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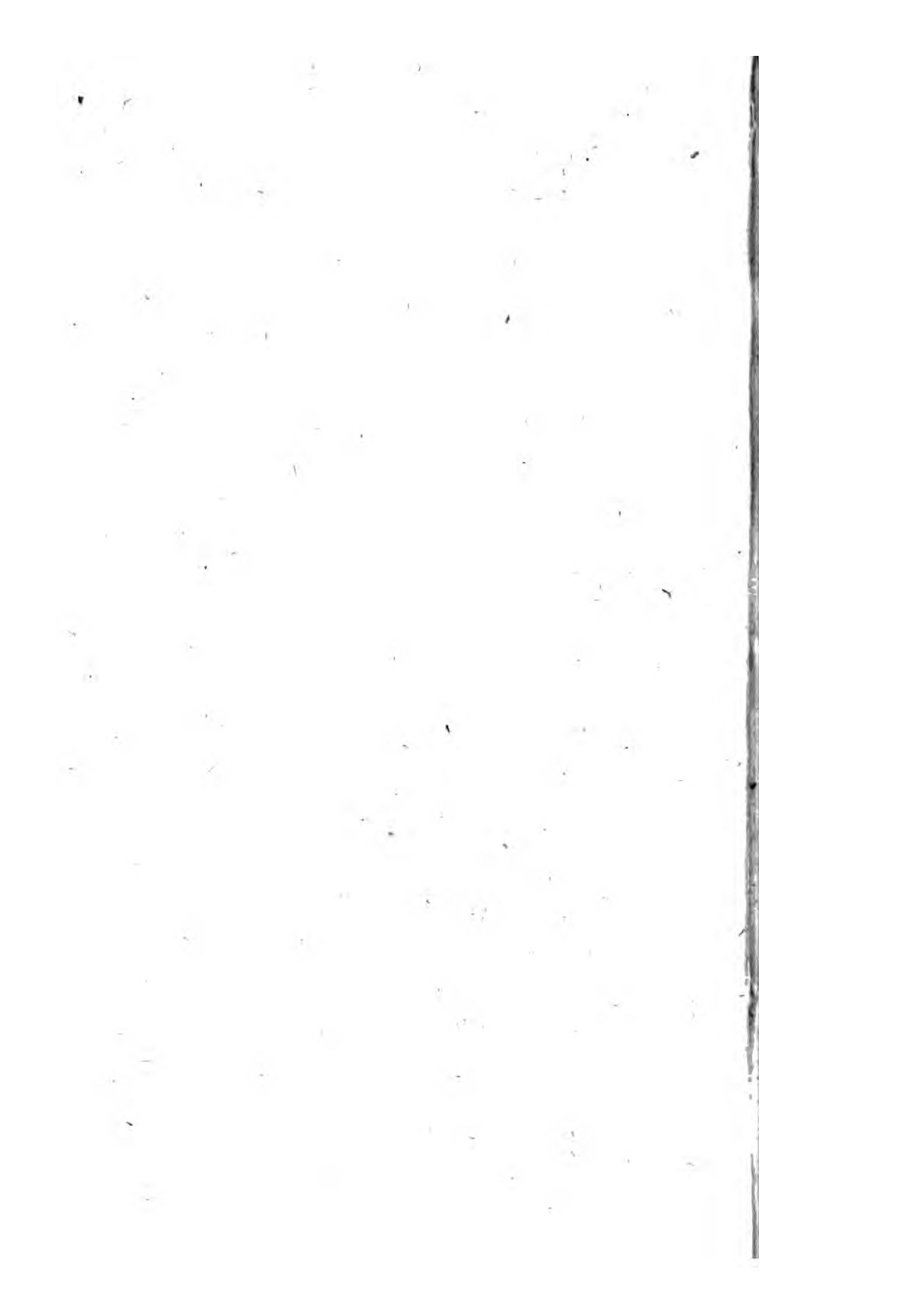


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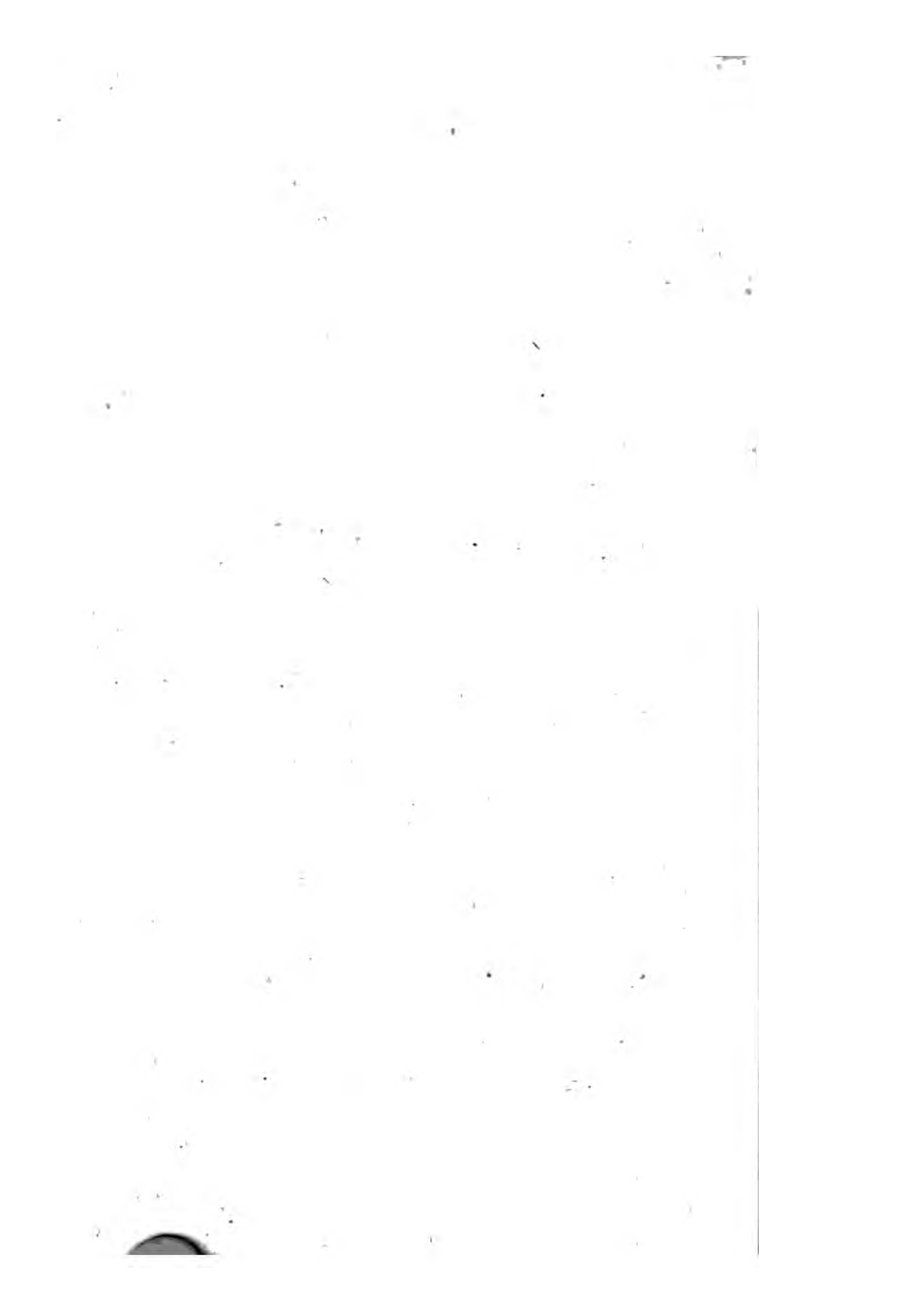


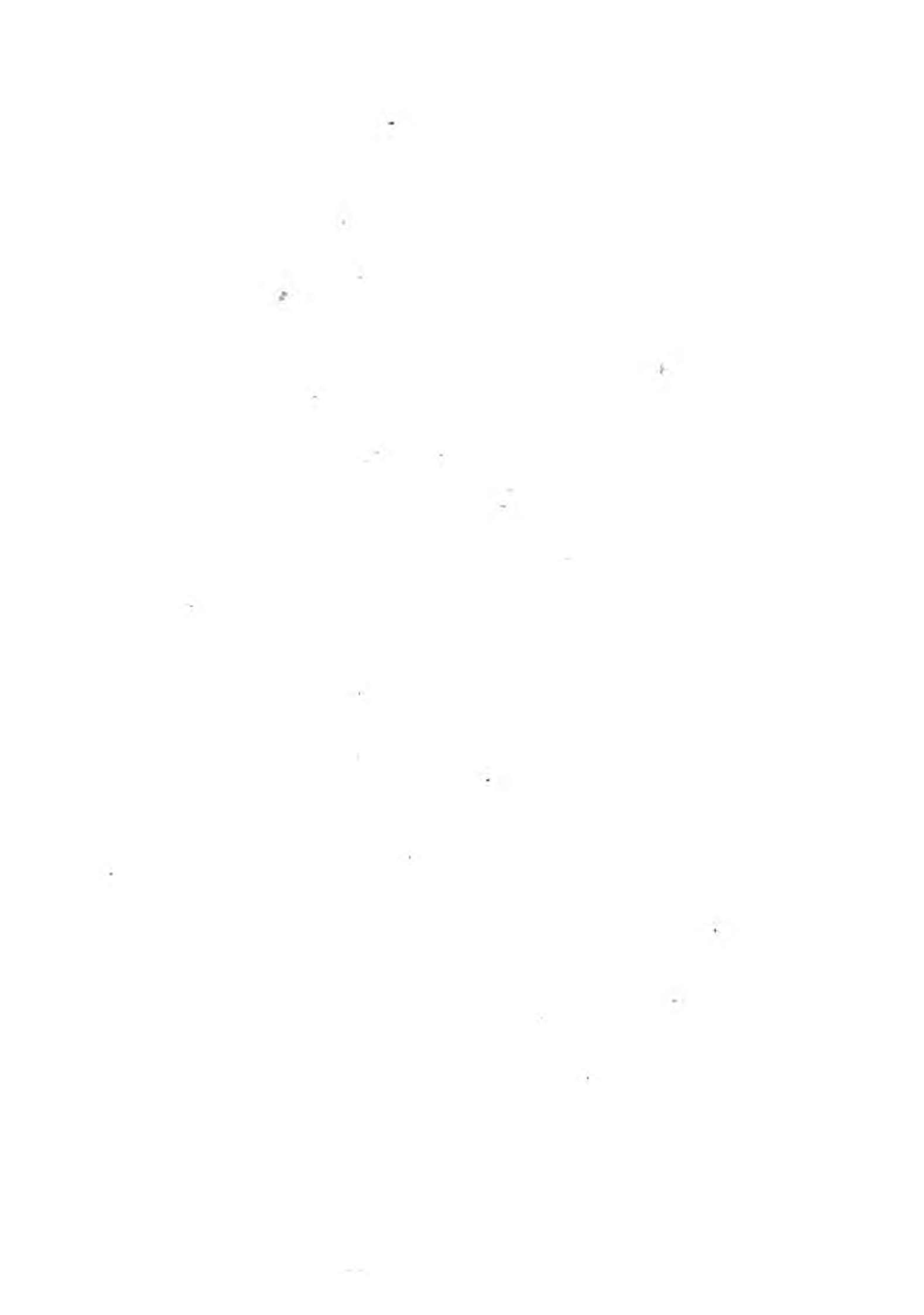


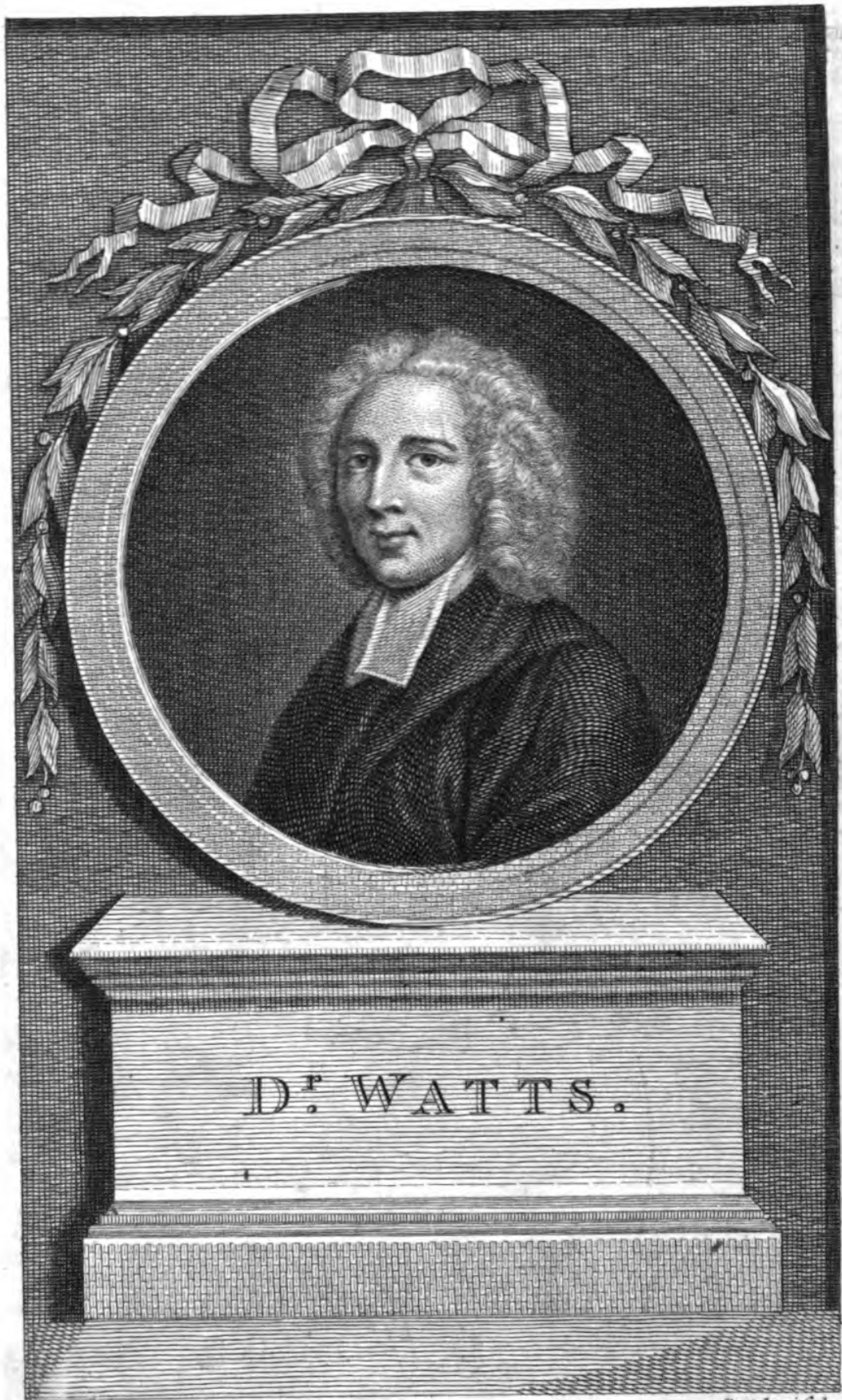












*Bartolozzi sculp.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

VOLUME THE FORTY-SIXTH.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY R. HETT;

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M D C C L X X I X .





THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
W A T T S.



H O R Æ L Y R I C Æ.

---

P O E M S,

Chiefly of the L Y R I C Kind,

In T H R E E B O O K S.

S A C R E D

I. To DEVOTION and PIETY.

II. To VIRTUE, HONOUR, and FRIENDSHIP.

III. To the MEMORY of the Dead.

By I. W A T T S, D. D.

“ ——— Si non Uraniê Lyram

“ Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia

“ Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.”

HOR. Od. I. imitat.

Ἄθανάτον μὲν πρῶτα Θεόν, νόμῳ ὡς δίακεται,

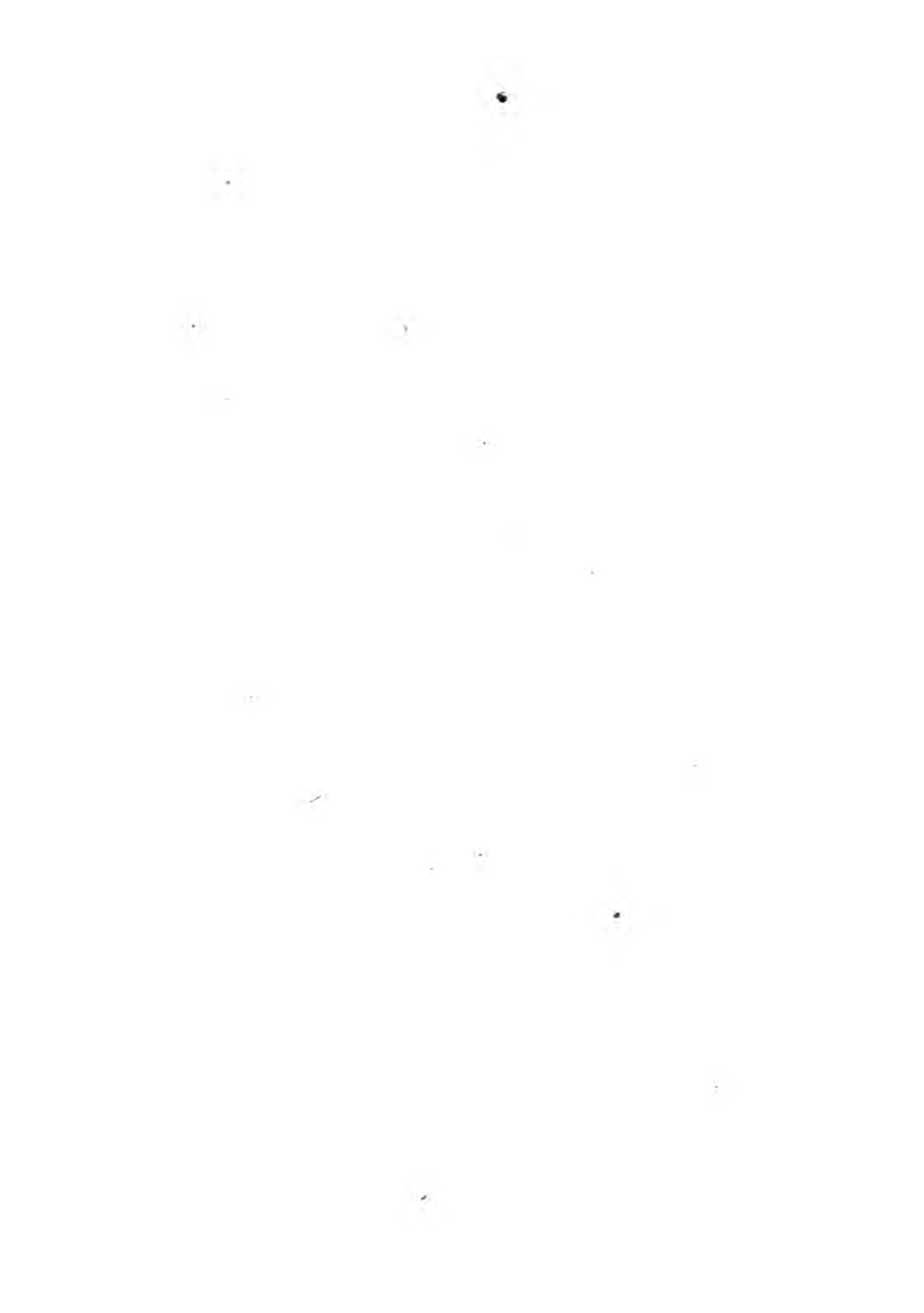
Τίμα, (ἢ σέβω αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἡρώεσ ἀγαύεσ,

Τέσ τε Καταχθονίεσ.

PYTHAG. Aur. Car.

VOL. I.

B



## RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

On Reading Mr. WATTS'S Poems, sacred to  
Piety and Devotion.

**R**EGARD the man who in seraphic lays,  
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise :  
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,  
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart,  
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire  
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.  
Thrice happy man ! whose soul, and guiltless breast,  
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest !  
'Tis He that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,  
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing :  
He to thy soul lets-in celestial day,  
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.  
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,  
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd ;  
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast ;  
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,  
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,  
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.



To Mr. W A T T S, on his Poems.

**T**O murmuring streams, in tender strains,  
 My pensive Muse no more  
 Of love's enchanting force complains,  
 Along the flowery shore.

No more MIRTILLO's fatal face  
 My quiet breast alarms,  
 His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,  
 Have lost their usual charms.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove  
 Shall be my future theme :  
 I burn with an immortal love,  
 And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,  
 And sacred transports feel,  
 While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,  
 Surpriz'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,  
 When I thy lays repeat ;  
 The bending forest lends an ear ;  
 The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony  
 Thy numbers still prolong ;  
 And let remotest lands reply,  
 And echo to thy song.

VERSES TO MR. WATTS. 5

Far as the distant regions, where  
The beauteous morning springs,  
And scatters odours through the air,  
From her resplendent wings ;

Unto the new-found realms, which see  
The latter sun arise,  
When, with an easy progress, he  
Rolls down the nether skies.

July, 1706.

PHILOMELA.

To Mr. WATTS, on reading his *Horæ Lyricæ*.

**H**AIL, heaven-born Muse ! that with celestial flame,  
And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt  
To gain thy native skies. No common theme  
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul  
Superior, though on earth detain'd a-while ;  
Like some propitious angel, that's design'd  
A resident in this inferior orb,  
To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,  
Thou seem'st ; while thou their everlasting songs  
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth  
Transferr'd the work of heaven ; with thought sublime,  
And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st  
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view  
The towering height stupendous, while thou soar'st  
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,  
Hymning th' Eternal Father ; as of old  
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyfs

6      V E R S E S   T O   M R .   W A T T S .

Of everlasting night and silence call'd  
 The shining worlds with one creating word,  
 And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,  
 And with external glories fill'd the void,  
 Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their golden harps,  
 And with their chearful Hallelujahs blest'd  
 The bounteous author of their happiness ;  
 From orb to orb th' alternate musick rang,  
 And from the crystal arches of the sky  
 Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat  
 Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs  
 To the loud echo's of th' angelic choirs,  
 And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,  
 The paradise of God where all delights  
 Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,  
 Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,  
 Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd  
 Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas ! the vile apostate race,  
 Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,  
 Assaulting with their impious blasphemies  
 The Power supreme that gave them life and breath ;  
 Incarnate fiends ! outrageous they defy'd  
 Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath  
 Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils  
 Would dread to meet ; remembering well the day  
 When, driven from pure immortal seats above,  
 A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,  
 And hung upon the rear, urging their fall  
 To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph,

Where

VERSES TO MR. WATTS.

Where bound on sulphurous lakes to glowing rocks  
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,  
And know Jehovah great as well as good;  
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,  
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred Muse,  
First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,  
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,  
Should now to every idol basely bow,  
And curse the deity she once ador'd,  
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,  
And celebrating the infernal praise  
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe  
Of God and man, and winning every hour  
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends  
Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,  
Raging they try to match the human race,  
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,  
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find  
What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell;  
To dress-up vice in false delusive charms,  
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,  
Leading besotted souls through flowery paths,  
In gaudy dreams and vain fantastic joys,  
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;  
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,  
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,  
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,  
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;  
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,

8      V E R S E S   T O   M R .   W A T T S .

Within those dire eternal prisons shut,  
 Expect their sad inexorable doom.  
 Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought  
 Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,  
 Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear!  
 How will you envy then the happy fate  
 Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,  
 You'd been as very fools as once you thought  
 Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;  
 When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge  
 Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men  
 Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of that tremendous thought:  
 Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing  
 Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse  
 Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them  
 Despises mortal criticks' idle rules:  
 While the celestial flame that warms thy soul  
 Inspires us, and with holy transports moves  
 Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents  
 Than all the Pagan Poets ever sung,  
 Homer, or Virgil; and far sweeter notes  
 Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,  
 And purer far, though Martial's self might seem  
 A modest Poet in our Christian days.  
 May those forgotten and neglected lie,  
 No more let men be fond of fabulous Gods,  
 Nor Heathen wit debauch one Christian line,  
 While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide  
 The shining beauties of eternal truth,

That in her native dress appears most bright,  
 And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh! like thee  
 Let every nobler genius tune his voice  
 To subjects worthy of their towering thoughts.  
 Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art  
 Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays  
 To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Mr. WATTS, on his Divine Poems.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,  
 That flame! that soul! which animates each line;  
 And how it runs with such a graceful ease,  
 Loaded with ponderous sense! Say, did not He,  
 The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,  
 Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,  
 Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,  
 The breath of God, the everlasting source  
 Of love: And what is love, in souls like thine,  
 But air, and incense to the poet's fire?  
 Should an expiring faint, whose swimming eyes  
 Mingle the images of things about him,  
 But hear the least exalted of thy strains,  
 How greedily he'd drink the music in,  
 Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!  
 So great a stress of powerful harmony,

Nature



10      V E R S E S   T O   D R .   W A T T S .

Nature unable longer to sustain,  
- Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,  
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,  
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night ;  
What though no shining angel darts from thence  
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,  
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,  
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,  
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss ;  
Songs such as Watts's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,  
To transports so intensely rais'd your Muse,  
Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,  
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

To Dr. W A T T S , on the fifth Edition of his  
Horæ Lyricæ.

Sovereign of sacred verse ; accept the lays  
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.  
A Muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,  
New to the bays, nor equal to the song.  
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,  
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,  
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.

Ycu

VERSES TO DR. WATTS.

11

You in majestic numbers mount the skies,  
 And meet descending angels as you rise,  
 Whose just applauses charm the crouded groves,  
 And Addison thy tuneful song approves.  
 Soft harmony and manly vigour join  
 To form the beauties of each sprightly line,  
 For every grace of every Muse is thine. }  
 Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,  
 Conducts his favourite to the realms of light ;  
 Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,  
 Delighted cherubs listening to the song :  
 From blifs to blifs the happy beings rove,  
 And taste the sweets of music and of love.  
 But when the softer scenes of life you paint,  
 And join the beauteous virgin to the faint,  
 When you describe how few the happy pairs,  
 Whose hearts untied soften all their cares,  
 We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,  
 And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.  
 Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,  
 And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell ;  
 But the Muse faints, unequal to the flight,  
 And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.  
 When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,  
 And all but Heaven-born piety shall die,  
 When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,  
 And each lascivious poet hides his head,  
 With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,  
 Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies :

Great

12      V E R S E S   T O   D R .   W A T T S .

Great How and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way,  
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,  
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,  
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.

Sic spirat, sic optat,

Tui amantissimus

BRITANNICUS.

P R E

## P R E F A C E.

**I**T has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters." Exod. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world,

as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

*Μῆσαι Πιερίηθεν αἰοδῆσαι κλείουσαι,  
Δεῦτε, Δῖ ἐννέπετα σφέτερον πατέρ' ὕμνείουσαι.*

“Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,  
“Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.”

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not bear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter Poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many

Goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound, and delicacy of expreſſion, they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried Reformation; while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been inticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms, that ſhe might ſeducethe heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of Beings? Can I ever be perſuaded, that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men? How will theſe allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls, whom they never ſaw, ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reve-  
rend



rend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them :

“ Ye dragons, whose contagious breath  
 “ Peoples the dark retreats of death,  
 “ Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,  
 “ And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.”

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin ; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness ; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of “ unclean and abominable.” It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look  
 into

into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprizing and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the “earth a-trembling, the heavens “drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the “Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their “courses fought against Sisera: When the river of “Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the “river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down “strength.” Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: “Fear came upon me, “trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood “up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form “was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and “silence; Then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal “man be more just than God?” &c. Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he “hides him “from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at “destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field “into league with him, and makes the brute animals “enter into a covenant of peace.” Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! “It is a region to which I must “shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a

“ land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the  
 “ shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and  
 “ where the light is as darkness. This is my house,  
 “ there have I made my bed : I have said to corrup-  
 “ tion, Thou art my father ; and to the worm, Thou  
 “ art my mother and my sister : As for my hope, who  
 “ shall see it ? I and my hope go down together to the  
 “ bars of the pit.” Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he  
 humbles himself in complainings before the almighty-  
 ness of God, what contemptible and feeble images  
 doth he use ! “ Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and  
 “ fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume  
 “ away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the  
 “ moth,” Job xiii. 25, &c. “ Thou liftest me up to the  
 “ wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest  
 “ my substance.” Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent  
 more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd  
 and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses ?  
 chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows  
 and reproaches to amazement : “ They that are younger  
 “ than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would  
 “ have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock :  
 “ for want and famine they were solitary ; fleeing into  
 “ the wilderness desolate and waste : They cut up mal-  
 “ lows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat :  
 “ They were driven forth from among men, (they  
 “ cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs  
 “ of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks :  
 “ Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles  
 “ they were gathered together ; they were children of  
 “ fools,

“fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler  
 “than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am  
 “their by-word,” &c. How mournful and dejected  
 is the language of his own sorrows! “Terrors are  
 “turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind,  
 “and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones  
 “are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out;  
 “he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dra-  
 “gons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and  
 “organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.”

