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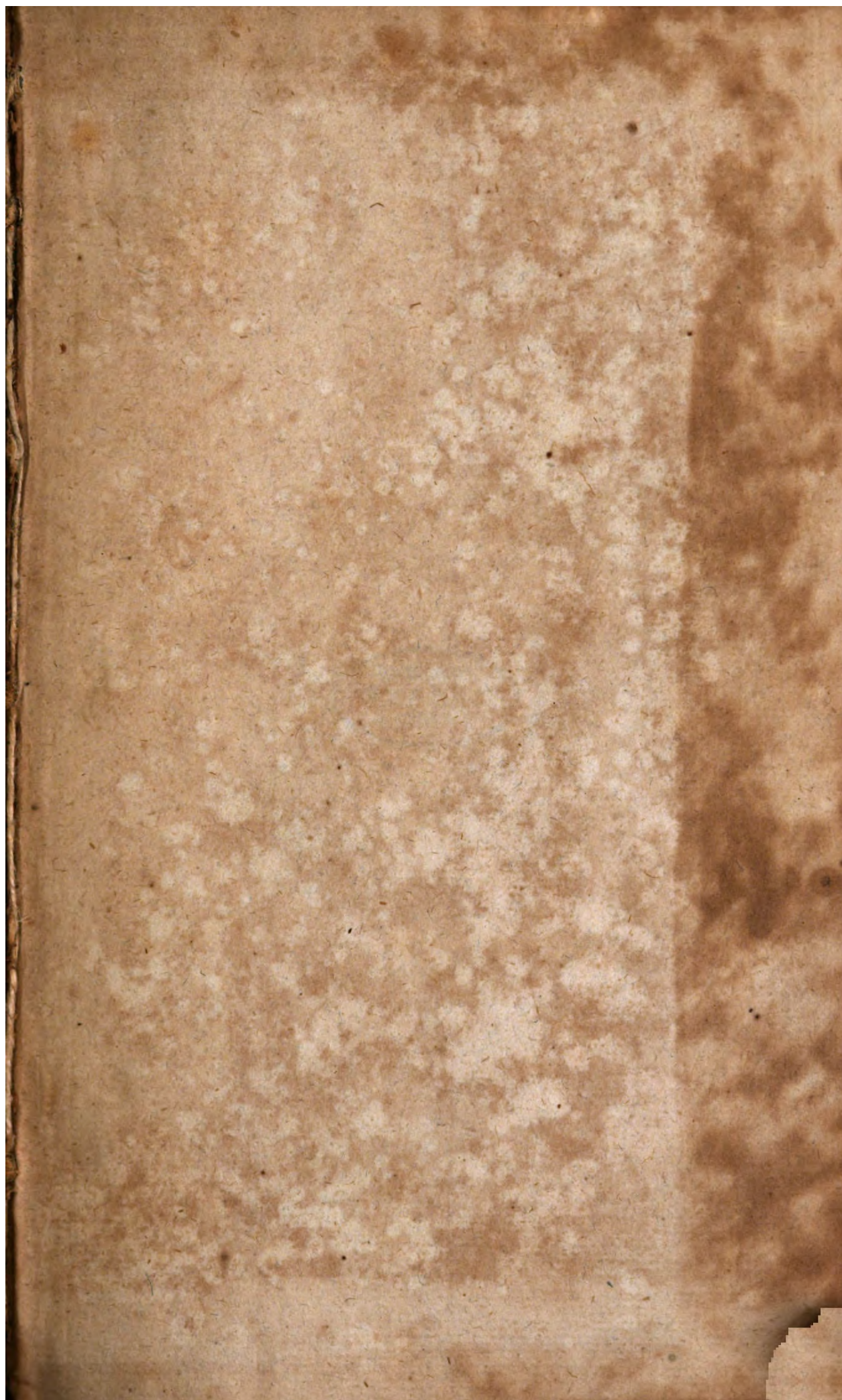
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OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH

1st Authorized Edition



William Baker.









H. Howard inv.

L. Du Guernier Sculp.

*Nunc Arma defunctumq; bello
Barbiton hic Paries habebit*

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn*
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1840

1840

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To the Right Honourable
L I O N E L,
E A R L of
Dorset and Middlesex.

IT looks like no great Compliment to Your Lordship, that I prefix Your Name to this Epistle, when in the Preface I declare the Book is publish'd almost against my Inclination. But in all Cases, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be call'd Mine. Many of the following Pieces were writ by the Command of Your Excellent Father, and most of the rest, under his Protection and Patronage.

A

The

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord, the natural Endowments of Your Mind, (which, without suspicion of Flattery, I may tell You are very great,) the good Education with which these Parts have been improved, and Your coming into the World and seeing Men very early, make us expect from Your Lordship all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*, our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You; You must be a Judge and Master of all Polite Learning, a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit, a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince, a true Patriot to Your Contry, an Ornament and Honour to the Titles You possess, and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of *Dorset*.

It is as impossible to mention that Name without desiring to Commend the Person, as it is to give him the Commendations which his Virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable Compliment I can bring Your Lordship, is to pay a grateful Respect to Your Father's Memory; and my

OWN

DEDICATION. iii.

own Obligations to Him were such, that the World must pardon my Endeavouring at His Character, however I may miscarry in the Attempt.

A Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this Great Man, and contributed to make Him universally Belov'd and Esteem'd: The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful: and were His Picture well Drawn, it must deserve the Praise given to the Portraits of *Raphael*, and at once create Love and Respect. While the Greatness of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman, the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron: There was in His Look and Gesture something, that is easier conceived than described, that gain'd upon You in his Favour, before he spoke one Word. His Behaviour was Easie and Courteous to all, but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality. His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flowed immediately from his good Sense.

iv *DEDICATION.*

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that He had occasion to borrow very little from Education; and he owed those Advantages to His own good Parts, which others acquire by Study and Imitation. His Wit was Abundant, Noble, Bold: Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: But the Earl of *Dorset's* was a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies delighted and enriched the Country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with so true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before him, he Discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his Study had been apply'd that way; And he perfected this Judgment by Reading and Digesting the best Authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom:

Contemnebat potius literas, quàm nesciebat:
And rather seem'd to draw his Knowledge from his own Stores, than to owe it to any Foreign Assistance.

The

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The Brightness of his Parts, the Solidity of his Judgment, and the Candour and Generosity of his Temper distinguish'd him in an Age of great Politeness, and at a Court abounding with Men of the finest Sense and Learning. The most eminent Masters in their several ways appeal'd to his Determination: *Waller* thought it an Honour to consult him in the Softness and Harmony of his Verse; and *Dr. Sprat*, in the Delicacy and Turn of his Prose: *Dryden** determines by him, under the Character of *Eugenius*, as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. *Butler* ow'd it to him that the Court tasted his *Hudibras*; *Wicherly*, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*; and the late Duke of *Buckingham* deferr'd to publish his *Rehearsal*, 'till he was sure, (as he expressed it) that my Lord *Dorset* would not Rehearse upon him again. If we wanted foreign Testimony, *la Fontaine* and *St. Evremont* have acknowledg'd, that he was a perfect Master in the Beauty and Fineness of their Language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*: Nor was this Nicety of his Judgment confined only to Books and Literature, but was the same in

vi DEDICATION.

Statuary, Painting, and all other Parts of Art. *Bernini* would have taken his Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure; and King *Charles* did not agree with *Lilly*, that my Lady *Cleveland's* Picture was finished, 'till it had the Approbation of my Lord *Buckhurst*.

As the Judgment which he made of others Writings could not be refuted, the Manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled: Every one of his Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinsically and solidly Valuable; such as, Wrought or Beat thinner, would shine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New, and the Expression of it so particularly Happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord *Dorset's*; and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a Lustre in his Verses, like that of the Sun in *Claude Loraine's* Landships, it looks Natural, and is Inimitable. His Love-Verses have a Mixture of Delicacy and Strength, they convey the Wit of *Petronius* in the Softness of *Tibullus*. His Satyr indeed is so severely Pointed, that in it He appears
what

DEDICATION. vii

what his Great Friend, the Earl of *Rochester*,
(that other Prodigy of the Age) says he was;

The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here that Character may justly be
Applied to him, which *Persius* gives of the
best Writer in this Kind, that ever lived.

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

And the Gentleman had always so much the
better of the Satyrist, that the Persons touch-
ed did not know where to fix their Resent-
ments, and were forced to appear rather A-
shamed than Angry. Yet so far was this great
Author from Valuing himself upon his Works,
that he cared not what became of them,
though every body else did. There are many
Things of His not Extant in Writing, which
however are always repeated: like the Verses
and Sayings of the Antient *Druids*, they re-
tain a universal Veneration, tho' they are pre-
served only by Memory.

viii *DEDICATION.*

As it is often seen, that those Men who are least Qualified for Business, love it most; my Lord *Dorset's* Character was, that He certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Possession of two Plentiful Estates, and in an Age when Pleasure was more in Fashion than Business, he turned his Parts rather to Books and Conversation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public: But whenever the Safety of his Country demanded his Assistance, He readily entred into the most Active Parts of Life, and underwent the greatest Dangers with a Constancy of Mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the Rules of Philosophy, but understood the Practice of them.

In the first *Dutch* War he went a Volunteer under the Duke of *York*; His Behaviour, during that Campaign, was such as distinguish'd the *Sacville* descended from that *Hildebrand* of the Name, who was one of the greatest Captains that came into *England* with the Conqueror. But his making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it
was

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was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a Presence of Mind, and such an unusual Gallantry, that it deserves as much to be Recorded, as *Alexander's* jesting with his Soldiers, before he passed the *Granicus*; or *William* the First of *Orange*, giving Order over Night for a Battel, and desiring to be called in the Morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence during the remaining part of King *Charles's* Reign, he continued to live in Honourable Leisure: He was of the Bed-chamber to the King, and Possessed, not only his Master's Favour, but in a great Degree his Familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when he was sent to that of *France*, on some short Commissions and Embassies of Complement: as if the King designed to show the *French*, who would be thought the politest Nation, that one of the finest Gentlemen in *Europe* was his Subject; and that we had a Prince who understood his Worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his Presence.

The succeeding Reign neither relish'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved his Maxims, so
he

X DEDICATION.

he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable Mistakes of that unhappy Government went on to Threaten the Nation with something more Terrible than a *Dutch* War, he thought it became him to resume the Courage of his Youth, and once more to Engage Himself in defending the Liberty of His Country. He entred into the Prince of *Orange's* Interest, and carried on his Part of that great Enterprize here in *London*, and under the Eye of the Court, with the same Resolution, as his Friend and Fellow Patriot the late Duke of *Devonshire* did in open Arms at *Nottingham*; 'till the Dangers of those Times increased to Extremity, and just Apprehensions arose for the Safety of the Princess, our present Glorious Queen; then my Lord *Dorset* was thought the properest Guide of Her necessary Flight, and the Person under whose Courage and Direction the Nation might most safely Trust a Charge so Precious and Important.

After the Establishment of their late Majesties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of
those

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those Princes, a great Share in their Friendship, and all the Marks of Distinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot: He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties Household, a Place which he so eminently Adorn'd, by the Grace of his Person, the Fineness of his Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent, that he could only be Rivalled in these Qualifications by one great Man, who has since held the same Staff.

The last Honours he received from his Sovereign, and indeed they were the Greatest a Subject could receive, were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the Kingdom during his Majesty's Absence. But his Health about that time sensibly Declining, and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger, he left the Business to those who delighted more in the State of it, and appeared only sometimes at Council, to show his Respect to the Commission; giving as much Leisure as he could to the Relief of those Pains, with which it pleased God to Afflict him, and Indulging the Reflexions
of

xii DEDICATION.

of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that, thro' the Course of his Life, he Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to sit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord *Dorset's* Character; if I examine it not without some Intention of finding Fault; and, (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) set his Blemishes and Imperfections in open View.

The Fire of his Youth carried him to some Excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour: The little Violences and easie Mistakes of a Night too gaily spent (and that too in the Beginning of Life) were always set Right the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retri-

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Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuse with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties; so much Sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great Generosity what he did, that People were always prepossess'd in his Favour; and it was in Fact true, what the late Earl of *Rochester* said in Jest to King *Charles*, That he did not know how it was, but my Lord *Dorset* might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

He was naturally very subject to Passion, but the short Gust was soon over, and served only to set off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd: That very Passion broke out with a Force of Wit, that made even Anger agreeable: While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have studied and writ; but the Impetuosity was Corrected upon a Moment's Reflection, and the Measure altered with such Grace and Delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the Key was Changed.

He was very Sharp in his Reflections, but never in the wrong place; his Darts were sure to wound, but they were sure too to
hit

xiv DEDICATION.

hit None but those whose Follies gave them very fair Aim ; and when he allowed no Quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common Error : By Mens tedious and circumstantial Recitals of their Affairs, or by their multiply'd Questions about his own : By extreme Ignorance and Impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judg'd and never-ceasing Civility ; or lastly, by the two Things that were his utter Aversion, the Insinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whisper of a Tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the Piece in its worst Position, if its Faults be most exposed, the Shades will still appear very finely join'd with their Lights, and every Imperfection will be diminished by the Lustre of some Neighb'ring Virtue : But if we turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true Light, the whole must appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He possessed all those Virtues in the highest Degree, upon which the Pleasure of Society, and the Happiness of Life depend ; and he exercised them with the greatest Decency and best Manners. As good Nature
is

DEDICATION. XV

is said, by a great * Author, to belong more particularly to the *English* than any other Nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of *Dorset*, than to any other *English* Man.

* Sprat. *Hist. of the Royal Society.*

A kind Husband he was without Fondness, and an indulgent Father without Partiality: So extraordinary good a Master, that that Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects: For he was often worse served than became his Station, from his Unwillingness to assume an Authority too Severe. And during those little Transports of Passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his Servants get into his way, that they might make a Merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was sure of being Rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the last that gave Us an Example of the Old House-keeping of an *English* Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it, that made every one of his Guests think Himself at Home; and an Abundance, which showed that the Master's Hospitality extended

to

xvi DEDICATION.

to many more, than those who had the Honour to sit at Table with him.

In his Dealings with other Men, his Care and Exactness, that every one should have his Due, was such, that one would think he had never seen a Court: The Politeness and Civility with which this Justice was administered, would convince one he never had lived out of it.

He was so strict an Observer of his Word, that no Consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the Merit of his Act should arise from that Obligation only, that he usually did the greatest Favours without making any previous Promise. So inviolable was he in his Friendship, and so kind to the Character of those, whom he had once Honoured with a more intimate Acquaintance, that nothing less than a Demonstration of some Essential Fault, could make him break with them; and then too, his good Nature did not consent to it, without the greatest Reluctance and Difficulty. Let me give one Instance of this amongst many: When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's Pension from Mr.

Dryden,

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Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a Possibility of Receiving any Favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an Equivalent out of his own Estate: However displeas'd with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, he relieved his Necessities; and while he gave him his Assistance in private, in Publick he extenuated or pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of these Excellent Qualities, and the Perfection of my Lord *Dorset's* Character, was, that unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenour of his Life, and sat as visibly Predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul, as she is said to do in Heaven above Her sister Virtues.

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most worthy Objects of His Bounty to Apprentiships or Hospitals: The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally saw them, were sent from the Street to the Physician, and many of them not only restored to Health, but supplied with what might enable them to

xviii DEDICATION.

resume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy: The Prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the Debt, and the Condemned has been saved by his Intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To those whose Circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their Poverty, He knew how to bestow his Munificence, without offending their Modesty; and under the Notion of frequent Presents, gave them what amounted to a Subsistence: Many yet alive know this to be true, tho' he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, *Tibullus*, and *Gallus*; the Noblemen that writ Poetry: *Augustus* and *Mæcenæ*; the Protectors of Learning: *Aristides*, the good Citizen; and *Atticus*, the well bred Friend: and bring them in as Examples of my Lord *Dorset's* Wit, his Judgment, his Justice and his Civility. But for his Charity, My Lord, we can scarce find a Parallel in History it self.

Titus

DEDICATION. xix

Titus was not more the *Deliciae Humani generis*, on this Account, than my Lord *Dorset* was: And without any exaggeration, that Prince did not do more good in Proportion out of the Revenue of the *Roman* Empire, than your Father out of the Income of a private Estate; Let this, my Lord, remain to You and Your Posterity a Possession for ever: To be imitated, and if possible to be Excelled.

As to my own Particular, I scarce knew what Life was, sooner than I found my self obliged to his Favour, nor have had Reason to feel any Sorrow, so sensibly as that of His Death.

*Ille dies——quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.*

Aeneas could not reflect upon the loss of His own Father with greater Piety, my Lord, than I must recall the Memory of Yours; and when I think whose Son I am writing to, the least I promise my self from Your Goodness is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favour, and a Friendship for Life;

xx DEDICATION.

to which, that I may with some Justice Intitle my self, I send Your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of Your Praises, but with my sincerest Wishes that You may Deserve them. That You may Imploy those extraordinary Parts and Abilities with which Heaven has blessed You, to the Honour of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your Country; that all Your Actions may be Great, Open and Noble, such as may tell the World whose Son and whose Successor You are.

What I now offer to Your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of good Will: If any Verses of my Writing should appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than that of an Earl of *Dorset*, People might suspect them not to be Genuine. I have attained my present End, if these Poems prove the Diversion of some of Your Youthful Hours, as they have been occasionally the Amusement of some of Mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay some Pieces of a very
dif-

DEDICATION. xxi

different Nature (the Product of my severer Studies) at Your Lordship's Feet, I shall engage Your more serious Reflection: Happy, if in all my Endeavours I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Instruction. I am, with all Duty and Respect,

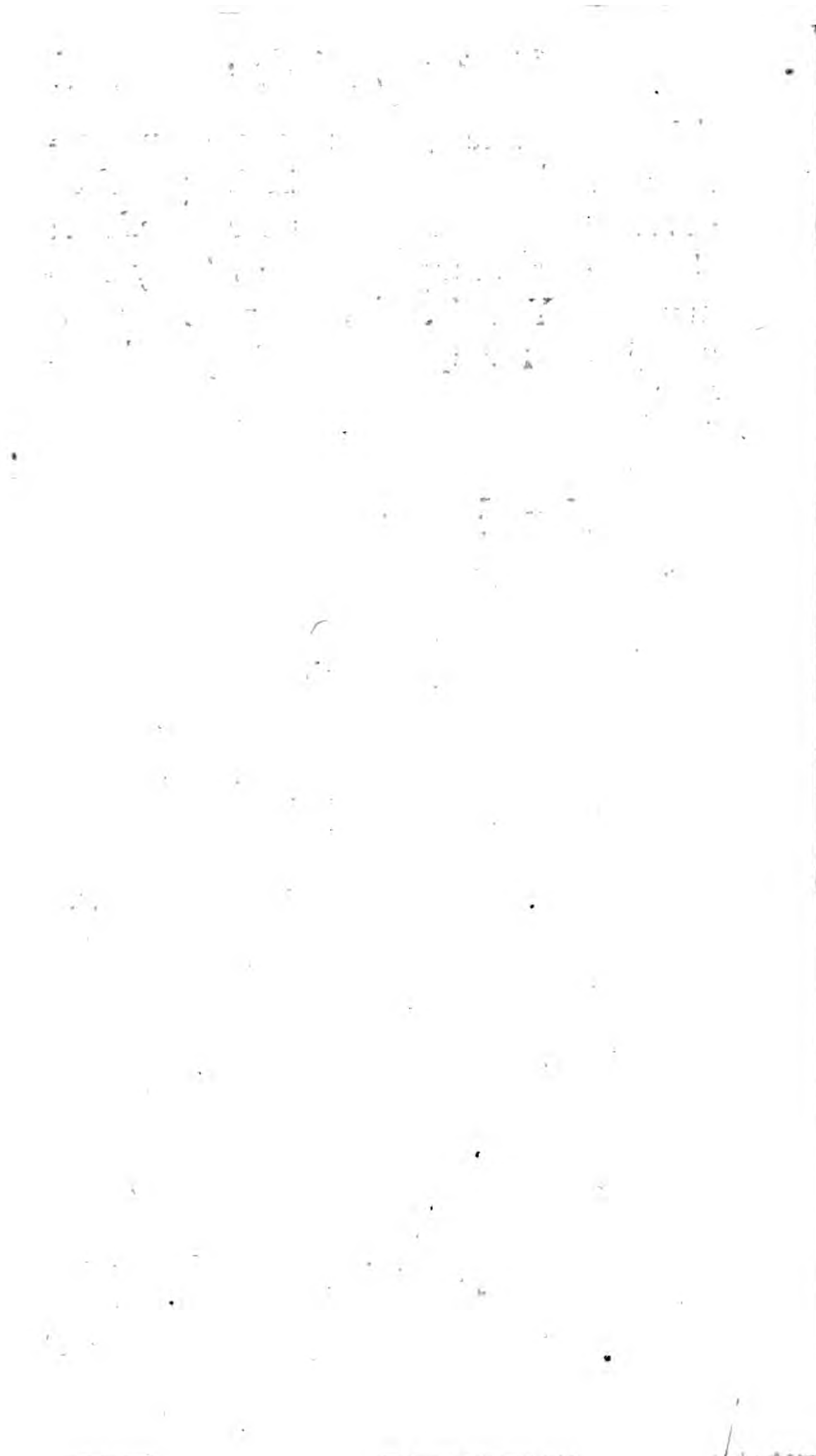
MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.



P R E F A C E.

TH E greatest Part of what I have Writ having already been Published, either singly or else in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any Excuse for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the Publisher has given me the Honour of some Things that did not belong to me, and has Transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own Defence, to look back upon some of those lighter Studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to Publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Publick for Reprinting some Pieces, which as they came singly from their first Impression, have, I fancy, lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's Shop;
and

xxiv P R E F A C E.

and with others which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a Corner of my own Study.

The Reader as he turns them over, will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been writ at very distant Times, and on very different Occasions, and take them as they happen to come, Publick Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflexions, or Idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

I take this Occasion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow, Mr. Dibben, for his excellent Version of the Carmen Seculare, tho' my Gratitude may justly carry a little Envy with it; for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to Print a Pastoral of her Writing; That Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other Pieces of that kind, in which the Softness of her Sex, and the Fineness of her Genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing Character.

T H E

T H E

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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

O N

E X O D U S III. 14.

I am that I am.

An O D E.

*Written in 1688, as an Exercise at St. John's
College, Cambridge.*

I.

MAN! foolish Man! [began,
Scarce know'st thou how thy self

Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove Thou art,

Yet steel'd with study'd Boldness, thou dar'st try

To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye

Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity.

B

Much

Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride,

Mortifie thy learned Lust;

Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy self art Dust.

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend,

The Helm let politick Experience guide;

Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride

Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.

What tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis farther from its End;

And in the Bosom of that boundless Sea

Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way.

III.

With daring Pride and insolent Delight

Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours crown'd,

And, "Ευρηκα! your God, forsooth, is found

Incomprehensible and Infinite.

But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:

Let your imperfect Definition show,

That nothing you, the weak Definer, know.

IV. Say

IV.

Say, why shou'd the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its Caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep
On the lov'd Bosom of its Parent Deep?
Why shou'd its num'rous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising Surges spread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive Head,
Marching through different Paths to different
[Lands?

V.

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
Why does he order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?

4 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Why does each animated Star
Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?
Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try :
With fancy'd Rules and Arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion he restrains,
And study'd Lines and fictitious Circles draws ;
Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
Lord of his new *Hypothesis* he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till some Ufurper rise,
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his Predecessors Rules
Were empty Cant, all *Jargon* of the Schools;
That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne; [own.
And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirm his

VII.

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise;
Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit:
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press,
And levelling at God his wandring Guests,
(That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair,)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give:
Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill,
Can tell us whence all *Beings* are, and how they move,
and live.

Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man!
That pregnant Word sent forth again
Might to a World extend each *Atom* there;
For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star.

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide,
And only lift thy staggering Reason up

To trembling *Calvary's* astonish'd Top; (Pride,
 Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy
 Sustaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
 How by her Patient Victor Death was slain,
 And Earth prophan'd yet blest'd with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down,
 Only reserve the Sacred One;
 Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes,
 Deject thy self, that Thou may'st rise;
 To look to Heav'n be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering Light, shall give
 Her Immortal Perspective;
 And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
 That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
 With all their Comments never cou'd invent
 So politick an Instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
 Where *Moses* places his Mysterious God, As

As was that Ladder which old *Jacob* rear'd,
When Light Divine had human Darknes clear'd,
And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

T O T H E
Countess of *EXETER*

Playing on the Lute.

WHAT Charms you have, from what high
Race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song;
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of *Ca'ndish*, Beauty join'd to *Cecil's* Wit.
But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse
What greater Theam your Musick can produce,
My babling Praifes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The *Persians* thus, first gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;

But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd,
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's Glory lives in *Spencer's* Song,
And *Cowley's* Verse keeps Fair *Orinda* young:
That as in Birth, in Beauty you excell,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell;
Your Art no other Art can speak, and You,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your Musick's Pow'r your Musick must disclose,
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.

Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
Our Thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our Souls:
While with its utmost Art your Sex cou'd move
Our Wonder only, or at best our Love:
You far above Both these your God did place,
That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts
destroy,
That with your Numbers you our Zeal might
And, like himself, communicate your Joy.

When

When to your Native Heav'n you shall repair,
And with your Prefence crown the Blessings there;
Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.
Your Art is perfect here, your Numbers do
More than our Books, make the rude Atheist know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some Piece, while *Luke* his Skill exprest,
A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest:
So, when you play, some Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some Cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
Viewing that Face, no more he had survey'd
The reigning Flames, but struck with strange Surprize,
Confest them less than those of *Anna's* Eyes.
But, had he heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd;

Thine,

Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand had wak'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd the rising Town;
 Malice to Mufick had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he Burn so fast as thou could'st Build.

An O D E.

I.

WHILE Blooming Youth, and gay ^{(Delight}
 Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
 'Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.

My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
 For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely
 On Power, you know I must Obey:
 Exert a Legal Tyranny,

And do an Ill, because you may?

Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
 Not see thy Mercy, and but dread thy Power?

III. Take

III.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace ;
As well as *Cupid*, Time is blind:
Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
The Fate of Vulgar Beauty find:
The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI. Then

VI.

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
 Kindness and Constancy will prove
 The only Pillars fit to bear
 So vast a Weight, as that of Love.

If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

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

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care, [guide
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside:
 What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
 They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted *Eve*.

IX. So

IX.

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

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq;

Burghley, May 14, 1689.

S I R,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,
Holy at *Rome*, here Antichrist,
The *Spanish* King presents a Jennet,
To show his Love;—That's all that's in it:

For

For if his Holiness wou'd thump
 His reverend Bum 'gainst Horfe's Rump,
 He might b'equipt from his own Stable,
 With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with *Gondola's* and Men, His
 Good Excellence, the Duke of *Venice*
 (I wish for Rhime, 't had been the King)
 Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
 Which Trick of State, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
 For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
 Has much less need of Gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy,
 For Popish Similies beyond Sea;
 As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
 Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
 Present a Turkey, or a Hen,
 To those might better spare them Ten:
 Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
 (For: first Men instance, then apply)

Send

Send you each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Respect, and not show Wit :
Nor look askew, at what it faith ;
There's no Petition in it, — 'Faith.

