animi, pendent unde omnia quæ Tu 105
 Exoptanda putas, quàm sæpe retundere Morbus,
 Sæpe solet delere, ut vix vestigia restent!
 Ille etiam qui Consiliis, Ille Alter et armis

a. D. Somers.

b. Lux. Marlboroughensis.

Rem

Rem qui restituit, cum spes haud ulla, Britannam,
 Testantur quantum Virtus, Sapientiâ quantum
 Possit, et Ingenii quàm sit flos ipse caducum. 110.

Tum porro Ille recens, quem postera vidimus ætas, ^{+ D}
 Scribendi omne tulit qui punctum, sive facetas ^{Swift}
 Mimi ageret partes, seu rhetoris atque poetæ;
 Eheu! Quantus erat! Nec longum tempus, et Idem 115
 Defuncta spirans jam mente, sui que superstes:
 Usque adeò externis nihil inviolabile telis.

Condonanda tamen sententia, Stoice, vestra est:
 Nam si post obitum neque præmia sint neque poenæ,
 Heu! quò perventum est! Heu quid jam denique restat! 120
 Scilicet humanas gerit aut res Numen iniquè,
 Aut nil curat, iners; aut, si bene temperat orbem,
 Nemo bonus miser est, nemo improbus esse beatus
 In vita possit, Gens ut sibi Stoica fingit.

O cæcas hominum mentes! confinia veri 125
 Qui simul attigerint, hærent; finemque sub ipsum,
 Attonitis similes, opera imperfecta relinquunt.
 Justitiamne Dei Te, Stoice, posse fateri,

Cernere nec quid ritè velit! Quin strenuus audes
 Pergere ad æternam, ducit quà femita, vitam? 130.
 “ Quicquid id est, celat nox, circumfusa tenebris.”
 Non isthoc, tua Te potius fiducia cæcat;
 Hinc nox, hinc illæ tenebræ; quia nempe triumphas,
 Nondum propositi victor; quia ponere Totum
 Nescius, in spatii medio consistis; ut omnes 135.
 Sive magi Persæ, seu Græcula turba Sophorum.
 En quantis unus portentis pullulat Error!

Accipe rem quò nunc deducam. Quisque fatemur
 Esse Deum; Jam si sapiens, justusque sit Author,
 Hunc Mundi ornatum qui protulit atque gubernat; 140.
 Quodcunque est fit ritè; canit prout Ille Poeta;
 Nec patitur Jus Fasve, Bonis ut sit male semper,
 Improbilas aut semper ovans incedat; at isthuc
 Res redit, omnino si morte extinguimur omnes.
 Quodcunque est fit ritè, velis si cernere Summam; 145.
 Contra, si nostri nihil ultra funera vivit.
 Vir bonus et sapiens vitam connectet utramque.
 At sunt, hærentes verborum in cortice nudo,

Singula

Singula qui, non Rerum ingens Systema tuentur,
 Atque hodierna omnem cogunt in tempora scenam. 150.
 Advolat huc Furum turba omnis, et omnis Adulter;
 Hanc sibi perfugium petit ipse Sicarius aram.

Scilicet ipse rato statuit Deus ordine Leges,
 Quas temerare potest nemo; probus improbus an sit
 Quid refert? nihil hinc rescindere Homuncio possit, 155.
 Nil mutare; suum servant res usque tenorem.

Dic mihi quas leges narras, quive iste sit ordo?
 Altera namque Homini est, animalibus altera Brutis;
 Altera lex rerum Massæ rationis egenti.

Est sua materiæ Gravitas; hinc, non propria vi 160.
 Attrahit, attrahitur; varios hinc incita motus
 Conficit, hinc stat compages et machina Mundi.

Quid dicam quibus est vitæ spirabile donum,
 Alituum genus an pecudes; An sæva ferarum
 Semina; foecundo vel quæ fovet ubere pontus? 165.
 Non horum temere quivis sine lege vagatur;
 Quin, sive afflatu divinæ contigit auræ,
 Seu rationis habent quantum desiderat usus,

His

His aliqua prodire tenus datur; En sibi solers
 Quisque parat victum; sua tractat gnaviter arma;
 Atque edit foetus, atque esca nutrit amica
 Quos peperit, prodest teneris dum cura parentum.
 Hic labor, hæc vitæ est omnis dulcedo; nec ultra
 Aut cupit aut metuit, satis hoc in munere felix.

Latior ast homini campus patet; Ille, sagaci
 Ingenio, Artificis dignoscit signa supremi,
 Immensum per opus, tot miris fertile, mundum.
 Talibus indiciis, rerum dominumque patremque
 Ille in vota vocat; Pulcrique imbutus amore
 Exemplar sibi divinum proponit, ut inde
 Possit et ipse suos imitando effingere mores.
 Pulcrius utque nihil, nihil ut divinius est quàm
 Prospiciens aliis Bonitas, diffusaque latè;
 Illé aliena, sibi putat haud aliena; nec axem
 Vertitur usque suum circa, sibi providus uni;
 At Patriam, at genus omne hominum, genus omne ani-
 mantùm,
 Ingenti, se diffundens, complectitur Orbe.

Hæc

Hæc stabilivit item Natura perennia vitæ
 Jura, hominem per sese inopem cum finxit; ut alter
 Alterius deposcat opem, et sua quisque vicissim
 Consilia in medium promat, sermone ministro.
 Confer cum reliquis etenim viventibus; Ecquid
 Est hominis forma magis ad tutamen inerme?
 Quanta sed huic Virtus et inexpugnabile robur;
 Si communis Amor, Gravitas velut, alligat uno
 Fœdere, confociatque inter se dissita membra?

Lex igitur, lex hæc animis insculpta, benigno
 Hæc nutu sancita Dei est; hanc comprobat ipsa
 Utilitas; huc quemque trahit nativa Voluptas.

Quorsum abeunt tamen ista? Videtne effræna libido,
 Vel mala consuetudo, vel ipsa inscitia, quantas
 Dent latè strages, hominum pars quantula felix!
 Contemplator enim, quæ sol oriturve, caditve;
 Aut loca quæ Boreas, aut quæ tenet ultimus Auster;
 Perpetuove jacet tellus ubi torrida ab igni:
 Quanta ibi pauperies et inertia! quanta ferinis
 Offusa est animis caligo, insanus et error!

Vix

Vix hominis, præter formam, vestigia cernas.

Quid Nos, uberiora Deus quibus ipse Salutis
Lumina dat, ducitque manu, sanctissima custos,
Relligio; ducit, non vi trahit imperiosa?

Ecce renitentes jubar immortale diemque
Odimus oblatam, commentaque vana tenemus;
Vana Sophistarum Glossemata, luce relicta.

His pro quisquiliis heu! digladiamur, ut aris,
Impacabiliter: quot cædes inde, cruorque
Fraternus! Pietas quot parturit impia facta!

Usque adeo morum vitiosa licentia miscet
Fas omne atque nefas, grassata impunè per orbem.
Illa Gigantea est vis, quæ rescindere cœlum
Conatur, montesque imponere montibus audax.
Aspicit hæc, Deus an nequicquam fulmina librat?
Pectora an Humani nihil immortalia tangit?

Aspicit; impropere licet, sua quemque sequentur
Præmia pro meritis; neque poena incerta morando est.

Haud equidem humanis dubito quin nunc quoq; rebus
Ipse interveniat Deus, et (nè funditus omnis

Notitia

Notitia intereat divini Vindicis) edat
 Per Gentes exempla modis insignia miris.
 Parcìus ista tamen; non, ut temeraria fingit
 Usque superstìtio, torquet quæ Numinis iram
 In quoscunque velit, suaque eripit arma Tonanti.

Nec sum animi ignarus quid mens sibi conscia possit;
 Ut neque sit Virtus jam nunc mercede sine ulla,
 Nec nullas dum vita manet des Improbe pœnas;
 Quanquam Homines fallas haud Te tamen effugis Ipse:
 Te Diræ ultrices agitant, te Cura remordet
 Sæva comes, memorique habitat sub pectore Vindex.