I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would  
 shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his  
 ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must  
 copy out a good part of the writings of David and  
 Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of  
 their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the  
 lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much in-  
 ferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various  
 forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just,  
 and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colour-  
 ing so bright, beyond the most famed human writers,  
 how much more must their descriptions of God and  
 heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner  
 tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of  
 God, “He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne,  
 “of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.”  
 When his holiness is mentioned, “The heavens are not  
 “clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly:  
 “He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the



“ stars are not pure before his eyes : He is a jealous  
 “ God, and a consuming fire.” If we speak of strength,  
 “ Behold, he is strong : He removes the mountains,  
 “ and they know it not : He overturns them in his an-  
 “ ger : He shakes the earth from her place, and her pil-  
 “ lars tremble : He makes a path through the mighty  
 “ waters, he discovers the foundations of the world :  
 “ The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof.”  
 And after all, “ These are but a portion of his ways :  
 “ The thunder of his power who can understand ?” His  
 sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are re-  
 vealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poe-  
 tical accounts of heathen divinity. “ Let the pot-  
 “ sherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ; but  
 “ shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What  
 “ makest thou ? He bids the heavens drop down from  
 “ above, and let the skies pour down righteousness.  
 “ He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he  
 “ sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep,  
 “ be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them  
 “ that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord ;  
 “ his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their  
 “ thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and de-  
 “ struction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars  
 “ by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars,  
 “ and makes the diviners mad : He turns wise men  
 “ backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish.”  
 His transcendent eminence above all things is most  
 nobly represented, when he “ sits upon the circle of  
 “ the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grass-  
 “ hoppers :

“hoppers : All nations before him are as the drop  
 “of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance :  
 “He takes up the isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon,  
 “with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to  
 “this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burn-  
 “ing. This God, before whom the whole creation is  
 “as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To  
 “which of all the heathen Gods then will ye compare  
 “me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to ?”  
 And to which of all the heathen Poets shall we liken  
 or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of  
 the godhead ? The orators of all nations are as nothing  
 before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness.  
 Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings,  
 where God is creating the world : How meanly do the  
 best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject,  
 when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Lon-  
 ginus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of  
 the sublime style, when he chose to use it ; “ And the  
 “ Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light ;  
 “ Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants  
 “ and animals, and behold they are :” He command-  
 ed, and they appear and obey : “ By the word of the  
 “ Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of  
 “ them by the breath of his mouth :” This is working  
 like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His  
 wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his  
 adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set be-  
 fore our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence,  
 and as becomes divinity. When “ he arises out of his

“ place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills  
 “ are shaken because he is wroth : There goes a smoke  
 “ up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devour-  
 “ eth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens,  
 “ and comes down, and darkness is under his feet.  
 “ The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his  
 “ presence.” If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to  
 prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might  
 use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to  
 form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph ;  
 but there is none of them provides him a flight of Che-  
 rubs instead of horses, or seats him in “ chariots of sal-  
 “ vation.” David beholds him riding “ upon the hea-  
 “ ven of heavens, by his name JAH : He was mounted  
 “ upon a cherub, and did fly ; he flew on the wings of  
 “ the wind ;” and Habbakuk sends “ the pestilence before  
 “ him.” Homer keeps a mighty stir with his *Νεφεληγε-  
 ρεῖα* *Ζεὺς*, and Hesiod with his *Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης*.  
 Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise,  
 or thunders on high. But a divine Poet makes the  
 “ clouds but the dust of his feet ;” and when the High-  
 est gives his voice in the heavens, “ Hail-stones and  
 “ coals of fire follow.” A divine Poet discovers the  
 channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations  
 of nature ; “ at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of  
 “ the breath of thy nostrils.” When the Holy One  
 alighted upon Mount Sinai, “ his glory covered the  
 “ heavens : He stood and measured the earth : He be-  
 “ held and drove asunder the nations, and the everlast-  
 “ ing mountains were scattered : The perpetual hills

“did bow ; his ways are everlasting.” Then the prophet “saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the “curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.” Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions : the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprizing, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an un-inspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism ; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress ? Shall the French poet \* affright us, by saying,

“ De la foy d’un Chrétien les mysteres terribles,  
 “ D’Ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles ?”

But the French critic †, in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, “ That the majesty of our religion,

\* Boileau.

† Rapin.



“ the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the  
 “ heighth of its mysteries, and the importance of every  
 “ subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a no-  
 “ bleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the  
 “ theme : sparkling images and magnificent expressions  
 “ must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture :  
 “ let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the Pro-  
 “ phets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant  
 “ source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.”  
 And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Ho-  
 race gives us, when he says,

“ ——— Vos exemplaria Græca  
 “ Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.”

As, in the conduct of my studies with regard to divi-  
 nity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that  
 I have not perused the Bible with more frequency ; so  
 if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all  
 the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin,  
 and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure, the  
 composures of the following book would have been  
 filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much  
 more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger por-  
 tion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur  
 Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country.  
 What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of  
 Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies !  
 What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious  
 passions awakened, in those poems ! The martyrdom of  
 Polyucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and

at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand \* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the *Davideis*, and the two *Arthurs*, have so far answered *Boileau's* objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

It is true, indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the Heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the *Revelations* seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more

\* *Philomela*.

† *Sir Richard Blackmore*, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled *Alfred*, has more copiously refuted all *Boileau's* arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. 1723.—I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

sur-

surprizing and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play! There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: The Heaven and the Hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe; the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of  
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an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a  
dying

dying God ; the awful glories of the last tribunal ; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal ; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds ; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty ? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch ; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them ; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose ; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics ; I persuade myself, that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse vir-  
tue,



tue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called-in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following compositions, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poetry is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon\*, in his Song, and his father David, in Psal. xlv. if David was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The "Poems sacred to Virtue," &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose

\* Solomon's Song was much more in use among Preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now. 1736.

soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprize, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of  
any



any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures ; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtained ; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile, may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love ; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings ? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections ; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviiith and cxxviiiith Psalms indited on this very subject ? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poetry be pronounced for ever unlawful ? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by  
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some

some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed-up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in

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abun-

abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the "Poems of Heroic measure," I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the "Essays without Rhyme," I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be forever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival;

rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a Poem: nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures;

“*Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai.*”

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor



was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him chuse such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again\*. So that my friends may be perfectly secure

\* "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret." HOR.  
Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

against

against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made servicable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Pſalms of David, in christian language, which I have now promised the world\*.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven, or of the Muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

“ — Cui mens diviniſior, atque os

“ Magna ſonaturum — ”

But what Juvenal ſpoke in his age, abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is ſuch a one;

“ — Qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantum.”

Perhaps neither of theſe characters in perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on earth, till the ſeventh angel has ſounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be compleat over

\* In the year 1719 theſe were finiſhed and printed.

the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps "salvation, honour and glory to  
"Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for  
"ever."

May 14, 1709.

H O R Æ L Y R I C Æ .



B O O K I .

Sacred to D E V O T I O N and P I E T Y .

---

W O R S H I P P I N G W I T H F E A R .

W H O dares attempt th' eternal Name,  
    With notes of mortal sound ?  
Dangers and glories guard the theme,  
    And spread despair around.  
Destruction waits t' obey his frown,  
    And Heaven attends his smile ;  
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,  
    But love adorns it still.  
Celestial king, our spirits lie,  
    Trembling beneath thy feet,  
And wish, and cast a longing eye,  
    To reach thy lofty seat.

D 4

When



When shall we see the Great Unknown,  
And in thy presence stand ?  
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,  
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet !  
What various glory shines !  
The crossing rays too fiercely beat  
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprize  
If thou unvail thy grace ;  
And humble awe runs through the skies,  
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty  
To spread their beams abroad,  
Not all their fairest minds on high  
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings  
In a too feeble strain,  
And labours hard on all his strings  
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be !  
How short our praises fall !  
So much akin to nothing we,  
And thou th' eternal All.

## ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,  
Nor let thy thunders roar,  
Whilst the young notes and venturous song  
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,  
The Muse folds-up her wings ;  
Or at thy word her slender reed  
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by thee,  
Bids a new Eden grow,  
With blooming life on every tree,  
And spreads a Heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,  
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath :  
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,  
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,  
And feels the rapture strong,  
Scarce the divinest harp above  
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE

## DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

**N**OT from the dust my sorrows spring,  
 Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies!  
 Let all the baneful planets shed  
 Their mingled curses on my head,  
 How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King  
 Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes!  
 Creatures with all their boasted sway  
 Are but his slaves, and must obey;  
 They wait their orders from above,  
 And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.  
 'Tis by a warrant from his hand  
 The gentler gales are bound to sleep:  
**The** North wind blusters, and assumes command  
 Over the desert and the deep;  
 Old Boreas with his freezing powers  
 Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,  
**Arrests** the dancing rivulets as they pass,  
 And chains them moveless to their shores;  
**The** grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,  
**Walks** o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,  
**Walks** o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.  
 Fly to the polar world, my song,  
 And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)  
 Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,  
**A** troop of statues on the Russian plains,  
**And** life stands frozen in the purple veins.  
 Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:

God

God has a thousand terrors in his name,  
 A thousand armies at command,  
 Waiting the signal of his hand,  
 And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.  
 Drefs thee in steel to meet his wrath ;  
 His sharp artillery from the North  
 Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.  
 Sublime on Winter's rugged wings  
 He rides in arms along the sky,  
 And scatters fate on swains and kings ;  
 And flocks and herds, and nations die ;  
 While impious lips, profanely bold,  
 Grow pale ; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,  
 Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,  
 When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,  
 Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,  
 Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye  
 From the incens'd Divinity.  
 In vain our parching palates thirst,  
 For vital food in vain we cry,  
 And pant for vital breath ;  
 The verdant fields are burnt to dust,  
 The Sun has drunk the channels dry,  
 And all the air is death.  
 Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,  
 'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,  
 You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,  
 That all the leafy standards strip,  
 And bear down with a mighty sweep  
 The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods ;  
 Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,  
 And bury millions in the waves ;  
 Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep  
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves ;  
 While you dispense your mortal harms,  
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,  
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

O for a message from above  
 To bear my spirits up !  
 Some pledge of my Creator's love  
 To calm my terrors and support my hope !  
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,  
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine :  
 While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure ;  
 I shall be rich till thou art poor ;  
 For all I fear, and all I wish, Heaven, Earth, and Hell  
 are thine.

## E A R T H A N D H E A V E N .

**H**AST thou not seen, impatient boy ?  
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,  
 That grey experience writes for giddy youth  
 On every mortal joy ?

Pleasure

Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :

And yet, with heedless haste,

The thirsty boy repeats the taste,

Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.

The rills of pleasure never run sincere :

(Earth has no unpolluted spring)

From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear ;

So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a Heaven below the sky ;

The world has false, but flattering, charms :

Its distant joys show big in our esteem,

But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;

In our embrace the visions die,

And when we grasp the airy forms,

We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,

Is but a landskip rudely drawn,

With glaring colours, and false light ;

Distance commends it to the sight,

For fools to gaze upon ;

But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,

Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,

Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills ;

Those Heavens are fairer than they seem ;

There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,

There not a dreg of guilt defiles,

Nor grief disturbs the stream.

That Canaan knows no noxious thing,  
 No curf'd foil, no tainted fpring,  
 Nor rofes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a fting.

## F E L I C I T Y A B O V E .

**N**O, 'tis in vain to feek for blifs;  
 For blifs can ne'er be found  
 Till we arrive where Jefus is,  
 And tread on heavenly ground.

There 's nothing round thefe painted fkies,  
 Or round this dufty clod;  
 Nothing, my foul, that 's worth thy joys,  
 Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis Heaven on Earth to tafte his love,  
 To feel his quickening grace;  
 And all the Heaven I hope above  
 Is but to fee his face.

Why move my years in flow delay?  
 O God of ages! why?  
 Let the fpheres cleave, and mark my way  
 To the fuperior fky.

Dear Sovereign, break thefe vital ftrings  
 That bind me to my clay;  
 Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,  
 And fretch and foar away.

G O D ' s



## GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

**K**EEP silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod :  
The Muse stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree :  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' almighty voice bid ancient Night  
Her endless realms resign,  
And lo, ten thousand globes of light  
In fields of azure shine.

Now Wisdom with superior sway  
Guides the vast moving frame,  
Whilst all the ranks of being pay  
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake; the sun obedient stood,  
And held the falling day :  
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,  
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,  
He marshals all the stars ;  
Red comets lift their banners high,  
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd



Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine :  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,  
Fulfil some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown ;  
Anon the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives ;  
Nor dares the favourite-angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace  
May I but find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

SELF-CONSECRATION.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me fore,  
 That I have liv'd to thee no more,  
 And wafte'd half my days;  
 My inward power fhall burn and flame  
 With zeal and paffion for thy name,  
 I would not fpeak, but for my God, nor move, but to  
 his praife.

What are my eyes but aids to fee  
 The glories of the Deity  
 Inſcrib'd with beams of light  
 On flowers and ftars? Lord, I behold  
 The fhining azure, green and gold;  
 But when I try to read thy name, a dimnefs veils my  
 fight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil ſings  
 Sicilian fwains, or Trojan kings,  
 And drink the muſic in:  
 Why ſhould the trumpet's brazen voice,  
 Or oaten reed, awake my joys,  
 And yet my heart ſo ſtupid lie when ſacred hymns begin?

Change me, O God; my fleſh ſhall be  
 An inſtrument of ſong to thee,  
 And thou the notes inſpire:  
 My tengue ſhall keep the heavenly chime,  
 My chearful pulſe ſhall beat the time,  
 And ſweet variety of ſound ſhall in thy praife conſpire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,  
 Should it refuse to bear a part,  
     With my melodious breath,  
 I'd tear away the vital chord,  
 A bloody victim to my Lord,  
 And live without that impious string, or shew my zeal  
     in death.

### THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

**G**OD is a name my soul adores,  
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;  
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
 Confess the Infinite Unknown.

From thy Great Self thy being springs;  
 Thou art thine own original,  
 Made up of uncreated things,  
 And Self-sufficiency bears them all.

Thy Voice produc'd the seas and spheres,  
 Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
 But nothing like thy Self appears,  
 Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless Nature dies and grows;  
 From change to change the creatures run:  
 Thy being no succession knows,  
 And all thy vast designs are one:



A glance of thine runs through the globes,  
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame ;  
 Broad sheets of light compose thy robes ;  
 Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,  
 And worship in submissive forms ;  
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball,  
 This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare  
 To sing thy glory or thy grace,  
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
 And see but shadows of thy face ?

Who can behold the blazing light ?  
 Who can approach consuming flame ?  
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;  
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

“ SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
 “ And send your fears away ;  
 “ News from the region of the skies,  
 “ Salvation's born to-day.  
 “ Jesus, the God whom Angels fear,  
 “ Comes down to dwell with you ;  
 “ To-day he makes his entrance here,  
 “ But not as monarchs do.

- “ No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,  
 “ Nor royal shining things ;  
 “ A manger for his cradle stands,  
 “ And holds the King of kings.
- “ Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
 “ And see his humble throne ;  
 “ With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
 “ Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.”

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around  
 The heavenly armies throng,  
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
 And thus conclude the song :

- “ Glory to God that reigns above,  
 “ Let peace surround the earth ;  
 “ Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
 “ At their Redeemer's birth.”

Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,  
 And men no tunes to raise ?  
 O may we lose these useless tongues  
 When they forget to praise !

Glory to God that reigns above,  
 That pitied us forlorn,  
 We join to sing our Maker's love,  
 For there 's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
 How high thy wonders rise !  
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
 By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
 Their motions speak thy skill ;  
 And on the wings of every hour,  
 We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands  
 On all thy creatures writ,  
 They shew the labour of thine hands,  
 Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design  
 To save rebellious worms,  
 Where vengeance and compassion join  
 In their divinest forms ;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe :  
 We love and we adore ;  
 The first arch-angel never saw  
 So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.

When finners broke the father's laws,  
 The dying son atones ;  
 Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross !  
 The triumph of his groans !

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
 Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song !  
 Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

### THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

“ Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.”

**G**RACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,  
 How few the sparks of wrath ! how slow they move,  
 And drop and die in boundless seas of love !

But me, vile wretch ! should pitying love embrace  
 Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,  
 And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown  
 Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,  
 And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine



Thine honour bids, "avenge thine injur'd name,"  
 Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,  
 While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.  
 Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,  
 And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,  
 But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood  
 To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,  
 Ting'd in the vital stream of my redeemer's blood.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

**H**ENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,  
 Your fatal friendship now I see;  
 Long have you dwelt too near my heart,  
 Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,  
 Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,  
 And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,  
 You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll  
 O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,  
 And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,  
 Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace!  
 The bloody Jews were traitors too,  
 Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,  
 "Father, they know not what they do."

Great advocate, look down and see  
 A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed ;  
 O plead the same excuse for me !  
 For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints ; let every groan  
 Be still, and silence wait his love ;  
 Compassions dwell amidst his throne,  
 And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,  
 Gently, as morning-dews distil,  
 The dove immortal downward flies,  
 With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds !  
 Sweet the relief to deep distress !  
 I feel the balm that heals my wounds,  
 And all my powers adore the grace.

### A HYMN of PRAISE for three great Salvations.

V I Z .

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of  
 Glorious Memory, who landed, Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5, 1695.

**I**NFINITE God, thy counsels stand  
 Like mountains of eternal brass,  
 Pillars to prop our sinking land,  
 Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From

From pole to pole thy name is known,  
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise ;  
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne  
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,  
Stands rais'd upon the British isles ;  
“ There,” said the Lord, “ to ages stand,  
“ Firm as the everlasting hills.”

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd ;  
Its billows swell'd against our shore,  
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,  
With all the floating war they bore.

Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,  
Let us provide new arms from hell :  
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,  
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,  
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,  
And all that burns, and all that roars,  
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne,  
Engines of hellish thunder lay ;  
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,  
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

Thy Love beheld the black design,  
Thy Love that guards our island round ;  
Strange ! how it quench'd the fiery mine,  
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

## THE SECOND PART.

**A**SSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,  
 Sing the new wonders of the Lord ;  
 The foes revive their powers again,  
 Again they die beneath his sword.  
 Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,  
 While tyranny possess'd the throne,  
 And murderers of an Irish soul  
 Ran, threatening death, through every town.  
 The Romish priest, and British prince,  
 Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,  
 And the fierce troops of neighbouring France  
 Offer'd the service of their arms.  
 'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,  
 The courts of darkness rang with joy,  
 Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,  
 While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.  
 But lo, the great deliverer fails,  
 Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,  
 And smiling seas, and wishing gales,  
 Convey him to the longing land.  
 The happy day\*, and happy year,  
 Both in our new salvation meet :  
 The day † that quench'd the burning snare,  
 The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

\* Nov. 5, 1688.

† Nov. 5, 1588.

Now

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,  
 Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,  
 The sons of might their hands had lost,  
 And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,  
 And guarded William to his throne :  
 There, ye celestial warriors, stay,  
 And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know  
 And learn the worship of the sky :  
 Angels and Britons join below,  
 To raise their Hallelujahs high.

All Hallelujah, heavenly King ;  
 While distant lands thy victory sing,  
 And tongues their utmost powers employ,  
 The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

**F**AR in the heavens my God retires,  
 My God, the mark of my desires,  
 And hides his lovely face ;  
 When he descends within my view,  
 He charms my reason to pursue,  
 But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chace.

Or if I reach unusual height  
 Till near his presence brought,  
 There floods of glory check my flight,  
 Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,  
 And all untune my thought ;

Plung'd

Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,  
 Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines ;  
 Infinite rays in crossing lines  
 Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,  
 And help me reach the throne ;  
 (What single strength, in vain designs,  
 United force hath done ;  
 Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,  
 Thus atoms fill the sea)  
 But the whole race of creature-souls  
 Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and are  
 lost in thee.

Great God, behold my reason lies  
 Adoring ; yet my love would rise  
 On pinions not her own :  
 Faith shall direct her humble flight,  
 Through all the trackless seas of light,  
 To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

### DEATH AND ETERNITY.

**M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
 Go, search the world beneath,  
 Where nature in all ruin lies,  
 And owns her sovereign, death.  
 The tyrant, how he triumphs here !  
 His trophies spread around !  
 And heaps of dust and bones appear  
 Through all the hollow ground.



These skulls, what ghastly figures now !  
 How loathsome to the eyes !  
 These are the heads we lately knew  
 So beauteous and so wise.  
 But where the souls, those deathless things,  
 That left his dying clay ?  
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,  
 And trace eternity.  
 O that unfathomable sea !  
 Those deeps without a shore !  
 Where living waters gently play,  
 Or fiery billows roar.  
 Thus must we leave the banks of life,  
 And try this doubtful sea ;  
 Vain are our groans, and dying strife,  
 To gain a moment's stay.  
 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,  
 Or sink in flaming waves,  
 While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,  
 Amongst the silent graves.  
 Some hearty friend shall drop his tear  
 On our dry bones, and say,  
 " These once were strong, as mine appear,  
 " And mine must be as they."  
 Thus shall our mouldering members teach  
 What now our senses learn :  
 For dust and ashes loudest preach  
 Man's infinite concern.

## A SIGHT of HEAVEN in SICKNESS.

**O**FT have I sat in secret sighs,  
To feel my flesh decay,  
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,  
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,  
Nor dares the flesh complain ;  
Diseases bring their profit too ;  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My chearful soul now all the day  
Sits waiting here and sings ;  
Looks through the ruins of her clay,  
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,  
While from afar she spies,  
Her fair inheritance, in light  
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,  
And firm without a flaw,  
In darkness she had dwelt too long,  
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills  
Through every chink appear,  
And something of the joy she feels  
While she 's a prisoner here.

The

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in  
 At all the gaping flaws :  
 Visions of endless bliss are seen ;  
 And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,  
 The breaches never close,  
 If I must herein darkness dwell,  
 And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,  
 The ruins wider grow,  
 Till glad to see th' enlarged way,  
 I stretch'd my pinions through.

### THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

Pfalm cxlviii. Paraphras'd.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,  
 Ye powers that guard his throne ;  
 Jesus the Man shall lead the song,  
 The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir  
 That fill the realms above ;  
 Sing ; for he form'd you of his fire,  
 And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
 The floor of his abode,  
 Or veil your little twinkling eyes  
 Before a brighter God.

Thou

Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid  
To your inferior names :  
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed  
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud  
Through the ethereal blue,  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar ;  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore :

While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,  
Speak terribly their Maker-God,  
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name  
To softer notes than these,  
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
 To him that bid you grow :  
 Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines  
 On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
 And climb the morning-sky ;  
 While groveling beasts attempt his praise  
 In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
 Ye mortals, take the sound,  
 Echo the glories of your king,  
 Through all the nations round.

Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad  
 From Britain to Japan ;  
 And the whole race shall bow to God,  
 That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

**L**AUGH, ye prophane, and swell and burst  
 With bold impiety :  
 Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,  
 And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath  
 Consigns your souls to chains,  
 By the last agonies of death,  
 Sent down to fiercer pains.

F

Ye

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,  
And all beneath is hell :  
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,  
Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbersbind your flesh,  
With strange surprize you 'll find  
Immortal vigour spring afresh,  
And tortures wake the mind !

Then you 'll confess, the frightful names  
Of plagues you scorn'd before,  
No more shall look like idle dreams,  
Like foolish tales no more.

'Then shall ye curse that fatal day,  
(With flames upon your tongues)  
When you exchange'd your souls away  
For vanity and songs.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,  
For heaven shines round their heads ;  
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,  
Attend their fainting beds.

'Their longing spirits part, and rise  
To their celestial seat ;  
Above these ruinable skies  
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye prophane, I hate your ways,  
I walk with pious souls ;  
There 's a wide difference in our race,  
And distant are our goals.



## The L A W given at S I N A I.

A R M thee with thunder, heavenly Muse,  
And keep th' expecting world in awe ;  
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood  
The melting mercies of thy God ;  
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,  
And sound his dreadful law :  
To Israel first the words were spoke,  
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,  
Inhuman bondage ! The hard galling load  
Over-press'd their feeble souls,  
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,  
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian bay,  
And march'd between the cleaving sea ;  
The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous way,  
But fell with most impetuous force  
On the pursuing swarms,  
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,  
Blending in watery death the rider and the horse :  
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,  
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.  
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,  
And all his horned Gods beside,  
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,  
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

Ah ! foolish Israel, to comply  
 With Memphian idolatry !  
 And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave)  
 To idols impotent to save !  
 Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,  
 Has wrought salvation in the deep,  
 Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,  
 And rais'd thine honours high :  
 His grace forgives thy follies past,  
 Behold he comes in majesty,  
 And Sinai's top proclaims his law :  
 Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;  
 But keep an awful distance still :  
 Let Moses round the sacred hill  
 The circling limits draw.

Hark ! The shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,  
 And call the trembling armies near ;  
 Slow and unwilling they appear,  
 Rails kept them from the mount before,  
 Now from the rails their fear :  
 'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same  
 Which shall be blown by high command,  
 Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,  
 And heaven's eternal will proclaim,  
 That time shall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,  
 And rent the skies, and shook the ground,  
 Up rose th' Almighty ; round his sapphire seat

Adoring thrones in order fell ;  
The lesser powers at distance dwell,  
And cast their glories down successive at his feet :  
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,  
"Lift up your heads, Eternal doors," he cries ;  
Th' Eternal doors his word obey,  
Open, and shoot celestial day  
Upon the lower skies.  
Heaven's mighty pillars bow'd their head,  
As their Creator bid,  
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,  
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,  
The wheels beset with burning gems ;  
The winds in harness with the flames  
Flew o'er th' ethereal road :  
Down through his magazines he past  
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,  
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast  
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.  
The day was mingled with the night,  
His feet on solid darkness trod,  
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,  
And scatter'd dreadful light ;  
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :  
He spoke, and (though with unknown speed he came)  
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,  
With axle red, and glowing wheel,

Did the winged chariot light,  
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.  
 Lo, it mounts in curling waves,  
 Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves  
 The stately pyramids of fire :  
 The pyramids to heaven aspire,  
 And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher.  
 So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow  
 Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,  
 And proudly shoot a leaf or two  
 Above its kind supporters utmost bough,  
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.  
 Forbear, young Muse, forbear ;  
 The flowery things that poets say,  
 The little arts of Simile  
 Are vain and useless here ;  
 Nor shall the burning hills of old  
 With Sinai be compar'd,  
 Nor all that lying Greece has told,  
 Or learned Rome has heard ;  
 Ætna shall be nam'd no more,  
 Ætna the torch of Sicily ;  
 Not half so high  
 - Her lightnings fly,  
 Not half so loud her thunders roar  
 Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.  
 Behold the sacred hill : Its trembling spire  
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire,  
 While all below its verdant feet  
 Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight :

Pres'd

Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load

Deep groan'd the mount ; it never bore

Infinity before,

It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp ; despair,

And dying groans, torment the air,

And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there :

The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze

Spread through the host a wild amaze ;

Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face :

Confus'd and dismal were the cries,

Let Moses speak, or Israel dies :

Moses the spreading terror feels,

No more the Man of God conceals

His shivering and surprize :

Yet, with recovering mind, commands

Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew bands.

Hark ! from the centre of the flame,

All arm'd and feather'd with the same,

Majestic sounds break through the smoaky cloud :

Sent from the All-creating tongue,

A flight of cherubs guard the words along,

And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

“ I am the Lord : 'Tis I proclaim

“ That glorious and that fearful name,

Thy God and King : 'Twas I, that broke

“ Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke ;

“ Mine is the right to speak my will,

“ And thine the duty to fulfil.

“ Adore no God beside Me, to provoke mine eyes :  
 “ Nor worship Me in shapes and forms that men devise ;  
 “ With reverence use my name, nor turn my words to jest ;  
 “ Observe my sabbath well, nor dare prophane my rest ;  
 “ Honour and due obedience to thy parents give ;  
 “ Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live :  
 “ Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th’ unlawful bed ;  
 “ Nor steal thy neighbour’s gold, his garment, or his  
     “ bread ;  
 “ Forbear to blast his name with falsehood, or deceit ;  
 “ Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate .”

Remember your C R E A T O R , & c . Ecclef. xii .

**C** H I L D R E N , to your Creator, God,  
 Your early honours pay,  
 While vanity and youthful blood  
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name,  
 Demands your first regard ;  
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,  
 Till you have lov’d the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,  
 Before the mournful days,  
 When youth and mirth are known no more,  
 And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast  
 Shall relish on the tongue,  
 The heavy ear forgets the taste  
 And pleasure of a song.

Old



Old age, with all her dismal train,  
 Invades your golden years  
 With sighs and groans, and raging pain,  
 And death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,  
 And leaves your withering eyes,  
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,  
 From the superior skies ?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,  
 Or stand before his seat,  
 While nature's old supporters bow,  
 Nor bear their tottering weight ?