Here some wou'd scratch their Heads, and try
What they shou'd write, and how, and why ;
But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head.
I argue thus: The World agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light,
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't :

The God, not we, the Poem makes;
 We only tell Folks what he speaks.
 Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
 How like Brutes Organs are to ours;
 They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
 A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
 And that, for any thing in Nature,
 Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted vocal,
 But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
 With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:
 The Wooden-Head resolv'd the Question,
 While You and *Pettis* help the Jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues, that read *Lucretius*,
 Are against Gods, you know, and teach us,
 The God makes not the Poet, but
 The *Thesis vice-versâ* put,
 Shou'd *Hebrew-wise* be understood:
 And means, *The Poet makes the God.*

Egyptian

Ægyptian Gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the Leeks, they after pray'd to;
And *Romish* Bakers praise the Deity,
They chipp'd, while yet in it's Paniety.

That when you Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires, I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the Colick in your Belly.
That Writing is but just like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People wise;
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as *Dryden* form a Poem;
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who,—at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke,
By Method, rather than by Luck;

This may confine their younger Stiles,
 Whom *Dryden* pedagogues at *Will's*:
 But never cou'd be meant to tye
 Authentic Wits, like you and I:
 For as young Children, who are try'd in
 Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding,
 When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such Machine no longer;
 But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout
 On Horse call'd *Hobby*, or without:
 So when at School we first declaim,
 Old *Busbey* walks us in a Theme,
 Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
 And help the Rickets in the Brain;
 But when our Souls their Force dilate,
 And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate,
 In Verse or Prose, we write or chat,
 Not fix Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author says;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise;

T — *n*, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you,
I hope y'are well, so God be wi' you;
Was all, I thought at first to write:
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite,
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
So God knows when my Clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore;
And beg your Pardon, yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud *Non-Con*,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When *Lobb* had sifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of Her
 Your Friends do fav'ry Things aver;
 They say, she's honest, as your Claret,
 Not sour'd with Cant, nor stum'd with Merit:
 Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
 Of Chaplains ev'ry *Sunday* Night;
 Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
 When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine.
 For if their Fame be justly great,
 Who wou'd no *Popish Nuncio* treat:
 That his is greater, we must grant,
 Who will treat *Nuncio's Protestant*.
 One single Positive weighs more,
 You know, than Negatives a Score.

In Politicks, I hear, you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the *French*;
 Deny to have your free-born Toe
 Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:
 Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
 The Publick Welfare, in your Private:

And

And will, for *England's* Glory, try,
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy;
And keep your Places, 'till you die.



For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You,
Let me just tell you, how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life. — *Imprimis*;
As soon as *Phæbus* Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till 'foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat:
Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
With whom old *Homer* makes such Noife;
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as you have whilom con'd;
That treat of *China's* Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Golconda*,
Of Highway-Elephants at *Ceylan*,
That rob in Clanns, like Men o'th' *Highland*; Of

Of Apes, that storn, or keep a Town,
 As well almost, as Count *Lauzune*;
 Of Unicorns and Alligators,
 Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger Matters. }
 Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
 Make all our Grooms admire my Learning,

Criticks I read on other Men,
 And *Hypers* upon them again;
 From whose Remarks I give Opinion
 On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your Wits, that fear and sham,
 Down from *Don Quixote* to *Tom Tram*,
 From whom I Jestts and Punns purloin,
 And flyly put 'em off for mine:
 Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
 The Rest, — when Fate and You think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
 To Bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;

Some-

Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,
'Squire *Shepherd's* Health—With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till *Shadwell* from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Seacoal-Fires,
To bless the Wood with peaceful *Lyric*;
Then hey for Praise and Panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed;
And Wreaths round *William's* glorious Head.

T O T H E
Countess of *DORSET*.

Written in her Milton.

By Mr. *B R A D B U R T*.

SEE here how bright the first-born Virgin shone,
And how the first fond Lover was undone.
Such charming Words our beauteous Mother spoke
As *Milton* wrote, and such as yours her Look.

Yours, the best Copy of th' Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race:
Such Chains no Author cou'd escape but He,
There's no Way to be safe, but not to fee.

T O T H E
L A D Y *D U R S L E Y*,

On the same Subject.

HERE reading how fond *Adam* was betray'd,
And how by *Sin Eve's* blasted Charms decay'd;
Our common Lofs unjustly you complain;
So small that Part of it which you sustain,

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race:
Kind Nature forming them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and *Eve's* Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul,
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:

And

And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly *Eden* lost.

With Virtue strong as yours had *Eve* been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Blifs by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail *Adam* fall'n, nor *Milton* wrote.

T O

My Lord *BUCKHURST*,

Very Young,

Playing with a C A T.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of *Venus* his Desire,
How'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd,
The Cat became a blushing Maid;

And

And on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care
Lest thou prefer so rash a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat,
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.

The Queen of Love, who soon will see
Her own *Adonis* live in thee,
Will lightly her first Lofs deplore;
Will easily forgive the Boar:
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow,
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow,
And on her tabby Rival's Face,
She deep will mark her new Disgrace.

An O D E.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, you ^[guess]
The secret Passions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, you say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the same Ease you threw the Dart,
'Tis certain you may show the Wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as op'ning East are fair?
While cold as Nothern Blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your potent Mercy may release:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease. A

A S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may waft him over.
Alas, what Winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas, what Dangers on the Main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted Vows, and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity choose
To wish the wildest Tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Shipwrackt Heart was lost;
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain,
Of slighted Vows, and cold Disdain.

THE

T H E
Despairing Shepherd.

ALEXIS thun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains.

(Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow,)

He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal Cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears,
He sigh'd, but wou'd not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind Concern exprest,
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe;
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein

That

That made it easily forseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will You pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear,
Which never shou'd offend your Ear,
But that You bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since You appear'd upon the Plain,
You are the Cause of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,
Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,
I love and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breath your Vows, or speak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To

To the Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq;

I.

HOW e'er, 'tis well, that while Mankind
Thro' Fate's Perverse *Mæander* errs,
He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
To combat against real Cares.

II.

Fancies and Notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought;
Each, like the *Gracian* Artist, woo's
The Image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against Experience he believes,
He argues against Demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his Reason he deceives,
And sets his Judgment by his Passion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who, many Days,
Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,

Renews

Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate Bett upon to Morrow.

V.

To Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night ;
This Day like all the former flies :
Yet on he runs, to seek Delight
To Morrow, 'till to Night he dies.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy height :
The little Pleasure of the Game,
Is from afar to view the Flight.

VII.

Our anxious Pains we, all the Day,
In search of what we like, employ :
Scorning at Night the worthless Prey ;
We find the Labour gave the Joy.

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful Glafs
To the Mind's Eye things well appear :
They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX. If

IX.

If we see right, we see our Woes;
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
And Sorrow from our being wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in Death;
This Cheat of Life would take no more:
If You thought Fame but empty Breath;
I, *Phillis* but a perjur'd Whore.

Written in the BOOK called

*Nouveaux Interêts des Princes
de l'Europe.*

B Left be the Princes, who have fought
For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by their Error we are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

D

ADRI-

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

A D

Animam Suam.

A Nimula, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

By Monsieur Fontenelle.

MA petite Ame, ma Mignonne, [tu vas;
 Tut'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu scache où
 Tu pars seulette, nuë & tremblotante, Helas!
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats?

I M I-

I M I T A T E D.

POOOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

T O

Dr. S H E R L O C K,

O N

**His Practical Discourse
Concerning D E A T H.**

FOrgive the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his God detains:

For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r.
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raise her Notes to that sublime Degree
That suits a Song of Piety and Thee.

Wondrous good Man! whose Labours may repel
The Force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell:
Who, like the *Baptist*, from thy God wert sent
The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee, Youth shall study; and no more engage
His flatt'ring Wishes for uncertain Age;
No more, with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife,
Chace fleeting Pleasure through this Maze of Life;
Finding the wretched All He here can have
But present Food, and but a future Grave;
Each, great as *Philip's* Victor Son, shall view
This abject World, and weeping, ask a New.

Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess,
Thy Labours can assuage, where Med'cines cease:

Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief;
The Drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life;
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
And Life an Ill, whose only Cure is Death.

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know;
Yet to such height is all that Plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught:
Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise,
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its foot on Earth, its height beyond the Skies.
Diffus'd its Virtue, boundless is its Pow'r,
'Tis Publick Health, and Universal Cure:
Of Heav'nly Manna 'tis a second Feast,
A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Taft.

To its last height mad *Britain's* Guilt was rear'd,
And various Death for various Crimes she fear'd;

With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive,
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
 You wrest the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging Hand,
 Stop ready Death, and save a sinking Land.

O! save us still, still bless us with thy Stay,
 O! want thy Heav'n, 'till we have learnt the Way;
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon,
 And for the Church's good, defer thy own:
 O! live, and let thy Works urge our Belief;
 Live, to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
 'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
 'Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
 Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliss:
 Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
 As thy own Fame among the future Just;
 'Till in last Sounds the dreaded Trumpet speaks,
 'Till Judgment calls, and quickned Nature wakes;

'Till,

'Till, through the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea
Our scatter'd *Atoms* find their destin'd way;
In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again,
Perfect our State, and build immortal Man:
Then fearless, Thou, who well sustain'dst the Fight,
'o Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endless Light,
Lead up all those, that heard Thee, and believ'd;
'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,
And glad all Heav'n with Millions thou hast sav'd.

HYMN to the SUN.

Set by Dr. *PURCELL*,

*And sung before Their Majesties on New-Years
Day, 169 $\frac{3}{4}$.*

LIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant Journeys run,
Through every distant Climate, own,

D 4

That

That in fair *Albion* thou hast seen
 The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen,
 That ever fav'd a Land, or blest a Throne,
 Since first thy Beams were spread, or Genial Power was
 [known.

So may Thy Godhead be confest,
 So the returning Year be blest,
 As its Infant Months bestow
 Springing Wreaths for *William's* Brow ;
 As its Summers Youth shall shed
 Eternal Sweets around *Maria's* Head :
 From the Blessings they bestow,
 Our Times are dated, and our *Era's* move ;
 They govern, and enlighten all below,
 As Thou dost all above.

Let our Hero in the War
 Active and fierce, like Thee, appear ;
 Like Thee, great Son of *Jove*, like Thee,
 When clad in rising Majesty
 Thou marchest down o'er *Delos* Hills confest,
 With all thy Arrows arm'd, in all thy Glory drest.
 Like

Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy,
The raging *Python* to destroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

From fairest Years, and Times more happy Stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;
Such as with Conquest have rewarded
Triumphant Victors happy Cares;
Such as Story has recorded
Sacred to *Nassau's* long Renown,
For Countries fav'd, and Battels won.

March them again in fair Array,
And bid them form the happy Day,
The happy Day design'd to wait
On *William's* Fame, and *Europe's* Fate.
Let the happy Day be crown'd
With great Event and fair Success;
No brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.
Again

Again Thy Godhead we implore,
 (Great in Wisdom as in Power,)

Again, for good *Maria's* Sake, and ours,
 Chuse out other smiling Hours;
 Such as with joyous Wings have fled,
 When happy Counsels were advising;
 Such as have lucky Omens shed
 O'er forming Laws, and Empires rising;
 Such as many Courses ran,
 Hand in Hand a goodly Train,
 To bless the great *Eliza's* Reign;
 And in the Typic Glory show,
 What fuller Blifs *Maria* shall bestow.

As the solemn Hours advance,
 Mingled send into the Dance,
 Many fraught with all the Treasures,
 Which thy Eastern Travel views;
 Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse.

That great *Maria* all those Joys may know,
 Which from her Cares upon her Subjects flow.

For Thy own Glory fing our Sov'rain's Praise
(God of Verfes and of Days,)
Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their laſting Work with *William's* Name ;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great *Maria* for their future Theam :
Eternal Structures let Them raiſe,
On *William's* and *Maria's* Praise :
Nor want new Subject for the Song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the Store,
'Till Nature's Muſick lyes unſtrung ;
'Till thou great God ſhalt loſe thy double Pow'r ;
And touch thy Lyre, and ſhoot thy Beams no more.

T H E

LADY's Looking-Glaſs.

C*ELIA* and I the other Day
Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea :
The ſetting Sun adorn'd the Coaſt,
His Beams entire, his Fiercenefs loſt ;

And,

And, on the Surface of the Deep,
 The Winds lay only not asleep:
 The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
 Serenely joyous, calmly fair;
 Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.
 With secret Joy I heard her say,
 That she wou'd never miss one Day
 A Walk so fine, a Sight so gay.



But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high,
 Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
 The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars,
 And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.
 Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
 She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
 And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
 Approach the Shore, or view the Main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
 Thy self in that large Glass descry;
 When thou art in good Humour drest,
 When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,

The

The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as Thee;
'Tis then that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless Depth of Love;
I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,
Nor think on all I left on Shoar.

But when vain Doubts and groundless Fear
Do that dear foolish Bosom tear;
When the big Lip and wat'ry Eye
Tell me the rising Storm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon' angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;
And the poor Sailor, that must try
Its Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,
I chide Thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from Thee, vext when nigh,
I with Thee, or without Thee, die.

Love

Love and Friendship :

A

PASTORAL.

 By Mrs. *ELIZABETH SINGER.*

A M A R T L L I S.

WHile from the Skies the ruddy Sun descends,
 And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends:
 While pearly Dews o'erspread the fruitful Field,
 And closing Flowers reviving Odours yield:
 Let us, beneath these spreading Trees, recite
 What from our Hearts our Muses may indite.
 Nor need we, in this close Retirement, fear,
 Left any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear.

S I L V I A.

To ev'ry Shepherd I would mine proclaim,
 Since fair *Aminta* is my softest Theme :

A

A Stranger to the loose Delights of Love,
My Thoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred Fire I sing,
Chast Goddess of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

A M A R T L L I S.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire
With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing Fire:
Propitious God of Love, thy Succour bring,
Whilst I thy Darling, thy *Alexis* sing.
Alexis, as the opening Blossoms fair,
Lovely as Light, and soft as yielding Air.
For him each Virgin sighs, and on the Plains
The happy Youth above each Rival reigns.
Nor to the Ecchoing Groves, and whisp'ring Spring,
In sweeter Strains does artful *Conon* sing;
When loud Applauses fill the crowded Groves,
And *Phæbus* the superior Song approves.

S I L V I A.

Beauteous *Aminta* is as early Light,
Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night.
When she is near, all anxious Trouble flies,
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.

Young

Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,
 In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires:
 And on the Plain when she no more appears,
 The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears.
 In vain the Streams roll on; the Eastern Breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling Trees;
 In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
 And to the silent Night their Notes prolong:
 Nor Groves, nor crystal Streams, nor verdant Field
 Does wonted Pleasures in her Absence yield.

A M A R T L L I S.

And in his Absence, all the pensive Day,
 In some obscure Retreat I lonely stray;
 All Day to the repeating Caves complain,
 In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain.
 Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around;
 Dear lovely Youth, the flattering Vales resound.

S I L V I A.

On flow'ry Banks, by ev'ry murm'ring Stream,
Aminta is my Muse's softest Theme:
 'Tis she that does my artful Notes refine;
 With fair *Aminta's* Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

A M A.

A M A R Y L L I S.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for *Alexis* Brows,
And consecrate to him eternal Vows :
The charming Youth shall my *Apollo* prove;
He shall adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

T O T H E
A U T H O R
O F T H E

Foregoing PASTORAL.

BY *Silvia* if thy charming self be meant,
If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows Extent ;
O! let me in *Aminta's* Praises join ;
Hers my Esteem shall be, my Passion Thine :
When for thy Head the Garland I prepare,
A second Wreath shall bind *Aminta's* Hair ;
And when my choicest Songs thy Worth proclaim,
Alternate Verse shall blefs *Aminta's* Name :

My Heart shall own the Justice of her Cause,
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws.

But, if beneath thy Numbers soft Disguise,
 Some favour'd Swain, some true *Alexis* lyes;
 If *Amaryllis* breaths thy secret Pains;
 And thy fond Heart beats Measure to thy Strains:
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
 The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind;
 May *Venus* long exert her happy Pow'r,
 And make thy Beauty, like thy Verse, endure:
 May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,
Pan guard thy Flock, and *Ceres* blefs thy Board.

But if, by chance, the Series of thy Joys
 Permit one Thought less chearful to arise:
 Piteous transfer it to the mornful Swain,
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
 Feels an ill-fated Passion's last Excess;
 And dies in Woe, that thou may'st live in Peace.

To a L A D Y:

*She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and
leaving me in the Argument.*

An O D E.

S P A R E, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue;
That more than Triumph he might have,
In being overcome by You.

In the Dispute whate'er I said,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
And in my Looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight:
For seldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair One, wou'd you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their Prevalence deny,
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd :
To keep the beauteous Foe in view
Was all the Glory I desir'd.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry fure,
Contemns the Gift too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the Fight;
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field :
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And Triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the *Parthian* turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as he fled, he flew.

SEEING THE
Duke of *ORMOND*'s
P I C T U R E,
A T

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*'s.

OUT from the injur'd Canvas, *Kneller*, strike
These Lines too faint; the Picture is not like:
Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again;
Dreadful in Arms, on *Landen*'s glorious Plain,
Place *Ormond*'s Duke; impendent in the Air
Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,

Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death; below
 Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow. }

'Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
 Which from the Patriot's Breast in Torrents flow'd,
 He faints; His Steed no longer hears the Rein,
 But stumbles o'er the heap His Hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale, he lyes;
 Lovely, sad Object! in His half clos'd Eyes
 Stern Vengeance yet, and Hostile Terror stand;
 His Front yet threatens, and His Frowns command:
 The *Gallic* Chiefs their Troops around Him call,
 Fear to approach Him, tho' they see Him fall. —

O *Kneller*; cou'd Thy Shades and Lights express
 The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress;
 Ages to come might *Ormond's* Picture know;
 And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow:
 In spite of Time Thy Work might ever shine;
 Nor *Homer's* Colours last, so long as Thine.

An O D E.

Presented to the KING,

O N

His Majesty's Arrival in *Holland*,

A F T E R

The QUEEN's Death.

1695.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.*

AT *Mary's Tomb*, (sad, sacred Place,)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
And every Muse, and every Grace,
In solemn State shall ever weep.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd Urn.

For her the Wise and Great shall mourn,
When late Records her Deeds repeat ;
Ages to come, and Men unborn,
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

Fair *Albion* shall with faithful Trust,
Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard ;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Dust,
And gives the Saint her full Reward.

But let the King dismiss his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown ;
And take the Cypress from his Brows,
To put his wonted Laurels on.

If prest by Grief our Monarch stoops,
In vain the *British* Lions roar :
If he, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops,
The *Belgic* Darts will wound no more.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should lead ;
And, in kind Murmurs, chide that Grief,
Which hinders *Europe* being freed.

The great Example they demand,
Who still to Conquest led the way ;
Wishing him present to Command,
As they stand ready to Obey.

They seek that Joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's Face ;
When the thick Squadrons prest the Foe,
And *William* led the glorious Chace.

To

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
 Restore them thy auspicious Light,
Great Sun; with radiant Beams destroy
 Those Clouds, which keep thee from our Sight.

Let Thy sublime Meridian Course
 For *Mary's* setting Rays atone:
Our Lustre, with redoubl'd Force,
 Must now proceed from Thee alone.

See, pious King, with different Strife
 Thy struggling *Albion's* Bosom torn;
So much she fears for *William's* Life,
 That *Mary's* Fate she dare not mourn.

Her Beauty, in thy softer Half,
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve:
But let her Strength in Thee be safe;
 And let her weep, but let her live.

Thou,

Thou, Guardian Angel, save the Land
From thy own Grief, her fiercest Foe;
Lest *Britain*, rescu'd by thy Hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy Woe.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unless new Trophies still be fought;
And hoary Majesty sustain
The Battels, which thy Youth has fought.

Where now is all that fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the Wars Alarms?
That soft Excess, with which she strove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

While still She chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd Him o'er His subject Seas:
While, for the Safety of the King,
She wish'd the Victor's Glory less.

'Tis

'Tis chang'd, 'tis gone, sad *Britain* now
Hastens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

In Martial Din she drowns her Sighs,
Lest He the rising Grief should hear:
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Lest He should see the falling Tear.

Go, mighty Prince, let *France* be taught,
How constant Minds by Grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When *William* led, and *Mary* dy'd.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all his Darts is seen,
That he can touch thy Heart with none,
But that, which struck the Beauteous Queen.

Belgia

Belgia indulg'd her open Grief,
While yet her Master was not near;
With fullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And fat Obdurate in Despair.

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
To Earth her bended Front she bow'd,
And sent her Wailings to the Skies.

But when her anxious Lord return'd,
Rais'd is her Head, her Eyes are dry'd;
She smiles, as *William* ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as *Mary* ne'er had dy'd.

That Freedom, which all Sorrows claim,
She does for thy Content resign:
Her Piety it self would blame,
If her Regrets should waken thine.

To

To cure thy Woe, she shews thy Fame,
Lest the great Mourner should forget,
That all the Race, whence *Orange* came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

William his Country's Cause could fight,
And with his Blood her Freedom Seal :
Maurice and *Henry* guard that Right,
For which their pious Parent fell.

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell :
Excelling others These were Great,
Thou, greater still, must these Excell.

The last fair Instance thou must give,
Whence *Nassau's* Virtue can be try'd;
And shew the World, that thou canst live
Intrepid, as thy Confort dy'd.

Thy

Thy Virtue, whose resistless Force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd Course,
Tho' Death and Envy stop the Way.

For *Britain's* Sake, for *Belgia's*, Live;
Pierc'd by their Grief forget thy own:
New Toils endure, new Conquest give;
And bring them Ease, tho' thou hast none.

Vanquish again; tho' She be gone,
Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:
And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,
Who made thy Glory worth thy Care.

Fair *Britain* never yet before
Breath'd to her King a useless Pray'r:
Fond *Belgia* never did implore,
While *William* turn'd aside his Ear.

But

But should the weeping Hero now
Relentless to their Wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing Woe,
The Object of his Grief and Love:

Her Face with thousand Beauties blest;
Her Mind with thousand Virtues stor'd;
Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confest;
Her Person only not ador'd:

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his Passions to abate:
If the great Mourner would reflect,
Her Glory in her Death compleat.

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying Thee;
Her Scepter, guided by thy Hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and Rul'd the Sea.

But

But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy *William's* Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his Name.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives its Forms, thy Virtues rowl:
From *Mary's* Glory Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul.

Wife Fate, which does its Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when they yield their Breath,
Hastens thy Triumph; Half of thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou sustain'ft the Orb below.

O D E,

Sur la Prise

De *N A M U R.*

L' Année 1692.

Par Monsieur *Despreaux* de *Boileau.*

I.

Quelle docte & Sainte yvresse
 Aujourd' huy me fait la loy ?
 Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
 N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
 Accourez, Troupe Sçavante,
 Des sons que ma Lyre enfante
 Ces Arbres sont réjouis.
 Marques en bien la cadence ;
 Et vous, Vents, faites Silence :
 Je vais Parler de Louis.

II. Dans

An *English* BALLAD,

On the Taking

OF *NAMUR*.

1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

I. and II.

SOME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it :

So might not *Bacchus* give you Law?

Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,

Or Virgin of St. *Cyr*, you saw?

Why all this Fury? What's the matter,

That Oaks must come from *Thrace* to dance?

Must stupid Stocks be taught to flatter,

And is there no such Wood in *France*?

Why must the Winds all hold their Tongue?

If they a little Breath should raise,

Would that have spoil'd the Poet's Song,

Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praise?

II.

*Dans ses chansons immortelles,
 Comme un Aigle audacieux,
 Pindare étendant ses aïles,
 Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux.
 Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre,
 Si dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
 Tu peux suivre mes Transports ;
 Les chesnes de Monts de Thrace
 N'ont rien ouï que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.*

III.

*Est-ce Apollon & Neptune
 Qui sur ces Rocs Sourcilleux,
 Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
 Basti ces Murs orgueilleux ?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse
 Deffend le fatal abord,
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces Monts terribles
 Vomit le fer, & la Mort.*

IV. Dix



Pindar, that Eagle, mounts the Skies;
 While Virtue leads the noble Way:
 Too like a Vultur *Boileau* flies,
 Where fordid Interest shows the Prey.
 When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
 From Reason far his Transports rove;
 And *Boileau*, for eight hundred Pieces,
 Makes *Louis* take the Wall of *Jove*.

III.

Neptune, and *Sol* came from above,
 Shap'd like *Megrigny*, and *Vauban*;
 They arm'd these Rocks, then show'd old *Jove*
 Of *Marli* Wood the wondrous Plan.
 Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed,
 By Human Force could ne'er be shaken;
 But You and I in *Homer* read
 Of Gods, as well as Men, mistaken.
Sambre and *Maese* their Waves may join,
 But ne'er can *William's* Force restrain;
 He'll pass them Both, who pass'd the *Boyn*:
 Remember this, and arm the *Sein*.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D' éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs Remparts :
Et dans son Sein infidele
Par tout la Terre y recele
Un feu prest à S' élancer,
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
Ouvre un Sepulchre de soufre
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles,
Jadis la Grece eust vingt Ans,
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus fiers Combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puissance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance
Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l' environne ?
C'est Jupiter en Personne,
Ou c'est le Vainqueur de Mons.

VI. N'en

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty Fellows

With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain;

Each was a *Hercules*, you tell us,

Yet out they march'd like common Men.

Cannons above, and Mines below

Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive;

Yet matters have been order'd so,

That most of Us are still alive.

V.

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*,

Then *Britain's* Boys excell the *Greeks* :

Their Siege did ten long Years employ,

We've done our Bus'ness in ten Weeks.

What Godhead does so fast advance,

With dreadful Power those Hills to gain?

'Tis little *Will*, the Scourge of *France*,

No Godhead, but the first of Men.

His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,

To keep ev'n *Mons's* Victor under :

And that same *Jupiter* no more

Shall fright the World with impious Thunder.

VI.

N'en doute point, c'est luy-mesme.
Tout brille en luy, Tout est Roy.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour toy.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile Esclâve,
Rangé Sous ses étendars :
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
Uni Sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or qui roule en ses eaux ;

Ceux-

VI.

Our King thus trembles at *Namur*,
Whilst *Villeroy*, who ne'er afraid is,
To *Bruxelles* marches on secure,
To Bomb the Monks, and scare the Ladies.
After this Glorious Expedition,
One Battel makes the Marshal Great;
He must perform his King's Commission:
Who knows but *Orange* may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to Fight;
And mighty *Louis* hop'd, no doubt,
That *William* wou'd preserve that Right.

VII.

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*,
See every Mother's Son appear;
In such a Case ne'er blame a Foe,
If he betrays some little Fear:
He comes, the mighty *Vill'roy* comes;
Finds a small River in his Way:
So waves his Colours, beats his Drums;
And thinks it prudent there to stay.

*Ceux-ci des champs où la neige
Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.*

VIII.

*Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids Torrens de Decembre
Les Champs par tout sont noyés.
Cérés s'enfuit éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et Sous les Urnes fangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous ses Trésors submergés.*

IX.

*Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, Vents, Peuples, Frimats,
Ramassez tous vos nuages,
Rassemblez tous vos Soldats.*

Mal-

The *Gallic* Troops breath Blood and War;
The Marshal cares not to march faster;
Poor *Vill'roy* moves so slowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his Master.

VIII.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
Disguise the Mar'shal's plain Disgrace?
No Torrents swell the low *Mehayne*?
The World will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no *Hyades* appear,
Dear Poet, on the Banks of *Sambre*?
Just as they did that mighty Year,
When you turn'd *June* into *December*?
The Water-*Nymphs* are all unkind
To *Vill'roy*; are the Land-*Nymphs* so?
These Ebb alas! fly they? Combin'd
To shame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame
May join to finish *William's* Story;
Nations set free may bless his Name,
And *France* in Secret own his Glory.

But

*Malgré vous Namur en poudre
Sen va tomber Sous la foudre
Qui domta l'Isle, Courtray,
Gand la Superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.*

X.

*Mes présages s'accomplissent :
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine
Soufle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre,
Semblent tombant sur la Terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.*

But *Ipres*, *Mastrich* and *Cambray*,

Besancon, *Ghent*, *St. Omers*, *Lysle*,
Courtray and *Dole*, — ye Criticks, say,

How poor to this was *Pindar's* Style?

With *Eke's* and *Alfo's* tack thy Strain,

Great Bard; and sing the deathless Prince,
Who lost *Namur* the same Campaign,

He bought *Dixmude*, and gutted *Deynse*.

X.

I'll hold ten Pound, my Dream is out,

I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle

Of those confounded Drums; no doubt

Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.

Dear me! a hundred thousand *French*

With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field;

While *William* carries on the Trench,

'Till both the Town and Castle yield.

Vill'roy to *Boufflers* should advance,

Says *Mars*, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;

Id est, one Marechal of *France*

Tells t'other, He can come no nigher.

XI.

*Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
Des ces Murs l'unique espoir :
A couvert d'une Riviere
Venez, vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ces approches :
Voyez, grimper sur ces roches
Ces Athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les Eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.*

XII.

*Contemplez dans la tempeste
Qui sort de ces Boulevars,
La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.
A cet Astre redoutable
Toûjours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les Combats :
Et toûjours avec la Gloire
Mars amenant la Victoire
Vôle, & le Suit à grands pas.*

XIII. *Grands*

XI.

Regain the Lines the shortest way,
 Vill'roy, or to *Versailles* take Post ;
For, having seen it, Thou can't say
 The Steps, by which *Namur* was lost.
The Smoke and Flame may vex thy Sight ;
 Look not once back ; but, as thou goest,
Quicken the Squadrons in their Flight ;
 And bid the D——l take the slowest.
Think not what Reason to produce,
 From *Louis* to conceal thy Fear ;
He'll own the Strength of thy Excuse,
 Tell him that *William* was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for *Louis* Feather,
 That us'd to shine so like a Star,
The Generals could not get together,
 Wanting that Influence, great in War ;
O Poet ! thou had'st been discreeter,
 Hanging the Monarchs Hat so high ;
If thou had'st dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor ;
 That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII. To

XIII.

*Grands Deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous, il en est temps,
Courage, vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos Drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vû sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc. Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'Univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser?*

XIV.

*Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoy? leur seul aspect vous glace?
Ou sont ces chefs pleins d'audace
Fadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise
Et de la Drève Soumise
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher?*

XV. Ce-

XIII.

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray;
 In vain *France* hopes, the sickly Light
 Shou'd shine near *William's* fuller Day.
 He likes *Versailles*, his proper Station,
 Nor cares for any Foreign Sphere;
 Where you see *Boileau's* Constellation,
 Be sure no Danger can be near.

XIV.

The *French* had gather'd all their Force,
 And *William* left an open way:
 Yet off they brush'd, both Foot and Horse.
 What has Friend *Boileau* left to say?
 When his high Muse is bent upon't
 To sing her King, that Great Commander,
 Or on the Shores of *Hellespont*,
 Or in the Valleys near *Scamander*,
 Wou'd it not spoil his noble Task,
 If any foolish *Phrygian* there is
 Impertinent enough to ask,
 How far *Namur* may be from *Paris*?

XV.

*Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les Remparts de Namur.
Son Gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déjà jusques à ses portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes
La flame & le fer en main:
Et sur les Monceaux de piques,
De Corps morts, de Rocs, de Briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.*

XVI.

*C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers éperdus
Battre un Signal pour se rendre :
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez vôt're arrogance,
Fiers Ennemis de la France,
Et desormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.*

XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,
 Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks and Fire:
 Leave 'em behind you, honest Friend:
 And with your Country-Men retire.
 Your Ode is spoilt, *Namur* is freed;
 For *Dixmuyd* something yet is due;
 So good Count *Guiscard* may proceed;
 But *Boufflers*, Sir, one Word with you.—

XVI.

'Tis done. In Sight of these Commanders,
 Who neither Fight, nor raise the Siege;
 The Foes of *France* march safe thro' *Flanders*,
 Divide to *Bruxelles* or to *Liege*.
 Send, *Fame*, this News to *Trianon*;
 That *Boufflers* may new Honours gain:
 He the same Play by Land has shown,
 As *Tourville* did upon the Main.
 Yet is the Mar'shal made a Peer,
 O *William*, may thy Arms advance,
 That he may lose *Dinant* next Year,
 And so be Constable of *France*.

I N
I M I T A T I O N
O F
A N A C R E O N.

LET 'em Censure, what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know I write
Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the Numbers of my Song;
All that They approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus! String thy Servant's Lyre:
Love shall be my endless Theme;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And, when these Maximes I decline,
Apollo, may thy Fate be mine:
May I grasp at empty Praise;
And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

An

An O D E.

THE Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name:
Euphelia serves to grace my Measure;
But *Cloe* is my real Flame.

My softest Verse, my darling Lyre,
Upon *Euphelia's* Toylet lay;
When *Cloe* noted her Desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise;
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
And, whilst I sing *Euphelia's* Praise,
I fix my Soul on *Cloe's* Eyes.

Fair *Cloe* blush'd, *Euphelia* frown'd;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembl'd:
And *Venus* to the *Loves* around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.

A S O N G.

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r,
 To ease the Sicknes of the Soul;
 Let *Phæbus* ev'ry String explore,
 And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly Bowl.
 Let them their friendly Aid imploy,
 To make my *Cloe's* Absence light;
 And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
 The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But She to Morrow will return:
Venus, be Thou to Morrow great;
 Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn;
 And meet thy Fav'rite Nymph in State.
 Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
 Let us to Morrow's Blessings own:
 Thy darling *Loves* shall guide the Hours;
 And all the Day be Thine alone.

CELIA

C E L I A

T O

D A M O N.

*Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, summèque secundo
Inveniuntur*——

Lucret. Lib. 4.

WHAT can I say, what Arguments can prove
My Truth, what Colours can describe my
If its Excess and Fury be not known (Love,
In what thy *Celia* has already done?

Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;
With easie Smiles dispell'd the silent Fear,
That durst not tell me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I strove to check my growing Flame;
Or shelter Passion under Friendship's Name:
You saw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd;
And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd——

E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd Aid;
 E'er Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid;
 My Soul surpriz'd, and from its self disjoin'd,
 Left all Reserve, and all the Sex behind:
 From your Command her Motions she receiv'd;
 And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be *Cytherea's* Shrine,
 And Fires Eternal on her Altars shine;
 Since thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound;
 Since in thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd.
 By thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown,
 Thy Joys are center'd All in me Alone;
 And sure I am thou wou'dst not change this Hour,
 For all the White ones Fate has in its Pow'r. —

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,
 Yet thus receiving and returning Blifs,
 In this great Moment, in this Golden *Now*,
 When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
 Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
 And far on swelling Seas of Rapture born;

A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye;
And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh:
Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy;
And Ills foreseen the present Blifs destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the Cause,
That with first Sighs your panting Bosom rose:
But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:
Pass but some fleeting Years, and these poor Eyes,
(Where now without a Boast some Beauty lyes,)
No longer shall their little Lustre keep,
Shall only be of use to read, or weep.
And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said,
The *Loves* delighted, and the *Graces* play'd;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
And leave sad Marks of his destructive Sway.

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may
And, as the Fuel sinks, the Flame decrease: (cease,
Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare,
And Sicknes strike what Time a while wou'd spare.

Then

Then will my Swain his glowing Vows renew,
 Then will his throbbing Heart to Mine beat true,
 When my own Face deters me from my Glafs,
 And *Kneller* only shows what *Celia* was?

Fantastick *Fame* may sound her wild Alarms;
 Your Country, as you think, may want your Arms.
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
 Whose Smoke too long obscur'd your rising Name:
 And quickly cold Indifference will ensue,
 When you Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic view.

Then *Celia's* loudest Pray'r will prove too weak,
 To this abandon'd Breast to bring you back;
 When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
 With Musick Gay, and wet with Jovial Friends:
 The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
 When the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail;
 When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale;
 And Int'rest guides the Helm, and Honour fills the
 (Sayl: }

Some

Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,
May find my Lover on the Foreign Strand, (mand. }
Fill'd with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Com- }
While She who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,
To the rude Censure of the World is left;
Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,
The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer Care, O pardon it! supplies
Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.
Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have,
May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave:
That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror,
May quit his Pleasure, to assert his Pow'r;
Forfake the Provinces that bless his Sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking Beams of *Celia's* Eyes;
With haughty Pride may hear her Charms confess;
And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:

You

You ev'ry Night may sigh for Her in vain ;
 And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain :
 While *Celia's* softest Look may cease to Charm ;
 And her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm :
 While these fond Arms, thus circling you, may prove
 More heavy Chains, than those of hopeless Love.

Just Gods ! all other things their Like produce :
 The Vine arises from its Mother's Juice ;
 When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,
 They to their Seed their Images convey :
 Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds,
 Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads ;
 And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,
 With a resembling Face the Daughter Buds arise.
 That Product only which our Passions bear,
 Eludes the Planter's miserable Care :
 While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit,
 Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root ;
 Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy, and soon the Seeds of
 (Hatred shoot.)

Say,

Say, Shepherd, say, Are these Reflections true?
Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew
This cruel Scene; unjust to Love and You?
Will You be only, and for ever Mine?
Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin?
From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or You grow cold, Respectful, and Forsworn?
And can You not for Her you love do more,
Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

PALLAS and *VENUS*.

A N

EPIGRAM.

THE *Trojan* Swain had judg'd the great Dispute,
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;
When *Venus*, loose in all her naked Charms,
Met *Jove's* Great Daughter clad in shining Arms.

The

The wanton Goddess view'd the Warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and Tauntingly she said.

Yield, Sister; Rival, yield; Naked, You see,
I vanquish; guess how Potent I should be
If to the Field I came in Armour drest,
Dreadful, like thine, my Shield, and terrible my Crest ?

The Warrior Goddess with Disdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:
Let a brave Enemy for once advise,
And *Venus* (if 'tis possible) be Wife.
Thou to be strong must put off every Dress;
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness:
And more than once, or Thou art much bely'd,
By *Mars* himself that Armour has been try'd.

Presented to the
K I N G,
A T
His Arrival in *HOLLAND,*
AFTER THE
Discovery of the Conspiracy,
1696.

*Serus in cœlum redeas ; diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini :
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum*

Ocyor aura

Tollat —

Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait ;
Who turn with secret Pow'r this restless Ball,
And bid alternate Empires rise and fall :

Your

Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own,
 When first They merit, then ascend the Throne :
 But Tyrants dread you, lest your just Decree
 Transfer the Pow'r, and set the People free :
 See rescu'd *Britain* at your Altars bow :
 And hear Her Hymns your happy Care avow :
 That still her Axes and her Rods support
 The Judges Frown, and grace the awful Court :
 That Law with all her pompous Terror stands,
 To wrest the Dagger from the Traitors Hands ;
 And rigid Justice reads the fatal Word ;
 Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword.

Britain Her Safety to your Guidance owns,
 That She can sep'rate Parricides from Sons :
 That, impious Rage disarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
 Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke her Chains.

And Thou, great Minister, above the rest
 Of Guardian Spirits, be Thou for ever blest :
 Thou, who of old wert sent to *Israel's* Court,
 With secret Aid great *David's* strong Support ;

To

To mock the frantick Rage of cruel *Saul*;
And strike the uselefs Jav'lin to the Wall.
Thy later Care o'er *William's* Temples held,
On *Boyn's* propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield;
When Pow'r Divine did Sov'raign Right declare;
And Cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, be thy Care the same;
Be *William's* Life untouch'd, as is his Fame:
Let him own Thine, as *Britain* owns His Hand;
Save Thou the King, as He has fav'd the Land.

We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view;
We reverence *William*, for he acts like You;
Like You, Commission'd to chastize and bless,
He must avenge the World, and give it Peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And still *Britannia* smiles, and *William* lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles must be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd;

His Foes must aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne secure on their Defeat.

So, tho' with sudden Rage the Tempest comes,
Tho' the Winds roar, and tho' the Water foams,
Imperial *Britain* on the Sea looks down,
And smiling sees her Rebel Subject frown;
Striking her Cliff, the Storm confirms her Pow'r,
The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore;
In vain they wou'd advance, in vain retreat,
Broken they dash and perish at her Feet.

For *William* still new Wonders shall be shown,
The Pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the Throne:
Safe on his Darling *Britain's* joyful Sea,
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid way:
His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring Winds he finds the Strand
Blacken'd with Crouds; he sees the Nations stand
Blessing his Safety, proud of his Command.

In various Tongues he hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leader's Praise; by Turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous Glory fir'd,
How *William* conquer'd, and how *France* retir'd;
How *Belgia* freed the Hero's Arm confefs'd,
But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest.

O *Louis*, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By sounding Trumpets, mark, and furly Drums,
When *William* to the open Vengeance comes:
Heading His Troops, and foremost in the Fight,
Behold the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right.

Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your pristin Seats of Night repair.
And thou, *Bellona*, weep thy cruel Pride
Restrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains.
(So *Europe's* Peace, so *William's* Fate ordains.)
While on the Iv'ry Chair, in happy State
He fits; secure in Innocence, and great

In regal Clemency; and views beneath
Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death.

T O A

Young Gentleman in Love.

A

T A L E.

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busie Ills of Life,
Take me, My *Cloe*, to thy Breast,
And lull my wearied Soul to Rest.
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter else, but *Love*—and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
(Uneasie Seats of high Desires,)

Let

Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud ;
In Golden Bondage let them wait,
And Barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! *My Cloe*, when thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again,
May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
The choicest of its Curfes shed:
To sum up all the Rage of Fate
In the Two Things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

}
}

Thus, on his *Cloe's* panting Breast,
Fond *Celadon* his Soul exprest ;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love and Life long since are Thine ;

A real Joy I never knew,
 'Till I believ'd thy Passion true;
 A real Grief I ne'er can find;
 'Till thou prov'ft Perjur'd or Unkind.
 Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy Presence, I can bear;
 Thro' Waters and thro' Flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe;
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
 That I thy Ardour may repay:
 And make my constant Passion known,
 By more than Woman yet has done.

Had I a Wish that did not bear
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
 And Die to let it out again.
 No: *Venus* shall my Witness be,
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like me,)
 That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
 My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,

To

To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Power and Pride:
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.

O happy these of human Race!
But soon, alas! our Pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place.
While She, his Absence to bemoan,
The very Moment he was gone,
Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the Bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

W *Hilst Men have these Ambitious Fancies,*
And wanton Wenches read Romances,
Our Sex will—What? out with it: Lye:
And Theirs in equal Strains reply.

*The Moral of the Tale I sing,
 (A Posy for a Wedding Ring,
 In this short Verse will be confin'd,
 Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.*

A N

ENGLISH PADLOCK,

MISS *Danae*, when Fair and Young,
 (As *Horace* has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
 The Reason of the Thing is clear,
 (Would *Jove* the naked Truth aver,)
Cupid was with him of the Party,
 And show'd himself sincere and hearty;
 For, give that Whipster but his Errand,
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant;
 Dauntless as Death away he walks,
 Breaks the Doors open, snaps the Locks,
 Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
 Nor stops 'till he has *Culprit's* Body.

Since

Since this has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth ;
Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
Why so Myfterious, why so Jealous?
Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us less Curious, her less Fair?
The Spy, who does this Treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor Sleep?
Does she to no Excess incline?
Does she fly Musick, Mirth and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,
To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend,
That Spy is guarded by your Friend. —
But has that Friend nor Eye, nor Heart ?
May He not feel the cruel Dart
Which, soon or late, all Mortals feel?
May He not, with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Pris'ner Cause to see,
How much He wishes, she were free?

May

May He not craftily infer
 The Rules of Friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated Trust,
 Which make him Wretched, to be Just?
 And may not She, this Darling She,
 Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
 Ease with Him, ill us'd by Thee,
 Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, Will your Questions never end?
 I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.
 In short, I keep her from the Sight
 Of ev'ry Human Face.—She'll write.—
 From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd.—
 Has she a Bodkin and a Card?
 She'll prick her Mind:—She will, you say;
 But how shall She that Mind convey?
 I keep her in one Room, I lock it;
 The Key, look here, is in this Pocket:
 The Key-hole, is that left? Most certain,
 She'll thrust her Letter thro',—Sir *Martin*.

Dear

Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
Is there no Way? — There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her see,
That all this mingled Mass, which she
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau ;
A Staple of Romance and Lies,
False Tears, and real Perjuries ;
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
And Love is made but to be told ;
Where the fat Bawd and lavish Heir
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share,
And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame
Must give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, false the Men:
And when, these certain Ills to shun,
She would to thy Embraces run ;
Receive her with extended Arms,
Seem more delighted with her Charms ;

}
}

Wait

Wait on her to the Park and Play,
 Put on good Humour, make her gay;
 Be to her Virtues very kind,
 Be to her Faults a little blind;
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your *Padlock* — on her Mind.

Monfieur *De la Fontaine's*

HANS CARVEL,

I M I T A T E D.

H*ANS Carvel*, Impotent and Old,
 Married a Lafs of *London* Mould;
 Handsome? enough; extremely Gay;
 Lov'd Mufick, Company and Play:
 High Flights ſhe had, and Wit at Will,
 And ſo her Tongue lay ſeldom ſtill;

For

For in all Visits who but She,
To Argue or to Repartee?

She made it plain that Human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination;
That, if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart,
Enter'd into *Roxana's* Part;
To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good;
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told,
Where newest *India* things were sold;
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*,
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen,
What else cou'd so much Virtue mean?

For

For to prevent the least Reproach,
Betty went with her, in the Coach.

But, when no very great Affair
 Excited her peculiar Care,
 She, without fail, was wak'd at Ten,
 Drank Chocolate, then slept again;
 At Twelve She rose, with much ado
 Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:
 Then, Does my Lady Dine at home?
 Yes sure, — but is the Colonel come?
 Next, how to spend the Afternoon,
 And not come Home again too soon;
 The Change, the City, or the Play,
 As each was proper for the Day;
 A Turn, in Summer, to *Hyde-Park*,
 When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,
 Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain;
 He thought of what he did not name,
 And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;

At

At first He therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life:
Told Her how Transient Beauty was,
That all must die, and Flesh was Grass:
He bought her Sermons, Psalms and Graces,
And doubled down the useful Places.
But still the Weight of worldly Care
Allow'd her little time for Prayer.
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
Whilst *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny ones self,
Lay unmolested on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,
No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it.
In short, the Trade was still the same,
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor *Carvel* cry'd,
Another Batt'ry must be try'd:
What if to Spells I had Recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.

The End must justify the Means,
 He only Sins who Ill intends:
 Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
 (For name him and he's always near,)
 Not in the Shape in which he plies
 At Misses Elbow, when she lies;
 Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
 To take the naughty Boy that roars:
 But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
 Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your Grief,
 The Devil says, I bring Relief:
 Relief, says *Hans*, pray let me crave
 Your Name, Sir; — *Satan*; — Sir, your Slave;
 I did not look upon your Feet,
 You'll pardon me; — Ay, now I see't:
 And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell;
 Our Friends there, did you leave them well?

All

All well; but prithee, honest *Hans*,
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaisance.
The Truth is this, I cannot stay
Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day:
For, *entre Nous*, we hellish Sprites
Love more the Fresco of the Nights;
And oftner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning Dawns, your Fears shall end;
Go then this Ev'ning, Master *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare;
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe, for once, what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad? not a little:
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Cozen.

The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd;
 Catches were Sung, and Healths went round:
Barbados Waters for the Close,
 'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose:
 The Colonel toasted to the best,
 The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
 The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew,
 But when or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
 Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair:
 From thence was carry'd off to Bed;
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
 My Lady was disturb'd, new Sorrow;
 Which *Hans* must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair,
 And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid,
 The Duty of the Night unpaid:
 The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,
 That made her hate both Him and Rest;
 By such a Husband, such a Wife;
 'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius'* Life.

The

The Lady sigh'd, the Lover snor'd ;
The punctual Devil kept his Word :
Appear'd to honest *Hans* again,
(But not at all by Madam seen,)
And giving him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King :
Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long, for *Satan's* fake ;
'Twill do your Business to a Hair :
For long as you this Ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the Ring with Joy extream,
(All this was only in a Dream,)
And thrusting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point——
What Point, said she, you ugly Beast ?
You neither give me Joy nor Rest:
'Tis done,——What's done, you drunken Bear ?
You've thrust your Finger G——d knows where.

PAULO PURGANTI

A N D

HIS W I F E:

An Honest, but a Simple Pair.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod Deceat: quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute potest quam Re separari.

Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

Beyond the fix'd and settl'd Rules
 Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools;
 Beyond the Letter of the Law,
 Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe;
 The better Sort should set before 'em
 A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
 Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
 Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
 And sets 'em in that open Fame,
 Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting,
 Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting:
 From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace
 A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:
 May justly own the Picture wrought
 Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:
 Yet, if the Colouring be not there,
 The *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air,
 To nicest Judgment show the Piece,
 At best 'twill only not displease:
 It would not gain on *Fersey's* Eye,
B—d—d would scold, and set it by.

Thus, in the Picture of our Mind,
 The Action may be well design'd;
 Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
 Yet want this *Je ne scay quoy* of Beauty:
 And, tho' its Error may be such,
 As *Knags* and *Burgefs* cannot hit,
 It yet may feel the nicer Touch
 Of *Wicherley's* or *Congreve's* Wit.

}
 }
 }

What is this Talk? replies a Friend:
 And where will this dry Moral end?
 The Truth of what you here lay down
 By some Example should be shown:—
 With all my Heart,—for once,—read on.
 An Honest, but a Simple Pair,
 (And Twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
Paulo Purganti was his Name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:
 No Woman led a better Life:
 She to Intreagues was ev'n hard-hearted;
 She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:
 And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
 'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,
 She thought no Mercy should be had;

They

They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead;
Or serv'd like *Romish* Priests in *Swede*.——
In short, all Lewdness she defy'd,
And stiff was her Parochial Pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of that same:
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands should give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer
Between the Gay and the Severe,
That, if in some Regards she chose
To curb poor *Paulo* in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser Rein.

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
The Doctor from Excess of Wine;
With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his Belly:

Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
 But Chocolate that Loss supply'd;
 And for Tobacco, (who could bear it?)
 Filthy Concomitant of Claret,
 (Blest Revolution) one might see
 Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea.

She often fet the Doctor's Band,
 And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand;
 Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
 He went to pore on Books too soon;
 She held it wholsomer by much
 To rest a little on the Couch;—
 About his Waste in Bed a-nights
 She clung so close,——for fear of Sprights.

The Doctor understood the Call,
 But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,
 (As *Plutarch's* Morals finely show,)

Was

Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail:
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the Campaign,
And save his Forces by Chicane.
Fabius, the Roman Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew *Maximus*,
Shows us, that all, which Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;
Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle
Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battel,
Thought it extreamly *à propos*,
To ward against the coming Blow;
To ward, but how? Ay, there's the Question:
Fierce the Assault; unarm'd the Bastion.

The

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise;
 He felt her Pulse, he view'd her Eyes:
 Those beat too fast, these rowl'd too quick;
 She was, he said, or would be Sick:
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her Blood.
Spaw Waters for that end were got:
 If they past easily or not
 What matters it? the Lady's Feaver
 Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this kind,
 (*Blackmore* and *Hanns* are of my Mind)
 If once it youthful Blood infects,
 And chiefly of the Female Sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion,
 What-e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

One luckless Night then, as in Bed
 The Doctor and the Dame were laid,

Again

Again this cruel Feaver came,
High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Measures shall poor *Paulo* keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like *Mackbeth*, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow him Rest, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters; when we dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War:
Nor *Livy* nor *Comines* have shown,
What in this Juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that *Paulo's* Case is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Up from her Ladyship to *Eve*.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moralists; and run ye on
Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.

As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her Arms, to close her Eye,
Telling her Rest would do her Good,
If any thing in Nature cou'd:
So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,
Masters and Princes of the Calling;
So all our modern Friends maintain,
(Tho' no great *Greeks*,) in *Warwick-Lane*.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandring Song:
A Tale should never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd.
At last, I wish, said she, my Dear——
(And whisper'd something in his Ear.)
You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will Womankind be wise?
What, in your Waters? are you mad?
Why Poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it——But I give you Warning,
You'll die before to Morrow Morning.——

'Tis kind, my Dear, what you advise,
The Lady with a Sigh replies:
But Life, you know, at best is Pain:
And Death is what we should disdain.
So do it therefore, and Adieu;
For I will die, for Love of you.——
Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd;
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

T H E
L A D L E.

THE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*;
To see who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose.
That, since they gave Things their Beginning;
And set this Whirligig a Spinning;
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:

And

And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and shuffle for our selves:
To stand, or walk; to rise, or tumble;
As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters, hold
This *Thesis* both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a Day.
Else, all these Things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single Farthing:
For when the Hero we rehearse,
To grace his Actions, and our Verse,
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
That to his *Latium* he is brought:
Iris descends, by Fate's Commands,
To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;
And *Amphitrite* clears his Way,
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if you see him in a Sketch,
Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*,

He

He shows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length:
That He may make his proper Figure,
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field:
One holds his Sword, and one his Shield:
Mars standing by asserts his Quarrel;
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation,
As 'twere to save or sink the Nation,
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em;
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Equilibrio*,
If Deities descend or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale;

For

For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,
Which, in their Nature, most conduce
To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above;
One *Mercury*, the t'other *Jove* :
The Humour was, it seems, to know,
If all the Favours they bestow,
Could from our own Perversness ease us;
And if our Wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales their Godfhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd, at almost Night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That, in Difguife, a God or Goddefs
Exerts no fupernat'ral Powers;
But acts on Maxims, much like Ours.