Quid tibi sæpe graves cum morbi, debita luxûs
 Dona, Pthifes lentæ, tormenta et acuta Podagræ;
 Atque tumens Hydrops, spasmusque, urensq; Marasmus
 Incubuère, cohors funesta? hinc degitur ævi
 Portio si qua manet crudeli exesa dolore;
 Et quorum in Vita posita est spes unica, tædet
 Vivendi, mortemque simul cupiuntque timentque.

Sin Horum ad feros aliquis pervenerit annos,
 Non habet unde isthoc compenset; nam neque dulces

Carpit amicitiaë fructus, neque laude Bonorum
Pascitur, atque sua, quoties anteaëta revolvit;

At focii jam tum luxûs fugère prioris,

250

Vilis adulator vacuas quoque deserit ædes;

Atque illum, si quando oculos converterit intus,
Terret imago sui, sese et dum respicit horret.

Ille etiam cum Mors adstat, telumque coruscat

Jam jamque intentans ictum, quas non adit artes

255

Anxius, ut miserum medica vi proroget ævum

Paulisper, mille et per curas vita trahatur?

Quòd si vita referta malis, Nostrique superstes

Post Mortem nihil est, cur ultima territat hora?

Sic est, hæret adhuc quam spernere velle videtur,

260

Nescio quæ fortis cura importuna futuræ.

At contra, quibus innocua et sine crimine Vita est,

Quique alios norunt sibi devincire merendo,

Aut qui præclaris ditârunt sæcla repertis, ---

Illis nectareo manans de fonte seremat

265

Conscia laus animum, tranquillaque temperat ora.

Non metus abrumpit somnos, non invida cura;

Non

Non Venus aut Bacchus vires minuère, neque illos
Res aut adversæ frangunt inflantve secundæ:

Cui spes ulterior, casus munitur ad omnes. ---

270

Ergo senectutem labentes leniter anni

Cum sensim attulerint, mortem ista mente propinquam

Aspicit, ut longis qui tempestatibus actus

Portum in conspectu tenet, effugiumque Malorum.

Scilicet hunc unum Mortis vicinia terret,

275

Qui sibi præmetuit si quid post funera restet;

Non hunc qui recte vitam sanctæque peregit.

Hic, sese excutiens sibi plaudit, et aureus ut Sol

Usque sub occasum diffuso lumine ridet:

Hic, matura dies venit cum Mortis, ad ævum

280

Suspicit immortale, Hic spe meliore triumphans

Coelicolum jam nunc prælibat gaudia votis.

Talis erat grata semper quem mente recordor

*D. Hough
Episc. Nigeri*

Ille, decus Mitræ, Libertatisque satelles,

Dum tanti Tempus propugnatoris egebat

285

Houghius; Hic, numeros propè centenarius omnes

Cum Vitæ explerat; florenti plenus honore,

Sensibus integris, sine morbo, experisque doloris,
 Vivendique fatur, sic vita exhibat, ut Actor
 E scena egregius toto plaudente Theatro;
 Aut qui post stadium summa cum laude peractum
 Victor Olympiacæ poscit sibi præmia palmæ.

290.

His patet indiciis animi vis conscia quantum
 Spe foveat, crucietve metu mortalia corda.
 Unde sed iste metus, quid spes velit illa rogarim,
 Si nil sperandum est, obita nil morte timendum?
 En ut venturo conspirent omnia sæclo!

295.

Quocircà in Terris bene seu res seu male cedat,
 Vir sapiens nec amat Vitam neque tetricus odit:
 Intus enim quo se duro in discrimine Rerum
 Consoletur, habet; sin aura faventior afflet;
 Immemor haud vivit quàm lubrica, quàmque caduca
 Fortunæ Bona sint; Bona si quis censet habenda,
 Perdere quæ metuit, quæve aspernatur adeptus.

300.

Nec vereare quidem nè fortè ad munia vitæ
 Segnior hinc animus detrectet ferre labores,
 Atque pericla subire, vocet si publicus usus:

305.

Liberum

Liberum et erectum potiùs, rebusque in agendis
Fortem Hominem invictumq; facit, casusq; per omnes
Roborat externarum hæc despicientia rerum. 310.

Hunc tamen incufas, ut quem, spes unica mercis
Non veræ Virtutis amor, non sensus Honesti
Servat in officio; Nempe huic est sordida virtus
Qui rectè facit ut post mortem præmia carpat.

Ille Bonus verè est, quem, spes si nulla Futuri,
Ad Pulcrum atque Decens per se super omnia ducit
Morùm dulce melos, & agendi semita simplex. 315.

Esto; nec Ille malus qui non hîc hæret, at illam
Quò Natura trahit metam scit ritè tueri;

Semper et innatis ultra mortalia votis 320.

Fertur ovans, Pulcrumque petit sine fine supremum.

Ergo age dic fodes quæ præmia, quid sibi sperat
Mercedis? Namque haud sectatur vilia rerum.

Illum, non Usura vorax, non Turba sequentùm,
Non mendax plausus, fucataque gloria; non quæ, 325.

Prava per incautum spargit mendacia Vulgus
Ambitio tenet, aut Titulorum splendor inanis:

At

At quò verus Honos, quò fert Natura, Decusque
Humani generis jubet ire, viriliter ibit:

Virtutesque alias aliis Virtutibus addens, 330
Donec in hac Vitæ sese exercere palæstra
Cogitur, Ingenium fata ad meliora parabit.

Cætera pars Hominum ferimur jactante procella
Ut ratis, huc illuc; et per diversa viarum

Conatu ingenti fugientem prendimus umbram. 335

Ac veluti infantes pueri crepitacula poscunt
Ardenti studio; mox, parta relinquere gaudent;
Sic etiam in plenis Homines pueraſcimus annis.

At bene perſuaſum cui ſit, non eſſe ſupremam
Hanc Animi vitam, reſtare ſed altera fata, 340
Salva Illi reſ eſt, neque ſpe lactatur inani.

Quippe ubi mens Hominis purum ſimplexque requirat
Irrequieta Bonum, non ſperat forte potiri

Jam nunc felici: Quid enim? nunc, vivimus omnes
Pravum ubi commiſtum recto eſt; ubi triſtia lætis; 345

Ipoſa ubi delirans inhiat ſapientia nugas;

Atque in odoratis florent aconita roſetis:

Omnia

Omnia mixta quidem, fluxa omnia, ludicra demum
Omnia, nec votis est quod respondeat usquam.

Forſan et ipſe Deus, (divinum exquirere ſi fas

350.

Conſilium,) ſic res attemperat, uſque ſecundis

Adverſas miſcens, et amaris dulcia condit;

Spernere ut hinc diſcat Terreſtria Mens, et amicis

Caſtigata malis, coelo ſpem ponat in uno,

Eſt ubi certa Domus, requies ubi ſola laborum.

355.

Quare age, jam tandem memorata recollige mecum.

Quippe viam emenſus dubiam, ſcopuloſque latentes

Erroris nunc prætervectus et æquora cæca

Conſpicio portum. Nempe hæc quæ cogitat et vult,

Mens, haud terrenis conflata eſt ex elementis;

360.

Ergo Naturâ eſt quiddam immortale ſuapte.

Verùm hanc interea Deus hanc extinguere poſſit:

Eſto, Deus poſſit ſi fert divina voluntas;

At non extinguet: neque enim vis illa ſciendi

Tot res humana tam longe forte remotas;

365.

Nec porro Æterni nunquam ſatiata cupido;

Nec deſiderium noſtris in mentibus hærens

Perfecti,

Perfecti, frustra est. Jam si fas Jusque requirunt
 Ut sceleri male sit, bene Virtutique, nec illa
 Alterutri fors obtingat, dum vivitur istic;
 Restat ut hoc alio fiat discrimen in ævo.