Can you expect your feeble arms,  
 Shall make a strong defence,  
 When death, with terrible alarms,  
 Summons the prisoner hence ?

The silver bands of nature burst,  
 And let the building fall ;  
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust,  
 Its vile original.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)  
 Uncleans'd and unforgiven,  
 The soul returns t' an angry God,  
 To be shut out from heaven.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the L O R D .

**F** A I R E S T of all the lights above,  
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
 And with unweary'd swiftness move,  
 To form the circles of our years ;

Praise the Creator of the skies,  
 That dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;  
 Or may the sun forget to rise,  
 If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
 Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
 Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light  
 Are softer rivals of the noon ;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power  
 Waxing and waning honours pay,  
 Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,  
 And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies  
 When darkness has its curtains drawn,  
 Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,  
 When business, cares, and day, are gone :

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
 Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,  
 Whose boundless treasures can afford  
 So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou

Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,  
 Fair palace of the court divine,  
 Where, with inimitable light,  
 The Godhead condescends to shine ;

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,  
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
 On every angel, every saint,  
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of Glory, God of Love,  
 Thou art the sun that makes our days :  
 With all thy shining works above,  
 Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

**L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine  
 Lie gasping out his breath,  
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,  
 Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

How we could ev'n contend to lay  
 Our limbs upon that bed !  
 We ask thine envoy to convey  
 Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,  
 To venture in his place ;  
 For when grim death has lost his sting,  
 He has an angel's face.

Jesus,

Jefus, then, purge my crimes away,  
 'Tis guilt creates my fears,  
 'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,  
 And all the arms it bears.

Oh ! if my threatening fins were gone,  
 And death had loft his ftिंग,  
 I could invite the angel on,  
 And chide his lazy wing.

Away thefe interpofting days,  
 And let the lovers meet ;  
 The angel has a cold embrace,  
 But kind, and foft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my feventy years,  
 I'd rufh into his arms,  
 And lofe my breath, and all my cares,  
 Amidft thofe heavenly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,  
 And leave the lifelefs clay,  
 Without a figh, without a groan,  
 And ftretch and foar away.

### S I N C E R E P R A I S E .

**A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !  
 How wondrous is thy name !  
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
 Through the creation's frame !

Nature

Nature in every drefs  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t' exprefs  
 Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red  
 The rofe and lily ftand,  
 And, free from pride, their beauties fpread,  
 To fhew thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the fky,  
 With unambitious fong,  
 And bears her Maker's praise on high  
 Upon her artlefs tongue.

My foul would rife and fmg  
 To her Creator too,  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the worfhip due.

But pride, that bufy fin,  
 Spoils all that I perform ;  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps fe curely in,  
 And fwells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,  
 Or praise thee with defign ;  
 Some of the favours I forget,  
 Or think the merit mine.

The very fongs I frame  
 Are faithlefs to thy caufe,  
 And ft eal the honours of thy name  
 To build their own applaufe.

Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship 's vain ;  
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,  
 And seize me from above ;  
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,  
 A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days,  
 And to my God, my soul, ascend,  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

### T R U E L E A R N I N G .

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

**H**APPY the feet that shining Truth has led,  
 With her own hand to tread the path she please,  
 To see her native lustre round her spread,  
 Without a veil, without a shade,  
 All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds  
 Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind :  
 The truth they shew lies wrap'd in sevenfold shrouds,  
 Our senses cast a thousand clouds  
 On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate



I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,  
 And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :  
 What empty triflings, and what subtle ways,  
 To fence and guard by rule and rote !  
 Our God will never charge us, That we knew them Not.

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious souls ;  
 Since I have heard but one soft hint from Thee,  
 From all the vain opinions of the schools

(That pageantry of knowing fools)

I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,  
 He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;  
 All the eternal truths in him are laid,

The ground of all things, and their head,  
 The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,  
 From troops of errors that besiege me round ;  
 But he that rests his reason and his sense

Fast here, and never wanders hence,  
 Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,  
 Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;  
 I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires ;

But never tir'd of telling Thee,  
 'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand  
 Shall mark my path out with delusive art :  
 All nature silent in his presence stand ;

Creatures, be dumb at his command,  
 And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire,

Retire, my soul, within thy self retire,  
 Away from sense and every outward show :  
 Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,  
 My knowledge now on wheels of fire  
 May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,  
 And pours whole floods on such a mind as this :  
 Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,  
 She dives into the infinite,  
 And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyfs.

### T R U E W I S D O M .

**P**Ronounce him blest, my Muse, whom Wisdom guides  
 In her own path to her own heavenly seat ;  
 Through all the storms his soul securely glides,  
 Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,  
 That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,  
 And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,  
 Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,  
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try  
 To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,  
 Start, and flee raging in a violent course ;  
 He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,  
 Checks their career, and turns and guides them,  
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,  
 And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,  
 Whilst he looks down and pities human faults ;  
 Nor can he think, nor can he find  
 A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh ! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,  
 To vanquish self is a laborious art ;  
 What manly courage to sustain the fight  
 To bear the noble pain, and part  
 With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart !

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,  
 Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds ;  
 To rend and tear out this unhappy love,  
 That clings so close about our minds,  
 And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,  
 Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray  
 Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear  
 A while to be a tenant here,  
 But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings ;  
 Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :  
 I have a soul was made to pity kings,  
 And all their little glittering things ;  
 I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown ;  
 Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine ;

G

Now,

Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,  
 Crown me, and call the world my own,  
 The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love ;  
 He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire.  
 My flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,  
 And nearer to my Saviour move ;  
 There all my soul shall center, all my powers conspire.

Thus I with angels live ; thus half-divine  
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :  
 Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,  
 His glory is my great design,  
 That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

## A S O N G to Creating W I S D O M .

### P A R T I .

**E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
 Thee the creation sings :  
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
 And heaven's high palace rings.  
 Place me on the bright wings of day  
 To travel with the sun ;  
 With what amaze shall I survey  
 The wonders thou hast done !  
 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky !  
 How glorious to behold ?  
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,  
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light  
 Their endless circles run ;  
 There the pale planet rules the night,  
 And day obeys the sun.

P A R T II.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes  
 On clouds and forms below,  
 Those under-regions of the skies  
 Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there  
 Thy orders to obey,  
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
 To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,  
 Thy thunder shakes our coast :  
 While the red lightnings wave along,  
 The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,  
 Hang fruitful showers around :  
 At thy command they sink, and drop  
 Their fatness on the ground.

P A R T III.

Now to the earth I bend my song,  
 And cast my eyes abroad,  
 Glancing the British isles along ;  
 Blest isles, confess your God.

How did his wondrous skill array  
 Your fields in charming green ;  
 A thousand herbs his art display,  
 A thousand flowers between !

Tall oaks for future navies grow,  
 Fair Albion's best defence,  
 While corn and vines rejoice below,  
 Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds :  
 And herds of larger size,  
 That bellow through the Lindian meads,  
 His bounteous hand supplies.

#### P A R T IV.

We see the Thames caress the shores,  
 He guides her silver flood :  
 While angry Severn swells and roars,  
 Yet hears her ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep  
 Observe his strong command ;  
 His breath can raise the billows steep,  
 Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst thy watery kingdoms, Lord,  
 The finny nations play,  
 And scaly monsters, at thy word,  
 Rush through the northern sea.



PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the gazing sight,  
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
 With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
 Shine through the worlds abroad,  
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
 And speak the builder God.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move ;  
 Pity divine in Jesus face  
 We see, adore, and love.

G O D's Absolute Dominion.

**L**ORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys  
 Fire, air, and earth, and stars and seas,  
 I call them all thy slaves ;  
 Commission'd by my Father's will,  
 Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill ;  
 Vernal suns, or zephyr's breath,  
 May burn or blast the plants to death  
 That sharp December saves ;  
 What can winds or planets boast  
 But a precarious power ?  
 The sun is all in darkness lost,  
 Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,  
 When he appoints the hour.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky  
 Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,  
 Their frozen limbs awake and glow,  
 The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply  
 Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh ;  
 He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.

Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,  
 Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,  
 And burns th' unwary stranger there.

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,  
 Look back two thousand years, and see  
 Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,  
 For boasting to be absolute :

Once to his court the God of Israel came,  
 A King more absolute than he.

I see the furnace blaze with rage  
 Sevenfold : I see amidst the flame  
 Three Hebrews of immortal name :

They move, they walk across the burning stage  
 Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood

A statue ; fear congeal'd his blood :

Nor did the raging element dare  
 Attempt their garments, or their hair :

It knew the Lord of nature there.

Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,

Now breaks her own eternal laws,

Now seems to break them, and obeys

Her sovereign king in different ways.

Father, how bright thy glories shine !

How broad thy kingdom, how divine !

Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are thine.

Hence

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,  
 Ye founding names of vanity !  
 No more my lips shall sacrifice  
 To chance and nature, tales and lies :  
 Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.  
 What is the sun, or what the shade,  
 Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save ?  
 His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead ;  
 And as his awful dictates bid,  
 Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

In Imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

**W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,  
 To visit earthly things,  
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
 From towers of haughty kings ;  
 Rides on a cloud disdainful by  
 A Sultan, or a Czar,  
 Laughs at the worms that rise so high,  
 Or frowns them from afar ;  
 He bids his awful chariot roll  
 Far downward from the skies,  
 To visit every humble soul,  
 With pleasure in his eyes.  
 Why should the Lord that reigns above  
 Disdain so lofty kings ?  
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
 Upon such worthless things ?

Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares  
 Dispute his awful will ?  
 Ask no account of his affairs,  
 But tremble, and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,  
 All sovereign, and all free ;  
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways !  
 How deep thy judgments be !

### T H E   I N F I N I T E .

**S**OME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,  
 Or harp of golden string,  
 That I may raise a lofty song  
 To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be !  
 Great Everlasting One !  
 Boundless thy might and majesty,  
 And unconfined thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
 And wondrous large thy grace ;  
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
 And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
 Which angels cannot sound,  
 An ocean of infinities  
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie  
 Beneath enlighten'd minds,  
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
 And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
 And stretch from pole to pole,  
 But half thy name our spirit fills,  
 And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,  
 For nothing's found in Thee  
 But boundless unconceivables,  
 And vast eternity.

CONFESS I O N A N D P A R D O N .

**A**LAS, my aking heart!  
 Here the keen torment lies;  
 It racks my waking hours with smart,  
 And frights my slumbering eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,  
 My griefs take vent apace,  
 The crimes that blot my conscience o'er  
 Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, like a flood,  
 Impatient of restraint,  
 Into thy bosom, O my God,  
 Pour out a long complaint.

• This

This impious heart of mine  
Could once defy the Lord,  
Could rush with violence on to sin,  
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood  
A rebel to the skies,  
The calls, the tenders of a God,  
And mercy's loudest cries !

He offers all his grace,  
And all his heaven to me ;  
Offers ! but 'tis to senseless brass,  
That cannot feel nor see.

Jesus the Saviour stands  
To court me from above,  
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,  
And shews the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,  
How long have I withstood  
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,  
And paid for all in blood !

The heavenly Dove came down  
And tender'd me his wings  
To mount me upward to a crown,  
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say  
That I refus'd thy Dove,  
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,  
To his own realms of love.



Not all thine heavenly charms,  
 Nor terrors of thy hand,  
 Could force me to lay down my arms,  
 And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis against thy face  
 My sins like arrows rise,  
 And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)  
 Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel  
 The meltings of thy love?  
 Am I such hell-harden'd steel  
 That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,  
 Dear Saviour, from thy face!  
 This rebel-heart no more withstands,  
 But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,  
 Here at thy cross I lie;  
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
 And weep, and love, and die.

"Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,  
 "With joy and pity in his eyes:  
 "Rise, and behold my wounded veins,  
 "Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

"See my Great Father reconcil'd:"  
 He said. And lo, the Father smil'd:  
 The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings,  
 And sounded grace on all their strings.

Young

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes,  
praise ye the LORD, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

**S**ONS of Adam, bold and young,  
In the wild mazes of whose veins  
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,  
And weilds your active limbs, with hardy finews ſtrung;  
Fall proſtrate at th' eternal throne  
Whence your precarious powers depend ;  
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,  
But chooſe your Maker for your friend ;  
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,  
His hand can ſtretch your days, or cut your minutes ſhort.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,  
And ſhoot delicious danger thence ;  
Swift the lovely lightning flies,  
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe ;  
Boaſt not of thoſe withering charms  
That muſt yield their youthful grace  
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms ;  
But love the Author of your ſmiling face ;  
'That heavenly bridegroom claims your blooming hours :  
O make it your perpetual care  
To pleaſe that Everlaſting Fair ;  
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is yours.

Infants, whoſe different deſtinies  
Are wove with threads of different ſize ;

But

But from the same spring-tide of tears,  
 Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,  
 (A tedious train !) and date your following years :  
 Break your first silence in his praise  
     Who wrought your wondrous frame :  
 With sounds of tenderest accent raise  
     Young honours to his name ;  
 And consecrate your early days  
     To know the Power supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,  
 Just marching off the mortal stage,  
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun  
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,  
     Adore the hand that led your way  
 Through flowery fields a fair long summer's day ;  
 Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign power  
 That set your West so distant from your dawning hour.

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praise ye  
     the LORD, Psal. cxlviii. 10.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing  
     Swift and gently cleaves the sky ;  
 Whose charming notes address the spring  
     With an artless harmony.  
 Lovely minstrels of the field,  
     Who in leafy shadows sit,  
 And your wondrous structures build,  
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light :  
To

To nature's God your first devotions pay,  
 Ere you salute the rising day,  
 'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,  
 And wear upon your shining back  
 Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,  
 Which thousand mingling colours make ;  
 Let the fierce glances of your eyes  
 Rebate their baleful fire :  
 In harmless play twist and unfold  
 The volumes of your scaly gold :  
 That rich embroidery of your gay attire,  
 Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,  
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,  
 Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,  
 And curl'd and painted with a various die ;  
 In your innumerable forms  
 Praise him that wears th' etherial crown,  
 And bend his lofty counsels down  
 To despicable worms.

#### The COMPARISON and COMPLAINT,

**I**NFINITE Power, Eternal Lord,  
 How sovereign is thy hand !  
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
 And moves at thy command.

With

With steady course thy shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way ;  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.

But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,  
And wanders from her God !  
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,  
And treads the downward-road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,  
Perform thine awful will,  
And every beast and every tree,  
Thy great designs fulfil :

While my wild passions rage within,  
Nor thy commands obey ;  
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame  
Pay all their dues to thee ;  
Creatures, that never knew thy name,  
That never lov'd like me ?

Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand ;  
Here all my powers I bring ;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern every spring.

Then

Then shall my feet no more depart,  
 Nor wandering senses rove ;  
 Devotion shall be all my heart,  
 And all my passions love.

Than not the sun shall more than I  
 His Maker's law perform,  
 Nor travel swifter through the sky,  
 Nor with a zeal so warm.

G O D Supreme and Self-sufficient.

**W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach :  
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
 Compar'd with him, how short they fall ?  
 They are too dark, and He too bright.  
 Nothing are they, and God is All.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo  
 Creation rose at his command :  
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
 Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
 There nature leans, and feels her prop :  
 But his own Self-sufficiency bears  
 The weight of his own glories up.

The



The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
 Measuring their changes by the moon :  
 No ebb his sea of glory knows,  
 His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
 The lofty tune let Michael raise ;  
 All nature dwell upon the sound,  
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

J E S U S the only S A V I O U R.

**A**DAM, our father and our head,  
 Transgress ; and justice doom'd us dead :  
 The fiery law speaks all despair,  
 There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies ;  
 " Seraphs the mighty and the wise,  
 " Say, what expedient can you give ?  
 " That sin be damn'd, and sinners live ?  
 " Speak, are you strong to bear the load,  
 " The weighty vengeance of a God ?  
 " Which of you loves our wretched race,  
 \* Or dares to venture in our place ?"

In vain we ask : for all around  
 Stands silence through the heavenly ground :  
 'There's not a glorious mind above  
 Has half the strength, or half the love.

H

But,

But, O unutterable grace !  
 Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place :  
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
 Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,  
 And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood ;  
 What unknown racks and pangs he bore !  
 Then rose : The law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,  
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;  
 Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,  
 And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !  
 Long they had read th' eternal book,  
 And studied dark decrees in vain,  
 The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,  
 Each with his wings conceals his face :  
 Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,  
 " The wisdom of a Deity ! "

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,  
 And sing the glories he hath won ;  
 Sing how he broke our iron chains,  
 How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,  
 By all thy flaming hosts ador'd ;  
 And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,  
 Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo,

Lo, from afar the promis'd day  
 Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray ;  
 But my wing'd passion hardly bears  
 These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,  
 With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;  
 Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,  
 To sing and love as angels do.

L O O K I N G U P W A R D .

**T**HE heavens invite mine eye,  
 The stars salute me round ;  
 Father, I blush, I mourn to lie  
 Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,  
 And make attempts to fly ;  
 I wish aloud for wings of love  
 To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,  
 And all their sparkling balls ;  
 They're but the porches to thy courts,  
 And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;  
 Heaven is my native air :  
 I bid my friends a short adieu,  
 Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd  
 From their old fleshy clod ;  
 Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,  
 And set me near my God.

### CHRIST Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

**H**E dies ! the heavenly lover dies !  
 The tidings strike a doleful sound  
 On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies  
 In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,  
 On the dear bosom of your God,  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here 's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men !  
 But lo, what sudden joys I see !  
 Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
 Up to his father's court he flies ;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell  
 How high our Great Deliverer reigns ;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains.



Say, live for ever, wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
 Then ask the monster, Where 's his sting?  
 And where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

**O** THE immense, th' amazing height,  
 The boundless grandeur of our God,  
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,  
 And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes,  
 Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;  
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
 And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly  
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,  
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
 When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
 And drown the spacious realms below,  
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,  
 And send our loud Hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power  
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,  
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
 And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
 And lightnings round his chariot play :  
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,  
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way !

## T H E D A Y O F J U D G M E N T .

### A N O D E .

Attempted in English Sapphick.

**W**HEN the fierce North wind with his airy forces  
 Rears up the Baltick to a foaming fury ;  
 And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes  
 Rushing amain down.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !  
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters  
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,  
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly)  
 Such the dire terror when the great Archangel  
 Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,  
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;  
 See the graves open, and the bones arising,  
 Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !  
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,  
 Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies  
 Gnawing within them.  
 Thoughts,



Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,  
 And the smart tinges, when the eye beholds the  
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance  
 Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver  
 While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning  
 Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong  
 Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid  
 Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,  
 How he fits God-like! and the faints around him  
 Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I fit there when he comes triumphant,  
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
 While our Hosannas all along the passage  
 Shout the Redeemer.

The SONG of ANGELS above.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,  
 And I'm grown weary now:  
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
 There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,  
 And upward glance mine eyes.  
 Upward (my Father) to thy throne,  
 And to my native skies.

There the dear Man my Saviour fits,  
The God, how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,  
Jesus my love they sing,  
Jesus the name of both our joys  
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run,  
And speak in most majestic sounds,  
The godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,  
The darling of his soul,  
Infinite years before the day  
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,  
And gentler notes they play,  
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down  
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man !  
(The God resides within)  
His flesh all pure, without a stain,  
His soul without a sin.

Then,

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,  
What wondrous things he said !  
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,  
And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,  
And feel the gladsome rays ;  
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,  
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round  
Where'er he turn'd his eye ;  
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound  
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife  
Th' ethereal minstrels rove  
Through all the labours of his life,  
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string  
Groans with a strange surprize ;  
The rest in silence mourn their king,  
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and faint, with drooping wings,  
Cease their harmonious breath ;  
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,  
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains  
They summon every chord,  
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,  
And shew their rising Lord.

Around

Around the flaming army throngs  
To guard him to the skies,  
With loud Hosannas on their tongues,  
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God  
Ascends his shining throne,  
While tuneful angels sound abroad  
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,  
And be an angel too ;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
Here 's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise :  
Oh ! for some heavenly notes to bear  
My spirit to the skies !

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,  
There I would fain have place,  
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,  
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,  
But mount in haste above,  
To bless the God that I adore,  
And sing the Man I love.

Fire,

Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praise ye the LORD.

**E**ARTH, thou great footstool of our God  
 Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source  
 Of all our raiment, life and food;  
 Our house, our parent, and our nurse;  
     Mighty stage of mortal scenes,  
     Drest with strong and gay machines,  
     Hung with golden lamps around  
 (And flowery carpets spread the ground);  
 Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,  
 That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!  
 While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,  
 Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

    Fire, thou swift herald of his face,  
     Whose glorious rage, at his command,  
     Levels a palace with the sand,  
 Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:  
     Ye heavenly flames, that singe the air,  
     Artillery of a jealous God,  
 Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear  
     To scatter deaths abroad;  
 Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings  
 His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

    Thou vital element, the Air,  
     Whose boundless magazines of breath  
     Our fainting flame of life repair,  
 And save the bubble Man from the cold arms of death:

And ye, whose vital moisture yields  
Life's purple stream a fresh supply ;  
Sweet Waters, wandering through the flowery fields,  
Or dropping from the sky ;  
Confess the Power whose all-sufficient name  
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our frame.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,  
Beats up and swells the angry sea,  
They join to make our lives a prey,  
And sweep the sailors hopes away,  
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores !  
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves  
Gape hideous in a thousand graves :  
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,  
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand :  
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptiness  
His fruitful word by secret springs  
Drew the whole harmony of things  
That form this noble universe :  
Old Nothing knew his powerful hand,  
Scarce had he spoke his full command,  
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea, heard the creating call,  
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all ;  
And still they dance, and still obey  
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.



THE FAREWELL.

**D**EAD be my heart to all below,  
 To mortal joys and mortal cares;  
 To sensual blifs that charms us so  
 Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste  
 Of the fair fruit that finners prize:  
 Their paradise shall never waste  
 One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd  
 With mountains of vexatious care;  
 And where 's the sweet that is not laid  
 A bait to some destructive snare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!  
 Thou mighty mole-hill earth, farewell!  
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,  
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.  
 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,  
 My soul pursues the sovereign good:  
 She was all made of heavenly fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

**G O D** only known to Himself.

**S**TAND, and adore! how glorious He  
 That dwells in bright eternity!  
 We gaze, and we confound our sight  
 Plung'd in th' abyfs of dazzling light.

Thou

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,  
Great Everlasting Myſtery,  
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame  
Equal to thy tremendous name ?

Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,  
Begin, and ſpeak the Great Unknown :  
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings,  
To notes untry'd, and boundleſs things.

You, whoſe capacious powers ſurvey  
Largely beyond our eyes of clay :  
Yet what a narrow portion too  
Is ſeen, or known, or thought, by you !

How flat your higheſt praiſes fall  
Below th' immense Original !  
Weak creatures we, that ſtrive in vain  
To reach an uncreated ſtrain !

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,  
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe ;  
A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,  
Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

#### PARDON and SANCTIFICATION.

**M**<sup>Y</sup> crimes awake ; and hideous fear  
Distracts my reſtleſs mind,  
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,  
And hell purſues behind.

Almighty

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,  
And flames array the throne ;  
While thunder murmurs round the sky,  
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head :  
Can rocks or mountains save ?  
Or shall I wrap me in the shade  
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no shelter from the eye  
Of a revenging God ?  
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,  
Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,  
And wash away my sin ;  
Eternal justice frowns no more,  
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream  
That whitens every stain ;  
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,  
If sin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,  
That cursed throne must fall ;  
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,  
Fly, for I hate you all.

## SOVEREIGNTY and GRACE.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his name !  
How wide is his command !

Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe ;  
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall  
In all their shining forms,  
His sovereign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,  
In sweet compassion move ;  
He cloathes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will,  
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,  
We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,  
 The tongue no more complain ;  
 'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,  
 And love resumes again.

The LAW and GOSPEL.

“ CURST be the man, for ever curst,  
 “ That doth one wilful sin commit ;  
 “ Death and damnation for the first,  
 “ Without relief and infinite.”

Thus Sinai roars ; and round the earth  
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings ;  
 But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,  
 And Calvary, say gentler things.

“ Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,  
 “ Streaming along a Saviour’s blood,  
 “ And life, and joys, and crowns above,  
 “ Dear-purchas’d by a bleeding God.”

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound  
 Dwells on his dying lips) “ Forgive !”  
 And every groan, and gaping wound,  
 Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live.”

Go, you that rest upon the law,  
 And toil, and seek salvation there,  
 Look to the flames that Moses saw,  
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross :  
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;  
 And the keen sword that justice draws,  
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a restless World.

“ O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice, &c.”  
 Casimire, Book III. Od. 28.

**E**TERNAL mind, who rul'st the fates  
 Of dying realms, and rising states,  
 With one unchang'd decree ;  
 While we admire thy vast affairs,  
 Say, can our little trifling cares  
 Afford a simile to thee ?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold :  
 We fly to seize, and fight to hold  
 The bubbles and the oar :  
 So emmets struggle for a grain ;  
 So boys their petty wars maintain  
 For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,  
 The next a broken sceptre takes,  
 And warriors win and lose ;  
 This rolling world will never stand,  
 Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,  
 As power decays or grows.



Earth's but an atom ; Greedy swords  
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,  
And yet they can't agree :  
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,  
I can be poor ; but, Lord, I pray  
To sit and smile with thee.

H A P P Y F R A I L T Y.

**H**OW meanly dwells th' immortal mind !  
“ How vile these bodies are !  
“ Why was a clod of earth design'd  
“ T' enclose a heavenly star ?  
“ Weak cottage where our souls reside !  
“ This flesh a tottering wall ;  
“ With frightful breaches gaping wide  
“ The building bends to fall.  
“ All round it storms of trouble blow,  
“ And waves of sorrow roll ;  
“ Cold waves and winter storms beat through,  
“ And pain the tenant-soul.  
“ Alas ! how frail our state !” said I :  
And thus went mourning on,  
Till sudden from the cleaving sky  
A gleam of glory shone.  
My soul all felt the glory come,  
And breath'd her native air ;  
Then she remember'd heaven her home,  
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,  
 And joyful in her pains,  
 She sung the frailty of her clay  
 In pleasurable strains.

- “ How weak the prison is where I dwell !  
 “ Flesh but a tottering wall,  
 “ The breaches cheerfully foretel,  
 “ The house must shortly fall.
- “ No more, my friends, shall I complain,  
 “ Though all my heart-strings ache ;  
 “ Welcome disease, and every pain,  
 “ That makes the cottage shake.
- “ Now let the tempest blow all round,  
 “ Now swell the surges high,  
 “ And beat this house of bondage down,  
 “ To let the stranger fly.
- “ I have a mansion built above  
 “ By the Eternal Hand ;  
 “ And should the earth’s old basis move,  
 “ My heavenly house must stand.
- “ Yes, for ’tis there my Saviour reigns,  
 “ (I long to see the God)  
 “ And his immortal strength sustains  
 “ The courts that cost him blood.”

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :  
 “ I come, my Lord, my Love : ”  
 Devotion breaks the prison-walls,  
 And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous He,  
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea:  
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,  
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.  
 I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:  
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,  
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:  
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,  
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land  
 Fearless when the great master gives command.  
 Death is the storm: She smiles to hear it roar,  
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:  
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,  
 And manages the raging storm with ease;  
 (Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings  
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,  
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.  
 As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,  
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,  
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,  
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,  
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

## A Prospect of the RESURRECTION.

**H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign  
 And triumph o'er the just,  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?  
 When will our Lord appear?  
 Our fond desires would pray him down,  
 Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise, and climb the hills,  
 And from afar descry  
 How distant are his chariot-wheels,  
 And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades,  
 The dawn of heaven appears,  
 The sweet immortal morning spreads  
 Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,  
 And flaming guards around:  
 The skies divide, to make him room,  
 The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
 And lo, the graves obey,  
 And waking saints with joyful eyes  
 Salute th' expected day.

They

They leave the dust, and on the wing  
 Rise to the middle air,  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand  
 Amongst them cloth'd in white !  
 The meanest place at his right hand  
 Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,  
 When our returning King  
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies  
 On love's triumphant wing !

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem  
 JESUM CHRISTUM.

O D A.

**T**E, grande numen, corporis incola,  
 Te, magna magni progenies patris,  
 Nomen verendum nostri Jesu  
 Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,  
 Christi triumphos incipe barbite,  
 Fractosque terrores Averni,  
 Victum Erebum, domitanque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos  
 Volvère, blando dum Patris in sinû  
 Toto fruebatur Jehovah  
 Gaudia mille bibens Jesus ;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere  
 Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,  
 Unâque mergendos ruinâ  
 Heu nimium viseros nepotes :

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli  
 Ignes & enses, telaque sanguine  
 Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ  
 Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus  
 Sensere flammæ, omnipotens furor  
 Ebullit, Immensique Amoris  
 Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

“ Non tota prorsus Gens Hominum dabit  
 “ Hosti triumphos : Quid patris & labor  
 “ Dulcisque imago ? num peribunt  
 “ Funditus ? O prius astra cæcis.

“ Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos :  
 “ Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,  
 “ Aut ipse disperdar, & isti  
 “ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

“ Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput  
 “ Æquale testor,” dixit ; & ætheris  
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto  
 Defiliitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit  
 Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis  
 Nimisque viles ! Vindicique  
 Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque



Vitamque morti; Proh dolor! O graves  
Tonandis iræ! O Lex fatis aspera!

Mercesque peccati severa  
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non poena lenis! Quò ruis impotens!  
Quò Musa! largas fundere lacrymas,  
Bustique divini triumphos  
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane  
Majore chordâ. Pfalle sonoriùs  
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas  
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensère Numen Regna feralia,  
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,  
Dirùm fremebat Rex Gehennæ,  
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. " Nil agis impie,  
" Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,  
" Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,  
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia  
Umbræque flammæ æthereas pavent  
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco  
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor  
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis  
Lectæque designata genti  
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Heïc strata passim vincula, & heïc jacent  
 Unci cruenti, tormina mentium  
 Invisa ; ploratuque vasto  
 Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo  
 Ditis profundo, curribus aureis  
 Astricta raptans monstra noctis  
 Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant  
 Victor paternum dum repetit polum ?  
 En qualis ardet, dum beati  
 Limina scandit ovans Olympi !

Io triumphe pleetra seraphica,  
 Io triumphe Grex Hominum sonet,  
 Dum læta quaquaversus ambos  
 Astra reperiunt triumphos.

## SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

### EPIGRAMMA.

**C**ORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi ? cur incola terræ ?  
 Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum ?  
 Te caro mille malis premit ; hinc juvenes gravat artus  
 Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.  
 Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit ; auceps  
 Undique adest Satanæ retia sæva struens.  
 Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra  
 Tramitem, & aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.

Te

Te manet Uriel dux ; & tibi subjicit alas  
 Stellatas Seraphîn officiosa cohors.  
 Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,  
 " Huc ades & nostro tempora cõde finû."  
 Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet  
 Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus.

1694

**H**EU quot sêcla teris carcere corporis,  
 Wattâ ? quid refugis limen & exitum ?  
 Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria  
 Magni patris anhelitat ?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,  
 Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,  
 Peccatumque malis durius omnibus  
 Cæcas infidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo  
 Surgunt : Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,  
 Longè Christus abest, inter & angelos  
 Et picta astra perambulans.

\* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.  
 Iracunda tonans fulmina : Te Deus  
 Hortatur ; Vacuum tende per Aera  
 Pennas nunc homini datas.

Breath-

\* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

Breathing toward the Heavenly Country.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

“Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.”

**T**HE beauty of my native land  
 Immortal love inspires ;  
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,  
 And sigh, and wait the high command.  
 There glides the moon her shining way,  
 And shoots my heart through with a silver ray,  
 Upward my heart aspires :  
 A thousand lamps of golden light  
 Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,  
 And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.  
 O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,  
 Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,  
 Where all the happy minds resort,  
 When will my Father's chariot come ?  
 Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,  
 For ever see the mourner lie  
 An exile of the sky,  
 A prisoner of the ground ?  
 Descend some shining servants from on high,  
 Build me a hasty tomb ;  
 A grassy turf will raise my head ;  
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed ;  
 And shed a sweet perfume.

Here .

Here I put off the chains of death,  
 My soul too long has worn :  
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,  
 Or tear to wet my urn ;  
 Raphael, behold me all undrest,  
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest ;  
 Then mount, and lead the path unknown,  
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

The HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM of CASSIMIRE.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a Stage-Player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

**A**RDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains  
 The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,  
 While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.  
 Heaven heard, and strait around the smoaking throne  
 The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,  
 And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.  
 Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow  
 Calm'd the loud thunder ; “ There ’s no need of you ;  
 “ Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue.”  
 Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,  
 He bows his head down to the martyring ax,  
 And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks ;  
 “ So goes the comedy of life away ;  
 “ Vain earth, adieu ; Heaven will applaud to-day ;  
 “ Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.”

When

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englised thus :

**A** Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,  
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;  
 Too long it stood beneath heaven's angry frown,  
 Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.  
 Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,  
 Commands, and level with the ground it lies :  
 The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,  
 Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.  
 Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head  
 And though beneath the ground their bones are laid,  
 Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead. }

The Answer by a French Protestant.

Englised thus :

**A** Christian church once at Montpelier stood,  
 And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.  
 It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,  
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon :  
 Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,  
 Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.

Young.



Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones  
 (Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;  
 The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,  
 Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,  
 And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

Two happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

W I L D as the lightning, various as the moon,  
 Roves my Pindaric song:

Here she glows like burning noon

In fiercest flames, and here she plays

Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;

Now in a smiling angel's form,

Anon she rides upon the storm,

Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.

Are my thoughts and wishes free,

And know no number nor degree?

Such is the Muse: Lo she disdain

The links and chains,

Measures and rules of vulgar strains, [reigns.

And o'er the laws of harmony a Sovereign Queen she

If she roves

By streams or groves

Tuning her pleasures or her pains,

My passion keeps her still in sight,

My passion holds an equal flight

Through love's, or nature's wide campaigns.

If

If with bold attempt she sings  
 Of the biggest mortal things,  
 Tottering thrones and nations slain;  
 Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,  
 While thunders roar  
 From shore to shore,  
 My soul sits fast upon her wings,  
**And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple plain;**  
 Still I attend her as she flies,  
**Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.**

But when from the meridian star  
 Long streaks of glory shine,  
 And heaven invites her from afar,  
 She takes the hint, she knows the sign,  
 The Muse ascends her heavenly carr,  
**And climbs the steepy path and means the throne divine.**  
 Then she leaves my fluttering mind  
 Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,  
 Lengths of distance far behind;  
 Virtue lags with heavy wheel;  
 Faith has wings, but cannot rise,  
 Cannot rise, — Swift and high  
 As the winged numbers fly,  
**And faint devotion panting lies**  
 Half way th' ethereal hill.

O why is piety so weak,  
 And yet the Muse so strong?  
 When shall these hateful fetters break  
 That have confin'd me long?

Inward

Inward a glowing heat I feel,  
 A spark of heavenly day ;  
 But earthly vapours damp my zeal,  
 And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.  
 Faint are the efforts of my will,  
 And mortal passion charms my soul astray.  
 Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,  
 Shine, from the sky,  
 And call me high  
 To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.  
 Devotion there begins the flight,  
 Awakes the song, and guides the way ;  
 There love and zeal divine and bright  
 Trace out new regions in the world of light,  
 And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,  
 She spreads her gay delusive scenes ;  
 Or is the vision true ?  
 Behold Religion on her throne,  
 In awful state descending down. [view.  
 And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious  
 She smiles, and with a courteous hand  
 She beckons me away ;  
 I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous clay,  
 And with a joyful haste obey  
 Religion's high command.  
 What lengths and heights and depths unknown !  
 Broad fields with blooming glory sown,

And seas, and skies, and stars her own,  
 In an unmeasur'd sphere !  
 What heavens of joy, and light serene,  
 Which nor the rolling sun has seen,  
 Where nor the roving Muse has been  
 That greater traveller !

A long farewell to all below,  
 Farewell to all that sense can show,  
 To golden scenes, and flowery fields,  
 To all the worlds that fancy builds,  
 And all that Poets know.

Now the swift transports of the mind  
 Leave the fluttering Muse behind, [wind.  
 A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down the  
 Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,  
 The rapture grows too strong :  
 The feeble powers that nature gave  
 Faint and drop downward to the grave ;  
 Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death ;  
 I will no more demand my tongue,  
 Till the gross organ well refin'd  
 Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,  
 And raise an equal song.

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly  
dedicated to Divine Love\*.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

**W**HERE-E'ER my flattering passions rove,  
I find a lurking snare ;  
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love  
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,  
And partners of our blood,  
Seize a large portion of our minds,  
And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,  
And reason she controls ;  
While children with their little hands  
Hang closest to our souls.

Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part ;  
What tempting things they be !  
Lord, how they twine about our heart,  
And draw it off from thee !

Our hasty wills rush blindly on  
Where rising passion rolls,  
And thus we make our fetters strong  
To bind our slavish souls.

\* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these poems were written, to treat of divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer, in his younger years.

Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,  
 And set our spirits free ;  
 God in himself is bliss enough,  
 For we have all in Thee.

Desiring to love CHRIST.

C O M E, let me love : or is thy mind  
 Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?  
 I see the blessed Fair-one bend  
 And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !  
 O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
 And make a heart of iron move,  
 That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,  
 Should seek and wish a mortal love !  
 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,  
 Bound to sustain eternal pains ;  
 He flew on wings of strong desire,  
 Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.  
 Infinite grace ! Almighty charms !  
 Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies !  
 Jesus the God, with naked arms,  
 Hangs on a Cross of Love, and dies.  
 Did pity ever stoop so low,  
 Dress'd in divinity and blood ?  
 Was ever rebel courted so  
 In groans of an expiring God ?

Again



Again he lives ; and spreads his hands,  
 Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;  
 By these dear wounds, says he ; and stands  
 And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love ; or are my ears  
 Still deaf, nor will my passion move ?  
 Then let me melt this heart to tears ;  
 This heart shall yield to death or love.

The H E A R T given away.

**I**F there are passions in my soul,  
 (And passions sure they be)  
 Now they are all at thy control,  
 My Jesus, all for Thee.

If love, that pleasing power, can rest  
 In hearts so hard as mine,  
 Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,  
 For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art  
 Allure my eyes in vain :  
 I have convey'd away my heart,  
 Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead  
 To all that earth can boast ;  
 This soul of mine was never made  
 For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,  
 Amidst their flattering charms,  
 Till the dear Lord that hath my love  
 Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's cominand,  
 From yon celestial hill,  
 Walks downward to our worthless land,  
 His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things,  
 Without a thought of love,  
 Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings  
 To reach the realms above.

M E D I T A T I O N   i n   a   G R O V E .

**S**WEET Muse, descend and bless the shade,  
 And bless the evening grove ;  
 Business, and noise, and day, are fled,  
 And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,  
 Mine is a purer flame ;  
 No Phyllis shall infect the air,  
 With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possess,  
 My hopes, my fears, my joys :  
 He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,  
 Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above  
 Shall flock around my song,  
 With joy to hear the name they love  
 Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,  
 And hold the falling floods,  
 While silence sits on every bough,  
 And bends the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,  
 And every wounded tree  
 Shall drop and bear some mystic mark  
 That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,  
 Inscib'd on all the grove,  
 That heaven itself came down, and bled  
 To win a mortal's love.

The Fairest and the Only Beloved.

**H**ONOUR to that diviner ray  
 That first allur'd my eyes away  
 From every mortal fair;  
 All the gay things that held my sight  
 Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,  
 And languishing in doubtful light  
 Die at the morning-star.

Whatever speaks the godhead great,  
And fit to be ador'd,  
Whatever makes the creature sweet,  
And worthy of my passion, meet  
Harmonious in my Lord.  
A thousand graces ever rise  
And bloom upon his face ;  
A thousand arrows from his eyes  
Shoot through my heart with dear surprize,  
And guard around the place.

All nature's art shall never cure  
The heavenly pains I found,  
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power  
To make another wound :  
Earthly beauties grow and fade ;  
Nature heals the wounds she made,  
But charms so much divine  
Hold a long empire of the heart ;  
What heaven has join'd shall never part,  
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,  
Or flatteries of the day  
Would veil his image from my sight,  
Or tempt my soul away ;  
Jesus is all my waking theme,  
His lovely form meets every dream  
And knows not to depart :

The passion reigns  
 Through all my veins,  
 And, floating round the crimson stream,  
 Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love ;  
 Here I confine my sense ;  
 Nor dare my wildest wishes rove  
 Nor stir a thought from thence.  
 Amidst thy glories and thy grace  
 Let all my remnant-minutes pass ;  
 Grant, thou Everlasting Fair,  
 Grant my soul a mansion there :  
 My soul aspires to see thy face  
 Though life should for the vision pay ;  
 So rivers run to meet the sea,  
 And lose their nature in th' embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God ;  
 In Thee the passions of the mind  
 With joys and freedom unconfin'd  
 Exult, and spread their powers abroad.  
 Not all the glittering things on high  
 Can make my heaven, if thou remove ;  
 I shall be tir'd, and long to die ;  
 Life is a pain without thy love ;  
 Who could ever bear to be  
 Curst with immortality  
 Among the stars, but far from Thee ?

Mutual

## Mutual L O V E stronger than D E A T H .

**N**OT the rich world of minds above  
Can pay the mighty debt of love  
I owe to Christ my God :  
With pangs which none but he could feel  
He brought my guilty soul from hell :  
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell  
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,  
From the false world's pernicious charms  
With force divinely sweet.  
Had I ten thousand lives my own,  
At his demand,  
With chearful hand,  
I'd pay the vital treasure down  
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace  
With every fleeting breath ?  
And through that heaven of pleasure pass  
To the cold arms of death ;  
Then I could lose successive souls  
Fast as the minutes fly ;  
So billow after billow rolls  
To kiss the shore, and die.



The substance of the following Copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode ; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A Sight of CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround,  
 With noble songs ; in his exalted flesh  
 He claims your worship ; while his saints on earth,  
 Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.  
 Angels with lofty honours crown his head ;  
 We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel  
 His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine  
 Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light  
 Wrapt me at once in glory and surprize.  
 My joyful heart high leaping in my breast  
 With transport cry'd, This is the Christ of God ;  
 Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,  
 And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold  
 Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,  
 Which no remembrance now deserve or name,  
 Though with contempt ; best in oblivion hid.

But

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew ;  
 I sought him whom I love, but found him not ;  
 I felt his absence ; and with strongest cries  
 Proclaim'd, Where Jesus is not, all is vain.  
 Whether I hold him with a full delight,  
 Or seek him panting with extreme desire,  
 'Tis he alone can please my wondering soul ;  
 To hold or seek him is my only choice.  
 If he refrain on me to cast his eye  
 Down from his palace, nor my longing soul  
 With upward look can spy my dearest Lord  
 Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him still  
 With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,  
 All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,  
 Gasping and dying there —————  
 This fight I ne'er can lose, by it I live :  
 A quickening virtue from his death inspir'd  
 Is life and breath to me ; his flesh my food ;  
 His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life  
 Beats quick within my breast ; my vigorous mind  
 Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings  
 Reaches the mount of purposes divine,  
 Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three  
 Conceived at once, and sign'd without debate,  
 In perfect union of th' eternal mind.  
 With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,  
 Infinite schemes, and infinite designs  
 Of God's own Heart, in which he ever rests.

Eternity

Eternity lies open to my view ;  
Here the Beginning and the End of all  
I can discover ; Christ the End of all,  
And Christ the great Beginning ; he my Head,  
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,  
When the first Adam from his ancient dust  
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see  
Jesus his Son and Lord ; while shouting saints  
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son  
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,  
And like himself ; then the mysterious Word  
Long hid behind the letter shall appear  
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light  
Stand forth to public view : and there disclose  
His Father's sacred works, and wondrous ways :  
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,  
Through all the infinite transactions past  
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze  
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign  
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of sin,  
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,  
Shall vex the saints no more : but perfect love  
And loudest praises perfect joy create,  
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful state.

LOVE

## L O V E on a C R O S S , and a T H R O N E .

**N**OW let my faith grow strong, and rise,  
And view my Lord in all his love ;  
Look back to hear his dying cries,  
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the Cross ;  
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd ;  
See where he sits to plead my cause  
By his Almighty Father's Side.

If I behold his bleeding Heart,  
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,  
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,  
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills  
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,  
Still in his heart compassion dwells,  
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show  
How much I love my dying God ?  
Lord, here I banish every foe,  
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,  
My dearest lusts shall all depart ;  
But let thine image ever dwell  
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A Preparatory THOUGHT for the LORD'S  
SUPPER.

In Imitation of ISAIAH lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from the skies,  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;  
I know him by the smiles he wears;  
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,  
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;  
I own those wounds, and I adore:  
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,  
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow these favours so divine!  
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?  
Why for such earthly souls as mine,  
This heavenly flesh, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;  
'Twas his own love this table spread  
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;  
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:  
With glad consent our lips shall move,  
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

## C O N V E R S E with C H R I S T .

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,  
 And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;  
 Their conversation cloy; ;  
 Their vain amours, and empty stuff :  
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough  
 Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,  
 Through every vein my passions move,  
 The captives of his tongue :  
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,  
 I could attend the pleasing sound, [long.  
 Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness

There, while I hear my Saviour-God  
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)  
 He bore upon the tree,  
 Inward I blush with secret shame,  
 And weep, and love, and bless the name [for me.  
 That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all  
 Next he describes the thorns he wore,  
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,  
 Till I am drown'd in tears :  
 Yet with the sympathetic smart  
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart ;  
 The cursed tree has blessings in 't, my sweetest balm it  
 bears.

I hear



I hear the glorious sufferer tell,  
 How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,  
 And all the powers beneath :  
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue  
 Attempts his triumphs in a song ; [death !"  
 "How has the serpent lost his sting ! and where 's thy victory,  
 But when he shews his hands and heart,  
 With those dear prints of dying smart,  
 He sets my soul on fire :  
 Not the beloved John could rest  
 With more delight upon that breast, [desire.  
 Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense  
 Kindly he opens me his ear,  
 And bids me pour my sorrow there,  
 And tell him all my pains :  
 Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,  
 In every woe he bears a part, [sustains.  
 His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head  
 Fly from my thoughts, all human things,  
 And sporting swains, and fighting kings,  
 And tales of wanton love :  
 My soul disdains that little snare  
 The tangles of Amira's hair ; [remove.  
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart

GRACE shining, and NATURE fainting.

Sol. Song i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,  
 Tell me Shepherd, all divine,  
 Where this fainting head reclin'd  
 May relieve such cares as mine :  
 Shepherd, lead me to thy grove ;  
 If burning noon infect the sky,  
 The sickening sheep to covert fly,  
 The sheep not half so faint as I,  
 Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,  
 Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest :  
 Why should I appear like one  
 Wild and wandering all alone,  
 Unbeloved and unknown ?  
 O my Great Redeemer, say,  
 Shall I turn my feet astray !  
 Will Jesus bear to see me rove,  
 To see me seek another love ?

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,  
 Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,  
 Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound :  
 Nor can I bear the thought, that He  
 Should leave the sky,  
 Should bleed and die,  
 Should love a wretch so vile as me  
 Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace ;  
 In his delightful awful face  
 Sits majesty and gentleness.  
 So tender is my bleeding heart  
     That with a frown he kills ;  
 His absence in perpetual smart  
 Nor is my soul refin'd enough  
 To bear the beaming of his love,  
     And feel his warmer smiles.  
 Where shall I rest this drooping head ?  
 I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.  
 My sinking spirits feebly strive  
     T' endure the extasy ;  
 Beneath these rays I cannot live,  
     And yet without them die.  
 None knows the pleasure and the pain  
 That all my inward powers sustain  
 But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.  
 Oh, why should beauty heavenly bright  
     Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,  
 And torture with the sweet excess of light ?  
     Our hearts, alas ! how frail their make !  
 With their own weight of joy they break,  
 Oh, why is love so strong, and nature's self so weak ?  
     Turn, turn away thine eyes,  
     Ascend the azure hills, and shine  
 Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,  
 They can sustain a vision so divine.

O turn thy lovely glories from me,  
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,  
And love me still

Against my froward will ;

Unvail thy beauties, though I faint.

Send the great herald from the sky,

And at the trumpet's awful roar

This feeble state of things shall fly,

And pain and pleasure mix no more :

Then shall I gaze with strengthned sight

On glories infinitely bright,

My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

L O V E to C H R I S T present or absent.

O F all the joys we mortals know,  
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;  
Love, the best blessing here below,  
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,  
When the celestial flame I feel ;  
In all my hopes, and all my fears,  
There 's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,  
There 's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
Each smile he wears upon his face  
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He speaks, and strait immortal joys  
 Run through my ears, and reach my heart ;  
 My soul all melts at that dear voice,  
 And pleasure shoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,  
 He leaves a sacred pledge behind ;  
 Here in this breast his image stays,  
 The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,  
 And long, and weep as lovers do,  
 There 's a strange pleasure in the pain,  
 And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,  
 Or ask the watchmen of the night  
 For some kind tidings of my love,  
 His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God ; yet rather come ;  
 Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
 'Tis best to see my Lord at home,  
 And feel the presence of his grace.

The ABSENCE of CHRIST.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade  
 Where turtles moan their loves ;  
 Tall shadows were for lovers made ;  
 And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground  
That has inflav'd mine eyes ;  
I faint beneath a nobler wound,  
Nor love below the skies.

Jefus, the fpring of all that's bright,  
The Everlafting Fair,  
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,  
Is my eternal care.

But, ah ! how far above this grave  
Does the bright charmer dwell ?  
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,  
That sharpeft pain, I feel.

Penfive I climb the facred hills,  
And near him vent my woes ;  
Yet his fweet face he ftill conceals,  
Yet ftill my paffion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,  
I tell the rocks my flame,  
And blefs the echo in her cell  
That beft repeats her name.

My paffion breathes perpetual fighs,  
Till pitying winds fhall hear,  
And gently bear them up the skies,  
And gently wound his ear.



## Desiring his Descent to EARTH.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,  
Come and possess this heart of mine;  
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,  
And infinitely less than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,  
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,  
My soul should hasten to my eyes  
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,  
Then round his lovely feet entwine!  
Worship and love, in all their forms,  
Should honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,  
The world in vain shall bid me move,  
In vain; for I should gaze so long  
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,  
"What empty names are crowns and kings!  
"Amongst them give these worlds away,  
"These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky,  
Nor envy angels their abode,  
I have a heaven as bright and high  
In the blest vision of my God.

## Ascending to him in HEAVEN.

'TIS pure delight, without alloy,  
 Jesus, to hear thy name,  
 My spirit leaps with inward joy,  
 I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,  
 While love inspires my breast,  
 Love, the divinest of the train,  
 The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,  
 When faith and fear shall cease,  
 Must sound from every joyful string  
 Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;  
 Let love refine my blood;  
 Her flames can bear my soul away,  
 Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,  
 And hasten to my home,  
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace,  
 I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,  
 Let guilt and death remove:  
 'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,  
 And death must yield to love.

The Prefence of GOD worth dying for :  
Or, the Death of MOSES.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight  
To see thy holy face,  
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,  
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows ; and sings thy name  
With rapture on his tongue ;  
Moses the faint enjoys the fame,  
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise  
From each eternal hill,  
Sweet odours of exhaling grace  
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,  
Spreads life and joy abroad :  
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for  
To see a smiling God !

Shew me thy face, and I 'll away  
From all inferior things ;  
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,  
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,  
The wondrous prophet try'd ;  
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die ;"  
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly

Softly his fainting head he lay  
 Upon his Maker's breast,  
 His Maker kiss'd his soul away,  
 And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath  
 That God's own spirit gave;  
 His was the noblest road to death,  
 And his the sweetest grave.

Long for his Return.

O 'T WAS a mournful parting day!  
 Farewell, my Spouse, he said;  
 (How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!  
 How long my Love hath staid!)

Farewell! at once he left the ground,  
 And climb'd his Father's sky;  
 Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,  
 Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,  
 And search the globe in vain;  
 There's nothing here that's worth my love  
 Till thou return again.

My passions fly to seek their King,  
 And send their groans abroad,  
 They beat the air with heavy wing,  
 And mourn an absent God:

With

With inward pain my heart-strings found,  
 My soul dissolves away :  
 Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,  
 And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET, gracious God,  
 Yet will I seek thy smiling face ;  
 What though a short eclipse his beauties shrowd  
 And bar the influence of his rays,  
 'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud :  
 He is my sun though he refuse to shine,  
 Though for a moment he depart  
 I dwell for ever on his heart,  
 For ever he on mine.  
 Early before the light arise  
 I'll spring a thought away to God ;  
 The passion of my heart and eyes  
 Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,  
 A thousand glances strike the skies,  
 The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray,  
 Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,  
 Downward thy chearful graces bring ;  
 Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away ?  
 Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy veil,  
 Look how the armies of despair  
 Aloft their sooty banners rear  
 Round my poor captive soul, and dare  
 Pronounce me prisoner of hell:

But

But Thou, my Sun, and Thou my Shield,  
 Wilt save me in the bloody field ;  
 Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering ray,  
 One glance of thine creates a day,  
 And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone  
 When wondrous power and radiant grace  
 Round the tall arches of the temple shone,  
 And mingled their victorious rays :  
 Sin, with all its ghastly train,  
 Fled to the deeps of death again,  
 And smiling triumph sat on every face :  
 Our spirits raptur'd with the sight  
 Where all devotion, all delight,  
 And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.

Here could I say,  
 (And point the place whereon I stood)  
 Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day  
 From my descending God :  
 I was regal'd with heavenly fare,  
 With fruit and manna from above ;  
 Divinely sweet the blessings were  
 While mine Emanuel was there :  
 And o'er my head  
 The conqueror spread  
 The banner of his love.

Then why my heart sunk down so low ?  
 Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,

And



And hopelefs nature mourn ?  
Review, my foul, thofe pleasing days,  
Read his unalterable grace  
Through the difpleafure of his face,  
And wait a kind return.  
A Father's love may raife a frown  
To chide the child, or prove the Son,  
But love will ne'er deftroy ;  
The hour of darknefs is but fhort,  
Faith be thy life, and patience thy fupport,  
The morning brings the joy.

Come, LORD JESUS.

WHEN fhall thy lovely face be feen ?  
When fhall our eyes behold our God ?  
What lengths of diftance lie between,  
And hills of guilt ? a heavy load !  
Our months are ages of delay,  
And flowly every minute wears :  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
Thefe tedious rounds of fluggifh years.  
Ye heavenly gates, loofe all your chains,  
Let the eternal pillars bow ;  
Bleft Saviour, cleave the ftarry plains,  
And make the cryftal mountains flow.  
Hark, how thy faints unite their cries,  
And pray and wait the general doom ;  
Come, Thou, The Soul of all our Joys,  
Thou, The Defire of Nations, come.

But

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,  
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,  
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,  
Thou Fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,  
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,  
And every limb, and every joint,  
Stretches for immortality.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,  
And burn to meet thy flying throne ;  
We rise away from mortal things  
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our chearful eyes survey  
The blazing earth and melting hills,  
And smile to see the lightnings play,  
And flash along before thy wheels.

O for a shout of violent joys  
To join the trumpet's thundering sound !  
The angel herald shakes the skies,  
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumbering fairs, a heavenly host  
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs ;  
Let every sacred sleeping dust  
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,  
New-moulds our limbs of cumbersome clay  
Quick as seraphic-flames we move,  
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our

Our airy feet with unknown flight  
 Swift as the motions of desire,  
 Run up the hills of heavenly light,  
 And leave the weltering world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

**I** LOVE the Lord ; but ah ! how far  
 My thoughts from the dear object are !  
 This wanton heart how wide it roves !  
 And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,  
 I tread the courts of his abode,  
 But troops of rivals throng the place,  
 And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,  
 I bid my passions all be gone,  
 All but my love ; and charge my will  
 To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,  
 Still new avenues to the mind,  
 Till I with grief and wonder see,  
 Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove  
 A friend to piety and love ;  
 Strait I begin some sacred song,  
 And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely

Strangely I lose his lovely face,  
To hold the empty sounds in chace;  
At best the chimes divide my heart,  
And the Muse shares the larger part.

False confident ! and falser breast !  
Fickle, and fond of every guest :  
Each airy image as it flies  
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her God,  
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad :  
How shall I fix this wandering mind ?  
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,  
Prison me round in thine embrace ;  
Pity the soul that would be thine,  
And let thy power my love confine.

Say, when shall the bright moment be  
That I shall live alone for Thee,  
My heart no foreign Lords adore,  
And the wild Muse prove false no more ?

F O R S A K E N, yet H O P I N G.

**H**APPY the hours, the golden days,  
 When I could call my Jesus mine,  
 And sit and view his smiling face,  
 And melt in pleasures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms  
 He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,  
 Till broken vows, and earthly charms,  
 Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

And now He 's gone, (O mighty woe !)  
 Gone from my soul, and hides his love !  
 Curse on you, sins, that griev'd Him so,  
 Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart ; complain, my tongue :  
 Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring :  
 Angels, assist my doleful song,  
 If you have e'er a mourning string.

But, ah ! your joys are ever high,  
 Ever his lovely face you see ;  
 While my poor spirits pant and die,  
 And groan, for Thee, my God, for Thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,  
 And spy afar his rolling throne ;  
 His chariot through the cleaving spheres  
 Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,  
 My soul springs out to meet him high,  
 Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,  
 And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,  
 No more the turtle leaves the dove ;  
 Farewell to jealousies, and pains,  
 And all the ills of absent love.

### T H E C O N C L U S I O N .

G O D exalted above all Praise.

**E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;  
 Infinite length beyond the bounds  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat  
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,  
 In vain the tall Arch-angel tries  
 To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,  
 He hides his face behind his wings ;  
 And ranks of shining thrones around  
 Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do !  
 We would adore our Maker too ;  
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
 The Great, the Holy, and the High !