They

They spy'd, at last, a Country Farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind,
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing;
Good Grain was sow'd; good Fruit was growing:
Of last Year's Corn in Barns great Store:
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:
And Wealth, in short, with Peace contented,
That People here should live contented:
But did they in Effect do so?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife
To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,
Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose,
(As almost ev'ry Couple does:)
Sometime, My Plague; sometimes, My Darling;
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling:
Jointly submitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd;
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
Thought they were Folks that lost their Way;
And ask'd them civilly to stay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,
They might go on, and be worse sped.——

So said, so done; the Gods consent;
All three into the Parlour went:
They complement; they sit; they chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:
A thousand knotty Points they clear;
'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Jove made his Leg, and kifs'd the Dame:
Obsequious *Hermes* did the same.
Jove kifs'd the Farmer's Wife, you say;
He did,——but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which he kifs'd *Amphitryon's* Wife.——

Well

Well then, Things handsomly were serv'd;
My Mistrefs for the Strangers carv'd.
How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud they laught, how much they eat,
In Epic sumptuous would appear,
Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here.
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine Description led,
I made my Epifode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his Play;
Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and Jestings laid aside,
That Ye thus hospitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.
To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,
You have, to Night, beneath your Roof

A Pair of Gods; — nay, never wonder;
 This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,
 My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three Wishes, You and Madam,
 And sure as You already had 'em,
 The Things desir'd, in half an Hour
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman says;
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
 A Ladle for our Silver Dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish. —
 A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
 'Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill;
 What should be Great you turn to Farce,
 I wish the Ladle in your A —.

With equal Grief and Shame, my Muse
 The Sequel of the Tale pursues:
 The Ladle fell into the Room,
 And stuck in old *Corisca's* Bum:

Our Couple weep two Wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

M O R A L.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;
His Head aches for a Coronet;
And who is Bless'd that is not Great?

Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n;
What then? He must have Rule and Sway,
And all is wrong 'till He's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.

*Against our Peace we arm our Will,
Amidst our Plenty, Something still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.*

*That cruel Something unpossess'd
Corrodes and leuens all the rest.
That Something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle;
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.*

A

S I M I L E.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?
There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of Simile,)

A

A *Squirrel* spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rowling Cage?
The Cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top——?

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.

So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus'* Shades;
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods :
Still Dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

R E A D I N G

Mezeray's HISTORY

O F

F R A N C E.

I.

WHate'er thy Countrymen have done,
 By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
 In Thee is faithfully recited:

And all the Living World, that view
 Thy Work, give Thee the Praises due:
 At once Instructed and Delighted,

II.

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,
 What Begger in the *Invalides*,
 With Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,
 Wish'd ever decently to die,
 To have been either *Mezeray*,
 Or any Monarch He has written?

II. Yet

III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That down from *Pharamond* to *Louÿs*
All covet Life, yet call it Pain ;
All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure:
Can Sense this Paradox endure?
Resolve me, *Cambray*, or *Fontaine*.

IV.

The Man in graver Tragic known,
Tho' his best Part long since was done,
Still on the Stage desires to tarry:
And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the Jest still loads the Scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the Year 1700.

T O T H E
K I N G.

*Aspice, venturo letentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!*

Virg. Eclog. 4.

THY elder Look, Great *Janus*, cast
 Into the long Records of Ages past;
 Review the Years in fairest Action drest,
 With noted White Superior to the rest;
Æras deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
 From Empires founded, and from Battels won:

Show

Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings atchiev'd,
And groaning Nations by their Arms reliev'd,
The Wounds of Patriots in their Country's Cause,
And happy Pow'r sustain'd by wholesom Laws;
In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth,
Imprint on ev'ry Act its Standard Worth:
The glorious Parallels then downward bring
To Modern Wonders, and to *Britain's* King.
With equal Justice and Historic Care
Their Laws, their Toils, their Arms with His compare;
Confess the various Attributes of Fame
Collected and compleat in *William's* Name;

To all the list'ning World relate,
As thou dost his Story read,
That nothing went before so Great,
And nothing Greater can succeed.

Thy Native *Latium* was thy darling Care,
Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War:
The boldest Virtues that have govern'd Earth
From *Latium's* fruitful Womb derive their Birth.

Then

Then turn to Her fair-written Page,
 From dawning Childhood to establish'd Age
 The Glories of Her Empire trace:
 Confront the Heroes of thy *Roman* Race,
 And let the justest Palm the Victor's Temples grace.

The Son of *Mars* reduc'd the trembling Swains,
 And spread his Empire o'er the distant Plains:
 But yet, the *Sabins* violated Charms
 Obscur'd the Glory of his rising Arms.
Numa the Rights of strict Religion knew,
 On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due:
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
 Or lead the forward Youth to Noble War.
 Stern *Brutus* was with too much Horror good,
 Holding his *Fasces* stain'd with Filial Blood.
Fabius was Wise, but with excess of Care;
 He fav'd his Country, but prolong'd the War.
 While *Decius*, *Paulus*, *Curius*, greatly Fought;
 And by their strict Examples taught,
 How wild Desires should be controll'd,
 And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold.

They

They scarce their swelling Thirst of Fame could hide,
And boasted Poverty with too much Pride.
Excess in Youth made *Scipio* less Rever'd :
And *Cato* dying seem'd to own, he Fear'd.
Julius with Honour tam'd *Rome's* foreign Foes;
But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator rose.
And, while with Clemency *Augustus* reign'd,
The Monarch was ador'd ; the City chain'd.

With equal Honour be their Merits dress'd ;
But be their Failings too confess'd :
Their Virtue, like their *Tyber's* Flood
Rolling, its Course design'd the Country's Good :
But oft the Torrent's too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore some polluting Weed ;
So with the Blood of *Jove* there always ran
Some viler Part, some Tincture of the Man.

Few Virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the Scale :
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true Charms of Majesty impair ;

Rome

Rome by degrees advancing more in Age
Show'd sad Remains of what had once been fair;
'Till Heav'n a better Race of Men supplies,
And Glory shoots new Beams from Western Skies.

Turn then to *Pharamond* and *Charlemain*,
And the long Heroes of the *Gallic* Strain;
Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Prowess known,
And bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battels won.
From the First *William*, our great *Norman* King,
The bold *Plantagenets* and *Teudors* bring;
Illustrious Virtues, who by turns have rose,
In foreign Fields to check *Britannia's* Foes:
With happy Laws her Empire to sustain;
And with full Power assert her ambient Main:
But sometimes too Industrious to be Great,
Nor Patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight,
And made proud Conquest trample over Right;
Disparted *Britain* mourn'd their doubtful Sway,
And dreaded Both, when Neither would obey.

From

From *Didier*, and Imperial *Adolph*, trace
 The Glorious Offspring of the *Nassaw* Race,
 Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty;
 The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
 Then see the Kindred Blood of *Orange* flow,
 From warlike *Cornet*, thro' the Loins of *Beau*;
 Thro' *Chalon* next; and there with *Nassaw* join,
 From *Rhône's* fair Banks transplanted to the *Rhine*.
 Bring next the Royal List of *Stuarts* forth,
 Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North;
 'Till Heav'n's Decrees by rip'ning Times are shown,
 'Till *Scotland's* Kings ascend the *English* Throne,
 And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

Janus, mighty Deity,
 Be kind, and as thy searching Eye
 Does our Modern Story trace,
 Finding some of *Stuart's* Race
 Unhappy, pass their Annals by;
 No harsh Reflection let Remembrance raise;
 Forbear to mention, what thou canst not praise;
 But

But, as Thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly * Name,
 To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame,
 Oh! read it to thy self; in Silence weep;
 And thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep;
 Lest *Britain's* Grief should waken at the Sound,
 And Blood gush fresh from her Eternal Wound.

Whither would'st thou further look?
 Read *William's* Acts, and close the ample Book:
 Peruse the Wonders of his dawning Life,
 How, like *Alcides*, he began;
 With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife;
 And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

Describe his Youth, attentive to Alarms,
 By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms;
 When Conqu'ring mild, when Conquer'd not disgrac'd,
 By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd:
 Superior to the blind Events
 Of little Human Accidents,

* *Maria.*

And

And constant to his first Decree,
To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free,
To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant
[Knee.]

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring,
And see the Hero perfect in the King;
Imperious Arms by Manly Reason sway'd,
And Power Supreme by free Consent obey'd:
With how much Haste his Mercy meets his Foes,
And how unbounded his Forgiveness flows;
With what Desire he makes his Subjects blest'd,
His Favours granted e'er his Throne address'd;
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts he rears,
By Arts of Peace more potent than by Wars;
How o'er himself, as o'er the World, he Reigns,
His Morals strength'ning, what his Law ordains.

Thro' all his Thread of Life already spun,
Becoming Grace and proper Action run;
The Piece by Virtue's equal Hand is wrought;
Mix'd with no Crime, and shaded with no Fault;

No Footsteps of the Victor's Rage
 Left in the Camp, where *William* did engage;
 No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
 Upon the Royal Purple spy'd:
 His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall its intrinsic Worth proclaim,
 Shall pass the Combat of the searching Flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat;
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing nor its Lustre, nor its Weight.

Janus be to *William* just;
 To faithful History his Actions trust:
 Command her, with peculiar Care,
 To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War:
 His saving Wonders bid her write,
 In Characters distinctly bright;
 That each revolving Age may read
 The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's Deed:
 And still the Sire inculcate to his Son,
 Transmissive Lessons of the King's Renown.

That

That *William's* Glory still may live,
When all that present Art can give,
The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Brass,
Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praise:
When the great Monuments of his Pow'r
Shall now be visible no more:
When *Sambre* shall have chang'd her winding Flood;
And Children ask, where *Namur* stood.

Namur, proud City, how her Tow'rs were arm'd!
How she contemn'd th' approaching Foe:
'Till she by *William's* Trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his Blow!
Jove and *Pallas*, mighty Pow'rs,
Guided the Hero to the hostile Tow'rs.
Perseus seem'd less swift in War,
When, wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air.
Embattel'd Nations strive in vain,
The Hero's Glory to restrain:
Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with
In vain against his Force conspire: [Fire,

Behold Him from the dreadful Height appear,
And lo, *Britannia's* Lions waving there!

Europe freed, and *France* repell'd,
The Hero from the Height beheld;
He spake the Word, that War and Rage should cease;
He bid the *Maese* and *Rhine* in Safety flow;
And dictated a lasting Peace
To the rejoicing World below.

To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns,
His Equal Hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey,
How far each Monarch should extend his Sway;
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd,
And that the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd:
Firm by his Side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him not so Great as Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair Virtue deckt,
Than those which all his num'rous Crowns reflect;
Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings,
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and Best of Kings.

Whither

Whither would the Muse aspire
With *Pindar's* Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, *Janus*, 'twas a Fault,
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindless of the God and Day,
I from thy Altars, *Janus*, stray,
From thee, and from my self, born far away.

}
}

The fiery *Pegasus* disdains,
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins;
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded Loofe;
Hardly the Muse can fit the headstrong Horse,
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous Force;
With the glad Noise the Cliffs and Vallies ring,
While she, thro' Earth and Air, pursues the King.

She now beholds him on the *Belgic* Shore,
Whilst *Britain's* Tears his ready Help implore,
Dissembling for her sake his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.

She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious Prow ;
Combating adverse Winds, and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments, that defer our Ease ;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State ;
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

Thro' rough *Ierne's* Camp she sounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms ;
In the dank Marshes finds her glorious Theme,
And plunges after him thro' *Boyn's* fierce Stream.
She bids the *Nereids* run with trembling Haste,
To tell old *Ocean* how the Hero past ;
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, whose Empire He obeys.

Back to his *Albion* she delights to bring
The humblest Victor, and the kindest King.
Albion, with open Triumph, would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains his Leave :

Firm

Firm he rejects the Altars, she would raise;
And thanks the Zeal, while he declines the Praise.
Again she follows him thro' *Belgia's* Land,
And Countries often fav'd by *William's* Hand:
Hears joyful Nations bless those happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.
In various Views she tries her constant Theme;
Finds him, in Councils, and in Arms, the same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to Vengeance; and with Mercy brave.

Sudden, another Scene employs her Sight;
She sets her Hero in another Light:
Paints his great Mind Superior to Success;
Declining Conquest, to establish Peace:
She brings *Astrea* down to Earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future Reign.

Then with unwearied Wing the Goddess soars,
Eastward, to *Danube* and *Propontis* Shoars;
Where jarring Empires, ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;

Till *William's* Word, like that of Fate, declares,
 If they shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars.
 How facred his Renown for equal Laws,
 To whom the World defers its Common Cause!
 How fair his Friendships, and his Leagues how just,
 Whom ev'ry Nation courts, whom all Religions trust!

From the *Maotis*, to the Northern Sea,

The Goddess wings her desp'rate Way;
 Sees the young *Moscovite*, the mighty Head,
 Whose Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,
 Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praise;
 And passing half the Earth, to his Embrace:
 She in his Rule beholds his *Volga's* Force,
 O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
 Breaking, and as he rowls his violent Course,
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
 But her own King she likens to his *Thames*,
 With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams:
 Serene yet Strong, Majestic yet Sedate,
 Swift, without Violence; without Terror, Great.

Each

Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves ;
Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting Waves ;
The Vales along the Bank their Sweets disclose,
Fresh Flowers for ever rise, and fruitful Harvest grows.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous Goddess go ?
Sees she not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below ?
Minds she the Dangers of the *Lycian* Coast,
And Fields, where mad *Belerophon* was lost ?

Or is her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
By Seas, from *Icarus's* Downfal nam'd ?
Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice:
To wise persuasion Deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies ;
Resolv'd to reach the high Emphyrean Sphere ;
And tell Great *Jove*, she sings his Image here :
To ask for *William* an Olympic Crown,
To *Chromius's* Strength, and *Theron's* Speed unknown :
'Till, lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
Unable to discern the Way,
Which *Nassaw's* Virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,

She,

She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.

Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!

The Song too daring, and the Theme too great!

Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continu'd Annals live, to sing
A second Hero, or a vulgar King;

And with ignoble Safety fly,
In fight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

To *Janus* Altars, and the numerous Throng,
That round his bolted Temples press,
For *William's* Life, and *Albion's* Peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song.

Janus, cast thy forward Eye
Future, into great *Rhea's* pregnant Womb;

Where young Ideas brooding lye,
And tender Images of Things to come:

'Till by thy high Commands releas'd,
'Till by thy Hand in proper Atoms dress'd,
In decent Order they advance to Light:

Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight.

}

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hostile Rampart torn,
Nor Trophies brought from Battels won,
Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown
Can any future Honours give
To the Victorious Monarch's Name:

The Plenitude of *William's* Fame

Can no accumulated Stores receive.

Shut then, auspicious God, thy Mystic Gate,
And make us Happy, as our King is Great.

Be kind, and with a milder Hand,

Closing the Volumn of the finish'd Age,

(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page,)

A more delightful Leaf expand,

Free from Alarms, and fierce *Bellona's* Rage.

Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,

By *Flora* some, and some by *Ceres* crown'd;

Teach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly,

Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endless Joy;

Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,

From *Saturn's* Rule, and better Metal nam'd.

Secure

Secure by *William's* Care let *Britain* stand,
 Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand;
 From adverse Shores in Safety let her hear
 Foreign Calamity, and distant War,
 Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear.
 Betwixt the Nations let her hold the Scale,
 And, as she wills, let either Part prevail;
 Let her glad Vallies smile with wavy Corn,
 Let fleecy Flocks her rising Hills adorn;
 Around her Coast let strong Defence be spread,
 Let fair Abundance on her Breast be shed,
 And let Eternal Sweets bloom round the Goddess
 [Head.]

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs did stand,
 Remains of *Wolsey's* or great *Henry's* Hand;
 To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame,
 Let a young *Phenix* raise her tow'ring Head;
 Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let her spread,
 And by her Greatness show her Builder's Fame.
 August and open, as the Hero's Mind,
 Be her capacious Courts design'd;

Let

Let every Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.
The King shall there in *Parian* Marble breath,
His Shoulder bleeding fresh, and at his Feet
 Disarm'd shall lye the threat'ning Death;
(For so was saving *Jove's* Decree compleat:)
Behind, that Angel shall be plac'd, whose Shield
 Sav'd *Europe*, in the Blow repell'd:
On the firm Basis, from his Oozy Bed
 Boyn shall raise his Laurell'd Head;
 And his Immortal Stream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone.

And thou, Imperial *Windsor*, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that dost the Stars inclose,
Which *William's* Bosom wears, or Hand bestows
To the great Champions, that support his Throne;
 And Virtues nearest to his own.

Round *Ormond's* Knee thou ty'st the mystic String,
That makes the Knight Companion to the King.

From

From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Fields,
 Bowing before thy fainted Warrior's Shrine,
 Fast by his great Forefathers Coats, and Shields
 Blazon'd from *Bobun's*, or from *Butler's* Line
 He hangs his Arms; nor fears those Arms should shine
 With an unequal Ray; or that his Deed
 With paler Glory should recede,
 Eclyps'd by theirs; or lessen'd by the Fame
 Ev'n of his own Maternal *Nassaw's* Name.

Thou smiling see'st great *Dorset's* Worth confest,
 The Ray distinguishing the Patriot's Breast;
 Born to protect, and Love; to help, and please;
 Sov'raign of Wit; and Ornament of Peace.
 O, long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in Silence *Dorset's* Name;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd Debt,
 Which the great Patron only would forget,
 And Duty, long as Life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy Records shall *Ca'ndish* stand,
 Asserting Legal Pow'r, and just Command:

To the great House thy Favour shall be shown,
The Father's Star transmissive to the Son.
From thee, the *Talbot's* and the *Seymour's* Race
Inform'd, their Sire's immortal Steps shall trace:
Happy may their Sons receive
The bright Reward, which thou alone canst give.

And, if a God these lucky Numbers guide,
If sure *Apollo* o'er the Verse preside,
Jersey, belov'd by all: For all must feel
The Influence of a Form and Mind,
Where comely Grace and constant Virtue dwell;
Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible, when join'd:
Jersey shall at thy Altars stand,
Shall there receive the Azure Band;
That fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the *Villiers* Name.

Science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Master's future Charge;
To write his own Memoirs, and leave his Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars;
By

By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raise
To emulous Merit, and to thirst of Praise;
To lead them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,
Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care,
And Chafes give them Images of War.
To teach them Vigilance by false Alarms,
Inure them in feign'd Camps to real Arms;
Practise them, now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein; and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed Spear.

Let him unite his Subjects Hearts,
Planting Societies for peaceful Arts;
Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept found;
Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage;
Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
And to just Ideoms fix our doubtful Speech:

That

That distant Realms may from our Authors know,
The Thanks we to our Monarch owe ;
And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That have invok'd his Aid, or blest his Hand.

Let his high Power the drooping Muses rear ;
The Muses only can reward his Care :
'Tis they that guard the Great *Atrides*' Spoils ;
'Tis they that still renew *Ulysses*'s Toils ;
To them by smiling *Jove* 'twas given, to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave ;
To them, Great *William*'s Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treasure hide ;
The Heroes Virtue does the String inspire,
When with big Joy they strike the living Lyre :
On *William*'s Fame their Fate depends,
The Song with him begins, with him it ends ;
From the bright Effluence of his Deed,
They borrow that reflected Light,

With which the lasting Lamp they feed,
Whose Beams dispel the Damps of envious Night.

Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole,
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl;
Let *Britain's* Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than *Argos* brought to ancient *Greece*;
Returning loaden with the shining Stores,
Which lye profuse on either *India's* Shores.
As our high Vessels pass their watry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
With haasty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confessing the asserted Power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given with happy Sway,
To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea.

Our Prayers are heard, our Master's Fleets shall go
As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow;
New Lands to make, new *Indies* to explore,
In Worlds unknown to plant *Britannia's* Power;
Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in *William's* Name.

With

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear,
The list'ning People shall his Story hear;
The Wounds he bore, the Dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his Mercy equal to his Fame,
And form their Childrens Accents to his Name,
Enquiring how, and when, from Heav'n he came. }
Their Regal Tyrants shall, with Blushes, hide }
Their little Lufts of Arbitrary Pride, }
Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd: }
When *William's* Virtues raise their opening Thought,
His forty Years for Public Freedom fought,
Europe by his Hand sustain'd, }
His Conquest by his Piety restrain'd, }
And o'er himself the last great Triumph gain'd. }

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore }
Ideas of destructive Power, }
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour: }
New Incense they shall bring, new Altars raise,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise,

When the Great Father's Character they find
 Visibly stamp'd upon the Hero's Mind;
 And own a present Deity confess,
 In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that blest.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky,
 (For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
 Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light,
 And Comets march with lawless Horror bright;
 These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own,
 Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown;
 Thro' threaten'd Lands they wild Destruction throw,
 'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:
 But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred Fire, the real Son of *Jove*,
 Rules not his Actions by Capricious Will,
 Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill;
 Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right;
 Man knows his Course, and thence adores his Light.

O *Janus*! would intreated Fate conspire,
 To grant what *Britain's* Wishes could require,

Above,

Above, that Sun should cease his Way to go,
E'er *William* cease to rule, and blefs below:

But a relentless Destiny

Urges all that e'er was born:

Snatch'd from her Arms, *Britannia* once must mourn

The Demi-God: The Earthly Half must die.

Yet if our Incense can your Wrath remove,

If human Prayers avail on Minds above;

Exert, great God, thy Int'rest in the Sky,

Gain each kind Pow'r, each Guardian Deity,

That, conquer'd by the publick Vow,

They bear the dismal Mischief long away;

O, far as utmost Nature may allow,

Let them retard the threaten'd Day:

Still be our Master's Life thy happy Care;

Still let his Blessings with his Years increase:

To his laborious Youth consum'd in War,

Add lasting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace:

Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,

Whose Verdure must for ever last.

Long let this growing *Aera* bless his Sway;
 And let our Sons his present Rule obey:
 On his sure Virtue long let Earth rely;
 And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
 To bear the Hero thro' his Fathers Sky;
 To *Leda's* Twins; or He whose glorious Speed
 On Foot prevail'd; or He who tam'd the Steed:
 To *Hercules*, at length absolv'd by Fate
 From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great:
 To *Virgil's* Theme bright *Cytherea's* Son,
 Sire of the *Latian*, and the *British* Throne:
 To all the radiant Names above,
 Rever'd by Men, and dear to *Jove*.
 Late, *Janus*, let the *Nassaw*-Star,
 New born, in rising Majesty appear;
 To triumph over vanquish'd Night;
 And guide the prosp'rous Mariner,
 With everlasting Beams of friendly Light.

THE FIRST
H Y M N
O F
CALLIMACHUS.
T O
J U P I T E R.

W H I L E we to *Jove* select the holy Victim,
Whom a^pter shall we sing than *Jove* himself,
The God for ever great, for ever King?
Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures right
To Heav'n's great Habitants; *Di^ctean* hear'st thou
More joyful, or *Lycæan*, long Dispute
And various Thought has trac'd; on *Ida*'s Mount
Or *Di^cte*, studious of his Country's Praise
The *Cretan* boasts thy Natal Place, but oft
He meets Reproof, deserv'd; for he presumptuous
Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never know'st

To die, but liv'ft the fame to Day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy Birth, great *Rhea*
 Pregnant, to high *Parrhafia's* Cliffs retir'd,
 And wild *Lycæus*, black with shading Pines:
 Holy Retreat: Sithence no Female hither,
 Confcious of Social Love and Nature's Rites,
 Muft dare approach, from the inferior Reptile
 To Woman, Form Divine: There the bleft Parent
 Ungirt her fpacious Bofom, and difcharg'd
 The pond'rous Birth; ſhe fought a neighb'ring Spring,
 To waſh the recent Babe; in vain, *Arcadia*
 However ſtreamy now, aduſt and dry
 Deny'd the Goddeſs Water; where deep *Melas*
 And rocky *Cratis* flow, the Chariot ſmoak'd,
 Obſcure with riſing Duſt; the thirſty Trav'ler
 In vain requir'd the Current, then imprifon'd
 In ſubterranean Caverns; Foreſts grew
 Upon the barren Hollows, high o'erſhading
 The Haunts of Savage Beaſts, where now *Jaon*,
 And *Erimanth* incline their friendly Urns.

Thou

Thou too, O Earth, great *Rhea* said, bring forth;
And short shall be thy Pangs: She said, and high
She rear'd her Arm, and with her Scepter struck
The yawning Cliff; from its disparted Height
Adown the Mount the gushing Torrent ran,
And cheer'd the Vallies: There the heav'nly Mother
Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender Limbs; she wrapt them
In Purple Bands; she gave the precious Pledge
To prudent *Neda*, charging her to guard thee
Careful and secret: *Neda* of the Nymphs
That tended the great Birth, next *Philyre*
And *Styx*, the eldest; smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And conscious of the Grace absolv'd her Trust:
Not unrewarded; since the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name; fair *Neda* rows
By *Leprion's* ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream:
Fast by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of *Arcas*,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.

Thee,

Thee, God, to *Cnossus Neda* brought; the Nymphs
 And *Corybantes* Thee their sacred Charge
 Receiv'd: *Adraste* rock'd thy golden Cradle:
 The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow Stars,
 Kind *Amalthea* reach'd her Tett, distent
 With Milk, thy early Food; the sedulous Bee
 Distill'd her Honey on thy purple Lips,

Around, the fierce *Curetes*, Order solemn
 To thy foreknowing Mother, trod tumultuous
 Their Mystic Dance, and clang'd their sounding Arms;
 Industrious with the warlike Din to quell
 Thy Infant Cries; and mock the Ear of *Saturn*.

Swift Growth and wondrous Grace, O heav'nly *Jove*,
 Waited thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit,
 And perfect Judgment crown'd thy youthful Act,
 That *Saturn's* Sons receiv'd the threefold Empire
 Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
 As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,

Old

Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainst Sea or Hell
Flings up the adverse Scale, and shuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance but Pow'r, above thy Brethren
Exalted thee, their King: When thy great Will
Commands thy Chariot forth, impetuous Strength
And fiery Swiftnefs wing the rapid Wheels,
Incessant; high the Eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let thy Fav'rite rise
Propitious; ever soaring from the Right.

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r, thy own, great *Jove*,
Boundless and universal: Those who labour
The sweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend stubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armour,
Acknowledge *Vulcan's* Aid: The early Hunter
Blesses *Diana's* Hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging Cliffs, who spreads his Net successful,
And

And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart.
 The Soldier from successful Camps returning,
 With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile Spoil,
 Severs the Bull to *Mars*: The skilful Bard,
 Striking the *Thracian* Harp, invokes *Apollo*,
 To make his Hero and himself Immortal.
 Those, mighty *Jove*, mean time, thy glorious Care,
 Who model Nations; publish Laws; announce
 Or Life, or Death; and found, or change the Empire:
 Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of *Jove*.

And as their Actions tend subordinate
 To what thy Will designs, thou giv'st the Means
 Proportion'd to the Work; thou see'st, impartial,
 How they those Means employ: Each Monarch rules
 His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
 Great Ruler of the World: These only have
 To speak and be obey'd; to those are giv'n
 Assistant Days to ripen the Design;
 To some whole Months; revolving Years to some:
 Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil

Their

Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpose blasted
With fruitless Act, and Impotence of Council.

Hail! greatest Son of *Saturn*, wise Disposer
Of every Good, thy Praise what Man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father; grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue Wealth to Man avails not;
And Virtue without Wealth exerts less Pow'r,
And less diffuses Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue, and Wealth; for both are of thy Gift.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT

C O U R T

BEFORE THE

QUEEN,

On Her Majesty's Birth-Day,

170 $\frac{3}{4}$.