Tum vero quæ nunc rudis, et sapiente Bonoque
 (Si genus humanum spectes) haud Numine digna est
 Scena, revelabit dempta se nube, colorque
 Verus erit rebus, verusque videbitur Ordo.
 Hoc nisi credideris, dic, qua ratione probetur
 Omnino esse Deum summo qui consilio Res
 Harmoniaque regit; Num cætera scilicet aptè
 Dirigit, hæc, quæ præcipua est, in parte laborat?
 Haud ita; Tempus erit, (noli quo quærere more)
 Hoc satis est, hoc constat, erit post funera Tempus;
 Cum Deus, ut par est, æquos excernet Iniquis,
 Sontibus Infontes, et idonea cuique rependet.

F I N I S.



O F T H E
I M M O R T A L I T Y
O F T H E
S O U L.
A P O E M.

Man's whole Life is full of Care,
Nor to his Toils is Respite found;
Another State, that's better far,
Darkness hides, and Clouds surround:
But Life on Earth too much we love,
Because it makes a glitt'ring Shew,
Nor can we by Experience prove
That *other* Life in Shades below:
Hence by *Fables* here and there
We're led, we know not how, nor where. EURIPIDES.

Translated from the Latin of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;
By RICHARD GREY, D.D.
Commissary and Official of the Archdeaconry of LEICESTER.

L O N D O N,
Printed for BENJAMIN DOD, at the Bible and Key in *Ave-Mary Lane*, near *St. Paul's*.

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[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

ADDENDA et CORRIGENDA.

- Page* 5. for line 3 and 4, read, The sacred Poet to our View presents,
23. after line 8. read the two following Lines (left out by Mistake)
And slow-emerging, to some public Post
Of Trust or Honour he's at length advanc'd :
25. at the end of Line 24. put an ! instead of ?
35. Line 15. for Exalts r. Exults.
38. Line the last, for Flowr's r. flow'rs.

TO THE REVEREND

DAVID TRIMNELL, D.D.

PRECENTOR of the Cathedral Church of

L I N C O L N,

And ARCHDEACON of LEICESTER,

This Translation (of the Elegant Poem,

Written by his Son-in-Law,

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE Esq;

Upon the Immortality of the Soul)

Is with the highest Respect dedicated

By his most obliged and most

Obedient humble Servant,

R. GREY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PH.D. THESIS

BY

ANDREW ROBERTSON

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

AND

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CHICAGO, ILL.

TO THE MOST REVEREND PRELATE

T H O M A S,
ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,
P R I M A T E
O F A L L E N G L A N D,

This Poem, such as it is, upon a Subject of the highest Importance,

Is presented and dedicated by

a

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.



P R E F A C E.


THE following Translation is from a Poem justly admir'd for the Elegance and Purity of its Style, and for comprising in an easy, concise, perspicuous and affecting Manner, the strongest *Proofs from Reason*, of the most interesting and important Truth that the Mind of Man can contemplate. As it peculiarly excels in the Justness and Propriety of the Language it is wrote in, it must appear to disadvantage in any other. I have however endeavour'd to give at least a faithful and exact Translation of it, and in some Measure to *preserve the Spirit of the Original*, by keeping as close as possible, not only to the Sense of the learned and ingenious Author, but to his Words, and Manner of Expression. The *rendering of it into English* may possibly contribute towards making the Arguments upon this Subject more generally known and attended to, and consequently more effectually answer the good Intention of the Poem. For it is greatly to be hoped, that if Men were once firmly persuaded of the *Immortality of the Soul*, upon the Principles of natural Reason, they might not only be prevailed upon to live more consistently with the *Dignity of their Nature*, and the Expectation of a future State; but also be disposed the more readily, and thankfully to embrace that Divine Revelation, of which this Doctrine is a fundamental Point, infallibly made known to them, in the clearest and most awful Light.

I have only to add, that I did not hear of Mr. HAY's intending to oblige the World with a Translation of this Poem, till I had finish'd my own. The Performance of so ingenious a Writer would, in all Probability, have superseded this Attempt of mine, if it had not been undertaken in a different Kind of Verse.



OF THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

LL other Animals on Earth enjoy
The Lot which Nature gave, nor wish for more.
Man only, with Sagacity to know,
And with importunate Desire, of Things
The Reasons and Connections to search out,
Takes a vain Journey: Death with fable Wings
Hangs o'er, and in the Middle of his Course,
Arrests him as he goes. Why this, if nought
Wisdom divine created has in Vain?
Say, for what End these Seeds of heav'nly Mind
In Man implanted, if they have not Pow'r
To grow and ripen to their proper Fruits!

Of Things to know the Causes, what avails;
 The Present with the Future to unite;
 In Thought to roam above the Sun and Stars;
 If Man must die? Yet the whole Human race,
 One Law of Death and common Grave awaits.
 Is it not better then, if this the Case,
 With some kind Nymph to dally in the Shade?
 Or with the merry Dance to celebrate
 Thee, Father Bacchus, God of pow'rful Wine?
 Wine Cares can banish, Wine extinguish quite
 Both Sense of Past, and Fear of what's to come.

Come on then, fill the Bowl: Eat, Drink, and Play;
 Join with the tuneful Lyre melodious Song;
 Snatch the swift Day's Enjoyments, as it flies,
 With jovial Heart; nor anxious seek to know,
 What Good or Ill To-morrow may bring forth.

But soon of these Delights we weary grow;
 Scarce is the Pleasure tasted, ere it cloy.
 These Trifles then dismiss'd, let's try to find
 Things of more grave Concern. Go, heap up Wealth;
 The Path, where Honour or Ambition leads,
 Pursue, attended with a num'rous Throng
 Of Morning-Visitors. Why many Words?
 To the same Point you still are carried round,
 Forc'd to exclaim, that *All is Vanity*.

What Way then try we? Where the friendly Shore?

3 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

See you not how the Mind, whilst closely pent
Within the Body, Things from Things to know
Still longs, and without End (so Nature leads)
By gradual Steps to reach Eternal Truth.

Nay more, She covets not these fleeting Joys,
But Joys that with her Nature better suit;
Joys subject to no Change, and without End.

Take Courage then; for neither works in vain
Wisdom divine; nor shall the human Mind
Be always cramp'd in the same narrow Bounds
With this frail Body;—Pure from Earthly Stain,
She vig'rous lives, and shall for ever live.

And, soon as from the Body's Fetters loos'd,
As from her Prison, Heav'n, her native Seat,
The old Inhabitant shall free regain,
From Truth's eternal Fountain flowing Streams
Of Nectar drink, and crop celestial Spice.

Indeed, whilst Life remains, (if what's enclos'd
In this blind Husk of Body can deserve
The Name of Life) the Vigour of the Mind
Is chill'd; nor spreads she out her gladsome Wings.
Yet many Traces of her antient Stock
She still retains. Else whence so many Things
Does she remember? whence her Pow'r to range
All in apt Order, and then bring them forth
For Use? for sure a Treasure so immense

Can never in the Body's Cells be lodg'd,
Nor by the Body's Pow'r recall'd to Light.

That too, which Life supplies with all it wants
Of Strength or Beauty, Source of various Arts,
Th' inventive Faculty, which Names on Things
Imposed, by Letters which tied down the Voice,
And Men, (that lived, before like Savage Beasts,
In different Parts dispers'd) fettled in Towns;
'Tam'd them with Laws. and join'd in mutual League;
What is it other, than some Pow'r divine,
Ethereal Sense, and Virtue Heav'n-inspir'd?