Earth



Earth from afar has heard the fame,  
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
 But O, the glories of thy mind  
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below ;  
 Be short, our tunes ; our words be few ;  
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

“ Tibi silet Laus, O Deus,” Pſal. lxx. k.

The E N D of the F I R S T B O O K.

H O R Æ L Y R I C Æ.



B O O K II.

Sacred to V I R T U E, H O N O U R,  
and F R I E N D S H I P.

---

To Her M A J E S T Y.

Q U E E N of the Northern world, whose gentle sway  
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t'obey,  
Forgive the nation's groan when WILLIAM dy'd:  
Lo, at thy feet in all the royal pride  
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,  
And WILLIAM's urn almost without a tear  
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious tongue  
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.  
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found  
To soothe the torment of that mortal wound,  
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,  
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,  
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

}  
The

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,  
 Not her own thunder can secure her head ;  
 Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,  
 And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallick war :  
 All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands  
 Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands  
 Transfer their souls, and live ; secure they play  
 In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms  
 Fainting religion, whilst in various forms  
 Fair piety shines through the British isles :  
 Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles\*  
 Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,  
 To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,  
 And crowds wait round her to receive commands. }  
 There at a humble distance from the throne †  
 Beauteous she lies ; her lustre all her own,  
 Ungarnish'd ; yet not blushing, nor afraid,  
 Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade :  
 Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to share  
 In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.  
 For thee, dear sovereign, endless vows arise,  
 And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies  
 To gain thy safety : Here a solemn form \*  
 Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,

\* The established church of England.

† The Protestant Dissenters.

And guides, but bounds our wishes : There the mind \*  
 Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd  
 With bolder hopes : Yet still beyond our vows,  
 Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy name :  
 Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,  
 Nor die to be renown'd : Fame's loudest breath  
 Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.  
 The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,  
 Shall scourge rebellion and the rival-boy † :  
 Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,  
 And speeds his flight ; nor overtakes his fears,  
 Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul  
 The iron tears out. Let thy frown control  
 Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit  
 Her impious banners to thy sacred feet ;  
 Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,  
 Feel these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,  
 Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain. }

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage :  
 Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,  
 Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne  
 Ethereal ; (not thy deeds are there unknown,  
 Nor there unfung ; for by thine awful hands  
 Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,  
 Creates inferior kings ‡, and gives 'em their commands.) }

\* The Protestant Dissenters.

† The Pretender.

‡ She made Charles the Emperor's second son King  
 of Spain, who was afterwards Emperor of Germany.

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates ;  
 For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But oh ! the parting stroke ! some heavenly power  
 Chear thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour ;  
 Some new propitious star appear on high  
 The fairest glory of the Western sky,  
 And Anna be its name ; with gentle sway  
 To check the planets of malignant ray,  
 Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged Bear,  
 Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,  
 And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere. }

*Note,* This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late Queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant Succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages ; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1. 1721.

I. W.

## P A L I N O D I A.

**B**RITONS, forgive the forward Muse  
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,  
(Unskill'd in fate's Eternal Book)  
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star;  
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;  
Saw in the East your joys arise,  
When Anna sunk in western skies,  
Streaking the heavens with crimson gloom,  
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,  
Portending blood and night to come.  
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,  
And gave the dying nations day:  
His influence sooths the Russian Bear,  
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;  
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd  
To scatter blessings round the world,  
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,  
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

}

Aug. 1. 1721.

To JOHN LOCKE, Esq; retired from Business.

**A**NGELS are made of heavenly things,  
And light and love our souls compose,  
Their blifs within their bosom springs,  
Within their bosom flows.

But



But narrow minds still make pretence  
 To search the coasts of flesh and sense,  
 And fetch diviner pleasures thence.  
 Men are akin to ethereal forms,  
 But they belye their nobler birth,  
 Debase their honour down to earth,  
 And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own  
 May leave the cottage or the throne,  
 May quit the globe, and dwell alone  
 Within his spacious mind.  
 Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,  
 Calm as the night, bright as the day,  
 There may his vast ideas play,  
 Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, Esq; (afterwards Lord  
 BARRINGTON.)

ON MR. LOCKE'S dangerous Sickness, some time  
 after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

AND must the man of wondrous mind  
 (Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)  
 Forfake our longing eyes?  
 Reason at length submits to wear  
 The wings of Faith; and lo, they rear  
 Her chariot high, and nobly bear  
 Her prophet to the skies.

Go,

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,  
 Watch if his mantle chance to light,  
     And seize it for thy own ;  
 Shute is the darling of his years,  
 Young Shute his better likeness bears ;  
 All but his wrinkles and his hairs  
     Are copy'd in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,  
 Call for the pity of thy thoughts,  
     Thy pen shall make us wise :  
 The fallies of whose youthful wit  
 Could pierce the British fogs with light,  
 Place our true \* Interest in our fight,  
     And open half our eyes.

To Mr. WILLIAM NOKES.  
 FRIENDSHIP.

1702.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,  
 Thou sweet deluding ill,  
 The brightest minute mortals find,  
 And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares  
 Of pleasure and of pain ;  
 In love the comforts and the cares  
 Are mix'd and join'd again.

But

\* The Interest of England, written by Mr. Shute.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,  
 And drops of joy are few,  
 This dear delight of mingling souls  
 Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,  
 And friendship stay to moan?  
 Why the fond passion cling so fast,  
 When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,  
 Nor death dissolve the chain:  
 For love and joy were once ally'd,  
 And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANAEL GOULD, Esq; afterwards  
 Sir NATHANAEL GOULD.

1704.

'TIS not by splendour, or by state,  
 Exalted mein, or lofty gait,  
 My Muse takes measures of a king:  
 If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,  
 She calls each mountain of Peru  
 A more majestic thing.  
 Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast  
 O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,  
 Or swell when I shall have engroft  
 A larger heap of shining dust,  
 And wear a bigger load of earth than they.

Let

Let the vain world salute me loud,  
 My thoughts look inward, and forget  
 The sounding names of High and Great,  
 The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run  
 And search the traffic of the sea,  
 His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,  
 And bears the western mines away,  
 Or richer spices from the rising sun :  
 While the glad tenants of the shore  
 Shout, and pronounce him senator \*,  
 Yet still the man's the same :  
 For well the happy merchant knows  
 The soul with treasure never grows,  
 Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride  
 To rise above the mean control  
 Of flesh and sense, to which we 're ty'd ;  
 This is ambition that becomes a soul.  
 We steer our course up through the skies ;  
 Farewell this barren land :  
 We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,  
 There the dear wealth of spirits lies,  
 And beckoning angels stand.

\* Member of parliament for a port in Suffex.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704

**S**WIFT as the sun revolves the day  
 We hasten to the dead,  
 Slaves to the wind we puff away,  
 And to the ground we tread.  
 'Tis air that lends us life, when first  
 The vital bellows heave :  
 Our flesh we borrow of the dust ;  
 And when a mother's care has nurs'd  
 The babe to manly size, we must  
 With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore  
 Still tend the dying flame :  
 And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,  
 Torn from the Indian shore.  
 Thus we support our tottering flesh,  
 Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,  
 When bark and steel play well their game  
 To save our sinking breath,  
 And Gibson, with his awful power,  
 Rescues the poor precarious hour  
 From the demands of death.

But

But art and nature, powers and charms,  
 And drugs, and recipes, and forms,  
 Yield us, at last, to greedy worms

A despicable prey ;

I'd have a life to call my own,  
 That shall depend on heaven alone ;

Nor air, nor earth, nor sea  
 Mix their base essences with mine,  
 Nor claim dominion so divine

To give me leave to Be.

Sure there 's a mind within, that reigns  
 O'er the dull current of my veins ;  
 I feel the inward pulse beat high  
 With vigorous immortality.

Let earth resume the flesh it gave,  
 And breath dissolve amongst the winds ;  
 Gibson, the things that fear a grave,  
 That I can lose, or you can save,  
 Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,  
 Upward our spirits hourly rise,  
 And there our thoughts employ :  
 When heaven shall sign our grand release,  
 We are no strangers to the place,  
 The business, or the joy.

F A L S E



FALSE GREATNESS.

**M**YLO, forbear to call him blest  
 That only boasts a large estate,  
 Should all the treasures of the West  
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.  
 I know thy better thoughts, I know  
 Thy reason can't descend so low.  
 Let a broad stream with golden sands  
     Through all his meadows roll,  
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,  
     That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,  
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,  
 In his own scale he fondly lays  
     Huge heaps of shining ore.  
 He spreads the balance wide to hold  
     His manors and his farms,  
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold  
     He hugs between his arms.  
 So might the plough-boy climb a tree,  
     When Cræsus mounts his throne,  
 And both stand up, and smile to see  
     How long their shadow 's grown.  
 Alas ! how vain their fancies be  
     To think that shape their own !

Thus

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,  
 Cræsus himself can never know ;  
 His true dimensions and his weight  
 Are far inferior to their show.  
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
 I must be measur'd by my soul :  
 The mind 's the standard of the man.

To S A R I S S A .

An E P I S T L E .

**B**EAR up, Sariffa, through the ruffling storms  
 Of a vain vexing world : Tread down the cares  
 Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,  
 Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,  
 She sings experienc'd truth : This briny dew,  
 This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.  
 We travel through a desert, and our feet  
 Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind  
 A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares  
 Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,  
 Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils  
 Of days and hours : The twinge of real smart,  
 And the false terrors of ill boding dreams  
 Vanish together, be alike forgot,  
 For ever blended in one common grave.

Fare-

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,  
 That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds  
 On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,  
 Or in meridian height : Then silence reign'd  
 O'er half the world ; then ye beheld our tears,  
 Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,  
 (Sad harmony !) while with your beamy horns  
 Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green  
 Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light  
 To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,  
 Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone  
 Are gone for ever, and have borne away  
 Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,  
 Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly  
 Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,  
 Wave after wave (a long succession) roll  
 Beyond the ken of sight : The sailors safe  
 Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,  
 And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler Muse  
 Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares  
 To dark oblivion ; bury'd deep in night  
 Lose them, Sariffa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line  
 Of fate's immortal Now divides the past  
 From all the future, with eternal bars  
 Forbidding a return. The past temptations  
 No more shall vex us ; every grief we feel  
 Shortens the destin'd number ; every pulse  
 Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,

N

And

And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees  
 Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive  
 At life's sweet period : O celestial point  
 That ends this mortal story !

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray  
 Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire  
 Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,  
 Beware the dancing meteor ; faithless guide,  
 That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray  
 To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death !  
 Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form  
 And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,  
 Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,  
 Stand firm aloof ; nor let the gaudy phantom  
 Too long allure your gaze : The just delight  
 That heaven indulges lawful must obey  
 Superior powers ; nor tempt your thoughts too far  
 In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope  
 To dangerous size : If it approach your feet  
 And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy  
 To sit too near your heart : Still may our souls  
 Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust  
 Our better-born affections ; leave the globe  
 A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind  
 That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills  
 With beauty and with sweets ; no lurking mischief  
 Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs ;

The branches bend laden with life and bliss  
 Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent :  
 Hold fast the \* golden chain let down from heaven,  
 'Twill help your feet and wings ; I feel its force  
 Draw upwards ; fasten'd to the pearly gate  
 It guides the way unerring : Happy clue  
 Through this dark wild ! 'Twas wisdom's noblest work,  
 All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

To Mr. T. BRADBURY.

P A R A D I S E.

1708.

**Y**OUNG as I am I quit the stage,  
 Nor will I know th' applauses of the age ;  
 Farewell to growing fame. I leave below  
     A life not half worn out with cares,  
         Or agonies, or years ;  
     I leave my country all in tears,  
 But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.  
     Amongst ye, friends, divide and share  
         The remnant of my days,  
     If ye have patience, and can bear  
 A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the race.

N 2

Hark,

The gospel.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,  
 And waves his golden rod :  
 " Angel, I come ; lead on the way :"  
 And now by swift degrees  
 I sail aloft through azure seas,  
 Now tread the milky road :  
 Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres ;  
 And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.  
 In haste for paradise  
 I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought ;  
 Scarce had I will'd, but I was past  
 Deserts of trackless light and all th' ethereal waste,  
 And to the sacred borders brought ;  
 There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,  
 Each waves a keen flame as he flies,  
 And well defends the walls from sieges and surprize.

With pleasing reverence I behold  
 The pearly portals wide unfold :  
 Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes ;  
 Sit fast upon the flying Muse,  
 And let thy roving wonder loose  
 O'er all th' empyreal plains.  
 Noon stands eternal here : here may thy sight  
 Drink-in the rays of primogenial light ;  
 Here breathe immortal air :  
 Joy must beat high in every vein,  
 Pleasure through all thy bosom reign ;  
 The laws forbid the stranger, pain,  
 And banish every care.



See how the bubbling springs of love  
 Beneath the throne arise ;  
 The streams in crystal channels move,  
 Around the golden streets they rove,  
 And bless the mansions of the upper skies.  
 There a fair grove of knowledge grows,  
 Nor sin nor death infects the fruit ;  
 Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,  
 And springs from every root ;  
 Here may thy greedy senses feast  
 While extasy and health attends on every taste.  
 With the fair prospect charm'd I stood ;  
 Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,  
 And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,  
 Nor can excess be there.

In sacred order rang'd along  
 Saints new-releas'd by death  
 Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,  
 And aid th' immortal song.  
 Each has a voice that tunes his strings  
 To mighty sounds, and mighty things,  
 Things of everlasting weight,  
 Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,  
 And, like the trumpet, strong.  
 Divine attention held my soul,  
 I was all ear !  
 Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,  
 I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there ;  
 " Could he but hear these notes, I said,  
 " His tuneful soul would never bear



“ The dull unwinding of life’s tedious thread,  
 “ But burst the vital chords to reach the happy dead.”

And now my tongue prepares to join  
 The harmony, and with a noble aim  
 Attempts th’ unutterable name,  
 But faints, confounded by the notes divine :  
 Again my soul th’ unequal honour fought,  
 Again her utmost force she brought,  
 And bow’d beneath the burden of th’ unwieldy thought.  
 Thrice I essay’d, and fainted thrice ;  
 Th’ immortal labour strain’d my feeble frame,  
 Broke the bright vision, and dissolv’d the dream :  
 I sunk at once and lost the skies :  
 In vain I sought the scenes of light  
 Rolling abroad my longing eyes,  
 For all around them stood my curtains and the night.

### Strict Religion very rare.

**I**’M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,  
 I sail upon a morning cloud  
 Skirted with dawning gold :  
 Mine eyes beneath the opening day  
 Command the globe with wide survey,  
 Where ants in busy millions play,  
 And tug and heave the mould.  
 “ Are these the things (my passion cry’d)  
 “ That we call men ? Are these ally’d

“ To

“ To the fair worlds of light ?  
 “ They have ras’d out their Maker’s name,  
 “ Graven on their minds with pointed flame  
 “ In strokes divinely bright.

“ Wretches ! they hate their native skies ;  
 “ If an ethereal thought arise,  
 “ Or spark of virtue shine,  
 “ With cruel force they damp its plumes,  
 “ Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,  
 “ With business, lust, or wine.

“ Lo ! how they throng with panting breath  
 “ The broad descending road  
 “ That leads unerring down to death,  
 “ Nor miss the dark abode.”

Thus while I drop a tear or two  
 On the wild herd, a noble few  
 Dare to stray upward, and pursue  
 Th’ unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,  
 I know his candid soul afar ;  
 Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly  
 Each like a rising star.

Charin I saw and Fidea there,  
 I saw them help each other’s flight,  
 And bless them as they go ;  
 They soar beyond my labouring fight,  
 And leave their loads of mortal care,  
 But not their love, below.

On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,  
 The temple of their God :  
 With morning incense up they rise  
 Sublime, and through the lower skies  
 Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,  
 " Mark, (said he) that happy pair,  
 " Marriage helps devotion there :  
 " When kindred minds their God pursue  
 " They break with double vigour through  
 " The dull incumbent air."

Charm'd with the pleasure and surprize,  
 My soul adores and sings,  
 " Blest be the power that springs their flight,  
 " That streaks their path with heavenly light,  
 " That turns their love to sacrifice,  
 " And joins their zeal for wings."

To Mr. C. and S. FLEETWOOD.

**F**LEETWOODS, young generous pair,  
 Despise the joys that fools pursue ;  
**B**ubbles are light and brittle too,  
**B**orn of the water and the air.  
 Try'd by a standard bold and just  
 Honour and gold and paint and dust ;  
 How vile the last is, and as vain the first !  
 Things that the crowd call great and brave,  
 With me how low their value 's brought !

Titles

Titles and names, and life and breath,  
 Slaves to the wind and born for death ;  
 The soul 's the only thing we have  
 Worth an important thought.

The soul ! 'tis of th' immortal kind,  
 Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind, [behind.  
 Out-lives the mouldering corpse, and leaves the globe  
 In limbs of clay though she appears,  
 Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,  
 The flesh is but the soul's disguise,  
 There 's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she wears ;  
 From all the laws of matter free,  
 From all we feel, and all we see,  
 She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,  
 Soar beyond all that 's made to die ;  
 Lo ! on an awful throne  
 Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,  
 Whirling the planets round the poles,  
 Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.  
 Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,  
 When this immortal mind  
 Stript of the body's coarse array  
 To endless pain, or endless joy,  
 Must be at once consign'd.

Think of the sands run down to waste,  
 We possess none of all the past,

None

W A T T S ' S P O E M S .

None but the present is our own ;  
Grace is not plac'd within our power,  
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,  
Bright and declining as a setting sun.  
See the white minutes wing'd with haste ;  
The Now that flies may be the last ;  
Seize the salvation e'er 'tis past,  
Nor mourn the blessing gone :  
A thought's delay is ruin here,  
A closing eye, a gasping breath,  
Shuts up the golden scene in death,  
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, Esq;

CASIMIR. Lib. II, Od. 2. imitated.

“ Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.”

**M**ARK how it snows ! how fast the valley fills !  
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear ;  
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills  
Shall melt the vail away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples shed  
Her silver-frost, there 's no returning sun ;  
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer 's fled,  
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys are  
gone.

Then

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,  
Stick fast upon you ; not the rich array,  
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough,  
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

The chace of pleasures is not worth the pains,  
While the bright sands of health run waſting down ;  
And honour calls you from the ſofter ſcenes,  
To ſell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and ſhort, that mortals have,  
And one old age diſſolves our feeble frame ;  
But there 's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,  
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's ſacred tears  
Bedewing his cold hearſe, has liv'd his day :  
Thus, Blackbourn, we ſhould leave our names our heirs ;  
Old time and waning moons ſweep all the reſt away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

1701

**T**HE riſing year beheld th' imperious Gaul  
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns  
Crouch'd to the victor : but a ſteady ſoul  
Stands firm on its own baſe, and reigns as wide,  
As abſolute ; and ſways ten thouſand ſlaves,  
Luſts and wild fancies with a ſovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man  
That chains his rebel will to reaſon's throne,

Forms



Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind  
 Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above  
 Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards  
 Create a monarch, not a purple robe  
 Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns  
 Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,  
 Though gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.  
 A monarch He that conquers all his fears,  
 And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,  
 Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait  
 His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.  
 Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his thoughts  
 In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks  
 Of time and chance, himself a numerous host,  
 All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,  
 Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,  
 To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,  
 To sensual ease (the bane of little kings,  
 Monarchs whose waxen images of souls  
 Are moulded into softness) ; still his mind  
 Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form  
 Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees  
 Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise  
 Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts  
 Of popular applause, that empty sound ;

Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,  
 Or spite or envy. In himself secure,  
 Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,  
 His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,  
 This be my kingdom : sit above the globe  
 My rising soul, and dress thyself around  
 And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height  
 Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside  
 Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look  
 On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye  
 Survey the busy emmets round the heap,  
 Crouding and bustling in a thousand forms  
 Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,  
 A bubble or a dust : Then call thy thoughts  
 Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,  
 Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

**H**ONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,  
 My generous Muse, and sit amongst the stars!  
 There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,  
 Lives like a native of the vital world,  
 Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state  
 Just to herself: how nobly she maintains  
 Her character, superior to the flesh,  
 She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows  
 The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This

This is the man whom storms could never make  
 Meanly complain ; nor can a flattering gale  
 Make him talk proudly : he hath no desire  
 To read his secret fate : yet unconcern'd  
 And calm could meet his unborn destiny,  
 In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,  
 Bears the first wound, may finish all the war  
 With meer courageous silence, and come off  
 Conqueror : for the man that well conceals  
 The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland seas  
 With adverse surges meet, and rise on high  
 Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain  
 Mingled with flames, upon his single head,  
 And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,  
 Secure of his best life ; unhurt, unmov'd ;  
 And drops his lower nature, born for death.  
 Then from the lofty castle of his mind  
 Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys  
 The ruins of creation (Souls alone  
 Are heirs of dying worlds) ; a piercing glance  
 Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,  
 To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh  
 He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down  
 Amongst his native rubbish ; whilst the spirit  
 Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest  
 Of the third heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither,

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,  
 No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,  
 Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,  
 And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,  
 Serenely, and break through the stormy brine  
 With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive  
 At the fair haven of eternal bliss.  
 To which we ever steer; whether as kings  
 Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea  
 With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along  
 In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land  
 And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore  
 Joyful and fearless on th' immortal coast,  
 Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

To the much honoured Mr. THOMAS ROWE,  
 the Director of my youthful Studies.

FREE PHILOSOPHY,

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,  
 That leads the learned round the schools,  
 In magic chains of forms and rules!

My genius storms her throne:  
 No more, ye slaves, with awe profound  
 Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;  
 Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground:  
 Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate

I hate these shackles of the mind  
 Forg'd by the haughty wise ;  
 Souls were not born to be confin'd,  
 And led, like Samson, blind and bound ;  
 But when his native strength he found  
 He well aveng'd his eyes.

I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,  
 Thy gentle influence, like the sun,  
 Only dissolves the frozen snow,  
 Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,  
 And chuse the channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind ;  
 The pinions of a single mind  
 Will through all nature fly :  
 But who can drag up to the poles  
 Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls ?  
 A genius which no chain controuls  
 Roves with delight, or deep, or high :  
 Swift I survey the globe around,  
 Dive to the centre through the solid ground,  
 Or travel o'er the sky.

To the Reverend Mr. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide  
 Through life's uncertain road,  
 Mean is the chase ; and wandering wide  
 We miss th' immortal good ;

Yet

Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd  
 To follow any leader-mind,  
 I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:  
 Drest in thy notions I'd appear  
 Not like a soul of mortal frame,  
 Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,  
 Bright reason never leads the dance;  
 Whilst in the broad and beaten way  
 O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,  
 To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.  
 Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd.

And with a decent scorn  
 Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,  
 Where nor the grave nor giddy feet,  
 Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,  
 Have e'er a passage worn.

Meer hazard first began the track,  
 Where custom leads her thousands blind  
 In willing chains and strong;  
 There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,  
 Dares tread the fatal error back;  
 But hand in hand ourselves we bind,  
 And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud  
 As billows on a noisy flood



In rapid order roll :  
 Example makes the mischief good :  
 With jocund heel we beat the road,  
     Unheedful of the goal.  
 Me let \* Ithuriel's friendly wing  
 Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime  
     To wisdom's lofty tower,  
 Thence to survey that wretched thing,  
 Mankind; and in exalted rhyme  
     Bless the delivering power.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

**G**REAT man, permit the Muse to climb  
     And seat her at thy feet,  
 Bid her attempt a thought sublime,  
     And consecrate her wit.  
 I feel, I feel th' attractive force  
     Of thy superior soul :  
 My chariot flies her upward course,  
     The wheels divinely roll.  
 Now let me chide the mean affairs  
     And mighty toil of men :  
 How they grow grey in trifling cares,  
 Or waste the motions of the spheres  
     Upon delights as vain !

A puff

\* The name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

A puff of honour fills the mind,  
 And yellow dust is solid good ;  
 Thus, like the asps of savage kind,  
 We snuff the breezes of the wind,  
 Or steal the serpent's food.

    Could all the choirs  
     That charm the poles  
 But strike one doleful sound,  
 'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,  
 Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires  
     In floods of folly drown'd.  
 Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy ;  
     How they disclaim their heavenly birth,  
 Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,  
 And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence  
     With elevated song,  
 Bid us renounce this world of sense,  
 Bid us divide th' immortal prize  
     With the seraphic throng :  
 " Knowledge and love makes spirits blest,  
 " Knowledge their food, and love their rest ;"  
 But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,  
 Resists the pity of thine eyes,  
     And music of thy tongue.  
 Then let the worms of groveling mind  
 Round the short joys of earthly kind  
     In restless windings roam ;

Howe hath an ample orb of soul,  
 Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,  
 Where love, the centre and the pole,  
 Compleats the heaven at home.

The D I S A P P O I N T M E N T and R E L I E F .

V I R T U E , permit my fancy to impose  
 Upon my better powers :  
 She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,  
 And gilds the gloomy hours.

How could we bear this tedious round  
 Of waning moons, and rolling years,  
 Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,  
 If (where no sovereign cure appears)  
 No opiates could be found.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,  
 Is a deceitful good :  
 Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,  
 On the green margin stood,  
 Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,  
 And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood :  
 Then fond to be entirely blest,  
 And tempted by a faithless youth,  
 As void of goodness as of truth,  
 She plunges in with heedless haste,  
 And rears the nether mud :

Darkness

Darkness and nauseous dregs arise  
 O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies  
 Of pain to teaze the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.

The golden bliss that charm'd her sight  
 Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost :  
 A spark, or glimmering streak at most,  
 Shines here and there, amidst the night,  
 Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprize,  
 Doris awakes at last,  
 Grown by the disappointment wise ;  
 And manages with art th' unlucky cast ;  
 When the lowering frown she spies  
 On her haughty tyrant's brow,  
 With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,  
 And makes her sovereign beauty bow ;  
 Cheerful she smiles upon the grizly form ;  
 So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,  
 And paints a rainbow on the storm.  
 Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,  
 And with a virtuous book, or friend,  
 Beguiles th' uneasy hours :  
 Well-colouring every cross she meets,  
 With heart serene she sleeps and eats,  
 She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,  
 And strows her bed with flowers.

## The Hero's School of Morality.

**T**HERON, amongst his travels, found,  
 A broken statue on the ground ;  
 And searching onward as he went  
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.  
 Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown  
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone,  
 Yet e'er he past, with much ado,  
 He guess'd, and spell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

" Enough, he cry'd ; I'll drudge no more  
 " In turning the dull Stoics o'er ;  
 " Let pedants waste their hours of ease  
 " To sweat all night at Socrates ;  
 " And feed their boys with notes and rules,  
 " Those tedious Recipe's of schools,  
 " To cure ambition : I can learn  
 " With greater ease the great concern  
 " Of mortals ; how we may despise  
 " All the gay things below the skies.

" Methinks a mouldering pyramid  
 " Says all that the old sages said ;  
 " For me these shatter'd tombs contain  
 " More morals than the Vatican.  
 " The dust of heroes cast abroad,  
 " And kick'd, and trampled in the road,

" The relicks of a lofty mind,  
 " That lately wars and crowns design'd,  
 " Tost for a jest from wind to wind,  
 " Bid me be humble, and forbear  
 " Tall monuments of fame to rear,  
 " They are but castles in the air.  
 " The towering heights, and frightful falls,  
 " The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,  
 " Of smoaking kingdoms and their kings,  
 " Tell me a thousand mournful things  
 " In melancholy silence. \_\_\_\_\_  
 " \_\_\_\_\_ He  
 " That living could not bear to see  
 " An equal, now lies torn and dead ;  
 " Here his pale trunk, and there his head ;  
 " Great Pompey ! while I meditate,  
 " With solemn horror, thy sad fate,  
 " Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore  
 " Without a name, instructs me more  
 " Than my whole library before.

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" Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,  
 " And my good Seneca may keep  
 " Your volumes clos'd for ever too,  
 " I have no further use for you :  
 " For when I feel my virtue fail,  
 " And my ambitious thoughts prevail,  
 " I'll take a turn among the tombs,  
 " And see whereto all glory comes :



" There the vile foot of every clown  
 " Tramples the sons of honour down.  
 " Beggars with awful ashes sport,  
 " And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

## F R E E D O M .

1697.

**T**EMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport  
 With the gay slaveries of a court :  
 I've an aversion to those charms,  
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.  
 Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,  
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,  
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state ;  
 Move as he moves : and when he loiters, stand ;  
 You're but the shadows of a man.  
 Bend when he speaks ; and kiss the ground :  
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound :  
 Adore the follies of the great ;  
 Wait till he smiles : But lo, the idol frown'd  
 And drove them to their fate.

Thus base-born minds : but as for Me,  
 I can and will be free :  
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,  
 My soul grows firm upright,  
 And as I stand, and as I go,  
 It keeps my body so ;  
 No, I can never part with my creation-right.  
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,

I cannot make this iron knee  
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd  
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade  
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.

Nature that listen'd to my strain,  
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.