SHine forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light,
 As when ye hallow'd first this Happy Night:
 Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
 As when *Britannia* joy'd for *Anna's* Birth:
 And thou, propitious Star, whose sacred Power
 Presided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour,
 Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run;
 Yielding to none but *Cynthia*, and the Sun:

With

With thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n;
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n:
 Thy Influence for thy *Anna* we implore;
 Prolong one Life, and *Britain* asks no more.
 For Virtue can no ample Power express,
 Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace:
 For Thought no higher Wish of Bliss can frame,
 Than to enjoy that Virtue still the same.
 Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
 Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love;
 Who does our Homage for our Good require,
 And Orders that which we should first Desire:
 Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey;
 Her Goodness takes our Liberty away;
 And haughty *Britain* yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the Young *Austrian* then her Terrors bear,
 Great as he is, her Delegate in War;
 Let him in Thunder speak to both his *Spains*,
 That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns.
 Whilst the Bright Queen does on her Subjects show'r
 The gentle Blessings of her softer Pow'r;

Gives

Gives sacred Morals to a vicious Age,
 To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage:
 Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
 And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.

Minerva thus to *Perseus* lent her Shield,
 Secure of Conquest sent him to the Field;
 The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd;
 So was his Fame compleat, and *Andromede* unchain'd.

Mean time, amidst her Native Temples fate
 The Goddess, studious of Her *Gracian's* Fate.
 Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excel,
 In Acting justly, and in Writing well.
 Thus whilst She did her various Pow'r dispose,
 The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes:
 Virtue was taught in Verse, and *Athens'* Glory rose.

T H E
C A M E L E O N.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no Colours of his own;
But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White, or Black; his Green, or Blue;
And struts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives him upon Sight,
As if the Rain-bow were in Tail
Sett'd on him, and his Heirs Male.
So the young Squire, when first he comes
From Country School to *Will's* or *Tom's*;
And equally (G—d knows) is fit
To be a Statesman, or a Wit:
Without one Notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
'Till some Acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring Lad;

N

Admits

Admits him in amongst the Gang:
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
He acts and talks, as they befriend him:
Smear'd with the Colours, which they lend him.

Thus, meerly as his Fortune chances,
His Merit or his Vice advances.

If haply he the Sect pursues,
That read and comment upon News;
He takes up their myfterious Face,
He drinks his Coffee without Lace:
This Week his mimic Tongue runs o'er
What they have said the Week before;
His Wisdom sets all *Europe* right,
And teaches *Marlb'rough* when to fight.

Or, if it be his Fate to meet
With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit:
He loves cheap *Port*, and double Bub;
And settles in the *Hum Drum* Club.

He learns how Stocks will fall or rise;
Holds Poverty the greatest Vice:
Thinks Wit the Bane of Conversation;
And says that Learning spoils a Nation.

But, if at first he minds his Hits,
And drinks *Champaine* among the Wits:
Five deep he toasts the tow'ring Lasses;
Repeats you Verses writ on Glasses:
Is in the Chair; prescribes the Law;
And lyes with Those he never saw.

A Dutch Proverb.

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin,
Says wise Professor *Vander Brün*.

By Flames a House I hir'd was lost

Last Year, and I must pay the Cost.

This Spring, the Rains o'erflow'd my Ground;

And my best *Flanders* Mare was drown'd.

A Slave I am to *Clara's* Eyes;
 The Gipsy knows her Pow'r, and flies.
 Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin;
 And great Thy Wisdom, *Vander Brün.*

To CLOE, Weeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Cloe*, see
 The World in Sympathy with Thee.
 The chearful Birds no longer sing,
 But drop the Head, and hang the Wing.
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares,
 They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
 Fantastick Nymph! that Grief should move
 The Heart obdurate against Love.
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear Breast on which they fall.

An O D E.

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Hon^{ble} Col. *George Villiers,*

Drowned in the River *Piava,*
in the Country of *Friuli.*

In Imitation of *Horace,* Ode 28. Lib. 1.

*Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensuram cohibent, Archyta, &c.*

SAY, dearest *Villiers,* poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end,
Say, what did all thy Busie Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst fail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?

What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
 In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
 To wake e'er Morning dawn to loud Alarms,
 And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms?
 To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
 And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side ingage;
 That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona's* Rage,
 And *Anna's* Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age? }

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has pow'r,
 To hasten or protract the pointed Hour.
 Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis-led by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance; [Dance. }
 Peoples great *Henry's* Tombs, and leads up *Holben's* }

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
 For neither *William's* Pow'r, nor *Mary's* Charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms.

Young

Young *Churchill* fell as Life began to bloom,
And *Bradford's* trembling Age expects the Tomb.
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Respite for the learned Head:
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde.
And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths he had in store,
Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.
And modern *As—l*, whose capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the stranded Vessel force their way,
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea.
Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.

In Journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace;
 By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
 Each changing Season does its Poison bring;
 Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring;
 Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
 All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r;
 And, when obedient Nature knows His Will,
 A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
 In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;
 And on the spacious Land and liquid Main
 Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain;
 Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curst *Piava's* Banks the Goddess stood,
 Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
 With fatal Speed was urging his Return,
 In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
 And arm himself by Rest for future War:

To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! destin'd Head, and oh! severe Decree;
Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see;
Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd;
Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread:
Oh! Kinsman, Friend,—Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice, strong Destiny replies;
Weep you on Earth, for he shall Sleep below;
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River, or the neighbouring Meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which this Verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;

Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,
The only Honour he can now receive;
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flourish green the Bough!

So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestic Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges dismal Power
From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour,
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless Thou
And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now,
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform, to that which once was Thee.

A
LETTER
TO
Monsieur Boileau;
Occasion'd by the
VICTORY
AT
BLENNHEIM,
1704.

—Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec Fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos—

Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

SInce hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muse must sing
Successive Conquests, and a glorious King;
Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast;
And bring him Lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:

What

What Turn wilt thou employ, what Colours lay
 On the Event of that Superior Day,
 In which one *English* Subject's prosp'rous Hand,
 (So *Jove* did will, so *Anna* did command;)
 Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise,
 Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the loft Field a hundred Standards brought
 Must be the Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault.
Bavaria's Stars must be accus'd, which shone,
 That fatal Day the mighty Work was done,
 With Rays oblique upon the *Gallic* Sun. }
 Some *Dæmon* envying *France* mis-led the Fight;
 And *Mars* mistook, tho' *Louis* order'd right.

When thy * young Muse invoc'd the tuneful Nine
 To say how *Louis* did not pass the *Rhine*,
 What Work had we with *Wageningen*, *Arnheim*,
 Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime?
 And tho' the Poet made his last Efforts,
Wurts — who could mention in Heroic — *Wurts*?

* Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Dépreaux au Roy.

En vain, pour Te Louer, &c.

But,

But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
 Of the rough Triumphs of the last Campaign?
 The *Danube* rescu'd, and the Empire fav'd;
 Say, is the Majesty of Verse retriev'd?
 And would it prejudice thy softer Vein,
 To sing the Princes *Louis* or *Eugene*?
 Is it too hard in happy Verse to place
 The *Vans* and *Vanders* of the *Rhine* and *Maes*?
 Her Warriors *Anna* sends from *Tweed* and *Thames*,
 That *France* may fall by more harmonious Names.
 Canst thou not *Hamilton* or *Lumly* bear?
 Would *Ingoldsby* or *Palmes* offend thy Ear?
 And is there not a Sound in *Marlbrô's* Name,
 Which thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,
 Sacred to Verse, and sure of endless Fame?

Cutts is in Meeter something harsh to read,
 Place me the Valiant *Gouram* in his stead:
 Let the Intention make the Number good,
 Let generous *Sylvius* speak for honest *Wood*.
 And tho' rough *Churchil* scarce in Verse will stand,
 So as to have one Rhime at his Command,

With

With Ease the Bard reciting *Blenheim's* Plain
 May close the Verse, remembering but the *Dane*.

I grant, old Friend, old Foe, (for such we are
 Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War,))
 That we Poetic Folks, who must restrain
 Our measur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,
 Have Troubles utterly unknown to Those,
 Who let their Fancy loose in rambling Prose.

For instance now, how hard it is for Me
 To make my Matter and my Verse agree?
In one great Day on Hochstet's fatal Plain
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro' the Danube to the Shoars of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty six:
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons and Kettle-Drums — sweet Numbers these:
 But is it thus you *English* Bards compose?
 With *Runick* Lays thus tag insipid Prose?

And

And when you should your Heroes Deeds rehearse,
Give us a Commissary's List in Verse?

Why Faith, *Depreaux*, there's Sense in what you say:
I told you where my Difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great *Blenheim's* Spoils,
They scorn the Bounds of Verse, and mock the Muses
To make the rough Recital aptly chime, [Toils.
Or bring the Sum of *Louis's* Losses to Rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would essay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?
To number all the several Dishes dress'd
By honest *Lamb*, last Coronation Feast?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And *Newton's* Thoughts in *Dryden's* Style repeat?

O Poet, had it been *Apollo's* Will,
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill,
Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam,
Or could I hope my Verse might reach my Theam,
Yet, *Boileau*, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,
Beneath the Shades of *Marlbrô's* Wreaths to live:

Should

Should call aspiring Gods to bless her Choice,
 And to their Fav'rites Strain exalt her Voice,
 Arms and a Queen to Sing; who, Great and Good,
 From peaceful *Thames* to *Danube's* wond'ring Flood
 Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
 To save the Nations from invading Hands;
 To prop fair Liberty's declining Cause,
 And fix the jarring World with equal Laws.

The Queen should sit in *Windsor's* sacred Grove,
 Attended by the Gods of War and Love;
 Both should with equal Zeal her Smiles implore,
 To fix her Joys, or to extend her Pow'r.

Sudden, the *Nymphs* and *Tritons* should appear;
 And as great *Anna's* Smiles dispel their Fear,
 With active Dance should her Observance claim;
 With vocal Shell should sound her happy Name.
 Their Master *Thames* should leave the neighb'ring
 By his strong Anchor known, and Silver Oar; [Shoar,
 Should lay his Ensigns at his Sov'raigns Feet,
 And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat.

To

To Her his dear Defence he should complain,
That whilst he blesses Her indulgent Reign,
Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd,
And on his happy Banks each *India* laid,
His Breth'ren *Maes*, and *Waal*, and *Rhine*, and *Saar*
Feel the hard Burthen of oppressive War;
That *Danube* scarce retains his rightful Course
Against two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force:
And all must weep sad Captives to the *Sein*,
Unless unchain'd and freed by *Britain's* Queen.

The valiant Sov'raign calls Her Gen'ral forth,
Neither recites Her Bounty, nor his Worth.
She tells him he must *Europe's* Fate redeem,
And by that Labour merit Her Esteem:
She bids him wait Her to the Sacred Hall,
Shows him Prince *Edward*, and the conquer'd *Gaul*.
Fixing the bloody Cross upon his Breast,
Says he must Die, or succour the Distress'd;
Placing the Saint an Emblem by his Side,
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires;
 The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires.
 His Steps are to the silent Woods inclin'd,
 The great Design revolving in his Mind:
 When to his Sight a Heav'nly Form appears,
 Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest Child of *Jove*,
 Below for ever fought, and blest'd above;
 Me, the bright Source of Wealth, and Power, and Fame;
 (Nor need I say *Victoria* is my Name)
 Me, the great Father down to Thee has sent,
 He bids me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
 To execute what *Anna's* Wish would have:
 Her Subject Thou, I only am her Slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate;
 For *Anna's* Sake, and in her Name, be Great:
 Go forth, and be to distant Nations known,
 My future Fav'rite, and my darling Son.

At

At *Schellenberg* I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious Cause, and spread my Wings again
 Conspicuous o'er thy Helm, in *Blenheim's* Plain. }

The Goddess said, nor would admit Reply,
 But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.

His high Commission is thro' *Britain* known,
 And thronging Armies to his Standard run.
 He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails;
 (Bless him, ye Seas! and prosper him, ye Gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her Shores,
 And *William's* Death with lessen'd Grief deplores.
 His Presence only must retrieve that Loss:
Marlbrô to her must be what *William* was.
 So when great *Atlas*, from these low Aboads
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred Gods,
Alcides respited by prudent Fate,
 Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.

Secret and swift behold the Chief advance,
 Sees half the Empire join'd and Friend to *France*;

The *English* General dooms the Fight : His Sword
 Dreadful he draws: The Captains wait the Word:
Anne and St. *George*, the charging Hero cries ;
 Shrill Eccho from the neighb'ring Wood replies
Anne and St. *George* ;——at that auspicious Sign
 The Standards move, the adverse Armies join.
 Of eight great Hours Time meafures out the Sands,
 And *Europe's* Fate in doubtful Ballance ftands ;
 The ninth *Victoria* comes—— o'er *Marlbrò's* Head
 Confefs'd ſhe fits, the Hoſtile Troops recede——
 Triumphs the *Goddeſs*, from her Promise free'd.

The Eagle, by the *British* Lions Might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward Flight ;
 Nor did ſhe e'er with ſtronger Pinions foar
 From *Tyber's* Banks, than now from *Danube's* Shoar.

Fir'd with the Thoughts which theſe Idea's raiſe,
 And great Ambition of my Country's Praise,
 The *British* Muſe ſhould like the *Mantuan* riſe,
 Scornful of Earth and Clouds, ſhould reach the Skies,
 With Wonder (tho' with Envy ſtill) purſu'd by
 human Eyes.

But we must change the Stile——just now I said,
 I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade,
 Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast
 In Prose and Business lyes extinct and lost;
 Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite,
 Point out the Game, and animate the Flight:
 That from *Marseilles* to *Calais* France may know
 As we have Conqu'rors we have Poets too;
 And either Laurel does in *Britain* grow.
 That tho' amongst our selves, with too much Heat,
 We sometimes wrangle when we should debate;
 (A consequential Ill which Freedom draws;
 A bad Effect, but from a Noble Cause:)
 We can with universal Zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless Arrogance of *France*,
 Nor ever shall *Britannia's* Sons refuse
 To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse;
 Nor want just Subject for victorious Strains,
 While *Marlbrô's* Arm eternal Laurel gains,
 And where old *Spencer* sung, a new *Elisa* reigns.

LOVE Difarm'd.

Beneath a Myrtle's verdant Shade
 As *Cloe* half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her Breast,
 And in that Heav'n desir'd to rest;
 Over her Paps his Wings he spread,
 Between he found a downy Bed,
 And nestl'd in his little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph surpriz'd,
 Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd
 How she the Vagrant might inthral,
 And Captive Him who Captives all.

Her Boddice half way she unlac'd,
 About his Arms she flily cast
 The silken Bond, and held him fast.

The God awak'd, and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel Chain,

And

And thrice in vain he shook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the filken String:
Flutt'ring the God and weeping said,
Pity poor *Cupid*, generous Maid;
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his Way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where *Cupid* flies,
What are his Haunts, or which his Way,
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart;
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: Secure my Virgin Heart,
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in return untie,
And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver:
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd, e'er since that Day
Passes his Life in harmless Play:
Flies round, or sits upon her Breast;
A little, flutt'ring, idle Guest.

E'er since that Day the beauteous Maid
Governs the World in *Cupid's* stead.
Directs his Arrow as She wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleasure; spares, or kills.

Cupid

Cupid and Ganymede.

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, you read
 In wise *Anacreon*, *Ganymede*
 Drew heedless *Cupid* in to throw
 A Main, to pass an Hour, or so.
 The little *Trojan*, by the way,
 By *Hermes* taught, play'd all the Play.

The God unhappily engag'd;
 By Nature rash, by Play enrag'd,
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
 Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted:
 In ready Mony, all the Store
 Pick'd up long since from *Danae's* Show'r:
 A Snush-Box, fet with bleeding Hearts
 Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts:
 His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood,
 The Tree in *Ida's* Forest stood:

His

His Bowl pure Gold, the very fame
Which *Paris* gave the *Cyprian* Dame:
Two Table-Books in Shagreen Covers,
Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers ;
Merchandise rare: A Billet-doux,
It's Matter passionate, yet true: ●
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals:
Rich Trifles; serious Bagatelles.

What sad Disorders Play begets?
 Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
 Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore
 His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:
 Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain
 Arise; those Darts——come, Seven's the Main,
 Cries *Ganymede*: The usual Trick:
 Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Ill News goes fast: 'Twas quickly known,
 That simple *Cupid* was undone.
 Swifter than Lightning *Venus* flew:
 Too late She found the thing too true.

Guefs

Guefs how the Goddefs greets her Son:
Come hither, Sirrah; no, begon;
And, hark ye, is it fo indeed?
A Comrade you for *Ganymede*?
An Imp as wicked for his Age,
As any earthly Lady's Page;
A Scandal and a Scourge to *Troy*:
A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy:
A Sharper, that with Box and Dice
Draws in young Deities to Vice.
All Heav'n is by the Ears together,
Since first that little Rogue came hither:
Juno her self has had no Peace:
And truly I've been favour'd less:
For *Jove*, as *Fame* reports, (but *Fame*
Says things not fit for Me to name,)
Has acted ill for fuch a God,
And taken Ways extreamly odd.

And thou, unhappy Child, she said,
(Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)

Unhappy Child, who thus haft loft
 All the Estate we e'er could boast ;
 Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
 Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known?
 Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd ;
 Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heav'n be own'd,
 When thou, nor Man, nor God canst wound.

Obedient *Cupid* kneeling cry'd,
 Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide :
Gany's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble :
 Yet why this great Excess of Trouble?
 The Dice were false; the Darts are gone;
 Yet how are You or I undone?
 The Loss of these I can supply
 With keener Darts from *Cloe's* Eye:
 Fear not We e'er can be disgrac'd,
 While that bright Magazine shall last:
 Your crowded Altars still shall smoke,
 And Man your Friendly Aid invoke;
Jove shall again revere your Pow'r,
 And rise a Swan; or fall a Show'r.

F O R

The Plan of a Fountain,

On which is

*The QUEEN's Effigies on a Tri-
umphal Arch,*

The Duke of MARLBROUGH ON
Horseback under the Arch,

A N D

*The Chief Rivers of the World round the
whole Work.*

YE active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbrô* fought.

*Quàcunque aeterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè Terris, populisque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis Tamifis narravit & Ister,
Anna quid Imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.*

E P I.

EPILOGUE

T O

P H A E D R A,

*Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted
Ismena.*

Ladies, to Night your Pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before:
An *Oxford* Man, extreamly read in *Greek*,
Who from *Euripides* makes *Phædra* speak;
And comes to Town, to let us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play;
I' gad we know all that, as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;

Our

Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient *Grecian* Dames :
Ev'ry *Ismena* would resign her Breast,
And ev'ry dear *Hippolytus* be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing *Flanders* Mares
Are e'en as good as any two of *Theirs*;
And if *Hippolytus* can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot, *John* can drive.

Now of the Buffle you have seen to Day,
And *Phædra's* Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at least in Justice should be said :
But this *Hippolytus* so fills ones Head——
Well! *Phædra* liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was Father *Jove's* own Flesh and Blood ;
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated ;
She and her *Poly* were too near related ;
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest *Theseus* had but fairly dy'd :
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo* :

There

There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but He wanted Care.

'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude——
He should have sent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at such an Hour;
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest;
The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.

But if these gay Reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty *Phædra* from her Fate,
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;
My spotless Flames to your Protection take,
And spare poor *Phædra* for *Ismena's* sake.

T O

Mr. *H O W A R D*:

An O D E.

I.

TO Great *Apelles* when young *Ammon* brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart,
And the pleas'd Mistress to the Painter sat,
To have her Charms recorded by his Art:

II.

The am'rous Master own'd her potent Eyes,
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembl'd as he drew;
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprise,
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

III.

While *Philip's* Son, while *Venus' Son* was near,
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe,
Nor could he hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

P

IV. The

IV.

The Prince renown'd in Bounty as in Arms
 With Pity saw the ill-conceal'd Distress;
 Quitted his Title to *Campaspe's* Charms,
 And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace.

V.

Thus the more beauteous *Cloe* fate to Thee,
 O *Howard*, emulous of the *Græcian* Art;
 But happy Thou from *Cupid's* Arrow free,
 And Flames that pierc'd thy Predecessor's Heart.

VI.

Had thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain,
 Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r,
 Thou must have sigh'd, unhappy Youth, in vain,
 Nor from my Bounty hadst thou found a Cure.

VII.

Tho' to evince thee that the Friend did feel
 A kind Concern for thy ill-fated Care,
 I would have sooth'd the Flame I could not heal,
 Giv'n Thee the World, tho' I with-held the Fair.

CLOE

C L O E Hunting.

BEhind her Neck her comely Tresses ty'd,
 Her Ivory Quiver graceful by her Side,
 A-Hunting *Cloe* went: She lost her way,
 And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the Maid,
 And, Sister Dear, bright *Cynthia* turn; he said:
 The hunted Hind lyes close in yonder Brake.
 Loud *Cupid* laugh'd, to see the God's mistake;
 And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
 To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine.
 Rightly advis'd, far hence Thy Sister seek,
 Or on *Meander's* Banks, or *Latmus* Peak.
 But in this Nymph, My Friend, My Sister know,
 She draws my Arrows, and she bends my Bow;
 Fair *Thames* she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
 Sacred to soft Recess, and gentle Love.
 Go, with Thy *Cynthia*, hurl the pointed Spear
 At the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer:

I and My *Cloe* take a nobler Aim,
 At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miss the Game.

C U P I D *Mistaken.*

AS after Noon one Summer's Day,
Venus stood bathing in a River,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,
 With all his Might his Bow he drew;
 Aim'd at his beauteous Parent's Heart
 With certain Speed the Arrow flew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd:
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other
 To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide;
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor *Cupid* fobbing scarce could speak,
· Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easie my Mistake!
I took you for your Likeness, *Cloe*.

V E N U S *Mistaken.*

WHEN *Cloe's* Picture was to *Venus* shown,
Surpriz'd the Goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and checkt his Mother's Pride;
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Cloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;
Friend *Howard's* Genius fancy'd all the rest.

T H E
Nut - brown Maid.

A P O E M,

Writ three hundred Years since.

BE it right or wrong, these Men among,
 On Women do complaine,
 Afferming this, how that it is,
 A Labour spent in vaine,
 To love them wele, for never a dele,
 They love a Man againe,
 For lete a Man, do what he can,
 Ther Favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a new, do them pursue,
 Ther furst trew Lover than
 Laboureth for nought, and from her Thought,
 He is a banishyd Man.

I say not nay, but that all day,
It is bothe writ and sayde,
That Womans Fayth, is as who saythe,
All utterly decayed;
But nevertheles, right good Witnesfs,
I this case might be layde,
That they love trewe, and contynew,
Record the *Nut-brown Mayde*,
Which from her Love, whan her to prove,
He came to make his mone,
Wold not depart, for in her Herte,
She lovyd but him allon.

Than betwene us, lettens discuffe,
What was all the maner
Betwene them too, we wyll also,
Telle all they peyne and fere
That she was in, now I begynne,
So that ye me answere,
Wherefore ye, that present be,
I pray ye give an Eare.

M A N.

I am the Knyght, I cam by Nyght,
 As secret as I can,
 Saying alas, thus standeth the Case,
 I am a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

And I your Wylle, for to fulfyll,
 In this wyl not refuse,
 Trusting to shew, in Wordis fewe,
 That Men have an ille use
 To ther own shame, Women to blame,
 And caufesele them accuse,
 Therefore to you I answere now,
 Alle Wymen to excuse,
 M'yn own Herte dere, with you what chere,
 I pray you telle anoon,
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but you allon.

M A N.

It stondeth so, a dede is do,
 Wherefore moche harm shall growe,
 My Desteny, is for to dey,
 A shamfull Deth I trowe,

Or

Or ellis to flee, thereon must be,
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,
And take me to my home.
Wherefore adew, my owne Herte trewe,
None other red I can,
For I must to, the grene Wode goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

O Lord, what is this worldis blyffe,
That chaungeth as the Mone,
My Somers day, as lusty May,
Is derked before the None.
I here you faye, farwell nay, nay,
We departe not soo sone,
Why say ye so, wheder wyl ye goo,
Alas what have ye done,
Alle my welfare, to forow and care,
Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon,
For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

MAN.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
 And thomwhat you diftrayne,
But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde,
 Within a day or tweyne
Shal fone a flake, and ye shal take,
 Comfort to you agayne,
Why should ye nought, for to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you loo,
 As hertely as I can,
For I muste too, the grene Wode goo,
 Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Now fyth that ye, have shewed to me,
 The Secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne, to you againe,
 Lyke as ye shal me fynde,
Syth it is so, that ye wyll goo,
 I wol not lere behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the *Nut-brown Mayde*,
 Was to her Love unkynd.

Make

Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anoon,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but you allon.

M A N.

Yet I you rede, take good hede,
 Whan Men wyl think and fey,
Of yonge and olde, it shal be tolde,
 That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wylle, for to fulfyll,
 In grene Wode you to play,
And that ye myght, from your delyte,
 Noo lenger make delay.

Rather than ye, should thus for me,
 Be called an ylle Woman,
Yet wold I to, the grene Wode goo,
 Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe, of olde and yonge,
 That I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speke so large,
 In hurting of my Name,

For

For I wyl prove, that feythful Love,
 It is devoyd of Shame,
 In your Distrefs, and Hevyness,
 To parte wyth you the fame,
 And fure allthoo, that doo not fo,
 Trewe Lovers ar they noon,
 But in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but you allon.

M A N.

I counfel you, remember how,
 It is noo Maydens lawe,
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out,
 To Wode, with an Outlawe,
 For ye must there, in your hands bere,
 A howe to bere and drawe,
 And as a Theef, thus must ye lyeve,
 Ever in drede and awe;
 By whiche to you, gret harme myght grow,
 Yet I had lever than
 That I had too, the grene Wode'goo,
 Alone a banishyd Man.

Poems on several Occasions.

2

W O M A N.

I think not nay, but as ye faye,
It is noo Maydens lore,
But Love may make, me for your fake,
As ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote,
To gete us Mete and Store,
For so that I, your Company,
May have, I ask noo more;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn Herte,
As colde as ony Ston,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

For an Outlawe, this is the lawe,
That Men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee, hanged to bee,
And waver with the Wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God for bede,
What rescons coude ye finde,
For sothe I trowe, you, and your bowe,
Shuld draw for fere be hynde.

And noo Merveyle, for lytel avayle,
 Were in your councel than;
 Wherefore I too, the Wode wyl goo,
 Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Full well knowe ye, that Wymen be,
 Ful febyl for to fyght,
 Noo Womanhed, is it in deede,
 To bee bolde as a Knyght,
 Yet in fuche fere, yf that ye were,
 Among Enemys day and nyght,
 I wolde withstonde, wyth bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save, as Wymen have,
 From deth many one,
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but you allon.

M A N.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede,
 That ye coude not sustein
 The thorney wayes, the depe valeis,
 The snowe, the frost, the reyn,

The

The cold, the hete, for drye or wete,
We must lodge on the playn,
And us a bove, noon other Cave,
But a brake, bush or twayne,
Whiche sone shulde greve, you I beleve,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had too, the grene Wode goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Syth I have here, ben partynere,
With you of Joy and Blyffe,
I must also, parte of your woo,
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I fure, of mo plesure,
And shortly it is this
That where ye bee; mee seemeth, par dy,
I could not fare amyfs.
Without more Speche, I you besече,
That we were soon agone,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

M A N.