Those too, whose Eloquence in rapid Course
The Passions drives impetuous, at it's Will,
Thunder and Lightning mingling as it rolls;
Whence draw they its Supplies? Has Fire like this
Ought of Affinity with mortal Sound?
What think you of the Poet's Lays? What Part
So'er he undertakes, whether he tries
With the smooth Cadence and harmonious Force
Of Numbers, soft to steal upon the Ear,
In varied Sweetness, or with fancied Song
Of specious Wonders penetrates the Heart;
Still Grandeur and Sublimity he breaths.
And since whate'er on Earth is done or seen,
Revolving in the same perpetual Round,

5 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Can never satisfy the Mind, which seeks
Things of a different and an higher Kind ;
The sacred ^{Poet} ~~Monitor~~ within our Breast,
~~With Voice prophetic~~, to our View presents
Sublimed Order, and more beautiful Scenes ;
Scenes more adapted to the Mind's Desires,
The Hope and Preface of a Life to come.

What those, whose Skill the Motions can describe
Of Heav'nly Bodies ; by what stated Laws,
In Space immense, the Stars and Comets roll
Around the Sun ; how in the vast Expanse
Of Ether, different Stars unmov'd give Light
To Planets different — And can you doubt
Whether this Mind, which thro' the Stars and Heav'n
Ev'n now can shoot herself, from Heav'n came down,
And thither shall return from whence she came,
Again revisiting her Native Seat ?

Were these Things possible ; had not the Mind
A Pow'r of acting properly its own,
Unmix'd with ought of Matter ? Add to this
Its Power of Consciousness, to love and hate,
To choose and not to choose, to hope and fear,
To grieve and to rejoice — All this She does
By her own Strength, nor wants the Body's Help.
By this She Things compares and separates ;

And One by One, the Elements of Truth
 Disjoin'd and scatter'd, carefully collects,
 And binds in Friendly Union. Hence she draws
 Of Things the Causes; Arts on Arts she builds
 In beauteous Order; and still higher climbs
 To the chief Summit, whence is clearly view'd
 The universal Series, and the Chain
 Entire, that, from the Throne of God let down,
 Reaches to Earth. Lastly, into Herself
 She can descend, and there, of Things within
 View the Ideas; knows, how each is form'd;
 Whence her own Pow'r of Thought; and just not what her Make
 Is Pow'r like this corporeal? What Machine
 Was ever sensible of its own Strength,
 Or knew its own Support? And yet no more
 Than a Machine is ev'ry Body, mov'd
 By outward Force, not inward or its own.

Measure not then, from what the Vulgar know,
 The Mind's vast Penetration; Turn your Eyes
 To those great Men, whom ancient *Greece* or *Rome*,
 (Illustrious Names, and recent still in Fame)
 Or whom, to neither yielding, *England* bred,
 The Nurse of Heroes once, in better Times.

What need so many Poets Heav'n-inspir'd,
 So many Legislators to recount?

7 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Or pow'rful Orators, or Those by whom
Fair Science, long with Duft and Filth obscur'd,
And hating Day, was introduc'd to Sight?
BACON, above the rest, as Mid-day Sun
Refulgent, shew'd the Way to ev'ry Art.
He first from vain Hypothesis recall'd
Philosophy; and where, thro' Path secure,
Experience, faithful Guide, directs the Steps,
Of NEWTON great Forerunner, He at once
Points out the Passage, and presents the Lamp.

Illustrious Souls! If ought below concerns
Th' Inhabitants of Heav'n; if to your Care
The *British* Nation still has any Claim;
Propitious hear, and at my Pray'r renew
Our antient Spirit; that, no longer sunk
In drowzy Sloth, we may at Length aspire
To high Exploits, still bearing in our Mind
True Merit, and our great Forefathers Praise.

Gifts excellent as Theirs, I truly think,
Could not without the Deity arise;
But God in ev'ry Age, has here and there
Scatter'd, like Stars, some brighter Souls; that fir'd
By their Example, a degenerate World
Might learn t'exert itself, and recognize
Of Human Mind the Origin sublime.

That we an Interest have beyond the Grave,

Men's

Men's inward Apprehensions further shew ;
 Within, within us lies sufficient Proof.
 Learned Antiquity this Truth attests ;
 The Public Voice confirms it ; nor is known
 Nation so barbarous, as not to look
 Beyond the Grave, and future Prospect claim.

Hence the slow-growing Oak is sown, the Gain
 And posthumous Reward of Sons of Sons :
 Hence the tall Pyramid's huge Pile is rais'd,
 To stand and baffle all the Force of Time.

Hence that Solitude the Bounds of Life
 To lengthen out by a surviving Name ;
 Hence held so dear is Honour after Death,
 That neither Danger fears, nor Toils declines
 A Man of gen'rous Spirit, to Himself
 Of following Ages so he can but claim
 The Admiration, and his Fame transmit
 To late Posterity. See we not how,
 To his last hour, the Criminal convict
 Persists with Falsehood to deny his Guilt ;
 His Reputation to preserve intire ?
 These Indications of a future State,
 And Notices obscure, has Nature sown
 Within ; hence so solicitous the Mind
 About th' Opinion of Posterity ;
 But what's to Us the Voice of After Times,
 If we are Dust and Shadow, Nothing more ?

9 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Fame comes too late that follows to the Tomb,
Nor can affect the Ashes now at Rest.

What mean the Funeral-Rites? The anxious Care
For the Defunct, and labour'd Monument?
For some to Earth commit the lifeless Corpse,
Hang Garlands o'er the Grave, and annual Rites
Perform to the deceas'd, as if the Ghosts
In Shades below such Obsequies requir'd:
Some on a Funeral-Pile the Body burn;
Collect, and in the faithful Urn repose
The Ashes; that the Reliques thus preserv'd
May Time out-last. What need I mention Those,
Whose Fields the *Nile* o'erflows with his rich Wave?
With these the Custom, nor to burn with Fire,
Nor bury in the Ground; embowell'd first
And wash'd, into the Bodies Pitch they pour
And purest Frankincense, then fill them up
With tough Bitumen: this perform'd, the Whole
With Wreaths of Filleting they closely bind,
To make the Parts cohere; to finish all,
The Image of the Person when alive
Compleats with borrow'd Grace the outward Form.
So natural to Man the pleasing Hope,
So firm th' Assurance, that, this earthly Frame
By Death dissolv'd, his better Part remains,

Which

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL: 10

Which nor the Pow'r of Fate can e'er destroy
Nor latest Time's devouring Teeth deface.

See where the *Ganges* laves the *Indian Shore*;
There Men, of Life impatient, headlong leap
Into the Flames, or Life spontaneous yield
Before the Altars of their Gods; impell'd
With blind Desire hence thither to remove,
Where peaceful Seats of Bliss the Fates have fix'd,
Where endless Spring, and Suns without a Cloud.

Nor are the Eastern Wives less known to Fame:
They nor with Tears nor womanish Lament
The Husband's Fate deplore; but (strange to tell!)
They mount his Fun'ral Pile, and are consum'd
In the same Flame: under this fond Belief,
That so behaving they shall Leave obtain,
To go Companions with their former Mates,
And bridal Rites renew in Shades below.

View the unconquer'd Nations of the North,
The Climes where *Boreas* breaths eternal Frost:
An equal Ardor animates them all;
The same Contempt of Life still drives them on,
In untam'd Valour fierce, thro' Fire and Sword.
What stimulates this Rage? What plies these Spurs?
What, but the Prospect of an endless Life,
Promis'd to Those who for their Country bleed?

II OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

Add what is told of the Elyfian Fields,
The Stygian Lake, and *Phlegethon's* black Wave.

Th' Inventions these of Priest-craft. Be it so,
What is it to the Point? No Room for Fraud,
Were not some previous, tho' imperfect Marks
Of Future on the Mind: whate'er is false
For its Foundation presupposes Truth.

But of unbodied Mind, because 'tis hard
Conception just to frame, and from gross Sense
To separate the Soul, the lower Class
Corporeal Forms attribute to the Mind,
And Looks, and Limbs, and Places of Abode,
Resembling those of Body. Hence again
Others, who think these Fancies wild and vain,
Nor certain, in what Manner, after Death,
The Soul from Body separate exists,
Think Both extinguish'd in one common Grave:
Or, that they cannot bear the Pains to learn,
Or count it Shame to own their Ignorance.
For 'tis no easy Task to separate
The Truth from Falsehood. Wherefore shake off Sloth,
Nor Truth reject for Fables, which or Craft,
Or Wantonness of Poets introduc'd.