Sudden rose a whirling wind  
Swelling like Honorio proud,  
Around the straws and feathers crowd,

Types of a slavish mind;

Upwards the stormy forces rise,

The dust flies up and climbs the skies,

And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk:

Again it roars with bellowing sound,

The meaner plants that grew around,

The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the  
ground:

Hard by there stood the iron trunk

Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;

In vain the winds their forces try'd,

In vain they roar'd; the iron oak

Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

On Mr. L o c k e ' s Annotations upon several  
Parts of the New Testament, left behind him  
at his Death.

**T**HU S reason learns by slow degrees,  
What faith reveals ; but still complains  
Of intellectual pains,  
And darkness from the too exuberant light.  
The blaze of those bright mysteries  
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes  
Offend and cloud her feeble fight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see  
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,  
Or bear the infant Deity ;  
Scarce could her pride descend to own  
Her Maker stooping from his throne,  
And drest in glories so unknown.  
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,  
And heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,  
Were themes too painful to be understood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say  
Did ever mind of mortal race  
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,  
To melt and bend it to obey.  
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,  
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign feet.

Sister

Sister of faith, fair charity,  
 Shew me the wondrous man on high,  
 Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;  
 The bright conviction fills his eye,  
 His noblest powers in deep prostration lie  
 At the mysterious throne.  
 "Forgive, he cries, ye saints below,  
 "The wavering and the cold assent  
 "I gave to themes divinely true;  
 "Can you admit the blessed to repent?  
 "Eternal darkness veil the lines  
 "Of that unhappy book,  
 "Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines,  
 "Where the mortal pen mistook  
 "What the celestial meant!"

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know  
 What to-morrow fate will do:  
 'Tis enough that I can say,  
 I've possess'd myself to-day:  
 Then if haply midnight-death  
 Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,  
 Yet to-morrow I shall be  
 Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,  
 Wealth and honours that have wings,  
 Ever fluttering to be gone,  
 I could never call my own:

Riches

Riches that the world bestows,  
She can take, and I can lose ;  
But the treasures that are mine  
Lie afar beyond her line.

When I view my spacious soul,  
And survey myself awhile,  
And enjoy myself alone,  
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within  
That the world hath never seen,  
Rich as Eden's happy ground,  
And with choicer plenty crown'd.  
Here on all the shining boughs  
Knowledge fair and useless grows ;  
On the same young flowery tree  
All the seasons you may see ;  
Notions in the bloom of light,  
Just disclosing to the sight ;  
Here are thoughts of larger rowth,  
Ripening into solid truth ;  
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;  
Seraphs feed on such repast.  
Here, in a green and shady grove,  
Streams of pleasure mix with love :  
There beneath the smiling skies  
Hills of contemplation rise ;  
Now upon some shining top  
Angels light, and call me up ;  
I rejoice to raise my feet,  
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There

There are endless beauties more  
 Earth hath no resemblance for ;  
 Nothing like them round the pole,  
 Nothing can describe the soul :  
 'Tis a region half unknown,  
 That has treasures of its own,  
 More remote from public view  
 Than the bowels of Peru ;  
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,  
 Than the golden Indies are ;  
 Ships that trace the watery stage  
 Cannot coast it in an age ;  
 Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,  
 Had they wings to help their feet,  
 Could not run it half way o'er  
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,  
 Loth to be too much confin'd,  
 Roves and takes her daily tours,  
 Coasting round the narrow shores,  
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,  
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :  
 Or she sits at fancy's door,  
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,  
 Foreign visits still receiving,  
 And t' herself a stranger living.  
 Never, never would she buy  
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,



Never



Never trade abroad for more,  
 If she saw her native store;  
 If her inward worth were known,  
 She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous M U S E .

**U**RANIA takes her morning flight  
 With an inimitable wing:  
 Through rising deluges of dawning light  
 She cleaves her wondrous way,  
 She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;  
 Nor \* Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell  
 notes to sing.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears      [fand  
 Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulphing  
 Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies  
 She meets descending angels as she flies,  
 Nor asks them where their country lies,  
 Or where the sea-marks stand.

Touch'd with an empyreal ray  
 She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,  
 Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,  
 With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Whilst

\* A French Critick.

† An English master of mus.c.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores  
 With humble toil in order creep,  
 Coasting in sight of one another's oars,  
 Nor venture through the boundless deep,  
 Such low pretending souls are they  
 Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull ;  
 Plodding along their sober way,  
 The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,  
 While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels  
 Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd  
 Bound o'er the everlasting hills,  
 And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind,  
 Give me the Muse whose generous force,  
 Impatient of the reins,  
 Pursues an unattempted course,  
 Breaks all the criticks iron chains,  
 And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells : The mortal sung  
 Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue ;  
 New terrors, or new glories, shine  
 In every page, and flying scenes divine  
 Surprise the wondering sense, and draw our souls along.  
 Behold his Muse sent out t' explore  
 The unapparent deep where waves of Chaos roar,  
 And realms of night unknown before.  
 She trac'd a glorious path unknown,

Through

Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs overthrown,  
 Where his adventurous genius led :  
 Sovereign she fram'd a model of her own,  
 Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.  
 The noble hater of degenerate rhyme  
 Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,  
 A monument too high for coupled sounds to climb.  
 He mourn'd the garden lost below ;  
 (Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)  
 Now bliss beats high in all his veins,  
 Now the lost Eden he regains,  
 Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd strains.

Immortal bard ! Thus thy own Raphael sings,  
 And knows no rule but native fire :  
 All heaven sits silent, while to his sovereign strings  
 He talks unutterable things ;  
 With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove  
 Across the golden lyre :  
 From every note devotion springs.  
 Rapture, and harmony, and love,  
 O'erspread the listening choir.

To Mr. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'T WAS in a vale where osiers grow  
 By murmuring streams we told our woe,  
 And mingled all our cares :  
 Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,  
 In both the weeping dews arise,  
 And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day  
 Now mounting half his morning way  
     Shone with a fainter bright ;  
 Still sickening, and decaying still,  
 Dimly he wander'd up the hill,  
     With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,  
 The queen of night obscur'd his gold  
     Behind her sable wheels ;  
 Nature grew sad to lose the day,  
 The flowery vales in mourning lay,  
     In mourning stood the hills.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,  
 Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide  
     Our darken'd souls behind ;  
 In the young morning of our years  
 Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres,  
     And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,  
 And overlooks the lofty shade,  
     New-brightening all the skies :  
 But say, dear partner of my moan,  
 When will our long eclipse be gone,  
     Or when our suns arise ?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,  
 Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd  
     To make the darkness fly :  
 But drugs would raise the dead as soon,  
 Or clattering brass relieve the moon,  
     When fainting in the sky.

Some friendly spirit from above,  
 Born of the light, and nurs'd with love,  
     Assist our feebler fires :  
 Force these invading glooms away ;  
 Souls should be seen quite through their clay,  
     Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,  
 Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,  
     Release the prisoner-mind :  
 Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,  
 To their bright source, and shine at large  
     Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The AFFLICTIONS of a FRIEND.

1702

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,  
 My griefs for ever dumb :  
 Your sorrows swell my heart so high,  
 They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,  
 The spleen itself is gone ;  
 Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,  
 Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,  
 And all the soul invades :  
 So the broad gloom of spreading night  
 Devours the evening shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest !  
 This sympathy of woe  
 Drives my own tyrants from my breast  
 T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign ;  
 Their iron rod I feel :  
 Friendship has only chang'd the chain,  
 But I'm the prisoner still.

Why was this life for misery made ?  
 Or why drawn out so long ?  
 Is there no room amongst the dead ?  
 Or is a wretch too young ?



Move faster on, great nature's wheel,  
 Be kind, ye rolling powers,  
 Hurl my days headlong down the hill  
 With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,  
 Nor smile upon a slave :  
 Darkness, and death, make haste at once  
 To hide me in the grave.

The Reverse : Or, The Comforts of a Friend.

**T**HUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,  
 Till grace lift up her head,  
 Revers'd the sorrow and the song,  
 And, smiling, thus she said :  
 Were kindred spirits born for cares ?  
 Must every grief be mine ?  
 Is there a sympathy in tears,  
 Yet joys refuse to join ?

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,  
 And make our joys the same :  
 So bliss and friendship join'd above  
 Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight  
 That brightens all the soul,  
 As deluges of dawning light  
 O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,  
 And all my powers employ :  
 Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,  
 And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,  
 Nor is it drawn too long ;  
 Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,  
 I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,  
 And haste away, my years ;  
 Or I can wait my father's will,  
 And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious, every future sun,  
 Gild all my following days,  
 But make the last dear moment known  
 By well-distinguish'd rays.

To the Right Honourable JOHN Lord CUTTS.

At the Siege of Namur.

The Hardy SOLDIER.

“ O WHY is man so thoughtless grown ?  
 “ Why guilty souls in haste to die ?  
 “ Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,  
 “ Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

P 3

“ Are

" Are lives but worth a soldier's pay ?  
 " Why will ye join such wide extremes,  
 " And stake in mortal souls, in play  
 " At desperate chance, and bloody games ?  
 " Valour 's a nobler turn of thought,  
 " Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears :  
 " Calmly she meets the deadly shot !  
 " Secure of life above the stars.  
 " But frenzy dares eternal fate,  
 " And, spur'd with honour's airy dreams,  
 " Flies to attack th' infernal gate,  
 " And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,  
 Sung heavenly love in Gabriel's form :  
 Young Thraso left the moving strains,  
 And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls ;  
 Vows are but wind, the hero cries ;  
 Then swears by heaven, and scales the walls,  
 Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial,  
 Oldham, Dryden, &c.

1708.

**I** JUDGE the Muse of lewd desire ;  
 Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.  
 In vain the flatteries of their wit  
 Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly flight,  
 Would

Would tempt my virtue to approve  
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.

So harlots dress : They can appear  
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,  
To charm a Cato's eye ; but all within,  
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,  
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,  
Stript of thy false array.  
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens  
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,  
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,  
Attend your mistresses to the dead ;  
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

Strephon, \* of noble blood and mind,  
(For ever shine his name !)  
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,  
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.  
“ Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred rage,  
“ Hell is the due of every page,  
“ Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven !  
“ So vile the Muse, and yet the man forgiven !)  
“ Burn on my songs : For not the silver Thames  
“ Nor Tyber with his yellow streams  
“ In endless currents rolling to the main,  
“ Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain.”

\* Earl of Rochester.

So Moses by divine command  
 Forbid the leprous house to stand  
 When deep the fatal spot was grown.  
 "Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

To Mrs. B. B E N D I S H .

A G A I N S T T E A R S .

1699.

**M**ADAM, persuade me tears are good  
 To wash our mortal cares away ;  
 These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,  
 And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,  
 (These orbs that never use to rain)  
 Some star direct me where to buy  
 One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,  
 I'd give both Indies for a tear :  
 I'd barter all but what 's divine :  
 Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas ! are trifling things,  
 They rather feed than heal our woe ;  
 From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,  
 As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on ;  
 In vain our miseries hope relief,  
 For one drop calls another down,  
 Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these uselefs streams be staid,  
 Wear native courage on your face :  
 These vulgar things were never made  
 For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,  
 And thousand foes your steps surround,  
 Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe :  
 The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few H A P P Y M A T C H E S.

Aug. 1701.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,  
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,  
 And who the happy pairs  
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,  
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains  
 That thoughtless fly into thy chains,  
 As custom leads the way :  
 If there be blifs without design,  
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
 And be as blest as they.

Not



Not sordid souls of earthy mould  
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold  
To dull embraces move :  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
With wanton flames ; those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy :  
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed  
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms  
None of the melting passions warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands :  
Logs of green wood that quench the coals  
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,  
With offers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless :  
As well may heavenly concerts spring  
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould,

The

The rugged and the keen :  
 Samson's young foxes might as well  
 In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,  
 With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
 A gentle to a savage mind ;  
 For Love abhors the sight :  
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,  
 For native rage and native fear  
 Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
 And feeds their mutual loves :  
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
 And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, Esq;

AN EPISTLE.

December 1702.

LET useles souls to woods retreat ;  
 Polhill should leave a country seat  
 When virtue bids him dare be great.

Not

Nor Kent\*, nor Suffex\*, should have charms,  
While liberty, with loud alarms,  
Calls you to counfels and to arms.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,  
Bids you receive a † base-born lord ;  
Awake your cares ! awake your sword !

Factions amongst the ‡ Britons rise,  
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,  
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate ;  
Resolv'd, " 'tis of diviner weight,  
" To save the steeple, than the state."

The bold § machine is form'd and join'd  
To stretch the conscience, and to bind  
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandfire shades with jealous eye  
Frown down to see their offspring lie  
Careless, and let their country die.

\* His country-seat and dwelling.

† The Pretender, proclaimed King in France.

‡ The parliament.

§ The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.

If \* Trevia fear to let you stand  
 Against the Gaul with spear in hand,  
 At least † Petition for the land.

The celebrated Victory of the Poles over Ofman  
 the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battle.

Translated from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with large  
 Additions.

**G**ADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,  
 Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic Muse  
 Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions  
 Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs  
 Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons  
 Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:  
 Still he resum'd the toil: and fame reports,  
 While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough  
 In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd  
 Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war  
 Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.  
 The sun descending to the western deep  
 Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,  
 Yet held his wearied oxen from their food  
 With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

\* Mrs. Polhill of the family of Lord Trevor.

† Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies in order to support the king in his war with France.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,  
 Or feed beside me ; taste the greens and boughs  
 That you have long forgot ; crop the sweet herb,  
 And graze in safety, while the victor Pole  
 Leans on his spear, and breathes ; yet still his eye  
 Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,  
 How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks  
 Strew'd the Moldavian fields ? What mighty piles  
 Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead,  
 Fill and amaze my eyes ? Broad bucklers lie  
 (A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,  
 And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,  
 Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.  
 This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,  
 I was their captive, and remind their dress :)  
 Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along  
 In august port, and regular array,  
 Led on to conquest : Here the Turkish chief  
 Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd  
 His long battalions, while his populous towns  
 Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,  
 Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight  
 These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain  
 Was throng'd with Dacian spears ; when polish'd helms  
 And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun  
 Restoring all his beams ! but frowning War  
 All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood  
 Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The

The storm of missive steel delay'd a while  
 By wise command ; fledg'd arrows on the nerve ;  
 And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath  
 Reluctant ; till the hollow brazen clouds  
 Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field  
 Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulphurous fire.  
 Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms ;  
 Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,  
 For both fled hissing death : With adverse edge  
 The crooked fauchions met ; and hideous noise  
 From clashing shields, through the long ranks of war,  
 Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms  
 Roar diverse : and in harsh confusion drown  
 The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort  
 Of harmony ! not all the frozen stores  
 Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail,  
 Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,  
 Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far  
 The direful fragor, when some southern blast  
 Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks  
 Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock :  
 The massy fragment, many a rood in length,  
 With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff  
 Resistless, plunging in the subject lake  
 Como, or Lugaine ; th' afflicted waters roar,  
 And various thunder all the valley fills,  
 Such was the noise of war : the troubled air  
 Complains aloud, and propagates the din  
 To neighbouring regions ; rocks and lofty hills  
 Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar,



Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear  
 In all their murderous forms ; and flame and blood  
 And sweat and dust array the broad campaign  
 In horror : hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,  
 And all the savage passions of the soul,  
 Engage in the warm business of the day.  
 Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,  
 Join in the fight ; and breasts in close embrace,  
 But mortal as the iron arms of death.  
 Here words austere, of perilous command,  
 And valour swift t' obey ; bold feats of arms  
 Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,  
 Shine through the field with more surprizing brightness  
 Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause  
 (Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,  
 And yells unmanly through the battle ring !  
 And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here  
 Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole  
 Fought here ; more dreadful, though with lesser wings.

But what the Dahets or the coward soul  
 Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds  
 Of base Cilicians' scaping from the slaughter,  
 Of Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,  
 What could they mean against th' intrepid breast  
 Of the pursuing foe ? Th' impetuous Poles  
 Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse  
 Drive down upon them like a double bolt

Of



Of kindled thunder raging through the sky  
 On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood  
 Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep  
 Precipitant, and bears along the stream  
 Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,  
 And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian smoaking from afar  
 Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,  
 And imitates th' artillery of heaven,  
 The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!  
 What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires  
 Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm  
 Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,  
 From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.  
 Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,  
 And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mischiefs,  
 Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field  
 Thick and continual, and a thousand souls  
 Fled murmuring through their wounds. I stood aloof,  
 For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind  
 Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,  
 Eager of glory, and profuse of life,  
 They bore down fearless on the charging foes,  
 And drove them backward. Then the Turkish moons  
 Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse  
 Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,  
 Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd  
 The standards fell: the barbarous ensigns torn  
 Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heaven:

Q

And

And a large cloud of infantry and horse  
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,  
Nor high-built size prevails: 'Tis courage fights,  
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall  
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe.  
And steel well-sharpned: so a generous pair  
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flowery green  
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands  
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs  
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie  
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,  
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.  
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world  
Fled, but attended well: for at their side  
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,  
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,  
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops,  
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.  
But the broad sabre and keen poll-axe flew  
With speedy terror through the feebler herd,  
And made rude havock and irregular spoil  
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name  
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled  
In swift affright a thousand different ways [mountains  
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy  
Bellowing; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,  
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul  
 With awe ; till the last relicks of the war,  
 The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd  
 The ghastly plain : I took a nearer view,  
 Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell  
 Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs  
 (A dismal carnage !) bath'd in reeking gore  
 Lay weltering on the ground ; while flitting life  
 Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost  
 All taste of pain ! Here an old Thracian lies,  
 Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud  
 Torn with fresh wounds ; but inward vitals firm  
 Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down  
 By the hard laws of nature, to sustain  
 Long torment : his wild eye-balls roll : his teeth,  
 Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate.  
 Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command  
 Amongst the neighbouring dead ; they round their lord  
 Lay prostrate ; some in flight ignobly slain,  
 Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd  
 Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length  
 Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood  
 Extended on the field : in friendship join'd,  
 Nor fate divides them : hardy warriors both ;  
 Both faithful ; drown'd in showers of darts they fell,  
 Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,  
 In vain : for on those orbs of friendly brass  
 Stood groves of javelins ; some, alas, too deep

Were planted there, and through their lovely bosoms  
Made painful avenues for cruel death.

O my dear native land, forgive the tear  
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion  
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,  
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.

Dacia, forgive the sight that wish'd the souls  
Of those fair infidels some humble place  
Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,

"Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate,  
"And better faith." Hard by the General lay,  
Of Saracen descent, a grizly form

Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front  
In disappointment, with a surly brow  
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws  
Foaming with blood bite hard the Polish spear :

In that dead visage my remembrance reads  
Rash Caraccas: In vain the boasting slave  
Promis'd and sooth'd the sultan threatening fierce  
With royal suppers and triumphant fare  
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold ;

See on the naked ground all cold he lies  
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air  
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds  
Insulting hopes ! with what an awful smile  
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins  
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on  
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But

But whither am I borne ? This thought of arms  
 Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls  
 What generous horse should hear. Break off, my song ;  
 My barbarous Muse, be still : Immortal deeds  
 Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse :  
 The martial trumpet, and the following age,  
 And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight  
 In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening-star  
 Shines o'er the western hill ; my oxen, come,  
 The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDYSH.

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 24. 1705,

THE following song was yours when first composed : The Muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched ; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more compleat likeness and love : Persevere, and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago ; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem : Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams : Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave and the moral so just and obvious.



## T H E I N D I A N P H I L O S O P H E R .

Sept. 3. 1701.

**W**H Y should our joys transform to pain?  
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain  
 A plague of iron prove?  
 Bendy'st, 'tis strange the charm that binds  
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds  
 At such a loose from love.

In vain I fought the wondrous cause,  
 Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,  
 And urg'd the schools in vain;  
 Then deep in thought, within my breast  
 My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd  
 A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,  
 On fancy's airy horse I ride,  
 (Sweet rapture of my mind!)  
 Till on the banks of Ganges flood,  
 In a tall ancient grove I stood,  
 For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,  
 Risen with his God, the Sun, from rest,  
 Awoke his morning song;  
 Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;  
 The birth of souls was all his theme,  
 And half-divine his tongue.

" He



“ He sang th’ eternal rolling flame,  
 “ That vital mass, that still the same  
 “ Does all our minds compose :  
 “ But shap’d in twice ten thousand frames ;  
 “ Thence differing souls of differing names,  
 “ And jarring tempers rose.

“ The mighty power that form’d the mind  
 “ One mould for every two design’d,  
 “ And bless’d the new-born pair :  
 “ This be a match for this :” (he said)  
 “ Then down he sent the souls he made,  
 “ To seek them bodies here :

“ But parting from their warm abode  
 “ They lost their fellows on the road,  
 “ And never join’d their hands :  
 “ Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates !  
 “ Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates  
 “ On Europe’s barbarous lands.

“ Happy the youth that finds the bride  
 “ Whose birth is to his own ally’d,  
 “ The sweetest joy of life :  
 “ But oh the crowds of wretched souls  
 “ Fetter’d to minds of different moulds,  
 “ And chain’d t’ eternal strife !”

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard ;  
 My soul with vast attention heard,

Q 4

“ While

While Ganges ceas'd to flow :  
 " Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see  
 " That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,  
 " I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,  
 " What distant lands this unknown fair,  
 " Or distant seas detain ?  
 " Swift as the wheel of nature rolls  
 " I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,  
 " And wear the joyful chain."

### THE HAPPY MAN.

**S**ERENE as light, is Myron's soul,  
 And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :  
 In manly beauty shines his face ;  
 Every Muse, and every Grace,  
 Makes his heart and tongue their seat,  
 His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.  
 Myron, the wonder of our eyes,  
 Behold his manhood scarce begun !  
 Behold the race of virtue run !  
 Behold the goal of glory won !  
 Nor Fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the prize ;  
 Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim :  
 The lands where learning never flew,  
 Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,  
 Surly Japan and rich Peru,  
 In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.

“ Airy blifs (the hero cry’d)  
 “ May feed the tympany of pride ;  
 “ But healthy fouls were never found  
 “ To live on emptinefs and found.”

Lo, at his honourable feet  
 Fame’s bright attendant, Wealth, appears ;  
 She comes to pay obedience meet,  
 Providing joys for future years ;  
 Blessings with lavish hand ſhe pours  
 Gather’d from the Indian coaſt ;  
 Not Danae’s lap could equal treasures boaſt,  
 When Jove came down in golden ſhowers.

He look’d and turn’d his eyes away,  
 With high diſdain I heard him ſay,  
 “ Blifs is not made of glittering clay.”

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head  
 With ſcutcheons, arms, and enſigns ſpread ;  
 Gay magnificence and ſtate,  
 Guards, and chariots, at his gate,  
 And ſlaves in endleſs order round his table wait :  
 They learn the diſtates of his eyes,  
 And now they fall, and now they riſe,  
 Watch every motion of their lord,  
 Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,  
 With ſwift ambition ſeize th’ unfinish’d word,  
 And the command fulfil.  
 Tir’d with the train that Grandeur brings,  
 He dropt a tear, and pity’d kings,

Then,

Then, flying from the noisy throng,  
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music descending on a silent cloud,  
Tun'd all her strings with endless art ;  
By slow degrees from soft to loud  
Changing the rose : The harp and flute  
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,  
And make a captive of his heart.  
Fruits, and rich Wine, and scenes of lawless Love  
Each with utmost luxury strove  
To treat their favourite best ;  
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,  
And lawless love, in vain combine  
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,  
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.  
" In crowds of pleasure still I find  
" A painful solitude of mind.  
" A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.  
" Hence, and be gone, ye flattering snares,  
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,  
" Ye unperforming promisers !  
" Be all my baser passions dead,  
" And base desires, by nature made  
" For animals and boys :  
" Man has a relish more refin'd,  
" Souls are for social bliss design'd,  
" Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,  
" A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

Myrrha

Myrrha appear'd : " Serene her soul  
 " And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :  
 " In softer beauties shone her face ;  
 " Every Muse, and every Grace,  
 " Made her heart and tongue their feat,  
 " Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet ;  
 " Myrrha the wonder of his eyes ;"  
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprize,  
 With joys unknown before :  
 His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,  
 Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,  
 And could endure no more,  
 " Enough ! (th' impatient hero cries)  
 " And seiz'd her to his breast,  
 " I seek no more below the skies,  
 " I give my slaves the rest."

TO DAVID POLHILL, Esq;

An Answer to an infamous Satyr, called, " Advice to a Painter ;" written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of Glorious Memory, 1698.

S I R,

WHEN you put this satyr into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing ; which might be done  
 much

much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of those efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by

S I R,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

P A R T I.

**A**ND must the hero, that redeem'd our land,  
 Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?  
 The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,  
 Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,  
 And paid an annual tribute of his life  
 To guard his England from the Irish knife,  
 And crush the French dragoon? Must William's name,  
 That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,  
 William the brave, the pious, and the just,  
 Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;  
 Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame?  
 Nor call revenge and darkness on the Poet's name?  
 Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?  
 Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?

Auda-



Audacious wretch ! to stab a monarch's fame,  
 And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame ;  
 To call the painter to his black designs,  
 To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines :  
 Painter, beware ! the monarch can be shown  
 Under no shape but angels, or his own,  
 Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O ! could my thought but grasp the vast design,  
 And words with infinite ideas join,  
 I'd rouse Apelles, from his iron sleep,  
 And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep :  
 Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain  
 Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,  
 Scattering just vengeance through the red campaign.  
 Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,  
 Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,  
 And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the  
 squadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,  
 Far from his troops ; there like a rock he stood  
 His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.  
 Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,  
 And his Maria weeping ; whilst alone  
 He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own :  
 But heaven secures its champion ; o'er the field  
 Paint hovering angels ; though they fly conceal'd,  
 Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,  
 Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,

Then

Then imitate the glory ; on the strand  
 Spread half the nation, longing till he land.  
 Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,  
 All red the warrior, white the ruler paint ;  
 Abroad a hero, and at home a faint.  
 Throne him on high upon a shining seat,  
 Lust and prophaneness dying at his feet,  
 While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,  
 The crowns of war and peace ; and may they blow  
 With flowery blessings ever on his brow.  
 At his right hand pile up the English laws  
 In sacred volumes ; thence the monarch draws  
 His wise and just commands————  
 Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,  
 On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,  
 And bless the piece ; these statutes are your own,  
 That sway the cottage, and direct the throne ;  
 People and prince are one in William's name,  
 Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes display'd,  
 Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,  
 Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.  
 Religion guards him ; round th' imperial queen  
 Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mein ;  
 Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes ;  
 The just, the bold, the temperate and the wise  
 Dwell in his looks ; majestic, but serene ;  
 Sweet, with no fondness ; chearful, but not vain :  
 Bright, without terror ; great, without disdain.

His

His soul inspires us what his lips command,  
 And spreads his brave example through the land :  
 Not so the former reigns ;———  
 Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,  
 Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye ;  
 But the bright treasures of his sacred breast  
 Are too divine, too vast to be exprest :  
 Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,  
 And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

P A R T ' II.

**N**OW, Muse, pursue the satyrist again,  
 Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen ;  
 Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,  
 In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law ;  
 At one slight dash he cancels every name  
 From the white rolls of honesty and fame :  
 This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,  
 Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,  
 And with unpardonable malice sheds  
 Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.  
 Painter, forbear ; or if thy bolder hand  
 Dares to attempt the villains of the land,  
 Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,  
 With silent influence shedding civil war ;  
 Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound  
 Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,  
 And scatters hellish feuds the nation round,

}  
 These

These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe  
That first create the plague, and then the pain describe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,  
Still from the good distinguishing the vile ;  
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,  
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand :  
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,  
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.  
Mark what a selfish faction undermines  
The pious monarch's generous designs,  
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,  
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.  
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,  
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,  
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown :  
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove  
To make us blest, how vain his labours prove  
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the DISCONTENTED and UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

V A R I A, there 's nothing here that 's free  
From wearisome anxiety :  
And the whole round of mortal joys  
With short possession tires and cloy :  
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,  
Just from the window to the bed,

We

We rise to see and to be seen,  
 Gaze on the world awhile, and then  
 We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.  
 But Fancy, that uneasy guest,  
 Still holds a longing in our breast :  
 She finds or frames vexations still.  
 Herself the greatest plague we feel,  
 We take strange pleasure in our pain,  
 And make a mountain of a grain,  
 Assume the load, and pant and sweat  
 Beneath th' imaginary weight.  
 With our dear selves we live at strife,  
 While the most constant scenes of life  
 From peevish humours are not free ;  
 Still we affect variety :  
 Rather than pass an easy day,  
 We fret and chide the hours away,  
 Grow weary of this circling sun,  
 And vex that he should ever run  
 The same old track ; and still, and still  
 Rise red behind yon eastern hill,  
 And chide the moon that darts her light  
 Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,  
 To dwell where trouble never comes ;  
 Sylvia has left the city crowd,  
 Against the court exclaims aloud,  
 Flies to the woods ; a hermit saint !  
 She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,

R

Dear

Dear diamonds from her neck are torn :  
 But Humour, that eternal thorn,  
 Sticks in her heart : She is hurry'd still,  
 'Twixt her wild passions and her will :  
 Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er she roves,  
 By purling streams, and silent groves,  
 Or with her furies, or her loves.