Yef ye goo thedyr, ye must confider,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne
Ther shall no mete, before to gete,
 Nor drink, bere, ale, ne win,
Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of thred and twyne,
Noon other house, but levys and bowes,
 To kever your head and myn.
O myn Herte fwete, this ylle dyet,
 Shuld make you pale and wan,
Wherefore I to, the Wode wyl goo,
 alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Amonge the wylde Dere, such an archier,
 As men fay that ye bee,
Ne may not fayle, of good Vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente,
And watir cleere, of the ryvere,
 Shall be full fwete to me,
With whiche in hele, I shal right wele,
 Endure as ye shal see;

And

And er we goo, a bed or twoo,
I can provide anoon,
For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

Loo yet before, ye must doo more,
Yf ye wyl go with me,
As cutte your here, up by your ere,
Your kurtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande, for to wythstande,
Your Enemys yf nede bee,
And this fame nyght, before day light,
To Wode ward wyl I flee,
And yf ye wille, al this fulfyllle,
do it shortly as ye can,
Ellis wil I to, the grene Wode goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

I shal as now, do more for you,
That longeth to womanhood,
To short my here, a bow to bere,
to shote in tyme of nede.

O my sweet Moder, before all other,
 For you have I most drede,
 But now adiew, I must enfue,
 Where Fortune duth me leede.
 All this make ye, and lete us flee,
 The day run fast upon
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but you allon.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not foo, ye shal not goo,
 And I shall telle you why,
 Your appetyte, is to be light,
 Of Love I wele espie,
 For right as ye, have fayde to me,
 In lykewyfe hardely
 Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is fayd of olde, fone hote, fone colde,
 And so is a Woman,
 Wherefore I too, the Wode wyl goo,
 Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede,
Such wordis to fay bee me,
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed,
Er I you lovid par dy,
And though that I, of Auancestry,
A Barons Daughter bee,
Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
A Squyer of low degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle,
To dey therefore anoon,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

A Barons Childe, to be begyled,
It were a cursed dede,
To be felow, with an Outlawe,
Almighty God forbede,
Yet bettyr were, the power Squyer,
Alone to fareft spede,
Than ye shal saye, another day,
That be that wycked dede

Ye were betray ed, wherefore good Maide,

The best red that I can

Is that I too, the grene Wode goo,

Alone a banishyd Man

W O M A N.

What foever befalle, I never shal,

Of this thing you upbraid,

But yf ye goo, and leve me foo,

Then have ye me betraid.

Remember ye wele, how that ye dele,

For yf ye as the fayde

Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,

Your Love the *Nut-browne Maide*,

Trust me truely, that I shal dey,

Sone after ye be gone,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you allon.

M A N.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent,

For in the Forrest now

I have purveid, me of a Maide,

Whom I love more than you,

Another

Another fayrer, than e'er ye were,
I dare it well avowe,
And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease, to lyve in peafe,
So wyl I yf I can,
Wherefore I to, the Wode wyl goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Though in the Wode, I undirstode,
Ye had a Paramour,
All this may nought, remove my thought,
But that I will be your,
And she shall fynde, me soft and kynde,
And curteis every our,
Glad to fulfyll, all that she wylle,
Commaunde me to my power,
For had ye loo, and hundred moo,
Yet wolde I be that one,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

My nowne dere Love, I see the prove,
 That ye be kynde and trewe,
 Of Mayde and Wyf, in al my lyf,
 The best that ever I knew;
 Be merey and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe,
 For it were ruthe, that for your Trowth,
 You shuld have cause to rewe;
 Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd,
 To you whan I began,
 I wyl not too, the grene Wode goo,
 I am no banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Theis tidingis be, more glad to me,
 Than to be made a Quene,
 Yf I were sure, they shuld endure,
 But it is often seen
 When Men wyl breke, promyse they speke,
 The wordis on the splene,
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
 Itcle fro me I wene,

Then

Then were the case wurs than it was,
And I more woo begone,
For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

Ye shal not nede, further to drede,
I wyl not disparage,
Now God defende, syth you descende,
Of so grete a Lynage,
Now understande, to *Westmerlande*,
Whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge,
Be wey of Maryage
I wyl you take, and Lady make,
As shortly as I can,
Thus have ye wone, an Erles Son,
And not a banishyd Man.

HENRY and *EMMA*,
 A P O E M,

Upon the Model of
 The Nut-brown Maid.

To C L O E.

THOU, to whose Eyes I bend, at whose Com-^{[mand,}
 Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand,
 I take the sprightly Reed; and sing, and play;
 Careless of what the cens'ring World may say;
 Bright *Cloe*, Object of my constant Vow;
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious Brow?
 Wilt thou with Pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains,
 And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay his Pains?
 No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old,
 Tho' since her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd;

At

At thy Desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving Charms in lasting Verse be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That He may love, and not be lov'd again;
That We in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
Who change the Constant Lover for the New:
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of Female Passion feign'd, or Faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand.
And while my Notes to future Times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever during Flame;
O fairest of thy Sex! be thou my Muse,
Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse,
And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse.

As Beauty's Potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
That once was *Emma's*, has adorn'd thy Face;
And as her Son has to my Bosom dealt
That constant Flame, which faithful *Henry* felt;

O let the Story with thy Life agree :
 Let Men once more the bright Example see :
 What *Emma* was to Him, be thou to Me.
 Nor fend me by thy Frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad a banish'd Man to rove.
 But oh! with Pity long intreated crown
 My Pains and Hopes ; and when thou say'st that One }
 Of all Mankind thou lov'st, Oh! think on Me alone. }

WHere beauteous *Isis* and her Husband *Tame*
 With mingl'd Waves for ever flow the Same,
 In Times of Yore an ancient Baron liv'd,
 Great Gifts bestow'd, and great Respect receiv'd.

When dreadful *Edward* with successful Care
 Led his free *Britons* to the *Gallic* War,
 This Lord had headed his appointed Bands,
 In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands:
 And, all due Honours faithfully discharg'd,
 Had brought back his Paternal Coat, enlarg'd

With

With a new Mark, the Witnesses of his Toil;
And no inglorious part of foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
In Honourable Ease and Rural Sport
The Remnant of his Days he softly past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast :
He made his Wish with his Estate comply ;
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to dye.

One Child he had, a Daughter chaste and fair,
His Age's Comfort, and his Fortune's Heir ;
They call'd her *Emma*, for the beauteous Dame
Who gave the Virgin Birth had born the Name :
The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd,
For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd.
Yet, as when little round his Knees she plaid,
He call'd her oft in Sport his *Nut-brown Maid* ;
The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word,
(As still they please who imitate their Lord)

Ufage confirm'd what Fancy had begun,
 The mutual Terms around the Lands were known,
 And *Emma* and *the Nut-brown Maid* were one. }

As with her Stature ftill her Charms encreas'd,
 Thro' all the Ifle her Beauty was confefs'd:
 Oh! what Perfections muft that Virgin share,
 Who Faireft is esteem'd, where all are Fair?
 From diftant Shires repair the noble Youth,
 And found Report for once had leffen'd Truth:
 By Wonder firft, and then by Paflion mov'd,
 They came, they faw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd.
 By publick Praifes, and by fecret Sighs
 Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of *Emma's* Eyes:
 In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant ftrove
 By glorious Deed to purchafe *Emma's* Love:
 In gentle Verfe the Witty told their Flame,
 And grac'd their choicelt Songs with *Emma's* Name:
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
 Ufelefs their Strength, and impotent their Wit;

Great

Great *Venus* only must direct the Dart,
 Which else will never reach the Fair one's Heart,
 Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and soft Effects
 of Art.

Great *Venus* must prefer the happy One ;
 In *Henry's* Cause her Favour must be shown,
 And *Emma* of Mankind must love but Him alone.

While these in Publick to the Castle came,
 And by their Grandeur justify'd their Flame,
 More secret Ways the careful *Henry* takes ;
 His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forfakes :
 In borrow'd Name and false Attire array'd,
 Oft he finds Means to see the beauteous Maid.

When *Emma* hunts, in Huntsman's Habit dress'd
Henry on Foot pursues the bounding Beast ;
 In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears,
 And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears :
 Still to the Glade where She has bent her Way
 With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey ;

Bids her decline the Hill, and shun the Brake,
 And shows the Path her Steed may safest take :
 Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound,
 Pleas'd in his Toils to have her Triumph crown'd :
 And blows her Praises in no common Sound.



A Falk'ner *Henry* is, when *Emma* hawks,
 With her of Tarsels and of Leurs he talks :
 Upon his Wrist the tow'ring Merling stands,
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her Commands :
 And when Superiour now the Bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down,
 With humble Reverence he accosts the Fair,
 And with the honour'd Feather decks her Hair.
 Yet still as from the sportive Field She goes,
 His down-cast Eye reveals his inward Woes ;
 And by his Look and Sorrow is exprest
 A nobler Game pursu'd than Bird or Beast.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves,
 And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves ;

The

The neigh'bring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song :
While with soft Sorrow he renews his Lays,
Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praise :
But soon as *Emma's* Eyes adorn the Plain,
His Notes he raises to a nobler Strain ;
With dutiful Respect and studious Fear,
Left any careless Sound offend her Ear.

A frantick Gipsy now the House he haunts,
And in wild Phrases speaks dissembl'd Wants :
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals,
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd,
What Groom shall get, and Squire maintain the Child :
But when bright *Emma* wou'd her Fortune know,
A softer Look unbends his op'ning Brow :
With trembling Awe he gazes on her Eye,
And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply,
That she shall prove as Fortunate as Fair,
And *Hymen's* choicest Gifts are all reserv'd for Her.

Now

Now oft had *Henry* chang'd his fly Disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous *Emma's* Eyes :
 Oft had found Means alone to see the Dame,
 And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame :
 And oft the Pangs of Absence to remove,
 By Letters, soft Interpreters of Love.
 'Till Time and Industry, the mighty Two
 That bring our Wishes nearer to our view,
 Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
 Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear ;
 That *Venus* had confirm'd her equal Reign,
 And dealt to *Emma's* Heart a share of *Henry's* Pain.

While *Cupid* smil'd by kind Occasion blest'd,
 And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd ;
 The am'rous Youth frequents the silent Groves,
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again,
 Great are his Joys, but will they long remain ?
Emma with Smiles receives his present Flame ;
 But smiling, will she ever be the same ?

Beautiful

Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds,
And Summer Seas are turn'd by sudden Winds.
Another Love may gain her easie Youth,
Time changes Thought, and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.

O impotent Estate of human Life,
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife :
Where fleeting Joy does lasting Doubt inspire ;
And most we Question, what we most Desire.
Amongst thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter Ingredients in, nor pall the Draught
With nauseous Grief; for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable Taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With Wishes rais'd, with Jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breast,)
By one great Trial He resolves to prove
The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.
If scanning *Emma's* Virtues, He may find
That beauteous Frame inclose a steady Mind;

R

He'll

He'll fix his Hope, of future Joy secure,
 And live a Slave to *Hymen's* happy Pow'r.
 But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail;
 If pois'd aright in Reason's equal Scale,
 Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail;
 His Mind he vows to free from am'rous Care,
 The latent Mischief from his Heart to tear,
 Resume his Azure Arms, and shine again in War.

South of the Castle, in a verdant Glade,
 A spreading Beach extends her friendly Shade:
 Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard,
 Here oft Her Silence had her Heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds,
 And genial Life inform'd the verdant Woods,
Henry in Knots involving *Emma's* Name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his Flame
 Upon this Tree; and as the tender Mark
 Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark,
Venus had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
 That as the Wound the Passion might increase.

As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
And deck'd the various Mead with opening Flow'rs,
Upon this Tree, the Nymph's obliging Care
Had left a frequent Wreath for *Henry's* Hair.
Which as with gay Delight the Lover found,
Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the Plains he oft had gone,
And to each Swain the Mystick Honour shown;
The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown.

His secret Note the troubl'd *Henry* writes,
To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites.
Imperfect Words and dubious Turns express,
That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace;
That He must something to her Ear commend,
On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd,
The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former Note,
Which *Venus* dictated, and *Henry* wrote;

Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
 On the dear Bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
 Which always blest'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r;
 And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

Now Night advanc'd, the House in Sleep were laid,
 The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;
 And last that Spirit, which does closest haunt
 The Lovers Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt.
 To her dear *Henry Emma* wings her way,
 With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay.
 For Love, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad 'till Watchfulness be laid,
 Undaunted then, o'er Cliffs and Valleys strays,
 And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless Ways.
 Not *Argus* with his hundred Eyes shall find
 Where *Cupid* goes, tho' he poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving sent her Eye
 To ask, if yet its Chief Delight were nigh:
 With Fear and with Desire, with Joy and Pain
 She sees and runs to meet him on the Plain.

But

But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lovers haste,
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are cast,
His artful Bosom heaves dissembled Sighs,
And Tears suborn'd fall copious from his Eyes.

With Ease, alas! we Credit what we Love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair: Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break.
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph, the Man
Broke Silence first, the Tale alternate ran.

H E N R Y.

Sincere O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,
Emma, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain Bosom ever strove
With the first Tumults of a real Love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his Sway;
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy Virgin Softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?

And wept the potent God's resistless Dart,
 His killing Pleasure, his Extatick Smart,
 And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart?
 If so, with Pity view my wretched State;
 At least deplore, and then forget my Fate:
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy Charms,
 By Fortune favour'd, and successful Arms:
 And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray,
 Brings back each Year this melancholy Day,
 Permit one Sigh, and set apart one Tear,
 To an abandon'd Exile's endless Care.

For me, alas! Out-cast of Human Race,
 Love's Anger only waits, and dire Disgrace:
 For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd,
 These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away,
 A shameful Death attends my longer Stay;
 And I this Night must fly from Thee and Love,
 Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our Bliss that changeth with the Moon,
 And Day of Life that darkens e'er 'tis Noon?

What

What is true Passion if unblest it dies,
 And where is *Emma's* Joy if *Henry* flies?
 If Love, alas! be Pain, the Pain I bear
 No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The Flames, which long have in my Bosom reign'd:
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care:
 His Complement of Stores, and total War.

Oh cease then coldly to suspect my Love,
 And let my Deed at least my Faith approve.
 Alas! no Youth shall my Endearments share,
 Nor Day nor Night shall interrupt my Care:
 No future Story shall with Truth upbraid
 The cold Indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
 Nor to hard Banishment shall *Henry* run,
 While careless *Emma* sleeps on Beds of Down.
 Behold me fix'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go;
 Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:
 For I attest fair *Venus*, and her Son,
 That I of all Mankind will love but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous Way,
 And take good heed what Men will think and say;
 That Beauteous *Emma* vagrant Courtes took,
 Her Father's House and civil Life forsook,
 That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
 She to the Woodland with an Exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd,
 And Virgin Honour once, is always stain'd:
 Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun;
 Better not do the Deed, than weep it done.
 No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame;
 Nor Tears, that wash out Sin, can wash out Shame.
 Then fly the sad Effects of desp'rate Love;
 And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woodstrove.

E M M A.

Let *Emma's* hapless Case be falsely told
 By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
 Let ev'ry Tongue its various Censure chuse,
 Absolve with Coldness, or with Spight accuse
 Fair Truth at last her Radiant Beams will raise,
 And Malice vanquisht heightens Virtue's Praise.

Let

Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight,
O let my Prefence make thy Travels light,
And potent *Venus* shall exalt my Name
Above the Rumours of cenforious Fame:
Nor from that busie Demon's restless Pow'r
Will ever *Emma* other Grace implore,
Than that this Truth should to the World be known,
That I of all Mankind have lov'd but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow,
With active Force repel the sturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult speaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows fly,
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy Part, and share the dangerous Day?
Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail:
Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheek all pale,
With fruitless Sorrow Thou, inglorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy Safety by thy Love betray'd:
Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useles Aid, and Coward fly:

Then

Then wilt thou curse the Chance that made Thee love
A banish'd Man, condemn'd in lonely Woods to rove

E M M A.

With fatal Certainty *Thalestris* knew
To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew,
And great in Arms, and foremost in the War,
Bonduca brandish'd high the *British* Spear.
Could Thirst of Vengeance, and Desire of Fame,
Excite the Female Breast with Martial Flame?
And shall not Love's diviner Pow'r inspire
More hardy Virtue, and more generous Fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish fighting by thy side.
Tho' my Inferior Strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the Warrior Bow,
With ready Hand I will the Shaft supply,
And joy to see thy Victor Arrow fly:
Touch'd in the Battel by the Hostile Reed,
Should'st thou, but Heav'n avert it, should'st thou bleed,
To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair:

Blest,

Blest, when my Dangers and my Toils have shown,
That I of all Mankind could love but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive Want, or Hunger's pressing Pain?
Those Limbs, in Lawn and softest Silk array'd,
From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid,
Will they bear angry *Jove*, will they resist
The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-East?
When chill'd by adverse Snows, and beating Rain,
We tread with weary Steps the longsome Plain;
When with hard Toil we seek our Evening Food,
Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood;
And find amongst the Cliffs no other House,
But the thin Covert of some gather'd Boughs;
Wilt Thou not then reluctant send thine Eye
Around the dreary Waste, and weeping try,
(Tho' then, alas! that Trial be too late)
To find thy Father's Hospitable Gate,
And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate?
Those Seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy Return:

Wilt

Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated Love;
And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy Rife of Fortune did I only wed,
From its Decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with Thee,
On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea,
While gentle *Zephyrs* play in prosp'rous Gales,
And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails;
But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
No, *Henry*, no: One Sacred Oath has ty'd
Our Loves; One Destiny our Life shall guide;
Nor Wild nor Deep our common Way divide.

When from the Cave thou risest with the Day,
To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey;
The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, and wait my Lord's Return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer,
(For seldom, Archers say, thy Arrows err)

I'll fetch quick Fewel from the neighb'ring Wood,
 And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food:
 With humble Duty and officious Haste,
 I'll cull the furthest Mead for Thy Repast:
 The choicest Herbs I to Thy Board will bring;
 And draw Thy Water from the freshest Spring.
 And when at Night with weary Toil oppress'd,
 Soft Slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome Rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with Midnight Pray'r
 Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care;
 And joyous, ask at Morn's returning Ray,
 If thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day.
 My Thought shall fix, my latest Wish depend
 On Thee; Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend;
 By all these sacred Names be *Henry* known
 To *Emma's* Heart; and grateful let Him own,
 That She of all Mankind could love but Him alone.

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me what the Woman's Care
 Shall in the Wildness of the Wood prepare:
 Thou, e'er thou goest, unhapp'yeſt of thy Kind,
 Muſt leave the Habit, and the Sex behind.

No

No longer shall thy comely Tresses break
In flowing Ringlets on thy Snowy Neck;
Or sit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound:
No longer shall the Boddice aptly lac'd
From thy full Bosome to thy slender Waste,
That Air and Harmony of Shape exprefs,
Fine by Degrees, and beautifully left:
Nor shall thy lower Garments artful Pleat
From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet,
Arm their chaste Beauties with a modest Pride,
And double ev'ry Charm they seek to hide.
Th' Ambrosial Plenty of thy shining Hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy Ear
Shall stand, uncouth; a Horse-man's Coat shall hide
Thy taper Shape, and Comeliness of Side:
The short Trunk-Hose shall shew thy Foot and Knee
Licentious, and to common Eye-sight free;
And with a bolder Stride, and looser Air,
Mingl'd with Men, a Man thou must appear.

Nor

Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt Thou in Forests find:
'Tis long since *Cynthia* and her Train were there,
Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care.
Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend thy View;
(For such must be my Friends) a hideous Crew,
By adverse Fortune mix'd in Social Ill;
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill.
Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack,
The Beadle's Lash still flagrant on their Back;
By Sloth corrupted, by Disorder fed;
Made bold by Want, and prostitute for Bread.
With such must *Emma* hunt the tedious Day,
Assist their Violence, and divide their Prey:
With such She must return at setting Light,
Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night.
Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds
Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry;
The ill-bred Question, and the lewd Reply:

Brought

Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worse,
 Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curse,
 That latest Weapon of the Wretches War;
 And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair.

Now, *Emma*, now the last Reflection make,
 What Thou would'st follow, what Thou must forsake:
 By our ill-omen'd Stars and adverse Heav'n,
 No middle Object to thy Choice is given.
 Or yield thy Virtue to attain thy Love;
 Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove.

E M M A.

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
 Force Thee to suffer what thy Honour hates:
 Mix Thee amongst the Bad, or make Thee run
 Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee shun.
 Yet with her *Henry* still let *Emma* go;
 With him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe:
 And sure my little Heart can never err
 Amidst the worst; if *Henry* still be there.

Our

Our outward Act is prompted from within,
 And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:
 By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd;
 Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd:
 Who has assay'd no Danger, gains no Praise;
 In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her Seat:
 In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat,
 Their Flatt'ry She rejects, nor fears their Threat.

For Thee alone these little Charms I drest;
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy Test:
 In comely Figure rang'd my Jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd, for Thee alone;
 For Thee again they shall be laid aside;
 The Woman, *Henry*, shall put off her Pride
 For Thee; my Cloaths, my Sex exchange'd, for Thee,
 I'll mingle with the Peoples wretched Lee;
 (Oh! Line extream of human Infamy!)
 Wanting the Sciffars; and my Hands shall tear
 (If that obstructs my Flight) this load of Hair:

Black Soot or yellow Walnut shall disgrace
 This little Red and White of *Emma's* Face:
 These Nails with Scratches shall deform my Breast,
 Left by my Look or Colour be express'd
 The Mark of ought high born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this Commerce, under this Disguise,
 Let Me be grateful still to *Henry's* Eyes:
 Lost to the World, let me to Him be known:
 My Fate I can absolve, if He shall own,
 That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone.

H E N R Y.

O wildest Thought of an abandon'd Mind!
 Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind,
 Ev'n Honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the Woods with me; said *Emma* so?
 Or did I dream what *Emma* never said?
 O guilty Error! and oh wretched Maid!
 Whose roving Fancy would resolve the same
 With Him who next should tempt her easie Fame,
 And blow with empty Words the susceptible Flame.
 Now why should dubious Terms thy Mind perplex?
 Confess thy Frailty, and avow the Sex:

No

No longer loose Desire for constant Love [to rove.
Mistake, but say 'tis Man with whom thou long'st

E M M A.

Are there not Poisons, Wracks, and Flames, and
That *Emma* thus must die by *Henry's* Words? [Swords,
Yet what could Swords, or Poison, Wracks or Flame }
But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame? }
More fatal *Henry's* Words, they murder *Emma's* Fame. }

And fall these Sayings from that gentle Tongue,
Where civil Speech and soft Persuasion hung?
Whose artful Sweetness and harmonious Strain
Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain;
Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to its Aid:
And, whilst it *Henry's* glowing Flame convey'd, }
Still blam'd the Coldness of *the Nut-brown Maid*? }

Left envious Jealousie and canker'd Spight }
Produce my Action to severest Light, }
And tax my open Day, or secret Night? }
Did e'er my Tongue speak my unguarded Heart
The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?

Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal
 Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
 And hast thou, *Henry*, in my Conduct known
 One Fault, but that which I must ever own,
 That I of all Mankind have lov'd but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving Me alone:
 Each Man is Man, and all the Sex is One.
 False are our Words, and fickle is our Mind,
 Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
 Alike by Strength or Cunning we invade:
 When arm'd with Rage we march against the Foe,
 We lift the Battel-Ax, and draw the Bow:
 When fir'd with Passion we attack the Fair,
 Delusive Sighs and brittle Vows we bear:
 Our Falshood and our Arms have equal use,
 As they our Conquest or Delight produce.

The

The foolish Heart thou gav'st, again receive;
 (The only Boon departing Love can give:)
 To be less Wretched, be no longer True:
 What strives to fly Thee, why should'st thou pursue?
 Forget the Present Flame, indulge a New.
 Single the loveliest of the amorous Youth;
 Ask for his Vow, but hope not for his Truth:
 The next Man and the next thou shalt believe
 Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy *Cupid* aim his Arrows right;
 Be Wise, and False; shun Trouble, seek Delight;
 Change Thou the first, nor wait thy Lover's Flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our Case:
 I saw Thee Young, and Fair; pursu'd the Chase
 Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
 Fairer, and Younger; yielding to the Law
 Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More Youth, more Beauty: Blest Vicissitude!

My active Heart still keeps its pristine Flame;
The Object alter'd, the Desire the same.

This Younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms :
With present Power compels me to her Arms.
And much I fear from my subjected Mind,
(If Beauty's Force to constant Love can bind)
That Years may roll, e'er, in Her turn, the Maid
Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd:
And weeping follow me, as Thou dost now,
With idle Clamours of a broken Vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy Wishes err
So wide, to hope that Thou may'st live with Her.
Love, well thou know'st, no Partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided Vows.

Then from thy foolish Heart, vain Maid, remove
An uselefs Sorrow, and an ill-ftarr'd Love,
And leave me with the Fair, at large in Woods to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?
Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?

Of

Of the Superior Sex art thou the worst?
Am I of Mine the most compleatly curst?
Yet, let me go with Thee, and going prove
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent Beauty, this Triumphant Fair,
This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
A Servant: (She may scorn the Name of Friend.)
What She demands incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave Her Garlands, and I'll pleat Her Hair:
My busie Diligence shall deck Her Board;
(For there at least I may approach my Lord.)
And when Her *Henry's* softer Hours advise
His Servant's Absence, with dejected Eyes
Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease;
And ebbing Life, on Terms severe as these,
Will have its little Lamp no longer fed;
When *Henry's* Mistress shows him *Emma* dead;

Rescue my poor Remains from vile Neglect,
 With Virgin Honours let my Herse be deckt,
 And decent Emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy Nymph, that *Emma* may be laid
 Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She
 With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may see.
 The Nymph amidst her Joys may haply breath
 A pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death:
 And the sad Fate which She may one Day prove,
 Who hopes from *Henry's* Vows Eternal Love.
 And Thou forsworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art,
 If *Emma's* Image ever touch'd thy Heart,
 Thou sure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear,
 To Her whom Love abandon'd to Despair;
 To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone
 Bid it in lasting Characters be known,
 That of Mankind She lov'd but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn *Jove*; and conscious *Venus* hear:
 And thou, bright Maid, believe Me, whilst I swear
 No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move
 The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love.

O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
At least excuse a Trial too severe;
Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.



No banish'd Man condemn'd in Woods to rove
Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love:
No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms,
Fairest Collection of thy Sexes Charms,
Crown of my Love, and Honour of my Youth,
Henry, thy *Henry* with Eternal Truth,
As Thou may'st wish, shall all his Life employ,
And found his Glory in his *Emma's* Joy.

In Me behold the Potent *Edgar's* Heir,
Illustrious Earl; Him terrible in War
Let *Loyre* confess, for She has felt His Sword,
And trembling fled before the *British* Lord.
Him great in Peace and Wealth fair *Deva* knows;
For she amidst his spacious Meadows flows:
Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands,
And sees his numerous Herds imprint her Sands.