What, proves not the Consent of all Mankind,
 That Voice of Nature, as 'tis rightly thought,
 That there's a God? But Notions yet how false,
 And how unworthy of the Deity,
 Have Men invented! To the Cause supreme
 Ascribing Human Properties; of Gods
 The Number swelling, as their giddy Minds
 Were either rais'd by Hope, or prest by Fear.
 For why? Whate'er they thought would do them good,
 Those their Propitious Deities they call'd;
 As those Unlucky, which would do them Harm.
 Nay to such Height at last the Frenzy grew,
 That little ugly Beasts, nay even Leeks
 And Onions, were by mad Antiquity
 Held sacred, and as Deities ador'd.

These Things well weigh'd, the *Grecian* Sage foretold,
 (What to our Wishes Time at last produc'd)
 After a Period of revolving Years,
 The coming and Assistance of a God:
 Who, like the Sun, should the dark Mists dispel
 That cloud the human Mind; thro' the blind Paths
 Of Error safely lead Her; and Himself
 Her Steps conduct by an unerring Thread.

Mean while by Nature's Light, as through a Cloud,
 By many Tokens Truth might be discern'd.
 Then let us follow where Conjecture leads,
 Nor slight the Help that Reason's self affords.

13 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

First, with the Body that the Mind agrees
In several Respects, I freely grant ;
Thus much their mutual Union requires :
But still in many too she disagrees,
And thereby fully proves herself to be
Of Nature different, and Stock divine.

In full Perfection oft we may observe
The Body's Strength, whilst languid and infirm
The Mind, and oft again, the Body weak,
Whilst its acutest Sense the Mind retains.
Yet further, if alike they both must die,
By the same Rule they should alike decay,
And sicken with each other; yet we see
Oft the Reverse. For at th' Approach of Death,
When the numb'd Limbs their quick Sensations lose,
Then is the Mind most vig'rous and keen,
By Heav'nly Ardor fir'd; then Eloquence
At no Time sweeter Charms; then likewise oft
Hang Words prophetic on the dying Tongue.

Of Parts corporeal if the Mind consists,
Once more I ask, how comes it, that in Sleep,
When ev'ry Avenue of Sense is clos'd,
Nor outward Object left to feed the Mind,
Then most of all She's active; then exerts
Her proper Strength, and on her clapping Wings
Rears, like a Bird, its Cage by chance unshut,

That

That mounting flies, and trills in open Air.

If now corporeal were the Mind, of Parts
 In Number infinite it must consist;
 Each single Particle would have its Sense,
 Each its Propensity; and diff'rent Ways
 So many diff'rent Minds at once would draw.
 Of Discord and Confusion in this State,
 Say how could Truth and Justice be maintain'd,
 Life's ev'n Tenor, and self-conscious Worth.

Some think perhaps, in Matter fitly shap'd,
 And properly dispos'd, that Pow'r of Thought
 Consists; — As if more wise were square than round —
 Diminish or enlarge, 'tis all the same,
 Or give the Corpuscles what Form you please — —
 'Tis to the Mind as much (nor more nor less)
 As what their Colour, whether black or white.

This thinking Principle some certain Kinds
 Of Motion constitute: what the Effects,
 Which Motion can't produce? Yes, without Doubt,
 Will, Reason, Intellect, and Knowledge, all
 Consist of Weights and Pulleys; School-boys Top,
 I fancy too, when whipt gets Parts, and grows
 For ev'ry Lash the wiser, as it whirls:
 And by like Rule, soon as the Water boils
 In a rich Vein it swells and overflows.

15 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Of Eloquence. But whence is Motion's self?
Not sure th' unactive Body, but the Mind,
The Mind alone of Motion is the Source:
And from within, at her own Will and Nod,
As God the Universe, so does the Mind
Direct and rule the whole corporeal Mass.

Cease then to wonder, how the Mind can live
Of Body wholly stript! To me 'twould seem
Much stranger, if by any Force impair'd
It could Extinction suffer, of no Parts
Consisting, nor from outward Violence
To Separation liable or Hurt.

Once more reflect, from Nothing but itself
Its Motion it receives; But what's self-mov'd,
Can ne'er desert itself,---and therefore never die.

But yet 'tis difficult to apprehend,
How any Thing, devoid of Form and Place,
Can possibly exist. What think you then
Of God himself? Nor Form the Mind divine
(Far as we know) admits; nor circumscrib'd
By Place is his Immensity; unless
You happen to suppose, that God Himself
Is Matter. But if God be Spirit, pure
And without Parts, from ev'ry Dreg remov'd
Of Body; in Proportion then, the same
Think of the human Mind. For is there ought

That

That in itself boasts greater Excellence,
 Or stronger proves its Heavenly Descent?
 Hence oft, whilst with the Body firmly link'd,
 It steps abroad, prepares itself for Flight,
 And as a Stranger, not Inhabitant
 Of Earth, aloft it foars, and Effort makes
 Delightful, to regain its Native Seat.

Go, wonder now at this frail Loan of Life;
 And, like an Insect, with transparent Wings
 Fly here and there unwearied; sip the Dew,
 And feed a while on Air, then without Hope
 Again to Nothing sink. Is this the Whole
 Of Life? and are our Wishes thus in vain?
 And terminate in this our promis'd Hopes?
 How much more truly that the Life of Man,
 The happy time, when we shall be allow'd
 Truth to contemplate, not as now we do,
 By slow Advances, and long winding Course
 Of Meditation tedious; but by View
 Intuitive, and ev'ry Cloud remov'd?

But to the Mind, you'll say, the Senses gone,
 No Pow'r to know is left; for from this Source
 All Knowledge flows; by this 'tis fed and grows,
 And when this fails, that too must fail of Course.

How

17 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

How this, when to the Senses now impair'd
She lends the Strength, which Nature has denied?
And by the Help of Art, adds Eyes to Eyes
And Ears to Ears. Hence, e'en in this Life,
Herself She raises far above the Rank
And Lot of human Things; now calls from Heav'n
The Stars; now with resistless Pow'r unlocks
Earth's inmost Chambers; now draws forth to Light
Minutest Bodies, for the Eye too small,
And of new Worlds the Miracles displays.

What, when of Sense the Errors She corrects,
And by unerring Judgement of her own,
Directly contrary to their Report,
The Shape, the Size, the Distances of Things
Determines? Do not these Things shew a Pow'r,
Detach'd from Sense, and Seed celestial? Hence,
This Frame dissolv'd, 'tis probable, the Mind,
Which now precluding short Excursions makes,
Shall Pow'r enjoy to take a freer Flight,
And into ev'ry Truth launch unrestrain'd.

Ask you, how this can be? We neither know
As yet, nor is it our Concern to know:
Didst thou thyself, when in thy Mother's Womb,
Know what a Life the Present? Knows the Man,
Blind from a Child, the sweet Variety
Of Colours? And yet He, you own, perceives

That others somewhat have, which to himself,
Born for Things better, is by Fate denied.

Just so the Mind sees Nothing upon Earth
That's equal to her Wishes; all is mean,
With that fair Form of Beauty infinite
Compar'd, which in his Bosom He preserves,
Whose Mind is vig'rous, and whose Heart's inflam'd
With Love of Things above. The Country This,
That all his Wishes, all his Thoughts employs.
Absent from This, with ceaseless Love he pines
Of absent Object; and, true Lover like,
Shunning Society of Man, he seeks
The Groves, the purling Streams, and secret Shades,
Where all alone he with himself may muse,
And now with Verse, and now with Wisdom's Lore,
Or cheat, or mitigate, his Load of Cares.