}

Then our own native land we hate,  
 Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;  
 Change the thick climate, and repair  
 To France or Italy for air ;  
 In vain we change, in vain we fly ;  
 Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,  
 Or ride upon the feather'd wind  
 In vain ; if this diseased mind  
 Clings fast, and still sits close behind.  
 Faithful disease, that never fails  
 Attendance at her lady's side,  
 Over the desert or the tide,  
 On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

}

Happy the soul that virtue shows  
 To fix the place of her repose,  
 Needless to move ; for she can dwell  
 In her old grandfire's hall as well.  
 Virtue that never loves to roam,  
 But sweetly hides herself at home.  
 And easy on a native throne  
 Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet



Yet should tumultuous storms arise,  
 And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,  
 Should the waves swell, and make her roll  
 Across the line, or near the pole,  
 Still she 's at peace; for well she knows  
 To launch the stream that duty shows,  
 And makes her home where'er she goes,  
 Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,  
 Or waft her, winds, from East to West  
 On the soft air; she cannot find  
 A couch so easy as her mind,  
 Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

}

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TO JOHN HARTOPP, Esq; afterwards Sir  
 JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

“Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.”

July 1700.

**L**IVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,  
 Nor let the sun look down and say,  
 “Inglorious here he lies;”  
 Shake off your ease, and send your name  
 To immortality and fame,  
 By every hour that flies.

Youth 's a soft scene, but trust her not:  
 Her airy minutes, swift as thought,

Slide off the slippery sphere ;  
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,  
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,  
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dress in green and red,  
And gird her waste with flowing gold,  
Knit blushing roses round her head,  
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,  
The garment waxes old.  
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,  
And the pale gold how dim it shows !

Bright and lasting bliss below  
Is all romance and dream ;  
Only the joys celestial flow  
In an eternal stream,  
The pleasures that the smiling day  
With large right hand bestows,  
Falsely her left conveys away,  
And shuffles in our woes.  
So have I seen a mother play,  
And cheat her silly child,  
She gave and took a toy away,  
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,  
Hurry and vex our mortal state,

And

And all the race of ills create;  
 Now fiery joy, now fullen grief,  
 Commands the reins of human life,  
 The wheels impetuous roll;  
 The harnest hours and minutes strive,  
 And days with stretching pinions drive-  
 -down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies  
 O'er the Venetian sea,  
 When sails, and oars, and labouring skies,  
 Contend to make her way.  
 Swift wings for all the flying hours  
 The God of time prepares,  
 The rest lie still yet in their nest  
 And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq;

1700.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. imitated.

“ Quid me latentem, &c.”

THE noisy world complains of me  
 That I should shun their sight, and flee  
 Visits, and crowds, and company.  
 Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest  
 Till she ascend the skies;  
 And in my closet I could rest  
 Till to the heavens I rise.

Yet they will urge, " This private life  
 " Can never make you blest,  
 " And twenty doors are still at strife  
 " T' engage you for a guest."

Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall  
 Spread open their inviting gates  
 To make my entertainment gay ;  
 I would obey the royal call,  
 But short should be my stay,  
 Since a diviner service waits

T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myself retreat,  
 I shut my doors against the great ;  
 My busy eye-balls inward roll,  
 And there with large survey I see  
 All the wide theatre of Me,  
 And view the various scenes of my retiring soul ;  
 There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,  
 While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,  
 Whether this Opera of life  
 Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

There 's a day hastening, ('tis an awful day !)  
 When the great sovereign shall at large review  
 All that we speak, and all we do,  
 The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay :  
 These he approves, and those he blames,  
 And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.

O if

O if the judge from his tremendous seat  
 Shall not condemn what I have done,  
 I shall be happy though unknown,  
 Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

I hate the Glory, friend, that springs  
 From vulgar breath, and empty sound ;  
 Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale  
 Upon her airy wings,  
 Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound :  
 Then her flagging pinions fail,  
 Down glory falls, and strikes the ground,  
 And breaks her batter'd limbs.  
 Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame ;  
 How happy I should lie  
 In sweet obscurity,  
 Nor the loud world pronounce my little name !  
 Here I could live and die alone ;  
 Or if society be due  
 To keep our taste of pleasure new,  
 Gunston, I 'd live and die with you,  
 For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,  
 And pity kingdoms, and their kings,  
 And smile at all their shining things,  
 Their toys of state, and images of power ;  
 Virtue should dwell within our seat,  
 Virtue alone could make it sweet,  
 Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.

While she withdraws from public praise,  
 Envy perhaps would cease to rail,  
 Envy itself may innocently gaze  
 At beauty in a veil :  
 But if she once advance to light,  
 Her charms are lost in Envy's fight,  
 And Virtue stands the mark of universal spight.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, Esq; afterwards Sir  
 JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

THE DISDAIN.

1700,

**H**ARTOPP, I love the soul that dares  
 Tread the temptations of his years  
 Beneath his youthful feet :  
 Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line  
 Look through the stars, and smile divine  
 Upon an heir so great.  
 Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,  
 That the wild scenes of busy life,  
 The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,  
 Are but the visions of the night,  
 Gay phantoms of delusive light,  
 Or a vexatious dream.  
 Flesh is the vilest and the least  
 Ingredient of our frame :  
 We're born to live above the beast,  
 Or quit the manly name.

Pleasures



Pleasures of sense we leave for boys ;  
 Be shining dust the miser's food ;  
 Let fancy feed on fame and noise,  
 Souls must pursue diviner joys,  
 And seize th' immortal good.

TO MITIO, my FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

**F**ORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the compleatest happiness on earth : But you will quickly discover, that the Muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world ; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE

## T H E M O U R N I N G - P I E C E .

L I F E ' s a long tragedy : This globe the stage,  
 Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,  
 Gay fields, and skies, and seas : The actors many :  
 The plot immense : A flight of dæmons fit  
 On every failing cloud with fatal purpose ;  
 And shoots across the scenes ten thousand arrows  
 Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,  
 With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.  
 The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,  
 Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,  
 Nor wishes an associate. Lo she glides  
 Single through all the storm, and more secure ;  
 Less are her dangers, and her breast receives  
 The fewest darts. “ But, O my lov'd Marilla,  
 “ My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)  
 “ How much art thou expos'd ! Thy growing soul  
 “ Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,  
 “ Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs  
 “ That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage :  
 “ Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces  
 “ Of your own flesh, those little other selves,  
 | “ How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,  
 “ And soften every fibre to improve  
 “ The mother's sad capacity of pain !  
 “ I mourn Fidelio too ; though heaven has chose

A fa-

" A favourite mate for him, of all her sex  
 " The pride and flower : How blest the lovely pair,  
 " Beyond expression, if well mingled loves  
 " And woes well mingled could improve our bliss !  
 " Amidst the rugged cares of life behold  
 " The father and the husband ; flattering names,  
 " That spread his title, and enlarge his share  
 " Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes  
 " To multiply his joys, but every hour  
 " Renews the disappointment and the smart.  
 " There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint  
 " Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,  
 " (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.  
 " Strange is thy power, O Love ! what numerous veins,  
 " And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,  
 " Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,  
 " By strong but secret strings ! With vain attempt  
 " We put the Stoic on, in vain we try  
 " To break the ties of nature and of blood ;  
 " Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion  
 " Inviolably firm : their thrilling motions  
 " Reciprocal give endless sympathy  
 " In all the bitters and the sweets of life.  
 " Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew  
 " These avenues of love to reach our souls,  
 " And pain had never found them !"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try  
 The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,  
 And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,

Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,  
 And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,  
 And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,  
 Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,  
 And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears  
 Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd  
 Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops  
 Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state  
 Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent  
 To soften life, and make our iron cares  
 Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind  
 Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,  
 Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create  
 A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,  
 (For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,  
 What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,  
 If but the absence of a day divide  
 Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles  
 The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes  
 Twinkles in vain: The region of thy soul  
 Is darkness, till thy better star appear.  
 Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain  
 The rolling burden of the tedious hours?  
 The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves  
 Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes  
 Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life  
 Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.  
 Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms

Of

Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears  
 Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,  
 Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death ;  
 Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold  
 Through every vein. Speak, does the stranger Muse  
 Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,  
 Or has she fabled all ? Inform me, friend,  
 Are half thy joys sincere ? Thy hopes fulfill'd  
 Or frustrate ? Here commit thy secret griefs  
 To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here  
 In friendship and oblivion ; lest they spoil  
 Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.  
 Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in  
 The frightful prospect, when untimely death  
 Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,  
 And his dear offspring to the cruel grave  
 Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul  
 Is torn away piece-meal : Thus dies the wretch  
 A various death, and frequent, ere he quit  
 The theatre, and make his Exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate  
 Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs  
 Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand  
 To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,  
 What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off  
 From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove  
 He leaves behind to mourn ? What jealous cares  
 Hang on his parting soul, to think his love  
 Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd



Of savage men ? So parts the dying turtle  
 With sobbing accents, with such sad regret  
 Leaves his kind feather'd mate : The widow bird  
 Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,  
 Forgets her life ; or falls a speedier prey  
 To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak  
 Of hawks athirst for blood—————

The S E C O N D P A R T : Or

The B R I G H T V I S I O N .

**T**HUS far the Muse, in unaccustom'd mood,  
 And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,  
 Indulg'd a gloom of thought ; and thus she sang  
 Partial ; for Melancholy's hateful form  
 Stood by in sable robe : The pensive Muse  
 Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought  
 Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray  
 In the fair world of love : But while she gaz'd  
 Delightful on the state of twin-born souls  
 United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd  
 A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass  
 Deceitful ; blending love and life at once  
 In darkness, chaos, and the common mass  
 Of misery : Now Urania feels the cheat,  
 And breaks the hated optic in disdain.  
 Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo  
 The scene shines bright with bliss : Behold the place  
 Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come

With



With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,  
 Nor malice fork-tongued. On this dear spot,  
 Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station  
 To act thy part of life, serene and blest  
 With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove  
 Where the first authors of our mournful race  
 Liv'd in sweet partnership! one hour they liv'd,  
 But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)  
 For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness  
 Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.  
 The wishing Muse new-dresses the fair garden  
 Amid this desert-world, with budding bliss,  
 And ever-greens, and balms, and flowery beauties  
 Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dews  
 Nightly descending shall impearl the grass  
 And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy  
 Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours  
 Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd  
 Salute your waking senses with perfume:  
 While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice  
 Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure  
 From vicious taint; and with your innocence  
 immortalize the structure of your clay.  
 On this new paradise the cloudless skies  
 Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day  
 With flames unfully'd, (as the fabled torch  
 Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours  
 Along his azure road. The nuptial moon

In milder rays serene, should nightly rise  
 Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge  
 So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,  
 And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,  
 Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,  
 Or perch'd on evening-bough, shall join your worship,  
 Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony ! Hark, through the grove  
 I hear the sound divine ! I 'm all attention,  
 All ear, all extasy ; unknown delight !  
 And the fair Muse proclaims the heaven below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree  
 Disdain converse with men : Again returning  
 I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.  
 Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand  
 Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys  
 To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,  
 Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures  
 Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.  
 Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts  
 And intellectual blifs. 'Twas Raphael taught  
 The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs  
 Of heaven : (So Milton sings, enlightned bard !  
 Nor mis'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain  
 The angel's great narration he repeats  
 To Albion's sons high favour'd.) Thou shalt learn  
 Celestial lessons from his awful tongue ;  
 And with soft grace and interwoven loves

(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse  
 To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.  
 Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers  
 Of Eden, our first father entertain'd  
 Eve his sole auditress; and deep dispute  
 With conjugal caresses on her lip  
 Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes  
 From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.  
 Behold the dear associates seated low  
 On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd;  
 But high their conference! how self-suffic'd  
 Lives their eternal Maker, girt around  
 With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne  
 Mortal access forbids, projecting far  
 Splendors unsufferable and radiant death.  
 With reverence and abasement deep they fall  
 Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay  
 Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls  
 Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;  
 And leads their meditation and discourse  
 Long ages backward, and across the seas  
 To Bethlehem of Judah: There the son,  
 The filial godhead, character expresses  
 Of brightness inexpressible, laid by  
 His beamy robes, and made descent to earth:  
 Sprung from the sons of Adam he became  
 A second father, studious to regain  
 Lost paradise for men, and purchase heaven.

The lovers with indearment mutual thus  
 Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate  
 His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still  
 Held her attention fix'd : she musing sat  
 On the sweet mention of incarnate love,  
 Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.  
 " She sang the Infant God ; (mysterious theme !)  
 " How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile !  
 " The ox and ass his mean companions ; there  
 " In habit vile the shepherds flock around,  
 " Saluting the great mother, and adore  
 " Israel's anointed King, the appointed heir  
 " Of the creation. How debas'd he lies  
 " Beneath his regal state ; for thee, my Mitio,  
 " Debas'd in servile form ; but angels stood  
 " Ministering round their charge with folded wings  
 " Obsequious, though unseen ; while lightsome hours  
 " Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening rose.  
 " Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head  
 " Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,  
 " And with their fanning pinions purge the air  
 " From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,  
 " And impure taint ; while their ambrosial plumes  
 " A dewy slumber on his senses shed.  
 " Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung  
 " Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,  
 " And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then  
 " Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes  
 " Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.

" Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn  
 " Smiles in the East with eye-lids opening fair,  
 " But not so fair as thine ; O I could fold Thee,  
 " My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,  
 " For ever in these arms ! For ever dwell  
 " Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,  
 " And every pulse should beat seraphic love !  
 " Around my feat should crouching cherubs come  
 " With swift ambition, zealous to attend  
 " Their prince, and form a heaven below the sky.

" Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought  
 " Of female-fondness, and forgive the man  
 " That interrupts such melting harmony !"  
 Thus Mitio ; and awakes her nobler powers  
 To pay just worship to the sacred King,  
 Jesus, the God ; nor with devotion pure  
 Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;  
 (Vain blandishment ! ) " Come, turn thine eyes aside  
 " From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful steep  
 " Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls  
 " Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.  
 " Can my Beloved bear to trace the feet  
 " Of her Redeemer panting up the hill  
 " Hard burden'd ? Can thy heart attend his cross ?  
 " Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,  
 " For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine  
 " (Horrible load ! ) the sinful Saviour groans,  
 " And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.  
 " Adoring angels pry with bending head



" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire  
 " This infinite design. Here peace is made  
 " 'Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man ;  
 " Here Satan overthrown with all his hofts  
 " In fecond ruin rages and despairs ;  
 " Malice itself despairs. The captive prey  
 " Long held in flavery hopes a fweet release,  
 " And Adam's ruin'd offspring fhall revive  
 " Thus ranfom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair difciple heard ; her paffions move  
 Harmonious to the great difcourfe, and breathe  
 Refin'd devotion : while new fmiles of love  
 Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees  
 Read o'er the covenant of eternal life  
 Brought down to men ; feal'd by the facred Three  
 In heaven ; and feal'd on earth with God's own blood.  
 Here they unite their names again, and fign  
 Thofe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleft co-heirs  
 Celeftial ! Ye fhall grow to manly age,  
 And, fpite of earth and hell, in feafon due  
 Poffefs the fair inheritance above.)  
 With joyous admiration they furvey  
 The gofpel treasures infinite, unfeen  
 By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,  
 And unconceiv'd by thought : Riches divine  
 And honours which the Almighty Father God  
 Pour'd with immense profufion on his Son,  
 High treafurer of heaven. The Son beftows  
 The life, the love, the bleffing, and the joy



On bankrupt mortals who believe and love  
 His name. " Then, my Chariffa, all is thine.  
 " And thine, my Mitio, the fair faint replies.  
 " Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,  
 " And place, and time, are ours ; and things to come,  
 " And past, and present ; for our interest stands  
 " Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.  
 " 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while  
 " We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth  
 " Bears plenteous ; and revolving seasons still  
 " Drefs her vast globe in various ornament.  
 " For us this chearful sun and chearful light  
 " Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky  
 " Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,  
 " Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold  
 " Inwrought, when night alternates her return.  
 " For us time wears his wings out : Nature keeps  
 " Her wheels in motion : and her fabrick stands.  
 " Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight  
 " Are now preparing, and a mansion fair  
 " Awaits us, where the saints unbody'd live.  
 " Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin :  
 " Thither our hearts with most incessant wish  
 " Panting aspire ; when shall that dearest hour  
 " Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,  
 " Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home ?"

O blest connubial state ! O happy pair,  
 Envy'd by yet unsociated souls  
 Who seek their faithful twins ! Your pleasures rise

Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,  
 Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm  
 As summer-evenings. The vile sons of earth  
 Groveling in dust with all their noisy jars  
 Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more  
 Than barking animals affright the moon  
 Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.  
 Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign  
 O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway  
 Mutual and everlasting : Friendship knows  
 No property in good, but all things common  
 That each possesses, as the light or air  
 In which we breathe and live : There 's not one thought  
 Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,  
 But every passage open as the day  
 To one another's breast, and inmost mind.  
 Thus by communion your delight shall grow,  
 Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow, }  
 Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely glow. }

The T H I R D P A R T : Or

The A C C O U N T balanced.

**S**HOULD sovereign love before me stand,  
 With all his train of pomp and state,  
 And bid the daring Muse relate  
 His comforts and his cares ;  
 Mitio, I would not ask the sand  
 For metaphors t' express their weight,  
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars.

Tby

Thy cares and comforts, sovereign Love,  
 Vastly out-weigh the sand below,  
 And to a larger audit grow  
 Than all the stars above.

Thy mighty losses and thy gains  
 Are their own mutual measures ;  
 Only the man that knows thy pains  
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene,  
 Damon is half-divinely blest,  
 Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,  
 Without a jealous thought, or busy care between :  
 Then the sweet passions mix and share ;  
 Florella tells thee all her heart,  
 Nor can thy soul's remotest part  
 Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.

Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,  
 When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy,  
 Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.  
 While thy dear offspring round thee sit,  
 Or sporting innocently at thy feet  
 Thy kindest thoughts engage :  
 Those little images of thee,  
 What pretty toys of youth they be,  
 And growing props of age!

But short is earthly bliss ! The changing wind  
 Blows from the sickly South, and brings  
 Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,  
 Relentless death sits close behind :

Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,  
 With piercing groans salutes his ears,  
 Through every vein the thrilling torments roll ;  
 While sweet and bitter are at strife  
 In those dear miseries of life,  
 Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.  
 The pleasing sense of love awhile  
 Mixt with the heart-ake may the pain beguile,  
 And make a feeble fight :  
 Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,  
 Then every smiling passion dies,  
 And hope alone with wakeful eyes  
 Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning light.

Here then let my ambition rest,  
 May I be moderately blest  
 When I the laws of Love obey :  
 Let but my pleasure and my pain  
 In equal balance ever reign,  
 Or mount by turns and sink again,  
 And share just measures of alternate sway.  
 So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;  
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes  
 On this dull stage of clay :  
 The tribes beneath the northern Bear  
 Submit to darkness half the year,  
 Since half the year is day.

On the Death of the Duke of GLOUCESTER,  
just after Mr. DRYDEN. 1700.

An EPIGRAM.

**D**RYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing  
The full-grown glories of a future king.  
Now Gloster dies: Thus lesser heroes live  
By that immortal breath that Poet's give;  
And scarce revive the Muse: But William stands,  
Nor asks his honours from the Poet's hands,  
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,  
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An Epigram of MARTIAL to CIRINUS.

“ Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo  
“ Ut mecum possis, &c.”

Inscribed to Mr. JOSIAH HORTE. 1694.  
Lord Bishop of KILMORE \* in IRELAND.

**S**O smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,  
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,  
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,  
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.  
Yet modest you decline the public stage,  
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age,

So

\* Afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

So Maro did ; the mighty Maro sings  
 In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,  
 And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings. }  
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,  
 Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire, }  
 And at his will could silence all the Lyric quire. }  
 So to his Varius he resign'd the praise  
 Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,  
 When he could thunder with a loftier vein,  
 And sing of Gods and Heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,  
 And compliments will every friend bestow ;  
 Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,  
 Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,  
 And yields the tenderest point of honour, Wit. }

## E P I S T O L A

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

**R**URSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas,  
 eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervene-  
 runt ; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad  
 epistolare munus excitavit calamus ; non inane est inter  
 nos Fraternal Nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intus  
 animat, agitque, & concordet in ambobus efficit motus ;  
 O utinam crescat indies, & vigescat mutua charitas ;  
 faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat & defæcet pec-  
 tora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ amicitiae flammis  
 erga



erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus ; Con-  
templemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud & adorandum  
exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus  
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras  
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices ; sponsoris obivit  
Munia, & in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis  
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam  
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas  
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris  
Amplexus solitosve : Artus nudatus amictu  
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras  
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige \* sagittas,  
“ Hæc, ait, iratum forbebunt pectora ferrum,  
“ Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.”

Dixit, & horrendum fremuere tonitrua cœli  
Infensusque Deus, (quem jam posuisse paternum  
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores  
Ad tantos pevesacta silet.) Jam dissilit æther,  
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,  
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,  
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,  
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ  
In caput immeritum ; diro hic sub pondere pressus

\* Job iv. 6.

Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus

\* Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.

Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori

Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes

Acri ter, & somno languentem suscitât † ensem :

“ Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue sacro

“ Flumine mucronem ; Vos hinc, mea spicula, latè

“ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,

“ Immensum tolerare valet ; ad pondere pœnæ

“ Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.

“ Et tu sacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,

“ Ebibe vindictam ; vastâ fatiabere cæde,

“ Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens

“ Permissus Deitate Cruor.” —————

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ

Dilaniatque sinus ; sancti penetralia cordis

Panduntur, sævis avidas dolor involat alis,

Atque audax mentem scrutator, & ilia mordet ;

Interea servator † ovat, victorque doloris

Eminet, illustri § perfusus membra cruore,

Exultatque miser fieri ; nam fortiùs illum

Urget Patris Honos, & non vincenda voluptas

Servandi miseros fontes ; O nobilis ardor

Pœnarum ! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis

Durus amor ? Quid non cœlestia ?

\* Luke xxii. 44. † Zech. xiii. 7. ‡ Col. ii. 15.

§ Luke xxii. 24.

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amens Musa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus astringere, & ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læserit, & audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi & crescentes versus noluère plura; & coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, & in studio pietatis & artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à Museo meo Londini xvto Kalend. Febr.

Anno Salutis C1813CXIII.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo.

Sept. 30. 1691.

**I** FELIX, pede prospero  
 I frater, trabe pineâ  
 Sulces æquora cœrula  
 Pandas carbasa flatibus  
 Quæ tutò reditura sint.  
 Non te monstra natantia  
 Ponti carnivoræ incolæ  
 Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis,

Navis, tu tibi creditum  
 Fratrem dimidium mei  
 Salvum fer per inhospita  
 Ponti regna, per avios  
 Tractus, & liquidum chaos.  
 Nec te sorbeat horrida  
 Syrtis, nec scopulus minax  
 Rumpat roborem latus.  
 Captent mitia flamina  
 Antennæ; & zephyri leves  
 Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos  
 Fluctus oceani regis,  
 Et sævum boream domas.  
 Da fratri faciles vias,  
 Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

Dm JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

**E**T te, Pinhorni, Musa Trifantica  
 Salutatur, ardens discipulam tuam  
 Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,  
 Nunc Latias per amœnitates  
 Tutò pererrans te recolitur ducem,  
 Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus  
 Non durâ duxisse manu.

Tuo

Tuo patefcunt lumine Thefpîi  
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridœn iter :

En altus affurgens Homerus  
Arma deosque virosque miscens

Occupat æthereum Parnaffi culmen : Homeri  
Immenfos ftupear manes —

Te, Maro, dulcè canens fylvas, te bella fonantem  
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ ;

Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,  
Debita Thura Lyræ.

Vobis, magna trias ! clariffima nomina femper  
Scrinia noſtra patent, & pectora noſtra patebunt,  
Quum mihi cunque levem concefferit otia & horam  
Divina Mofis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipfa pudendas  
Deponat veneres : venias fed \* “ purus & inſons ”  
“ Ut te collaudem, dum fordes & mala luſtra ”

Ablutus, Venusine, canis rideſve. Recifæ  
Hâc lege accedant ſâtyræ Juvenalis, amari  
Terroros vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet  
Perſius, obſcuros vates, niſi lumina circum-  
-fuſa forent, ſphingifque ænigmata, Bonde, ſcidiffes.  
Grande fonans Senecæ fulmen, grandifque cothurni  
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem  
Ordine, & ambabus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis  
Pictos abacos : improba tineæ  
Obiit, nec audat ſæva caſtas  
Attingere blatta camœnas.

\* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum  
 Farrago inertûm, stercoreis impii  
 Sentina fœtens, Martialis,  
 In barathrum relegandus imum  
 Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum  
 Infulsè mollem, naribus, auribus  
 Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi  
 Spurcos Nasonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ  
 En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago  
 Jessiadæ salveto ; potens seu numinis iras  
 Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis  
 Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono  
 Sedare fluctus pectoris.  
 Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,  
 Tu domi astabis socius perennis,  
 Seu levi mensæ simul assidere  
 Dignabere, seu lecticæ.  
 Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem  
 Aureos suadebis inire somnos  
 Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-  
 livia curis,  
 Stet juxtâ \* Casimirus, huic nec parciùs ignem  
 Natura indulfit nec Musa armavit alumnum  
 \* Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.

\* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski Poeta insignis Polonis.

Quanta



Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!

\* Humana linquens (en sibi devii

Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus

Spatiatur in aëre pennis.

Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,

Cognatosve thronos & patrium polum

Visurus confurgis ovans,

Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,

Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum

O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet

Musa, simul totus fervere

Sentio, stellatas levis induor

Alas & tollor in altum.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede

Elato inter sidera radens vertice

Longè despecto mortalia.

Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,

Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia fœcli

Terrellæ grandia inania,

Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.

O curas hominum miseras! Cano,

Et miseras nugas diademata!

Ventosæ fortis ludibrium.

\* Lib. ii. Ode V.

T

En

En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,  
 Gestit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen  
 Mens afflata Deo—————

————— at vos heroes & arma  
 Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.  
 Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,  
 Pallas ! aut vestræ, Dyonyse, Thyrsis ?  
 Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & Hercules,  
 Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,  
 Abstinate à carmine nostro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens ! te nostra sonabit Jesu  
 Musa, nec assueto cœlestes harbiton aufû  
 Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen &  
 Immensum sine lege deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor ;  
 Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En la-  
 bascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane  
 ætheris, jacet victa, obtupestcit, filet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini ; fragmen  
 hoc rude licet & impolitur æqui boni consulas, &  
 gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

Votum,

Votum, seu Vita in terris beata.

Ad virum dignissimum JOHANNEM  
HARTOPPIUM, Bartum.

1702.

**H**ARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis  
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges  
Quem mea Musa beat,  
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,  
Et similes superis annos agit  
“ Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.”  
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus  
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes  
Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem  
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis  
(Plausus infani tumidus popelli)  
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,  
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.  
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,  
Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ  
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete  
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

○ si daretur stamina proprii  
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,

T 2.

Atque:

Atque meum mihi fingere fatum ;  
 Candidus vitæ color innocentis  
 Fila nativo decoraret albo  
 Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.

Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ  
 Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.  
 Longè à triumphis, & sonitu tubæ  
 Longè remotos tranfigerem dies :  
 Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)  
 Et vos abstate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres  
 Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro  
 Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè  
 Dura phthisis mala, dura tuffis.  
 Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto  
 Turba mercantûm ; gratiùs alvear  
 Demulcet aures murmure, gratius  
 Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes  
 Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes  
 Eminus in tuto à linguis——  
 Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,  
 Valetè, cives, & amœna fraudis  
 Verba ; proh mores ! & inane sacri  
 Nomen amici !

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis  
 Felle sacratum vitias amorem,  
 Absis æternùm, diva libidinis  
 Et pharetrate puer !

Hinc,

Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola ?  
 Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus ;  
 Æthereâ fervent face pectora,  
 Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,  
 Et juvenis JEFFÆUS amor mihi.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra  
 JEFFÆA) lætis auribus insonet,  
 Nec WATSIANIS è medullis  
 Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.  
 Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,  
 Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,  
 Nunc simul adfistis, nunc vicissim,  
 Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER, afterwards Mrs. ROWE.

On the Sight of some of her divine Poems, never  
 printed.

July 19, 1706.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames  
 I tun'd my harp ; nor did celestial themes  
 Refuse to dance upon my strings :  
 There beneath the evening sky  
 I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high  
 To everlasting things.

Sudden from Albion's western coast  
 Harmonious notes come gliding by,  
 The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;  
 "'Tis Philomela's voice, the neighbouring shepherds  
 At once my strings all silent lie, [cry;"  
 At once my fainting Muse was lost,  
 In the superior sweetness drown'd.  
 In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;  
 My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,  
 I was all ear, and Philomela's song  
 Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,  
 My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago  
 I bid adieu to mortal things,  
 To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,  
 'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings:  
 Now those immortal strings have no employ,  
 Since a fair angel dwells below,  
 To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.  
 Let all my powers with awe profound  
 While Philomela sings,  
 Attend the rapture of the sound,  
 And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

The E N D of the S E C O N D B O O K .



H O R Æ L Y R I C Æ.



B O O K III.

Sacred to the Memory of the D E A D.