And

And Thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy Thought
 To Greatness next to Empire; shalt be brought,
 With solemn Pomp, to my Paternal Seat,
 Where Peace and Plenty on Thy Word shall wait.
 Musick and Song shall wake the Marriage Day;
 And while the Priests accuse the Bride's Delay,
 Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct her Way.

Friendship shall still Thy Evening Feasts adorn,
 And blooming Peace shall ever bless Thy Morn.
 Succeeding Years their happy Race shall run;
 And Age unheeded by Delight come on,
 While yet Superior Love shall mock his Pow'r:
 And when old Time shall turn the fated Hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,
 What rests of Both one Sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my *Emma's* Breast
 (That Heav'n of Softness, and that Seat of Rest)
 Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love:
 Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forests rove.

E M M A.

O Day the fairest fure that ever rose!
Period and End of anxious *Emma's* Woes;
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O! wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White. }
Yet tell thy Vota'ry, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my *Henry*, will He never rove?
Will He be ever Kind, and Just, and Good?
And is there yet no Mistress in the Wood?
None, none there is: The Thought was rash and vain;
A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart;
And anxious Jealousie's corroding Smart;
Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various Gale unheeded blow:
If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd Hands;

Her

Her present Favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:
 If she reclaims the Temporary Boon,
 And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
 Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
 And unconcern'd return the Goods she lent:
 Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,
 From any Turn of her Fantastic Wheel:
 Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior Pow'r,
 Must mark the Colour of my future Hour.
 From the Events which thy Commands create
 I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date;
 And *Henry's* Will must dictate *Emma's* Fate.

Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride
 (Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide)
 I see Thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
 Exalted high as Virtue can require;
 With Pow'r invested, and with Pleasure chear'd;
 Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
 Which human Vows at smoking Shrines implore;
 Grateful

Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My Life, subservient only to thy Joy;
And at my Death to blefs thy Kindness shown
To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone.

WHile thus the constant Pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous Crowd,
Smiling they clapt their Wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious Shafts; a precious Store:
That when their God should take his future Darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,
His happy Skill might proper Arms imploy,
All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose Lives should imitate
These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate.

The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
Approv'd the little Labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear;
And to the Triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as She calls, the God is always near.

}
}

Now *Mars*, she said, let *Fame* exalt her Voice,
 Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice:
 But when She sings great *Edward* from the Field
 Return'd, the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield
 In *Concord's* Temple hung, and *Gallia* taught to yield. }
 And when as prudent *Saturn* shall compleat
 The Years design'd to perfect *Britain's* State,
 The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again,
 To sing Her Fav'rite *Anna's* wond'rous Reign ;
 To recollect unweari'd *Marlbrò's* Toils,
 Old *Rufus'* Hall unequal to his Spoils ;
 The *British* Soldier from his High Command
 Glorious, and *Gaul* thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand:
 Let Her at least perform what I desire,
 With second Breath the Vocal Brass inspire ;
 And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain,
 What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.

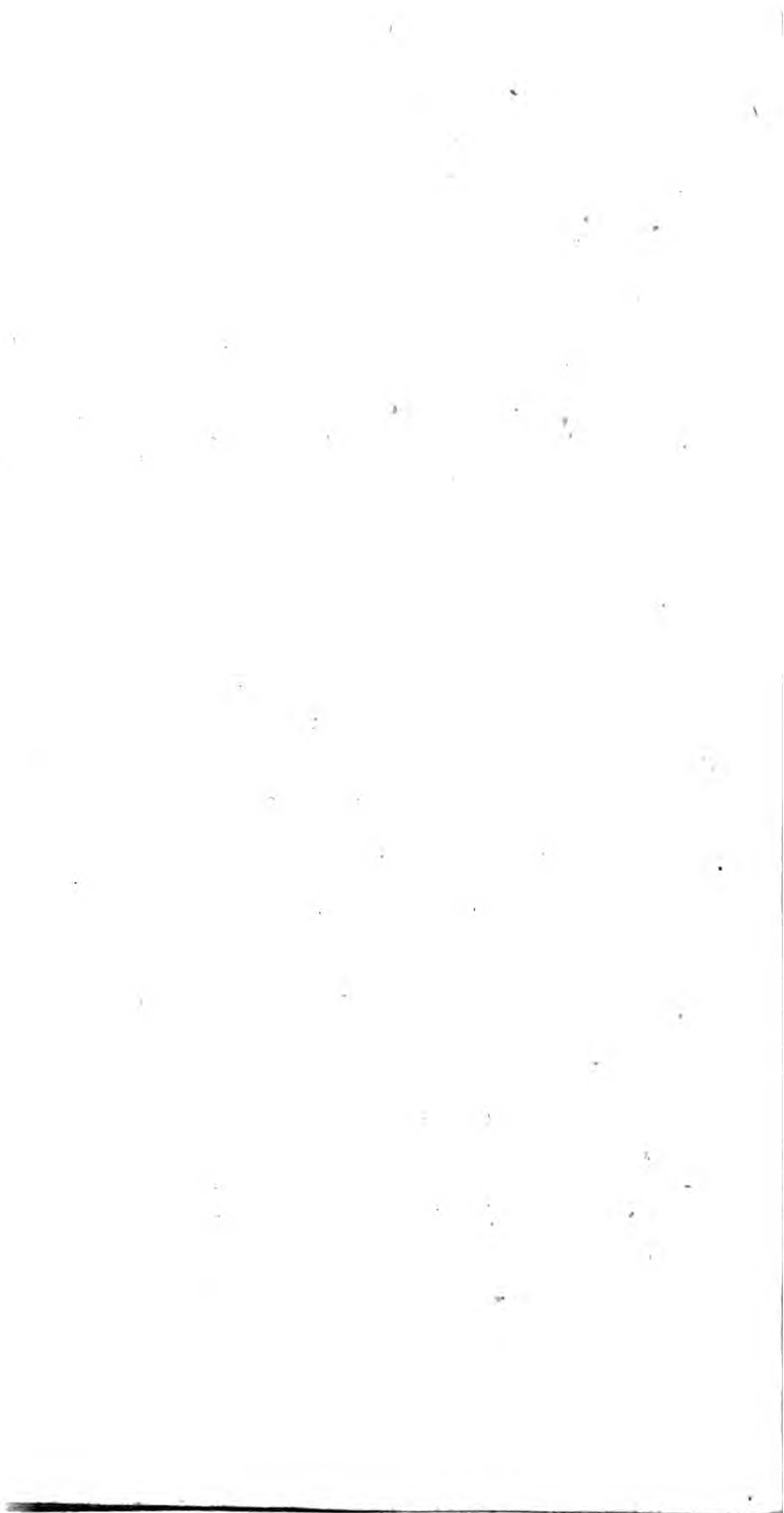
And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past,
 And when Thy Laurels at my Feet are cast ;

Faithful

Faithful may'st Thou like *British Henry* prove,
And *Emma*-like let me return Thy Love.

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear ;
And constant Beauty shall reward their Care.

Mars smil'd and bow'd ; the *Cyprian* Deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky :
And Thou, She smiling said, Great God of Days
And Verse ; behold my Deed ; and sing my Praise.
As on the *British* Earth, my Fav'rite Isle,
Thy gentle Rays and kindest Influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves ;
Proclaim with Joy these memorable Loves.
From ev'ry annual Course let one great Day,
To celebrated Sports and Floral Play,
Be set aside ; and, in the softest Lays
Of Thy Poetic Sons, be solemn Praise,
And everlasting Marks of Honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.



A N
O D E,
Humbly Inscrib'd to the
Q U E E N.
O N T H E
Glorious Success
O F
Her MAJESTY'S Arms,
1706.

Written in Imitation of *Spencer's* Stile.

*Te non parentis funera Galliaë,
Duraque tellus audit Iberiaë:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.*

Hor.

1900

THE
MAY 1900

1900

1900

T H E
P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of Poetry; I therefore set Horace before me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, &c

which he Writ in Praise of Drusus after his Expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy Choice of that General: And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd me: As to the Stile, the Choice I made of following the Ode in Latin, determin'd me in English to the Stanza; and herein

The P R E F A C E.

it was impossible not to have a Mind to follow our great Countryman Spencer, which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the Manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Numbers: Having only added one Verse to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious, and avoided such of his Words as I found too obsolete: I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like Spencer's. Behest, Command; Band, Army; Prowess, Strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the Ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, tho' for once she appears in a Farthingal. I have also, in Spencer's Manner, used Cæsar for the Emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that Prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That Noble Part of the Ode I just now mention'd,

*Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c——*

*where Horace praises the Romans as being Descended from Æneas, I have turn'd to the Honour of the British Nation, descended from Brute,
likewise*

The P R E F A C E.

likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, Fourth or Fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he call'd Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a Story which (I think) owes its Original to Geoffry of Monmouth, and the Monkish Writers; yet Our Great Cambden does not reject it, and Milton tells it, as if at least he was pleas'd with it, tho' possibly he does not believe it: It carries however a Poetical Authority, which is sufficient for our Purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the Supposition of these Facts Virgil writ the best Poem that the World ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest Compliment.

I need not Obviate one piece of Criticism, that I bring my Hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with Blood.

whereas he was not born, when that City was destroy'd. Virgil, in the Case of His own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.

My Two Great Examples, Horace and Spenser, in many Things resemble each other; Both

The PREFACE.

have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in Describing the Sublime; and both know to temper those Talents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally that agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and that Curiosa Fœlicitas in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of those who design to Excel in Poetry, I only beg leave to add, (as to my own Part) That it is long since I have, or at least ought to have, quitted Parnassus, and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my self indispensably oblig'd, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into those Parts: Now if the Reader will be good enough to Pardon me this Excursion, I declare I will not trouble him again in this kind, 'till my Lord Duke of Marlborough gains another Victory, greater than those of Blenheim and Ramillies.

A N

O D E,

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

Q U E E N.

I.

When Great *Augustus* govern'd Ancient *Rome*,
And sent his Legions forth to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and belov'd at Home,
He saw his Fame encreasing with his Years;
Horace Great Bard, so Fate ordain'd, arose,
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Prose,
And set their Battels in Eternal Light;
High as their Trumpets Tune his Lyre he strung,
And with his Prince's Arms he moraliz'd his Song.

T 4

II. When

II.

When bright *Eliza* rul'd *Britannia's* State,
 Widely distributing her high Commands;
 And boldly Wise and fortunately Great,
 Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
 An Equal Genius was in *Spencer* found,
 To the high Theme he match'd his Noble Lays;
 He travell'd *England* o'er on Fairy Ground,
 In Mystick Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praise:
 Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleasing Dreams,
 He deck'd *Eliza's* Head with *Gloriana's* Beams.

III.

But, Greatest *Anna!* while Thy Arms pursue
 Paths of Renown, and climb Ascents of Fame,
 Which nor *Augustus*, nor *Eliza* knew;
 What Poet shall be found to Sing Thy Name?
 What Numbers shall Record, What Tongue shall say
 Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
 O Fairest Model of Imperial Sway!
 What Equal Pen shall write Thy wond'rous Reign?
 Who shall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearse,
 Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verse?

IV. Me

IV.

Me all too mean for such a Task I weet;
Yet if the *Sovereign Lady* daign'd to Smile,
I'd follow *Horace* with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verse in *Spencer's* Native Stile.
By these Examples rightly taught to Sing,
And smit with Pleasure of my Country's Praise,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as *Olympus* I my Flight would raise:
And latest Times should in my Numbers read
Anna's Immortal Fame, and *Marlbrò's* hardy Desd.

V.

As the Strong Eagle in the silent Wood,
Mindless of warlike Rage, and hostile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or Crystal Flood,
'Till by *Jove's* high Behests call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Bosom with the vengeful Message glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing,
And tow'ring round his Master's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his fatal Stock of Ire,
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI. Sedate

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor *Marlbrô* fate
 Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land,
 'Till *Anna* calls him from his soft Retreat,
 And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.
 Then leaving sweet Repose, and gentle Ease,
 With ardent Speed He seeks the distant Foe;
 Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous Blow:
 Our Thought flies slower than Our General's Fame,
 Grasps He the Bolt? we ask, when He has hurl'd the
 [Flame.

VII.

When fierce *Bavar* on *Judoign's* spacious Plain
 Did from afar the *British* Chief behold,
 Betwixt Despair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
 Something within his warring Bosom roll'd:
 He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
 Whom whilom he had met on *Ister's* Shoar:
 Too well, alas! the Man he knows, the same
 Whose Prowess there repell'd the *Boyan* Pow'r;
 And sent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
 Swift as the Whirlwind drives *Arabia's* scatter'd Sands.

VIII. His

VIII.

His former Losses he forgets to grieve,
 Absolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
 It now would shine, and only give him leave
 To Balance the Account of *Blenheim's* Day.
 So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
 His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
 Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
 In fullen Fury traverses the Plain,
 To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel him again.

IX.

Misguided Prince, no longer urge thy Fate,
 Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
 Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
 Confess the Force of *Marlbrô's* stronger Star.
 Those Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
 Which thou from *Mahomet* didst greatly gain,
 While bold Assertor of resistless Truth,
 Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
 Must from thy Brow their falling Honours shed,
 And their transplanted Wreaths must deck a worthier
 Head.

X. Yet

X.

Yet cease the Ways of Providence to blame,
 And Human Faults with Human Grief confess:
 'Tis Thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same,
 From thy ill Councils date thy ill Success:
 Impartial Justice holds Her equal Scales,
 'Till stronger Virtue does the Weight incline;
 If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
 He now Defends the Cause, that once was Thine.
 Righteous the War, the Champion shall subdue;
 For *Jove's* great Handmaid *Power*, must *Jove's* De-
 [crees pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets found their shrill Alarms:
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd *Nassaws*,
 Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
 His Glorious Sword with Dauntless Courage draws.
 When anxious *Britain* mourn'd her parting Lord,
 And all of *William* that was Mortal Dy'd,
 The faithful Hero had receiv'd this Sword
 From His expiring Master's much lov'd Side.
 Oft from its fatal Ire has *Louis* flown,

Where-e'er Great *William* led, or *Maese* and *Sambre*

run.

XII. But

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud *Gaul*, behold thy justest Fear,
The Master Sword, Disposer of thy Power;
'Tis that which *Cæsar* gave the *British* Peer:
He took the Gift; Nor ever will I sheath
This Steel, (so *Anna's* high Behests Ordain)
The General said, unless by Glorious Death
Absolv'd, 'till Conquest has confirm'd your Reign.
Returns like these Our *Mistress* bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her *Britons* take.

XIII.

And now fierce *Gallia* rushes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the *Boyan* Bands:
So *Volga's* Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' *Russia's* Lands.
Like two great Rocks against the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Sustain the Impulse, and receive the War:
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempest beats,
And still the foaming Wave with lessen'd Pow'r retreats.

XIV. The

XIV.

The Rage dispers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
 With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
 To turn the War; and tell aggressing *France*,
 How *Britain's* Sons and *Britain's* Friends can fight.
 On Conquest fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
 Behold 'em rushing thro' the *Gallic* Host:
 Thro' standing Corn so runs the sudden Flame,
 Or Eastern Winds along *Sicilia's* Coast.
 They deal their Terrors to the adverse Nation,
 Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest Ire *Bellona* glows,
 And *Europe* rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate:
 While *Britain* presses Her afflicted Foes:
 What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
 Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks dismay'd and pale?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
 The Hostile Troops, Iween, almost prevail,
 And the Pursuers only not recede:
 Alas! their lessen'd Rage proclaims their Grief;
 For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling Chief.

XVI. I

XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce *Bavar*,
 Let *Boya's* Trumpet grateful *Io's* sound;
 I saw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War,——
 Ever to Vengeance sacred be the Ground——
 Vain Wish! short Joy! the Hero mounts again
 In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
 The Ev'ning Star so falls into the Main,
 To rise at Morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe; but near, too near his Side,
 A good Man's grievous Loss, a faithful Servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious *Mars!* the Battel is regain'd,
 The Foe with lessen'd Wrath disputes the Field,
 The *Briton* fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd,
 Freedom must live, and lawless Power must yield.
 Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
 That wav'ring *Conquest* still desires to rove;
 In *Marlbrô's* Camp the Goddess knows to dwell:
 Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
 Again *France* flies, again the Duke pursues,
 And on *Ramillia's* Plains He *Blenheim's* Fame renews.

XVIII. Great

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive,
 From thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice :
 Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
 To *Anne*, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice.
 Recording *Schellenberg's* and *Blenheim's* Toils,
 We dreaded lest Thou should'st those Toils repeat:
 We view'd the Palace charg'd with *Gallic* Spoils,
 And in those Spoils we thought thy Praise compleat;
 For never *Greek*, we deem'd, nor *Roman* Knight,
 In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of Ease Thy Virtue flies
 A Pitch, to Old and Modern Times unknown :
 Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize
 Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone.
 Those Heights where *William's* Virtue might have
 And on the Subject World look'd safely down, ^{[staid,}
 By *Marlbrô* pass'd, the Props and Steps were made
 Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's Renown :
 Still gaining more, still flighting what He gain'd,
 Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone
 remain'd.

XX. When

XX.

When swift-wing'd *Rumour* told the mighty *Gaul*,
How less'n'd from the Field *Bavar* was fled,
He wept the Swiftnefs of the Champion's Fall,
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker said.
And lives he yet, the Great, the Lost *Bavar*,
Ruin to *Gallia*, in the Name of Friend?
Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard our shatter'd
[Coast?

XXI.

To the close Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the rising Eagle cuts the Air:
The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lyes,
When the hoarse Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Ill-starr'd did We our Forts and Lines forsake,
To dare our *British* Foes to open Fight:
Our Conquest We by Stratagem should make;
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight:
'Tis Ours, by Craft and by Surprize to gain,
'Tis Theirs, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hostile Brood,
 Their boasted *Brute*, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
 From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood,
 And fix'd on Silver *Thames* his dire Abodes :
 And this be *Troynovante*, he said, the Seat
 By Heav'n ordain'd, my Sons, your lasting Place :
 Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
 Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
 Whom neither *Greece*, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
 Nor Great *Peleides*' Arm, nor *Juno*'s Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their *Tudor*'s hence and *Stuart*'s Off-spring flow,
 Hence *Edward* dreadful with his Sable Shield,
Talbot to *Gallia*'s Pow'r Eternal Foe,
 And *Seymour* fam'd in Council, or in Field;
 Hence *Nevill* Great to Settle or Dethrone,
 And *Drake* and *Ca'ndish* Terrors of the Sea;
 Hence *Butler*'s Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
Herbert's, and *Churchill*'s Warring Progeny :
 Hence the long Roll which *Gallia* should conceal,
 For oh! Who vanquish'd loves the Victors Fame to tell?

XXIV. En-

XXIV.

Envy'd *Britannia*, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain Top she proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax; and sprouts against the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And as those Teeth, which *Cadmus* sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies:
So with young Vigour, and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompenc'd arise;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel,
Not the fierce *Saxon*, nor the cruel *Dane*,
Nor deep Impression of the *Norman* Steel,
Nor *Europe's* Force amass'd by envious *Spain*;
Nor *France* on Universal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars:
Nor, (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government,)
Their own intestine Feuds, and mutual Jars:
Those Feuds and Jars in which I trusted more,
Than in my Troops, and Fleets, and all the *Gallic* Pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful *Rheims*, or fair *Lutetia's* Gate,
 What Tidings shall the Messenger convey?
 Shall the loud Herauld our Success relate,
 Or mitred Priest appoint the Solemn Day?
 Alas! my Praises they no more must Sing,
 And to my Statue they must Bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd, is their Immortal King,
 Fall'n, fall'n, for ever, is the *Gallic* Pow'r —
 The *Woman Chief* is Master of the War,
 Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n by
 [Pray'r.

XXVII.

Whilst thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair commends
 Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
 What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
 How shall Thy Triumphs in our Joy be seen?
 Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the *Nine*
 Recite *Britannia* Great, and *Gallia* Free;
 Oh! with her Sister *Sculpture* let her join,
 To raise, Great *Anne*, the Monument to Thee:
 To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring:
 To Thee, our dearest Dread; to Thee, our softer KING.

XXVIII. Let

XXVIII.

Let *Europe* fav'd the Column high erect,
 Than *Trajan's* higher, or than *Antonine's*;
 Wheresembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
 And full Atchievement of Thy great Designs.
 In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
 Sublime, the *Queen* shall on the Summet stand,
 From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
 And pointing down to Earth her dread Command.
 All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
 Shall sink beneath her Feet, and spread their Rage
 [below.

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters tost,
 'Till the young *Austrian* on *Iberia's* Strand,
 Great as *Æneas* on the *Latian* Coast,
 Shall fix his Foot: And this, be this the Land,
 Great *Jove*, where I for ever will remain,
 (The *Empire's* other Hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd I'll Reign.—
 O Virtue to thy *British* Mother dear!
 Like the fam'd *Trojan* suffer and abide,
 For *Anne* is thine, I ween, as *Venus* was his Guide.

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and *Gibraltar*, and *Barcelone*,
 Their Force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,
 Shall *Anna's* Terrors and Her Mercies own:
Spain, from th' Usurper *Bourbon's* Arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
 Numb'ring the Wonders which that Youth achiev'd,
 Whom *Anna* clad in Arms, and sent to War:
 Whom *Anna* sent to Claim *Iberia's* Throne;
 And made him more than King, in calling him Her Son.

XXXI.

There *Ister* pleas'd, by *Blenheim's* glorious Field
 Rolling, shall bid his Eastern Waves declare
Germania sav'd by *Britain's* ample Shield;
 And bleeding *Gaul* afflicted by her Spear:
 Shall bid them mention *Marlbrô*, on that Shore,
 Leading his Islanders renown'd in Arms,
 Thro' Climes, where never *British* Chief before
 Or pitch'd his Camp, or founded his Alarms:
 Shall bid them bless the *Queen*, who made his Streams
 Glorious as those of *Boyn*, and safe as those of *Thames*.

XXXII. There

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
 With decent Joy shall her Deliv'rer meet;
 Shall own Thy Arms, Great *Queen*, and blefs Thy
 Laying her Keys beneath thy Subject's Feet. [Pow'rs,
Flandria, by Plenty made the Home of War,
 Shall weep her Crime, and bow to *Charles* restor'd;
 With double Vows shall blefs Thy happy Care,
 In having drawn, or having sheath'd the Sword.
 From These their Sister Provinces shall know
 How *Anne* supports a Friend, or how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and crested Helms, and pointed Spears,
 In artful Piles around the Work shall lye;
 And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
 Blazon'd with Signs of *Gallic* Heraldry:
 And Standards with distinguish'd Honours bright,
 Marks of high Pow'r, and National Command,
 Which *Valois'* Sons, and *Bourbon's* bore in Fight,
 Or gave to *Foix'*, or *Montmorancy's* Hand:
 Great Spoils, which *Gallia* must to *Britain* yield,
 From *Cressy's* Battel sav'd, to grace *Ramillia's* Field.

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may dispose,
 The knowing Thought and curious Eye should see
 Thy Emblem, Gracious Queen, the *British* Rose,
 Type of sweet Rule, and gentle Majesty:
 The *Northern* Thistle, whom no Hostile Hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, Device of her Command,
 And Parent of her Mirth, should there be seen:
 Thy vanquish'd Lillies, *France*, decay'd and torn
 Should, with disorder'd Pomp, the lasting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great *Queen*, Oh! very far beneath,
 Near to the Ground, and on the humble Base,
 To save her self from Darknes, and from Death,
 That *Muse* desires the last, the lowest Place,
 Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String,
 For the fair Fame of *Anne* and *Albion's* Land,
 Who durst of War and Martial Fury Sing;
 And when Thy Will, and when Thy *Marlbrô's* Hand,
 Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease,
 Hung up her grateful Harp, to Everlasting Peace,



CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum

P E R

Tho. Dibben, è Trin: Col: Cant:

Am. ...

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CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum.

——— *Ego Dīs amicum,
Seculo festas referente Luces,
Reddidi Carmen* ———

Hor.

JA NE Bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi
Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo
Evolvas Fastos, quos cætera tempora supra
Conspicuos Albo, sec'lis Monumenta futuris
Urbes fundatæ, & parti posuere Triumphi.
Aggredere insignes spoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore

Jura

Jura Patrum sanxere suo; sceptrisve potiti
Miserunt lætum placidis sub legibus Orbem.

Agmine perpetuo series ornata Laborum
Procedat, suus omnis Honos, sua debita quemque
Laus inscripta notet: tum Nostra ad Tempora casus
Insignes ducas, Famamque & Fata Parentum
Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regique *Britanno*.
Dumque fide, curâque pari per singula curris,
Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores,
Et studia, & leges, pugnataque prælia feris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipse fatebere, *Jane*,
Omnium in *Auriaco* cumulari Nomine famam:
Et dices Orbi attonito; nil Sæcula Tale
Prima tulere Hominum, nil Majus postera reddent.

Vertice sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura,
Bello & Pace potens *Latium*: Fortissima corda,
Egregios rerum Dominos dabat *Itala* tellus,
Felix prole virum; fœcundam hanc aspice gentem,
Romanosque tuos; huc vertere, & altius omnem

Nascentis

Nascentis primâ repetens ab Origine Regni
 Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine Pubem
 Oppone *Aufoniam*, & cedat sua Palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro *Latii* turbare Colonos
 Palantes *Mavorte* fatus, si rustica latè
 Regna domare armis; raptæ sine more *Sabinæ*
 Surgenti famæ, cæptisque ingentibus obstant.
 Sacra Deûm, sanctasque Aras & Templâ tueri
 Cura *Numam* subiit; sed frigida dextera bello,
 Non hastam torquere sciens, ensisque rotare
 Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
 Consiliis, esto, *Fabii* Romana vigeant
 Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardèque ministrans,
 Dilator nimium Sapiens ingrata trahebat
 Bella. Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum
 Ultorem *Brutum* referam? fortesque sub armis
Æmilium, Decium, Curium? tot Magna Animorum
 Nos Exempla monent, quâ possit lege Libido
 Frænari, & quantum cedat Virtutibus Aurum:
 Hos quoque sed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
 Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia fastu

Osten-

Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque Penates.
 Sit quanquam Illustris, primos Inglorius annos
 Scipiades egit; nec mens invicta Catonis
 Semper erat, tunc fassa metum, vel visa fateri,
 Cum cessit Fato, & lucem indignata refugit.

Julius Externos frustra domat, omnia *Rome*
 Subjiciens, *Romamque* sibi, Surgitque triumphans
 Afflictos Cives super, oppressumque Senatum.
 Imperium lene *Augustus*, Patriamque subactam
 Mollia vinc'la pati jussit; sed vincula passa est,
 Purpureum cultu insolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas Veterum laudes justis celebrare Triumphis;
 Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
 Stare loco impatiens magna sese impete versat
 Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu *Tybridis* unda,
 Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
 Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus Amnis,
 Et limo castas obsceno polluit Undas:
 Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
 Mortalem infecto fassi sunt Sanguine Matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus ætas
 Degenerare aufa est; rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles
 Acer, acerba fremens; Majestatemque verendam
 Effrænis violat rabies; jam Segnior annis
 Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima *Roma*;
 Heu! Vix agnosces veteris Vestigia Formæ:
 Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,
 Heroûm novus ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt,
Hesperioque Dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aspice ut insignis Spoliis *Pharamondus* opimis
 Ingreditur; *magnusque* Aquilis qui Lilia junxit
Carolus; inde alii, quos *Gallica* terra Triumphis
 Dives alit, genus acre virûm, spectataque bello
 Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago;
 Sanguineæ en Lauri, victriciaque arma *Wilhelmi*
Normanni: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Teudorum manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,
Plantagenûm metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus
 Amborum potuit, te victrix *Anglia* testor
 Quam labor Heroûm imperio Maria omnia circum
 Afferuit,

Afferuit, fundansque Armis & Legibus ornans:
 Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido
 Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
 Egisset, Patriæque in viscera vertere vires:
 Illa afflictâ sedet, variis incerta Triumphis
 Cui det colla Jugo, quem sit passura Tyrannum.