That Man seems therefore happy to have liv'd,
In my Account, who, when he has survey'd
This World's grand Theatre with Mind compos'd,
This Sun, and Earth, and Seas, and Clouds, and Fire;
Strait, as a Guest well satisfied, returns
From whence he came. For whether you're allow'd
In Life to linger on an hundred Years,
Or count but few, still the same Scene recurs:
Nought better or more new your Eyes behold,
Than what they saw before. Count then that Time,

19 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Whate'er it is, that's spent on Earth, no more
Than as some public 'Change; or larger Inn
For Persons outward bound; where Life detain'd
Hangs floating in Uncertainty, between
A thousand Follies tost, a thousand Cares.
Who first sets out, first gains the Port. Away!
Hoist quick the Sails, lest haply fail thy Stores.
Why lingrest thou? behind advancing on
Are dire Diseases, bitter Loss of Friends,
And Age on ev'ry Side beset with Snares.

But whither am I hurried? Sure to leave
This World, without his Order, who assign'd
Our Station in it, and 'tween Hope and Fear
Plac'd us on Purpose, that we might attend
The Banner of our Leader, is a Crime.
Whate'er we bear, we bear at God's Command,
And therefore ought to bear it. But were this
My firm Persuasion, that beyond the Grave
Nothing remain'd, soon would I choose to pass
Hence to that Place, where All, or soon or late,
The Drama finish'd, rest in endless Night.
Nay more, would God permit me to renew
My Youth, or Infant-cradle to resume,
The profer'd Invitation I'd refuse.

No, might I ev'ry Joy of Life possess,
Wit, Spirit, Prudence, Virtue, Eloquence,
Honour unenvied, a long Race of Sons,

Fam'd

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 20

Fam'd for their Father's Virtue and their own,
Not ev'n for such a Price as this I'd deign
The same dull Path to tread so often o'er,
And the same Circle wheel. The Mind aspires
To Things more glorious. To its high Defires
Nothing is equal, that can change or end.





OF THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN ev'ry Thing beside, that God hath made,
Plain Marks then of his Goodness he has shewn;
All can, but Man, be happy. Man, on Earth
Chief of his Works, Man in his Image made,
With Sufferings severe is exercis'd.

No;----of the Deity be such Complaints
Far from us. Yet look round with me awhile
On human Life; you'll own what a vast Crowd
Of Evils presses hard on ev'ry Side,
Not upon this, or that Man, as it falls;

But

But upon, nearly, the whole human Race
 Without Distinction, and in Multitudes.
 How many Thousands sweeps the Rage of War!
 How many does relentless Tyranny,
 Of Torture various Arts from Day to Day
 Devising, give to Death, or load with Chains!
 What those who wretched e'en where Plenty reigns,
 Perish with Hunger; or whom fell Disease
 Takes off at once, or lingring Sicknefs wafts
 Piece-meal, without their Fault! for those I pass
 Unmention'd, who, in Numbers, Martyrs fall
 To Wine and Women and their own Excess.
 What profits Virtue? Of religious Life
 Where the Rewards? Give Virtue all her Due;
 Let her the Evils, which she can't prevent,
 By bearing teach to soften; let her cheer
 With better Hope; to Man give inward Peace;
 Abate the swelling Tides of Rage and Love;
 Still She protects not—is no certain Guard
 Against Misfortune. Nay, (the Truth allow'd)
 Oft Virtue's self to Dangers evident
 Exposes. 'Tis their Int'rest to be bad,
 Who serve proud Masters. Ev'ry Tyrant hates
 True Honesty. How many, who have serv'd
 Their Country gloriously, have been undone

By the blind Rage of Those whom they had fav'd!
 No sooner does a Character appear
 Of any Eminence, but strait, in Arms
 And close Confed'racy, the envious Mob
 Rise up against him; quick with Viper-tooth
 To gnaw, and shed their Poison on, his Fame.
 Again, suppose the Cloud, that stops his Rise,
 He by his Merit breaks and dissipates;
 Then must he toil for an ungrateful Race;
 Bear ev'ry Kind of Slander and Abuse;
 And all the Hazards run, that can arise
 From Mob seditious, or th' ambitious Great.
 This let him hear, who madly seeks a Name
 And Honours for himself; yet ignorant,
 How great the Troubles, that surround his Choice.

Is private Life ought better? There, you see,
 No less reigns Anger, Lust, and all that's base:
 In Mask of Friendship, Fraud; Envy malign;
 And Tricks and Squabbles, and vexatious Suits.

But, tell me, softens not the Cares of Life
 An amiable Wife? Domestic Ease
 With Safety and with Pleasure you enjoy;
 Around stand smiling the sweet Innocents,
 And eager reach for the fond Parent's Kifs,
 The Guard and Pride of his advancing Age.

Here's

Here's what we seek, or no where; true, but then
 Are there no Troubles to corrupt these Joys?
 What Torment, if, as often, diff'rent Turns
 Both take, and each their own resolv'd pursue!
 Nor is it easy, e'er the Knot is tied,
 To know the Temper, nicely as we ought;
 Nor, should Repentance follow, have we Pow'r
 To break our Chain: But the hard Lot remains,
 And the important Dye is thrown for Life.

Besides, who is there that can undertake,
 That Children shall be virtuously dispos'd,
 And strictly follow what is good? But grant,
 That all Things to your Wishes here succeed,
 Yet ah! when least you think, in Flow'r of Youth,
 Death sweeps at once the Family's whole Hope.
 I own, these Evils Virtue does not cause;
 Nay more, if each the Duty of his Post
 Would faithfully discharge, Nothing would be
 Than Virtue better; then the golden Age
 Would soon return; but in that Age to live
 Is not our present Lot. Hence, of the World
 Some have suppos'd two Principles, two Gods;
 One Ill-dispos'd, Author of all that's Bad;

The other ready stands to give us Help ;
 And of our Maladies supplies the Cure.
 Hence is Life's various Colour, hence proceeds
 Of Good and Evil all that mingled Crop,
 And Snake pernicious hid in Rosy Bow'rs.
 Think you that this the Case then? Let me ask,
 This Pow'r to diff'rent Principles ascrib'd,
 Is it the same in Both! or is it not?
 If Equal, either ev'ry Thing would soon
 To antient Chaos back again return,
 Or into Being nothing could be brought :
 For Good and Evil wage perpetual War.
 But if unequal, then must quickly yield
 One to the Other by his Force subdu'd ;
 And ev'ry Footstep of the antient Strife
 The Victor would efface. These idle Dreams
 Of Eastern Magi let us then dismiss ;
 These two shap'd Monsters of the muddy Nile.

Ought better is the Stoic? He forsooth
 Holds not for *Goods*, what fondly We admire.
 Fame, Riches, ev'ry Thing that's from without,
 The wise Man Nothing counts, or of them all
 He only has Possession ; — has them all,
 Tho' Beggar and unheard of. Nobly said!
 How fine 'tis to be Wise! with equal Sense,
 Still with himself consistent, he denies,

That

That Pain's an Evil. Cast him to the Flames,
 Cut off his Limbs, or put him to the Rack,
 Confession from him you shall ne'er extort
 That these are Evils. — Inconveniencies
 He will allow they are: but tell me, Stoic,
 Of Beauty what you think, and Health, and Strength;
 Are these Things Goods or not? Why yes, they may
 Be taken, but not wish'd for. Who can bear
 This Sophister, that diff'rent Tenets holds?
 Diff'rent in Words, but in the Thing the same.

In short, without external Things you might
 Hope to live happy, were you nothing else
 But Spirit; mean while, Stoic, learn to know
 What thy own Nature; thou wast born a Man,
 And Man's of Body made as well as Mind.