Quo *Desideri* foboles, quo *Cæsar Adolphus*,
Nassoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles?
 Omnes Illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
 Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti.
 Hos juxta *Auriacus* pleno fluit agmine sanguis,
 Immortale genus: Primusque en Martius auctor
Corniger; inde Heros qui bello a corpore nomen
 Obtinuit, nosco crines, frontemque venustum
Francigenæ juvenis; Domus hinc *Chalonia* mixta est
Nassoviis, fedesque novas *Rhenumque* bicornem
 Inde petit, linquens *Rhodanum*, ripamque Sonantem.

Jamque *Stuardiadum* Series longissima Regum
 Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
 Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis;
 Donec

Donec Fata Deum, & Iustris labentibus Ætas
Scotorum manibus transcribi Sceptra jubebant
Anglica; feceruntq; omnes uno ore *Britannos*.

Atq; hic, Magne Deus, cum res scrutabere nostras,
Sis bonus O; passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid forte tibi occurrat de Gente *Stuartum*
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patriâ, obtestor, pro Majestate *Britanni*
Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
Obductos vulgare Sinas: Preme, *Jane*, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; Teque ad Meliora reserves.
Utq; erit ad * *NOMEN* ventum, quod flebile semper
Semper honoratum (Sic Di voluistis) habemus,
Supprime singultus, submissâ & voce dolores
Hos compesce, Tuo ne docta *Britannia* Luctu
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
Æternùm crudele patens sub Pectore vulnus.

Quò jam Raptus abis? *Nassovi Jane* labores
Aggredere ô magnos, atq; amplum claude Volumen.

* *Maria*.

En ! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras
 Turbati populi : jacet en *Tirynthius* alter,
 Ardentesq; hostes, & sibila colla tumentes
 Sternit, & in Cunis infans se vindicat Heros.

En ! quantis tollit se rebus firmior Ætas ?
 Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, bellique ferocis
 Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis ?
 Sublimis Marte adverso, Mitisque secundo,
 Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum
 Subjecit pedibus : Non Mens elata Triumphis,
 Non depressa Malis ; sed in omnia Pectus Honestum
 Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
 Dum Curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,
 Fortunæq; Vices cæcas ; quocunq; cadat res,
 Hoc animo fixum sedet, æternúmque fedebit,
 “ *Parcere subjectis & debellare Superbos.* ”

En ! totum Heroem, Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem
 Contemplare Virum : en ! ut justâ fulminet irâ
 Terrarum egregius vindex ; placidusq; Volentes
 Per Populos det jura, infesto & leniat Hosti

Pectora

Pectora flexanimus Victor ; mitisque jacentum
Dat vitam lachrymis ! quo Pectora fida suorum
Amplecti studio properat ? quam totus in Illis !
Quam curas Pater indulgens descendit in omnes !
Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.
Hac arte, ô Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Assueta imperiis ; longos hac arte Triumphos
Maxime Victor agis, cum Teq; animosq; tuorum,
Pacatumque regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.

Per varias Vitæque Vices, Operumque Colores
Idem cautus Honos, metuens & Gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas, totâ descripta Tabellâ
Effulget, Constanq; sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis ? Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixæ agris : Non Militis ardor
Turbavit Pectus ; nec Purpura picta superbos
Induxit Regum fastus, sed fama peric'lo
Explorata, velut fulvum fornacibus aurum,

Emicat innocuo : frustra Volcania pestis
 Circùm immanè fremit, Contemptorique minatur
 Flamma suo : cæco contra dominata furori
 Ardens spectatur Virtus, Pondusque Nitoremque
 Illæsum fervans, & Amico vivit in Igne.

Unum, *Jane*, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
 Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la *Wilhelmi*
 Exuperare, virûmq; finas volitare per ora.
 Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis
 Virtutem ex Illo moniti, verumque Laborem
 Cognoscant, & Sancta procul Vestigia adorent.
 Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui gesta *Britanni*
 Fataq; Fortunasq; docens, Moresq; Manusq;
 (Argumentum ingens) vivis committere chartis
 Ausis, & ferum producere Nomen in ævum :
 Cum Statuæ, multo cum victum tempore Marmor,
 Æraque labentur ; cum bello Sævior omni,
 Invidiosa Dies Famæ monumenta *Britannæ*
 Delebit ; tardis cum *Sabis* flexibus ibit

Per terras mutata novas; ferique Nepotes

Quærent, quâ stabant immania Saxa *Namurcæ*.

En Urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit *Astris*

Ambitiosa Caput, toties quæ pertulit omnem

Irrisi Nubem belli: sed non ita sensit

Armatus *Britonas*; non irrita tela *Wilhelmi*

Experta est; vastis dum Victor Turribus instans,

Cum Populo, & Signis victricibus, & magnis Dîs,

Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaque Agmina frustra

Contra *Nassovium* atque *Jovem*, contraque *Minervam*

Tela tenent; medio discrimine cædis & ignis,

Ceu *Perseus* per aperta volans, Ipse arduus Arces 200

Oppositas Scandit; frustra que objecta retardant

Flumina, flammæque globi, Scopulique minaces:

En! tandem Summis insultans Arcibus Heros;

Et noti juxtâ, fulgentia Signa, Leones.

Et jam finis erat, cum Victor vertice ab alto

Despexit *Gallum* attonitum, & tum libera vinculo

Littoraque, & latos populos; Pacemque silenti

Indulfit felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,

Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
Mosa, ferusq; suas *Rhenus* compescuit iras.
 Continuò leges æternaq; fœdera certis
 Imposuit Manus æqua locis; quam singula *Metam*,
 Et quem quæq; ferat dominum, quem quæq; recuset,
 Gens, semel edixit; Mirantemque admonet Orbem,
 Quantus Amor populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem
 Prosequitur Regem: Comes indivisus amico
 Adstat Honos lateri: supra caput explicat alas
 Libertas firmata novas; Pulchræque Sorores
 Et Virtus & Fama, pari discrimine certant,
 Utrum Ornare magis Regemne, Virumne deceret.

Quid Loquor? aut ubi sum? quis me per opaca ^[viarum]
 Ire furor suadet? quos *Musa* affurgit in Ausus?
 Dum Vatis Furias *Thebani* concipit (Ignes
 O si conciperet similes!) Te *Jane* relinquit,
 Teque, Arasque tuas, ut Cœlum & fidera tentet;
 Demens, quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum simulare ausa est. Da, *Jane*, furenti,
 Da veniam *Musæ*, sua quam rapit ampla volantem
 Materia, & tollit volvens sub naribus ignem

Pegasus ardua in astra, neque audit anhelus habenas.
 Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit æquor,
 Expatiat Equus ; vix hæret *Musa* frementi,
 Nec scit, quâ sit iter ; nec si sciat, Imperet illi.
 Saxa per, & scopulos, & depresso convalles
 Insequitur Regem ; Tellusque sub ungue tonanti
 Icta gemit ; reboant Sylvæque, & magnus Olympus.

Nunc casus *Musa* antiquos, annosque reducit
 Præteritos, Patriisque Virum meditatur in arvis ;
 Hic *Britonum* motus curâ, lachrymisque fuorum
 Consilium vultu tegit, & secum ante peractum
 Belli & Regnorum volvit sub Pectore fatum.
 Et mox armatas Hyberno sydere classes
 Molitur ; contraque iras Cælique, Marisque,
 Impavidus grande urget iter : tum sanguine multo
 Tutandas *Anglorum* Arces, oblataque Regna
 Occupat ; amisso fluitantem errare Magistro
 Sensit, & ipse Ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
 Jamque alias hinc in Lacrymas, alia horrida Bella,
 Per desolatæ Regna infelicia *Iernes*
 Diva Virum sequitur, Fluctusque irrumpit in altos

Bovindæ Bello undantis ; tum *Naidas* ad se
 Impatiens trepidas vocat, hortaturque Sorores
 Maturare fugam, quantusque emerferat Heros,
Oceano narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem
 Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis
 Imperio dignam Pelagi, sævoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno *Britonum* Victor subit ostia velo
 Stans celsâ in puppi; Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ,
 Effusique Patres, resonantia littora circum
 Sacra canunt Reduci; Sed reppulit Ille molestum
 Officium; poscitque Animos, Laudesque recusat.
 Mox charos iterum *Belgas*, sedesque suorum,
 Et Patriam, & toties raptos ex hoste Penates
 Hospes adit; varii populi, diversaque Signa,
 Externique Duces omnes focia Arma ferentes
 Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad Iram,
 Quàm placidus Victor, fortunatusque laborum
 Securus Palmæ, dum prædam rejicit Heros.

Nunc versæ Scenæ discedunt; altera rerum
 Nunc surgit facies; aliâ sub Luce videri

Heros

Heros grandis amat ; Successuque Altior ipso
Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partisque Trophæis
Pacem lætus emit : Jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas visit ; jamque aurea Tempora circum
Felices secura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad *Danubium*, raucæque *Propontidis* undam,
Eoasque plagas, alis audacibus ardens
Musa volat ; lethi quæ jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrînque necem lugubrè minantes :
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur ;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata *Wilhelmi*
Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur ?
Quæ regio in terris, ubi Regis foedera Sancta,
Aut Leges placidæ ignotæ ? Quæ Regna per Orbem
(Qualem cunq; Fidem, Dominum quem cunq; fatentur)
Communem *Auriaco* dubitent submittere Causam ?

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget Diva viam ; quæ à *Moscoviticus* altum
Fulminat ad Tanaim *Cæsar* ; nutuque tremendo

300
Jura

Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus :
 Hic tamen, Hic *Cæsar* perculsus Nomine **Regis**
 Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris
 Officium impatiens cessit ; Se, Se Ipse, suumque
 Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens
 Tædia, dimidiumq; Orbis post Terga relinquens,
 Tangeret ut Sanctam, per quam stetit *Anglia*, dextram.
 Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnúmque fluentem
 Cernere erat *Volgam* ; multâ cui spumeus undâ,
 Saxofúmque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
 Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
 Sed Nostrum, sed *Musa* suum tibi, *Tame*, tuisque
 Rivis assimilat Regem : Non Amnis abundans,
 Sed plenus per opima virúm Fortem absque Furore
 Fundit aquam, tardoque procul Languore Serenam ;
 Quoscunque ô *Britonum* lambis pulcherrimus agros,
 Omnia ibi ridere facis ; Tibi candida *Nais*
 Purpureas inter violas, & suavè rubentes
 Vota facit resoluta rofas ; Te lentus in umbrâ
 Labentem expectat Pastor ; Te mollia Prata,
 Te fitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.

Quo

Quo feror ? unde abii ? tuque audacissima *Musa*
 Quo peritura ruis ? Si formidabile littus,
 Si *Lycios* temnas saltus, fataliaque arva,
Bellerophontæi quæ signavère furores,
 I, sequere infidos ventos, nova Nomina lapsu
 Subjectis positura undis : Ea furda monenti
 Ardet in *Astra* magis ; perque inconcessa *Diei*
Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima *Divum*
Sacra, Jovem, similemque Jovis, dictura Wilhelimum :
Indefessa Illi maturos poscit *Honores ;*
Illi ut Olympiacæ referantur præmia palmæ,
 Quam *Velox Theron,* quam vastis viribus ingens
 Sperabat nunquam *Chromius : Musam* Illius ergo
 Per nitidos orbes *Lucis,* camposque patentes
 Dulcis raptat amor : juvat explorare *Priorum*
Curæ iter ignotum : sed inextricabilis error,
 Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere *Virtus*
Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem
 Exuperant longè *Divam ;* jamque æthere toto
 Præcipitata agitur ; jam torti fulminis instar
 Fertur, & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.

O Cæptum Sublime ! infelix exitus auri
 Nobilis ! o *Musa*, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
 Exiguæ ! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit
 Audentem, quam venâ humili inferiora secutam
 Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

[nantem,

Nunc ad Te, & Tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque So-
 (Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
 Fusa fores, Pacem *Britonum*, Vitamque *Wilhelmi*
 Ardens implorat, nunc Ambitiosa vagantes
Musa modos revocet : Tuque ô quâ sæcula fronte
Jane vides ventura, *Rheæ* genetricis in alvum
 Descendas, partus ubi femina prima futuri,
 Et teneræ Species, simulachraque carcere clauso
 Mixta jacent ; donec magnum per inane coacta
 Mox durare jubes & Rerum fumere formas.
 Tum tua vox, divine Autor, tua cæca relaxat
 Spiramenta manus ; justis emissa Figuris
 Dùm vestit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo.
 Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
 Transit ; & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem,

Non de Navali surgentes ære Triumpho,
Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoste Trophæa ;
Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra coronæ
Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi
Angliaco possunt; fatis Illum conscia Virtus
Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opifq; haud indiga nostræ.
Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti
Fortunis paribus furgat ; compagibus arctis
Claudantur Belli portæ : Et jam, Mystice Custos,
Mitior O jam, Dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hîc ferrea desinat ætas
(Magna, esto, sed Ferrea erat) fassusque Metallum
Pulchrius, annorum se gratior explicet Ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit Agrestes ;
At secura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores
Jucundi, suavifque Joci cum dulcibus Horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem : Hoc à cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses ;

Atque .

Atque his flava *Ceres*, his formosissima *Flora*
Aspiret; surgatque novo Gens aurea fec'lo.

Immunis belli, dextræque innixa *Wilhelmi*
Terra *Britanna* fui, sedeat, spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est,
Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile Gentes
Dispenset, vincantque illæ quas vincere mavult.
Sic noto celsos tuti sub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in altum
Surgat; & ipsa suas mirabitur *Anglia* messes:
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet, & Ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulaï Antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis
(Quà Turres albas, veterum penetralia Regum *L. O.*
Wolsei fabricata manu, *Henricique* Labores,
Cernere erat,) juvenile caput Phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis, & quæ fuerit minus obvia flammis.

Alta,

Alta, Augusta, ingens, Dominoq; simillima magno,
 Pandat se veneranda Domus : Captiva Columnæ
 Arma ferant Sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
 Spiculaq; clypeosq; atq; horrida Sanguine signa :
 Stabunt & Parii lapides ; mediusque *Wilhelmus*
 En spirans ; humerufque recens à vulnere vivis
 Rorabit guttis ; metuens pro vindice mundi
 A tergo apparet *Genius*, capitique minacem
 Avertit mortem ; jacet illa innoxia, inermis,
 (Nam sic confuluit *Jovis* Indulgentia terris)
 Intrepidi ante pedes Herois : Tu quoque magnam
 Partem opere in tanto, viridi *Bovinda* reclinans
 Lecto habeas ; imo Senior de gurgite visus
 Lauriferum quassare Caput : Saxum evomit undas,
 Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore Rivi.

Tuque O, quæ Famæ servas monumenta *Britannæ*,
 Regis opus, Regumque decus, cape dona tuorum
 Inclyta *Winsoriæ* turris. Tu Stellifer æther
 Signa geris, quibus Ipse suum & delecta suorum
 Pectora distinguit divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque Pater decoravit honore.

Tu

Tu circum *Ormondi* robustum mystica nectens
 Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem focium addere Regi:
 Redditus his Victor terris, Spoliisque potitus,
 Suppliciter venerans Divi sub militis Aram
 Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta Parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma *Bobuni*
 Ipse suum Clypeum, suaq; æmula signa superbis
 Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor Hæres
 Nominis, aut Proavum dubitans extendere famam;
 Utcunque Illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
 Attulit *Ossoridæ* mater *Nassovia* Genti.

Sacvilli Tu, Diva, latus, Tu lumine pectus
 Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
 Conjurant Artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
 Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
 Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,
 Indictus nunquam nostris *Sacvillus* abibit
 Carminibus, nunquam labetur pectore chari
 Officium capitis; Munus quia maximus Ille
 Confert, collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque *Cavendos*
Afferere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore
Diva, favor : Stabit longum fortuna per ævum
Alta Domûs, patrioque nitebunt fidere nati.

Per Te *Sanctmauri*, per Te *Talbotia* proles,
Felicis Ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile, dum tu
servas, Nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musæ,
O Decus, O Nostrum, cui pulcro in corpore Virtus
Emicat, & sincera Fides, & Gratia morum,
Has *Fersæe*, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
Si Deus hoc Carmen Deus hoc inspiret Apollo,)
Has tanges aras, hic cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famæ
Villeriis fuenta & tibi non indebita fumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cûra vocabit
Heroa *Angliacum* ; mirantem Annalibus orbem
Exornare suis ; ferosque docere Nepotes
Imperii Arcana, & magna exemplaria Belli.

Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
 Cognoscant, Laudisque animi accendantur amore,
 Regis ad exemplum portis se Prima Juventus
 Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
 Per saltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque faxa,
 Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
 Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum Buccina signum
 Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, sub imagine Iufus,
 Paulatim ex tanto affuefcit tolerare Magistro :
 Et nunc altus Eques spatiiis magna atria circum
 Curvatis fertur ; luctantia nunc premit ora
 Bellatoris Equi ; nunc torto verberare pronus
 Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, strictum
 Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jacet impiger haftam.

Pacis amans, ftudiisque favens, focia agmina jungant
 Sancta Corona fenum, exemplis monitura minores,
 Qui Virtutis honos, & quid fapientia poffit.
 Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus,
 Et varias caufas, Naturæ arcana modestæ,
 Indiciis aperire novis, clarisque repertis.
 Illos degeneri audentes fuccurrere feculo,

Cura gravis maneat Morum ; & labor Hercule dignus
Exonerare repletum immundâ sorde Theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, Veneresque decoras ;
Ut latè *Angliacis* instructa Annalibus orbis
Gaudet, & nostram resonet gens Singula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quæcunque effusa *Britanni*
Miserat aut oppressa Preces, aut libera Grates.

Neglectum in primis Carmen, *Musamque* jacentem
Tollat amica manus ; nam respondere labori
Musa pio novit, Regisque rependere Amores.
Illa Patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque Busta
Vulgari secernit humo ; famamque silenti
Vindicat a tumulo : per *Musam* notus *Ulysses*
Spirat adhuc ; coramque Virum jam cernere fas est :
Muse Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
Conservare datur Lauros ; Eadem Illa *Wilbelmi*, 500
Cum statuar, folidoque Arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient, longo Nomen sacrum asseret ævo.
Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus
Ingrati alternas ; cum nil sine *Cæsare* pulchrum,

Nil altum Musæ labor inchoat : altera junctam
 Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.
 Igneus hinc numeris Vigor, & cælestis Origo;
 Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce *Camæna*,
 Informi cedente fitu, tenebrisque fugatis,
 Invida squalentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Securos *Britonum* Commercia libera portus
 Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem
 Pulchrior hinc *Argo*, meliori & vellere dives
 Annua dona feret, Spoliisque redibit onusta,
Indiam in *Europam* portans, gazamque nitentem,
 Quæ diffusa jacet, quâ Sol utrumque recurrens
 Aspicit Oceanum. Quascunque *Britanica* Pinus
 Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat Honores
 Navita quisque suos; puppesque Insigne superbum
 Inclinent, lassæ, quem *Tethys* omnibus undis
 Elegit, Dominum; quem vasto Immobile Fatum
 Destinât Imperio, Terrâque Marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi; jamque *Anglica* classis,
 Quâ dabit aurâ viam, tutum per aperta profundis.

Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens,
Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.
Alter tum *Ganges*, atque altera, quæ feret aurum,
India Nassovio cedet; populique feroces
Arma, Artes, Moresque scient nomenque *Wilhelmi*.

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
Agmen agreste Virum; miramque loquentis ab ore
Historiam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata *Wilhelmi*,
Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmasque, Periclaque discet,
Quæ quibus anteferat, dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in Hoste fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos
Erexit: Matres, ut cœlo decidit Heros,
Tum natis referent; & vox, quam proferet Infans,
Prima, *Wilhelmus* erit: tenebris inhonesta Tyranni
Indecores Capita abscondent, tum dira fuorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque
Provocat ad meliora Animos; cum Bella *Wilhelmi*,
Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus Annos
Confecta Audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus,) partos felici Pace triumphos.

Nec

Non dehinc hos miseros Myſteria dira docebit
 Barbara Relligio : nulla horrida Numina finget
 Vana Superſtitio, Divûmque immania Monſtra :
Naffovii Virtus cùm ſe mirantibus offert,
 Præſentem confeſſa Deum ; Cum ſigna decoris
 Divini, Æternæque patent veſtigia Mentis
 Herois deſcripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.

Scilicet horrendi juſtâ ſine lege Cometæ
 Incertam lucem quatiunt ; & Crine minaces
 Sanguineo lugubre rubent, triſteſque trementi
 Indicunt iras orbi ; niſi publica vota
 Avertant lævum miſeris Mortalibus Omen.
 At vero juſtis mundum qui temperat horis,
 Vera *Jovis* proles, Cœlo puriſſimus Ignis,
 Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur :
 Certus iter fixum peragit ; curſuſque Diurnos
 Obſervant homines, & ſanctum Sydus adorant.

O *Jane*, O Divûm ſi flectere Fata liceret,
 Si *Parcæ Anglorum* precibus mitescere Scirent,

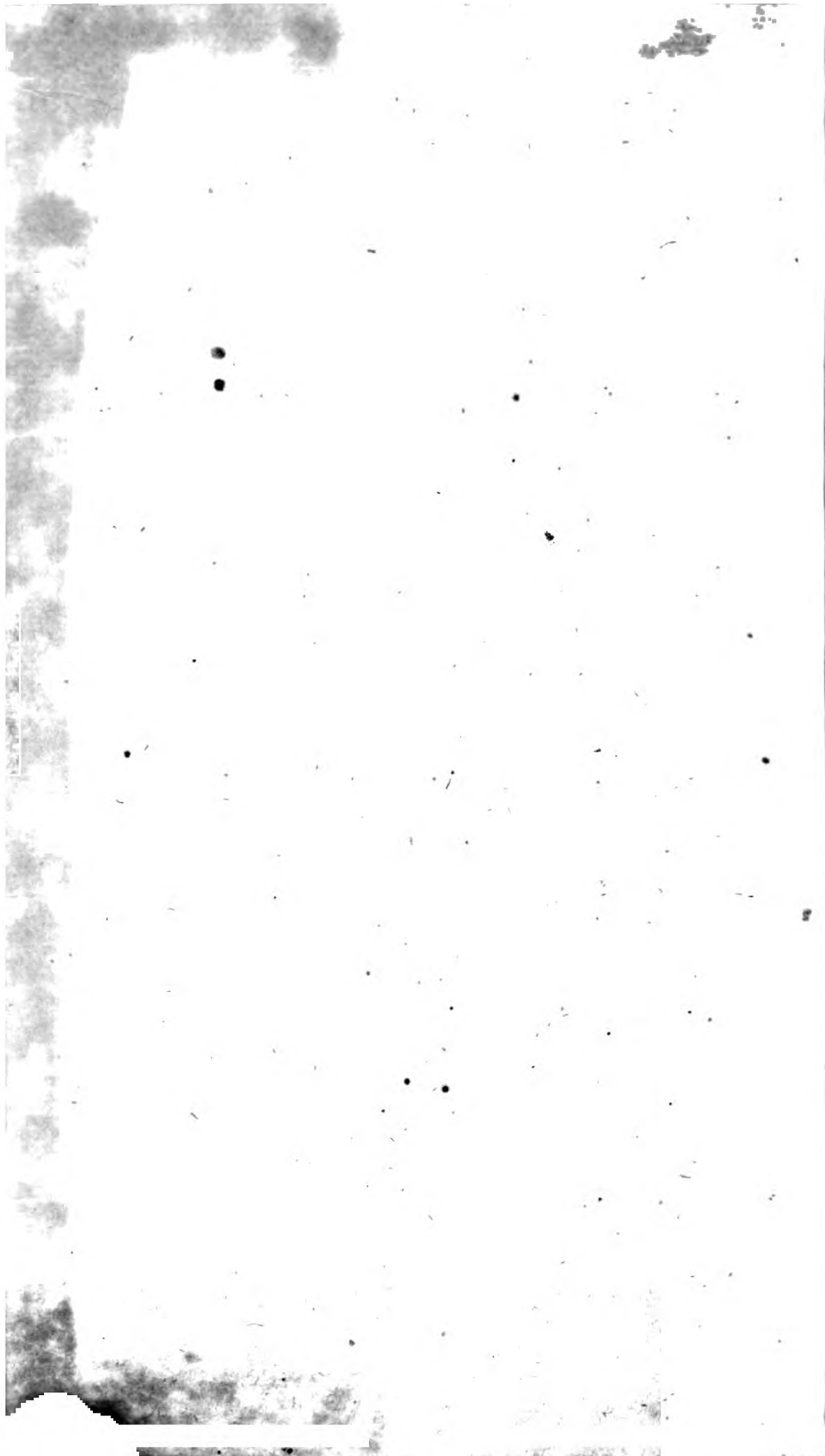
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere Cœlum
Quam *Rex Nassovius* terræ se subtrahet orbæ
Addendus Superis : sed inexorabile Numen
Omne premit mortale : aderit, volventibus Annis,
Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus;
Cum pars Semidei mæsto Materna Sepulchro
Condetur, Dominusque suis plorabitur Absens.
At Vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor Æterni, quorum hæc sub numine Tellus,
Tuque, O Sancte, tuis, Bifrons, Cœlestia firma
Pectora consiliis, Sociique per Æthera Divi
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumque *Britannam*
Conjurent servare Domum: Communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul Omine tristem
Di removete Diem, multosque benigniùs Annos
Accumulate sacro Capiti: da *Jane* senectam
Immunem Curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
Sat Bello, *Europæq;* datum est; fatis arma Juventus
Sensit, & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos:
Canitiem novus ornet Honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter Lauros assurgat Oliva.

En!

En ! Hujus, *Jane*, auspiciis nascentia longum
 Sec'la habeant omen Pacis ; lætique Nepotes
 Seros jucundis agitent sub Legibus annos ;
 Ante ferat quam Cælo animam Jovis Armiger alto,
 Nobile onus, Patrioque Heros poscatur Olympo ;
 Ambo ubi *Ledæi*, ceu qui Pedes ibat in hostem,
 Ceu luctantis Equi spumantia qui regit ora ;
 Magnus ubi *Alcides* Fato & *Junonis* iniquæ
 Sævis ereptus jussis ; ubi grande *Maronis*
 Argumentum, Auctor *Latii*, Regnique *Britanni*
 Otia agunt ; ubi tot radiantia Nomina toto
 Æthere nota fatis, quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, & meritis Homines donavimus aris :
 Serò, *Jane* Pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
Nassovium Sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum
 Fulgeat, & dubiis ostendat littora nautis. 601-

F I N I S.





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