Again, if Fortune ev'ry outward Thing
 Bestows at Pleasure, and again resumes,
 Now kind and cross by Turns, to Me, to Him,
 Nor is there ought that's properly our own;
 Of this same wise Man what must then become,
 To ev'ry Change expos'd, no less than We?
 Besides, this Strength of Mind, on which depends
 All that's worth wishing for in your Esteem,
 How oft Disease impairs, how oft destroys,
 That hardly any Trace of it remains?
 Both He, who by his Counsels, and the Man,

H:

Who:

Who by his Arms, restor'd the *British* State,
 When just desponding, shew, how great the Pow'r
 Of Wisdom and of Valour — and how frail
 Of Man's Abilities the Flow'r itself.

He too, whom late the present Age beheld,
 Master of ev'ry Excellence of Pen;
 What Character soever he assum'd,
 The Wit, the Poet, or the Orator,
 How great in All! yet 'twas not many Years,
 Before this wondrous Man, lost to the World,
 And all his Parts extinct, outliv'd Himself.
 So liable to hurt from outward Stroke
 Is ev'ry Thing on Earth. The Stoic's Thought
 Yet still may be forgiv'n. For after Death
 If neither is Reward nor Punishment;
 Where are we got to then? What follows next?
 Either the Deity without Regard
 To Justice orders all Things here below;
 Or unconcern'd minds Nothing; or the World
 If well he governs, then it cannot be,
 That bad Men should be happy, or the Good
 Unhappy; as the Stoic Sect maintains.

Oh! fatal Blindness of the Minds of Men!
 No sooner have they reach'd the Verge of Truth,
 But fast they stick; and, just like Men amaz'd,
 Their Work, within one Stroke, unfinish'd Leave.
 Strange, that the Stoic can God's Justice own,

Yet

Yet not perceive, what rightly it implies.
 Why bolder dost thou not the Track pursue,
 That leads directly to an endless Life?
 "But That, whate'er it is, dark Night conceals."
 No, 'tis thine own presumptuous Confidence,
 That blinds thee; hence that Darkness, hence that Night.
 Because thou triumph'ft ere thy Point is gain'd;
 Because unable to lay down the whole,
 Got but half Way, thou stoppest in thy Course;
 As all the Persian Magi, all the Tribe
 Of Greek Philosophers. See from one Root
 Of Error, what Absurdities will spring!

Hear what I lead to. That there is a God,
 We all acknowledge: But, if just and wise
 The Cause supreme, that into Being brought
 This World's fair Fabric, and its Course directs;
 Then, as the Poet sings, *Whatever is,*
Is right; nor suffers Justice, that the Good
 Should always grieve, or that Iniquity
 Should always triumph. But yet this the Case,
 If all by Death are utterly extinct.
Whatever is, is Right, take in the Whole;
 Not, if no part of Us survive the Grave.
 Both Lives the Man that's wise and good connects.
 But some, who can no deeper reach than Words,

29 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Not the grand System view, but single Parts,
And to Time present the whole Scene confine.
Hither for Shelter flies the Band of Thieves,
Th' Adulterer, the Murderer himself
This Altar, for his Sanctuary, seeks.

But has not God himself appointed Laws
In order firm establish'd; not in Pow'r
Of Man to violate, or Good or Bad?
Be the poor Creature what he will, yet These
He's neither able to rescind, nor change:
All Nature constant keeps its proper Course.

Say, of what Order, or what Laws you speak;
For Laws, to each peculiar, are ordain'd
For Man, for Brutes, for Masses of Reason void.

First, Matter for its Law, has Gravity;
By this, and not by Pow'r its own, it acts,
Attracts, and is attracted; hence impell'd
Directions different receives; hence stands
The World's compacted Frame and vast Machine.

What shall I say of Those, to whom is giv'n
Life merely animal? Of Birds and Beasts
The various Species, whether tame or wild,
Or fertile Ocean's Progeny immense?
Of These not one at Random lawless roves;
But, or by Instinct guided, or a Share
Of Reason just sufficient for their Use,

All

All have their certain Bounds, which they can reach.
 With what Sagacity does each provide
 Its proper Food? How briskly ply the Arms,
 Which Nature furnish'd for its own Defence?
 Brings forth its Young, and whilst their tender Age
 Demands parental Care, with Fondness feeds?
 This of its Life the Labour, this the Joy;
 In this Employment happy to the Full,
 It nothing either fears, or longs for more.

Man has a larger Field; He, with a Mind
 Sagacious, of Artificer supreme
 Plain Marks discerns, throughout his Work immente,
 This World so full of Wonders. By these Marks
 The Lord and Father of the Universe
 Known he adores; and, naturally in Love
 With what is beautiful, he to himself
 Pattern divine proposes, thence to form,
 By Imitation, Conduct of his own.
 And as there's Nought more lovely, more divine,
 Than Goodness outward-reaching, far-diffus'd;
 Hence other Men's Concerns he makes his own;
 Not Self alone regarding, or confin'd
 To his own Axis; but in Compass wide
 His Heart extending, into it receives
 His Country, Fellow Creatures, all Mankind.

31 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

This Law perpetual Nature gave to Man,
When She so helpless form'd him of Himself,
That Each to other might for Help apply,
And by the Aid of Speech, the common Good
Might mutually consult. For Man compare
With ev'ry other Creature, what is fram'd
Than Man less able to protect himself?

Yet how prodigious, and how unsubstu'd
His Strength, if mutual Love, like Gravity,
Binds in one friendly League, the several Parts?

This Law then on the Mind of Man's ingrav'd;
This God with gracious Nod has ratified;
This Law Utility itself approves;
To this does natural Pleasure prompt Mankind.

And yet, how short fall these of their Effect?
Observe, what Havock makes unbridled Lust,
Bad Habits, Ignorance; how small a Part,
How very small, of Mankind is there happy?
Look round from East to West, from North to South,
Where Fire perpetual burns the torrid Zone,
What Poverty and Sloth, what Darknes hangs,
And Frantic Error, on the brutal Mind?
Scarce ought of Man remains, but human Shape.

What

What We, on whom, by God Himself bestow'd,
 In Plenty shines Salvation's glorious Light?
 We, whom Religion, sacred Guardian, leads;
 Leads gently by the Hand, not drags by Force—
 See with what fix'd Aversion we oppose
 The Beam immortal and the offer'd Day!
 And Truth forsaking, the vain Fancies hold,
 And glosses vain, of idle Disputants.
 For Trash like this, as for Religion's self,
 With Rage implacable, in Arms we fight.
 What Murders hence, and Blood of Brothers spilt!
 What impious Deeds produces pious Zeal?
 To this sad Height arriv'd, throughout the World
 Spreads Immorality; and uncontrol'd
 Distinction all confounds of Good and Bad.
 This the gigantic Force that Heav'n affails;
 And Mountains upon Mountains impious heaps.
 Does God see this? Or does he poise in vain
 The Thunder? Or have Mortal Man's Concerns
 No Share of his Regard? Yes, yes he sees;
 And in due Time, tho' not so speedily,
 Shall ev'ry Man receive his just Reward:
 Nor is less sure the Vengeance that's delay'd.
 That God does sometimes, ev'n Now, vouchsafe
 In the Affairs of Life to interpose,

And

33 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

And (left all Notion should be wholly lost
Of a divine Avenger,) to the World
Examples eminent of Justice shews,
I doubt not: but these Instances are rare;
Not ev'ry Time rash Superstition thinks;
Directing, where She pleases, Wrath divine,
And wresting from the Thunderer his Arms.

Nor am I ignorant, how great the Pow'r
Of Conscience; so that Virtue, even now,
Not altogether is without Reward,
Nor Vice unpunish'd. Men thou mayst deceive;
But never, Villain, from thyself canst fly:
Revengeful Furies haunt thee; sad Remorse,
(Cruel Companion) gnaws, and in thy Breast
The stern Avenger ever wakeful dwells.

What, when Diseases, Riot's just Reward,
Consumption flow, and Gout's tormenting Pain,
And swelling Dropsy, Cramp, and Hectic Heat,
A deadly Troop! invade! the poor remains
Of Age must then be spent in Anguish. Those,
Whose only Hope is Life, of Life grow sick,
And wish at once for Death, and dread to die.

But should to Old-age one of these arrive;
Where the Amends? Of Friendship no sweet Fruits

Has He to crop, no Praise to feed upon
 Of good Men, or his own, his Life review'd.
 His riotous Companions then are fled;
 And the vile Flatterer shuns the empty House:
 And if at any time he looks within,
 His Image startles him, and at the Sight
 Himself himself abhors. When Death draws nigh,
 And shakes his Dart, and aims the fatal Stroke,
 What Shifts he anxious tries, but for awhile
 By Medicines to prolong a wretched Life,
 And drag it further thro' a thousand Cares?
 But now if Life with Evils is replete,
 And Nothing of Us after Death remains,
 Why our last Hour so dreadful? This the Cause;
 Some restless unaccountable Concern
 Still close adheres, about that future State
 It seems with Affectation to despise.

Those, on the other Hand, whose Life has been
 All inoffensive, good, and free from Guilt;
 Who by deserving general Love have gain'd;
 Or by Inventions rare enrich'd the Age;
 These, from sweet Fountain flowing, conscious Praise
 With soft Tranquillity of Mind inspires;
 And smoothes their Countenance with placid Mien,
 Nor Fear, nor envious Care breaks *their* Repose;

Nor Wine nor Women have impair'd their Strength;
 Misfortune breaks them not, nor swells Success.

The Man, whose Hope beyond this Life extends,
 'Gainst all Events is firmly fortified.

When gently gliding Years have by Degrees
 Old Age brought on, he Death approaching views,
 With the same Temper, that He views the Port,
 Who long in Storms tempestuous has been tost,
 The End and Refuge safe from all his Toils.

Him only Death's Approach can terrify,
 Who for himself has cause to fear; if chance
 There should be something more beyond the Grave.

Not Him, who hath a Life of Virtue led
 And Sanctity. He, putting off himself,
 Exults with Self-applause; and like the Sun
 Sets chearful in full Splendor; when the Day
 Mature of Death is come, pleas'd he looks up
 To Life immortal; and in better Hope
 Triumphant tastes ev'n now the Joys above.

Such was, to my Remembrance ever dear,
 The Mitre's Glory, Liberty's Support,
 So brave a Champion, when the Times requir'd,
 Illustrious HOUGH: He, when he had discharg'd,
 Now near an Hundred, ev'ry Part of Life,
 Full of fresh Honour, with each Sense entire,

Free from Disease, insensible of Pain,
 And satisfied with Life, so left the World,
 As when, with the whole Theatre's Applause,
 Some celebrated Actor quits the Stage,
 Or happy Victor, who, his Race perform'd
 With highest Honour, claims th' Olympic Prize.

Hence evident appears the mighty Force
 Of Conscience, or to cheer with pleasing Hope,
 Or to torment with Fear, the Heart of Man.
 But whence this Fear or Hope, if after Death
 Nothing is either to be hop'd or fear'd?

How ev'ry Thing conspires to prove this Truth,
 This great, important Truth, a Life to come!

Let Things on Earth go therefore well or ill,
 A wise Man neither is too fond of Life,
 Nor peevish hates it. That he has within,
 Which in the Pressure of Adversity
 Will give him Comfort; but if Fortune smile,
 Mindful he lives, how slippery, how frail
 Are all her Goods; if what we fear to lose,
 Or when acquir'd despise, can Goods be thought.

Nor fear, left possibly on this Account,
 The Mind grown indolent should Hardship shun
 Or Danger, when thy Country's Service calls:

Free rather and erect, in Action brave,
 By Sufferings un subdued, makes this Contempt
 Of outward Things, and Man with Strength supplies
 For ev'ry Exigence. Yet this brave Man
 You still accuse, as one, whom Motives low,
 Hope only of Reward, not Sense of Honour,
 Or Love of real Virtue, serves to keep
 Within the Bounds of Duty. Base and mean
 Is that Man's Virtue, who does therefore well
 That after Death he may be paid for't. He
 Is truly good, whom, future Hopes apart,
 Virtue's sweet Charms, and Honesty's plain Path,
 Lead of Themselves to what is fair and fit,
 Superior to Regard of ev'ry Kind.
 Allow'd — Nor is he bad who stops not here,
 But rightly keeps in View the final Point
 Which Nature leads to; and, with Wish innate,
 Triumphant lifts himself above the World;
 And with Endeavour never-ceasing seeks
 Of Beauty infinite the Source supreme.

But say *what* his Rewards, his hop'd for Hire?
 No despicable Things does he pursue:
 Not griping Usury, nor attending Crowds,
 Nor false Applause, nor Honour counterfeit,
 Nor bad Ambition, thro' th' incautious Herd
 Still spreading Lies, nor Titles empty Shew:

But where true Honour, and where Nature leads,
 And of Mankind the Glory bids him go,
 Thither he'll go with Courage; and whilst here,
 In Life's harsh School of Exercise, he's forc'd
 To bear a part, his Mind for better Fates,
 Virtue to Virtue adding, will prepare.

We, for the general Part, are here and there
 Toss'd like a Ship that's driven by the Storm;
 And strive with Labour hard, from Place to Place,
 To catch the flying Shadow. And as Babes
 For Play-things eager cry, and soon as got
 Forsake them; just such Children We, when Men.
 But He, who's well persuaded, that this Life
 Is not the last, but other Fates remain;
 His Point secures, nor feeds on empty Hope.
 For since the Mind of Man still restless seeks
 Some pure and simple Good, it cannot here
 Hope for true Happiness. For Now we live,
 With Joy where Sorrow's blended, Bad with Good;
 Where Wisdom's self on Trifles madly doats;
 And in sweet Beds of Roses Hemlock Flow'rs.

39 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

All Things are mix'd; all tranſient; Trifles all;
Nor is there ought, that answers to our Wiſh.
Who knows but God Himſelf, (if right to ſearch
Counſel divine) does for this very End
Things ſo adjuſt, with Bitter mingling Sweet,
And Fortune bad with good, that hence the Mind
Might learn how to deſpiſe the Things on Earth,
And, by kind Chaiſement improv'd, might place
It's Hope on Heav'n alone, the ſure Abode,
Where only from our Labours Reſt is found?

Come then, together let us recollect
What has been ſaid. For now, the hidden Rocks
Of Error having clear'd, and thro' blind Seas
A dubious Paſſage had, I ſee the Port.
This Mind, that thinks and wills, does not conſiſt
Of Earthly Elements. Immortal then
In its own Nature it muſt ſomething be.
“ But God can to its Being put an End”.
He can, if ſuch his Will; but, that the Mind
He never will extinguiſh, we are ſure.
For, nor its Pow'r to know ſo many Things,
(Things from the Lot of Man ſo far remov'd)
Nor of Eternity infatiate Thirſt,
Nor of Perfection natural Deſire

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 40

Is giv'n in vain. If Justice now requires,
With Vice it should go ill, with Virtue well,
Yet so it fares with neither in this Life;
It then remains, that in some other Life
Will this Distinction certainly be made.
And then the Scene, which, with Regard to Man,
Now rude appears, nor worthy of a God
All wise and gracious, shall itself disclose;
And ev'ry Thing be seen, the Cloud remov'd,
In its true Colour, and its proper Place.
If this you doubt, say by what Rule you prove,
That there's a God at all, who governs Things
With perfect Harmony, and nicest Skill!
What, does he ev'ry Thing besides direct
With just Propriety, and only fail
In this, the chiefest Part? Not so; a Time
Will come, (enquire not how) this is enough;
This plain; a Time there will be after Death,
When God, as fit, the Just from the Unjust,
The Guiltless from the Guilty shall select,
And give to ev'ry Man his due Reward.

T H E E N D.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

'This Translation in the Printing is so contrived, as to answer to the Original Page for Page; and for the Satisfaction of such Persons as may be desirous the more readily to compare them, they may be interleaved with each other.

E R R A T U M.

Page 35. line 15. *for Exalts read Exults*