---

An Epitaph on King WILLIAM III.  
Of Glorious Memory.

Who died March the 8th, 1701.

**B**ENEATH these honours of a tomb,  
Greatness in humble ruin lies :  
(How earth confines in narrow room  
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

Preserve, O venerable pile,  
Inviolatè thy sacred trust ;  
To thy cold arms the British isle,  
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,  
Attend the monarch as he lies,  
And bid the softest Slumbers wait  
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear Sword beneath his head ;  
Round him his faithful Arms shall stand :  
Fix his bright Ensigns on his bed,  
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,  
Place Albion fainting by his side,  
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,  
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave Religion set  
In solemn gold ; pronounce the ground  
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,  
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty in fables dress'd,  
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,  
" William, the scourge of tyrants past,  
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet Peace his sacred relicks keep,  
With olives blooming round her head,  
And stretch her wings across the deep  
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,  
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,  
Thy thousand voices sound his name  
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,  
 While hoary Truth inspires the song;  
 Envy grow pale and bite the ground,  
 And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave remove your gloom;  
 Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;  
 But glory bids the royal tomb  
 Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,  
 And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,  
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn  
 To aid the triumphs of the day.

On the sudden Death of Mrs. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolance to  
 Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amsterdam.

**H**ARK! She bids all her friends adieu;  
 Some angel calls her to the spheres;  
 Our eyes the radiant faint pursue  
 Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,  
 Till we shall meet again above  
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,  
 And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There

There glory sits on every face,  
There friendship smiles in every eye,  
There shall our tongues relate the grace  
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King  
Shall our harmonious voices rove,  
Our harps shall sound from every string  
The wonders of his bleeding Love.

Come, sovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come,  
Remove these separating days,  
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home ;  
That golden hour, how long it stays !

How long must we lie lingering here,  
While faints around us take their flight ?  
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,  
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,  
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,  
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,  
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind  
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb !  
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,  
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPI T A P H I U M Viri Venerabilis  
 Dom. N. M A T H E R,  
 Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri  
 N A T H A N A E L I S M A T H E R I.

QUOD mori potuit hic fuptus depositum est,  
 Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,  
 Fidas enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit  
 Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,  
 Et per utramque Angliam celebri,  
 Americanum sc. atque Europæam.  
 Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus  
 Non fallacem :

Et hunc utraque novit Anglia  
 Doctum & docentem.

Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ ;  
 At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt

Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio :  
 Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)  
 Supra pietatem modestia,  
 Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.

Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis  
 Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina  
 Præstantiora edidit,

Toties hominem sedulus occuluit  
 Ut solus conspiceretur Deus :

Voluit

Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;  
 Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet !  
 Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor  
     Invita obruit silentio.  
 Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam.  
 Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,  
     Puram ab humanâ fæce.  
 Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,  
     Et ingens propugnaculum.  
 Concionatur gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;  
     Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,  
         Nec deerat ;  
         Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit  
 Rerum dicendarum Majestas, & Deus præsens.  
     Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,  
         Hinc toties fugatus Satanus.  
         Et hinc victoriæ  
         Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.  
 Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere  
     Altum & salutare vulnus :  
 Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,  
     Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.  
     Ex defæcato cordis fonte  
 Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,  
     Etiam in familiari contubernio :  
 Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,  
 Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,  
     Et semper supra socios ;  
 Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem  
     Quaquaversus & latè diffudit.



Dolores tolerans supra fidem,  
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!

Inviſto animo, victrice patientiâ

Varias curarum moles pertulit

Et in ſtadio & in metâ vitæ:

Quam ubi propinquam vidit

Plerophoriâ fidei quaſi curru alato veſtus

Properè & exultim attigit.

Natus eſt in agro Lancaſtrienſi 20<sup>o</sup> Martii, 1630.

Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.

Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,

Tandem (ut ſemper) providentiâ fecutus ducem,

Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenſes præpoſitus eſt,

Quos doctrinâ precibus, & vita beavit:

Ah brevi!

Corpore ſolutus 26<sup>o</sup> Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.

Eccleſiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.

Probis piisſque omnibus

Infandum ſui deſiderium:

Dum pulvis Chriſto charus hic dulcè dormit

Expectans ſtellam matutinam.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN SHOWER, on the  
Death of his Daughter Mrs. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

**H**OW great ſoever was my ſenſe of your loſs, yet I  
did not think myſelf fit to offer any lines of com-  
fort: your own meditations can furniſh you with many

a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

S I R,

Your affectionate humble servant,

Decemb. 22, 1707.

I. W.

An

An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. ANNE WARNER,  
 who died of the Small-Pox, December 18,  
 1707. at One of the Clock in the Morning; a  
 few Days after the Birth and Death of her first  
 Child.

A WAKE, my Muse, range the wide world of souls,  
 And seek Venera fled; With upward aim  
 Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,  
 Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that patrol  
 The British sky, have notic'd her ascent  
 Near the meridian star; pursue the track  
 To the bright confines of immortal day  
 And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,  
 (For nothing scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss  
 So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade  
 Of Amaranth, or chearful Ever-green,  
 She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds  
 Angelic or humane, her mortal toil  
 And travels through this howling wilderness;  
 By what divine protections she escap'd  
 Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd  
 In combination to assail her virtue  
 (Snares set to murder souls); but heaven secur'd  
 The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe  
 Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,  
 And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there  
 The young maternal passion, and absolve  
 The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!  
 That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside  
 From our dim regions to th' Eternal Sun,  
 And led the parent's way to glory! There  
 Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd  
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)  
 Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice  
 And sing her welcome. She along their seats  
 Gliding salutes them all with honours due  
 Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds  
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,  
 But vacant: "This" (with sure presage she cries)  
 "Awaits my father; when will he arrive?  
 "How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her mate)  
 "Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,  
 "Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever One."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams  
 Croud with sweet violence on my waking mind!  
 Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, Muse,  
 Chuses she rather to retire apart  
 To recollect her dissipated powers,  
 And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed  
 From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,

From

From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,  
 And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.  
 Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells  
 In contemplation, with unerring clue  
 Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,  
 O when shall thy release from cumberous flesh  
 Pass the great seal of heaven? What happy hour  
 Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace  
 The intellectual world? Divine delight!  
 Venera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings  
 To some new golden harp th' Almighty deeds,  
 The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,  
 His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:  
 Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,  
 And mortal ears could bear them! —

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne  
 Prostrate, in humble form, with deep devotion  
 O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight  
 Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?  
 Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,  
 And Hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,  
 Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,  
 And emulation vain, and fond conceit,  
 And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,  
 Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,  
 How her joys heighten, and her golden hours  
 Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul  
 Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd  
 To call my passions and my eyes aside

From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!  
 I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view  
 Of melancholy fondness : Tears bedewing  
 That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,  
 Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,  
 That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd  
 So sweet a structure ! The impoisoning taint  
 O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,  
 And ruins the rich temple to the dust !

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd  
 Features of wit and virtue ? This the face  
 Where love triumph'd ? and beauty on these cheeks,  
 As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes  
 Was seated to advantage ; mild, serene,  
 Reflecting rosy light ? So sits the sun  
 (Fair eye of heaven ! ) upon a crimson cloud  
 Near the horizon, and with gentle ray  
 Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,  
 Portending night, with foul and heavy wing  
 Involve the golden star, and sink him down  
 Opprest with darkness.—

On the Death of an Aged and Honoured Relative,  
 Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.

I Know the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she ;  
 Among the heavenly forms I see  
 The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free ;

O how



O how unlike the thing was lately seen  
 Groaning and panting on the bed,  
 With ghastly air, and languish'd head,  
 Life on this side, there the dead,  
 While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

Long did the earthy house restrain  
 In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;  
 Prison'd her round in walls of pain,  
 And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;  
 Till by the weight of numerous days oppress'd  
 The earthy house began to reel,  
 The pillars trembled, and the building fell;  
 The captive soul became her own again:  
 Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,  
 A tedious train of fourscore years,  
 The prisoner smil'd to be releas'd,  
 She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view  
 Paint her idea all anew;  
 Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe  
 That hang around the memory, and becloud it so.  
 Come Fancy, come, with essences refin'd,  
 With youthful green, and spotless white;  
 Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright  
 T' express the beauties of a naked mind.  
 Provide no glooms to form a shade;  
 All things above of vary'd light are made,  
 Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.

But if the features too divine  
 Beyond the power of fancy shine,  
 Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

Describe the saint from head to feet,  
 Make all the lines in just proportion meet ;  
 But let her posture be  
 Filling a chair of high degree ;  
 Observe how near it stands to the Almighty seat.  
 Paint the new graces of her eyes ;  
 Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,  
 And joys unknown below the skies.  
 Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,  
 And to the breast confin'd,  
 Sits here triumphant on the brow,  
 And breaks with radiant glories through  
 The features of the mind.  
 Express her passion still the same,  
 But more divinely sweet ;  
 Love has an everlasting flame,  
 And makes the work complete.

The painter Muse with glancing eye  
 Observ'd a manly spirit nigh\*,

\* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had such acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth. W.

That death had long disjoin'd :  
 " In the fair tablet they shall stand  
 " United by a happier band :"  
 She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,  
 Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round !)  
 Since he was seen on earth no more :  
 He fought in lower seas and drown'd ;  
 But victory and peace he found  
 On the superior shore.

There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs  
 Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.  
 Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,  
 The pencil and the well-known lute,  
 Powerful numbers, charming wit,  
 And every art and science meet, [feet.  
 And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall  
 (Rich varnish of immortal art)  
 To gild the bright original !  
 'Tis done. The Muse has now perform'd her part.  
 Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,  
 And let my Honour and my Love  
 Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A Funeral Poem on the Death of T H O M A S  
G U N S T O N , Esq; presented to the Right  
Honourable the Lady A B N E Y , Lady-Mayorefs  
of London.

July 1701.

M A D A M ,

**H**AD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabrick to the other: It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a compleat elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breath-

ing out my own complaints ; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself ; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is : Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more christian poem ; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprizing that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it ; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him ; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

M A D A M,

Your ladyship's most hearty

and obedient servant,

I. W A T T S .

To



To the dear Memory of my honoured Friend,  
 THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq;

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished  
 his Seat at Newington.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,  
 Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice  
 In funeral numbers and a doleful song;  
 Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,  
 Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name  
 Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,  
 All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise  
 On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies  
 Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,  
 And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd  
 To shout him welcome to the feat he rear'd!  
 There the dear man should see his hopes complete,  
 Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet  
 That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years  
 Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:  
 Revolving suns should still renew his strength,  
 And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length,  
 But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,  
 Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.  
 Thus airy Pleasure dances in our eyes,  
 And spreads false images in fair disguise,

T' allure our souls, till just within our arms  
 The vision dies, and all the painted charms  
 Flee quick away from the pursuing fight,  
 Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend  
 To the fair Fabrick that thy dying friend  
 Built nameless : 'twill suggest a thousand things  
 Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep Foundations strong,  
 Marking the bounds, and rear the Walls along  
 Solid and lasting ; there a numerous train  
 Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,  
 While nations perish, and long ages run,  
 Nations unborn, and ages unbegun :  
 Not time itself should waste the blest estate,  
 Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.  
 How fond our fancies are ! The founder dies  
 Childless ; his sisters weep and close his eyes,  
 And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries. }  
 Lefty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,  
 While weighty sorrow nods on every plume ;  
 A thousand groans his dear remains convey, }  
 To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,  
 His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way. }  
 See the dull wheels roll on the fable road ;  
 But no dear son to tread the mournful load,  
 And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,  
 The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

O had

O had he left us One behind, to play  
 Wanton about the painted Hall, and say,  
 "This was my father's," with impatient joy  
 In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,  
 And call him my young friend: but awful fate,  
 Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,  
 Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name,  
 Possess these Rooms, the labours of my friend?  
 Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?  
 Why these Apartments all adorn'd so gay?  
 Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?  
 Muse, view the Paintings, how the hovering light  
 Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,  
 And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,  
 Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;  
 But night, eternal night, hangs black around  
 The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,  
 And solid shades unmingled round his bed  
 Stand hideous: Earthy fogs embrace his head,  
 And noisome vapours glide along his face  
 Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,  
 Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,  
 Look to his airy spacious Hall, and say,  
 "How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,  
 "Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy house, looks desolate and mourns,  
 And every door groans doleful as it turns;

The

The pillars languish ; and each lofty wall  
 Stately in grief, laments the master's fall.  
 In drops of briny dew ; the fabrick bears  
 His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.  
 Solid and square it rises from below :  
 A noble air without a gaudy show  
 Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,  
 Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,  
 That dear memorial of the best lov'd name !  
 Then could I wish for some prodigious cave  
 Vast as his feat, and silent as his grave,  
 Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,  
 Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off ;  
 Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn  
 At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.  
 There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,  
 Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.  
 But these are airy thoughts ! substantial grief  
 Grows by those objects that should yield relief ;  
 Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,  
 My grief from every prospect courts a wound ;  
 Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,  
 Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise ;  
 My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,  
 And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,  
 And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To



To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,  
 And drop the tribute of an hourly tear :  
 Still I behold some melancholy scene,  
 With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.  
 Two days ago we took the evening air,  
 I, and my grief, and my Urania there ;  
 Say, my Urania, how the western sun  
 Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone  
 Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,  
 And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day ;  
 Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head  
 From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.  
 The rising sun adorn'd with all his light  
 Smiles on these walls again : but endless night  
 Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunston lies,  
 He's set for ever, and must never rise.  
 Then why these beams, unseasonable star,  
 These lightsome smiles descending from afar,  
 To greet a mourning house ? In vain the day  
 Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,  
 And marks a shining path along the floors  
 Bounding the evening and the morning hours ;  
 In vain it bounds them : while vast emptiness  
 And hollow silence reigns through all the place,  
 Nor heeds the chearful change of nature's face.  
 Yet nature's wheels will on without control,  
 The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,  
 And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch  
 the pole.

}  
 }  
 }  
 See



See while I speak, high on her fable wheel  
 Old night advancing climbs the eastern hill :  
 Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ; behold,  
**How** their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold  
 Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away  
 Slowly pursuing the declining day ;  
 O'er the broad Roof they fly their circuit still,  
 Thus days before they did, and days to come they will ;  
 But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,  
 Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies :  
 Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone ;  
 Ah fruitless wish ! how are his curtains drawn  
 For a long evening that despairs the dawn !

Muse, view the Turret : just beneath the skies  
 Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,  
 As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat  
 Sacred to friendship ! O divine retreat !  
 Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,  
 And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,  
 When weary of the noisy town, my friend  
 From mortal cares retiring, should ascend  
 And lead me thither. We alone would sit  
 Free and secure of all intruding feet :  
 Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings, and rise,  
 Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies :  
 Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,  
 And speak what mortals dare, of all the names  
 Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats  
**Built high in heaven for souls : We 'd trace the streets**  
 Of



Of golden pavement, walk each blisful field,  
 And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield :  
 Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,  
 And walk right upwards to that blest abode :  
 We 'd charge our parting spirits there to meet, }  
 There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat, }  
 And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet. }  
 Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings  
 In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,  
 While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move, }  
 And minutes measur'd, as they are above, }  
 By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,  
 Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,  
 A large round prospect of the spreading plain, }  
 The wealthy river, and his winding train, }  
 The smoky city, and the busy men. }  
 How we should smile to see degenerate worms  
 Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms  
 Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound  
 Till envy rise, and shoot a second wound  
 At swelling glory, frait the bubble breaks,  
 And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes ;  
 Then the tall titles insolent and proud  
 Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing : Still vain and wild,  
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child :

His

His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound,  
 To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,  
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,  
 For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!  
 'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,  
 And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,  
 And banish all the lawful sweets of life,  
 To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,  
 Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,  
 And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just  
 Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.  
 'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send  
 To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,  
 For thou hadst learnt to manage and command  
 The wealth that heaven bestow'd with liberal hand:  
 Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat  
 Made to invite my not unwilling feet:  
 In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,  
 And smile, and love, and bless each other here,  
 The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,  
 Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,  
 And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know  
 The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe,  
 Young mothers, who your darling babes have found  
 Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;

Ye

Ye frightened nymphs, who on the bridal bed  
 Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,  
 Come; in the pomp of all your wild despair,  
 With flowing eye-lids, and disorder'd hair,  
 Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,  
 And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mold,  
 Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold  
 Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known  
 Two happy souls made intimately One,  
 And felt a parting stroke: 'Tis you must tell  
 The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:  
 This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,  
 Off from its side its dearest half is torn,  
 The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn. }  
 Oh infinite distress! such raging grief  
 Should command pity, and despair relief.  
 Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,  
 Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky Woods and echoing Hills around,  
 Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:  
 Be all ye flowery Vales with thorns o'ergrown,  
 Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;  
 Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain  
 Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:  
 Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen  
 In wintery robes, instead of youthful green;  
 And bid the Brook, that still runs warbling by,  
 Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.

Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,  
 And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb :  
 The oak shall wither, and the curling vine  
 Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine  
 Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul with  
 mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn \* ;  
 Strip off your pride, to dress your master's urn :  
 Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears :  
 Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,  
 Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage  
 Of the mad winds ; thus it becomes your age  
 To shew your sorrows. Often ye have seen  
 Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green ;  
 Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,  
 Here friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway :  
 Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,  
 The burthens of the breast, and labours of the thought ;  
 Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground  
 Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,  
 And mingled every care ; nor was it known  
 Which of the pains and pleasures were our own ;  
 Then with an equal hand and honest soul  
 We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,  
 And all the passions there through both our bosoms roll.  
 By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,  
 And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

\* There was a long row of tall elms then standing  
 where some years after the lower garden was made.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic powers  
 Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?  
 Bound to thy foot we boast our birth-right still,  
 And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,  
 And chang'd away our souls: At thy command,  
 We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,  
 To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,  
 Plague the dear self that we were born to please.  
 Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne  
 Heap on poor mortals sorrows not their own;  
 As though our mother nature could no more  
 Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,  
 Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out the  
 store.

Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,  
 Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,  
 And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves  
 the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving Muse  
 Wild and despairing knows not what she does,  
 Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours  
 Affronts the name she loves and she adores.  
 She is thy votaress too; and at thy shrine,  
 O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,  
 While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.  
 Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,  
 To pay devotion with a mutual flame,  
 Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!  
 And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind



Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze  
 Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting through the trees :  
 The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,  
 And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung ;  
 The slow-declining sun with sloping wheels  
 Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,  
 Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets,  
 Lament ; for ye our midnight hours have known,  
 And watch'd us walking by the silent moon  
 In conference divine, while heavenly fire  
 Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire  
 With joys almost immortal ; then our zeal  
 Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,  
 And love refin'd, like that above the poles,  
 Threw both our arms round one another's souls  
 In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,  
 Forbear, my song ! this is too much to hear,  
 Too dreadful to repeat ; such joys as these  
 Fled from the earth for ever ! —

Oh for a general grief ! let all things share  
 Our woes, that knew our loves : The neighbouring air  
 Let it be laden with immortal sighs,  
 And tell the gales, that every breath that flies  
 Over these fields should murmur and complain,  
 And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.  
 Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around  
 For ever weep : this is an endless wound,



Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew  
 His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too :  
 At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,  
 And I no more must hear the charming voice :  
 Woe to my drooping soul ! that heavenly breath,  
 That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death ;  
 While on his folded lips all cold and pale  
 Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,  
 Once more at least, one gentle word, and then  
 Gunston aloud I call : In vain I cry  
 Gunston aloud ; for he must ne'er reply.  
 In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,  
 Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears :  
 Wandering I tune my sorrows to the groves,  
 And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves ;  
 While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not :  
 He hath forgot me : In the lonesome vault  
 Mindless of Watts and Friendship, cold he lies  
 Deaf and unthinking clay.—

But whither am I led ? This artless grief  
 Hurries the Muse on, obstinate and deaf  
 To all the nicer rules, and bears her down  
 From the tall fabrick to the neighbouring ground :  
 The pleasing hours, the happy moments past  
 In these sweet fields reviving on my taste  
 Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.

}  
}

Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,  
 And reach the Turret thou hast left so long :  
 O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,  
 Long waiting our converse ; but only hears  
 The noisy tumults of the realms on high ;  
 The winds salute it whistling as they fly,  
 Or jarring round the windows ; rattling showers  
 Lash the fair sides ; above, loud thunder roars ;  
 But still the master sleeps ; nor hears the voice  
 Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise :  
 An iron slumber sits on every sense,  
 In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One labour more, my Muse, the golden Sphere  
 Seems to demand : See through the dusky air  
 Downward it shines upon the rising moon ;  
 And, as she labours up to reach her noon,  
 Pursues her orb with repercussive light,  
 And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night :  
 But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,  
 Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave  
 Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames  
 Like some new meteor with diffusive beams  
 Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars ;  
 " So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"  
 Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.  
 " We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,  
 " We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, He dies,  
 " Mistaken grief ! to call the flesh the friend !  
 " On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,

" All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,  
 " And sung his welcome to the courts above.  
 " Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,  
 " The buildings struck him with immense surprize ;  
 " The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,  
 " The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light :  
 " Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks fate  
 " In heavenly diamond ; and for every gate  
 " On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,  
 " Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns ;  
 " Millions of glories reign through every part ;  
 " Infinite power, and uncreated art,  
 " Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show  
 " How it out-shines the noblest seats below.  
 " The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile  
 " Transported : Then, with a regardless smile,  
 " Glanc'd his eye downward through the crystal floor,  
 " And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain ;  
 Raphael commands : Assume thy joys again.  
 In everlasting numbers sing, and say,

" Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day ;  
 " Gunston the friend lives still : And give thy groans  
 " away."

## An ELEGY on Mr. THOMAS GOUGE.

To Mr. ARTHUR SHALLET, Merchant.

Worthy Sir,

**T**HE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

S I R,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. W A T T S .

To the Memory of the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr THOMAS  
GOUGE, who died Jan. 8th, 1708.

**Y**E virgin souls, whose sweet complaint  
Could teach Euphrates \* not to flow,  
Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,  
Array'd in beauty and in woe:  
Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,  
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.

\* Psal. 137. Lament. i. 2, 3.

O could

O could my lips or flowing eyes  
 But imitate such charming grief,  
 I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,  
 Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,  
 Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;  
 Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,  
 While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,  
 And sent his minister of death  
 To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,  
 And to demand our prophet's breath;  
 He came commission'd for the Fates  
 Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;  
 There he essay'd the vengeance first,  
 Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to dust.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!  
 How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!  
 Oh painful stroke! distressing death!  
 A wound unmeasurably wide  
 No vulgar mortal dy'd  
 When he resign'd his breath.

The Muse that mourns a nation's fall,  
 Should wait at Gouge's funeral,  
 Should mingle majesty and groans,  
 Such as she sings to sinking thrones,  
 And in deep sounding numbers tell,  
 How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.

Sion

Sion grows weak, and England poor,  
Nature herself, with all her store,  
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;  
Sure he was some æthereal mind,  
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,  
And order'd to be born.  
His soul was of th' angelic frame,  
The same ingredients, and the mold the same,  
When the Creator makes a minister of flame,  
He was all form'd of heavenly things,  
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,  
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly  
Up through the ocean of the sky,  
Tow'rd the celestial coast !  
With what amazing swiftness soar  
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,  
And all its mountains lost !  
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight :  
But, angels, you can tell,  
For oft you met his wondrous flight,  
And knew the stranger well ;  
Say, how he past the radiant spheres,  
And visited your happy seats,  
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden streets,  
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell



Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills  
 Surveying all the realms above,  
 Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels  
 Of an immortal love.

'Twas there he took a glorious sight  
 Of the inheritance of saints in light,  
 And read their title in their Saviour's right.

How oft the humble scholar came,  
 And to your songs he rais'd his ears  
 To learn th' unutterable name,  
 To view th' eternal base that bears,  
 The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he saw,  
 Full of mercy : full of awe,  
 The glories of his power, and glories of his grace :  
 There he beheld the wondrous springs  
 Of those celestial sacred things,  
 The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law  
 In that majestic face.

That face did all his gazing powers employ,  
 With most profound abasement and exalted joy,  
 The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,  
 He stood adoring by ;  
 The volume open'd to his eye,  
 And sweet intelligence he held  
 With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,  
 Tell how his name was through the palace known,  
 How warm his zeal was, and how like your own :

Speak

Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,  
 And bold blasphemers shrink and fear \* :  
 Impudent tongues ! to blast a prophet's name !  
 The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,  
 Where the old blasphemers dwell,  
 To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame !  
 Impudent tongues ! You should be darted through,  
 Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie  
 Useless and dead till slander die,  
 Till slander die with you.

“ We saw him, said th' ethereal throng,  
 “ We saw his warm devotions rise,  
 “ We heard the fervour of his cries,  
 “ And mix'd his praises with our song :  
 “ We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,  
 “ Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,  
 “ Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,  
 “ And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,  
 “ To reach the blessing down for those that fought his  
 “ blood.  
 “ Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand  
 “ Rais'd high to crush the factious foe ;  
 “ As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand  
 “ Doubtful t' obey the dread command,  
 “ While his ascending prayer upheld the falling blow.”

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,  
 My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to fight.

\* Though he was so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

Place

Place him surrounded as he stood  
 With pious crowds, while from his tongue  
 A stream of harmony ran soft along,  
 And every year drank in the flowing good :  
 Softly it ran its silver way,  
 Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong :  
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,  
 Life, love and glory, grace and joy,  
 Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent-flood,  
 And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and  
 souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !  
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,  
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight

While we belong to clay,  
 Passions of terror and delight,

Demand alternate sway.

Behold the man, whose awful voice

Could well proclaim the fiery law,

Kindle the flames that Moses saw,

And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.

He stands the herald of the threatening skies,

Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,

All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in  
 eyes.

Round the high roof the curses flew

Distinguishing each guilty head,

Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,

His

His kindled arrows still pursue,  
 His arrows strike the atheist through,  
 And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror spread.  
 The marble heart groans with an inward wound ;  
 Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel  
 Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,  
 And dread the echoes of the sound.  
 The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd  
 In gaudy pride sinks down his impious head,  
 Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, Muse, assume a softer strain,  
 Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,  
 Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art  
 To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the pain ;  
 He from a bleeding God derives  
 Life for the souls that guilt had slain,  
 And stait the dying rebel lives,  
 The dead arise again ;  
 The opening skies almost obey  
 His powerful song ; a heavenly ray  
 Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day.  
 His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,  
 Recalls the scenes of ancient years,  
 To make the Saviour known ;  
 Sweetly the flying charmer roves  
 Through all his labours and his loves,  
 The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his throne.  
  
 Come, he invites our feet to try  
 The steep ascent of Calvary,

And

And sets the fatal tree before our eye :  
 See here celestial sorrow reigns ;  
 Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,  
 Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.  
 In wondrous words he sung the vital flood  
 Where all our sins were drown'd,  
 Words fit to heal and fit to wound,  
 Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.  
 In his discourse divine  
 Afresh the purple fountain flow'd ;  
 Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,  
 And trickled to the ground,  
 While every accent gave a doleful sound,  
 Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

Down to the mansions of the dead,  
 With trembling joy our souls are led,  
 The captives of his tongue ;  
 There the dear prince of light reclines his head  
 Darkness and shades among.  
 With pleasing horror we survey  
 The caverns of the tomb,  
 Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,  
 And shed a sweet perfume.  
 Hark, the old earthquake roars again  
 In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain  
 Of heavy death, and rends the tombs :  
 The rising God ! he comes, he comes,  
 With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

See

See the bright squadrons of the sky,  
 Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,  
 Meet their returning sovereign, and attend him high.

A shining car the conquerer fills,  
 Form'd of a golden cloud ;  
 Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,  
 Old Satan foams and yells aloud,  
 And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels.  
 The opening gates of bliss receive their King,

The Father-God smiles on his Son,  
 Pays him the honours he has won,  
 The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.

Behold him on his native throne,  
 Glory sits fast upon his head ;  
 Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,  
 His hand rolls-on the seasons, and the shining globes,  
 And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,  
 Vast was his trust, and great his skill,  
 Bright the credentials he could show,  
 And thousands own'd the seal,  
 His hallow'd lips could well impart  
 The grace, the promise, and command :  
 He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,  
 And terrors of Jehovah's hand.

How did our souls start out, to hear  
 The embassies of love he bare,  
 While every ear in rapture hung  
 Upon the charming wonders of his tongue !



Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,  
 Attention stood with all her powers,  
 With fixed eyes and awe profound,  
 Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,  
 Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlasting grief !  
 Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,  
 Hence deluges of sorrow rise,  
 Nor hope th' impossible relief.  
 Ye remnants of the sacred tribe  
 Who feel the loss, come share the smart,  
 And mix your groans with mine :  
 Where is the tongue that can describe  
 Infinite things with equal art,  
 Or language so divine ?  
 Our passions want the heavenly flame,  
 Almighty Love breathes faintly in our songs,  
 And awful threatenings languish on our tongues ;  
 Howe is a great but single name :  
 Amidst the crowd he stands alone ;  
 Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,  
 Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone.  
 Eternal God, command his stay,  
 Stretch the dear months of his delay ;  
 O we could wish his age were one immortal day !  
 But when the flaming chariot's come,  
 And shining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,  
 Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,  
 Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,  
 Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

1

2

3

D I V I N E  
S O N G S

A T T E M P T E D I N

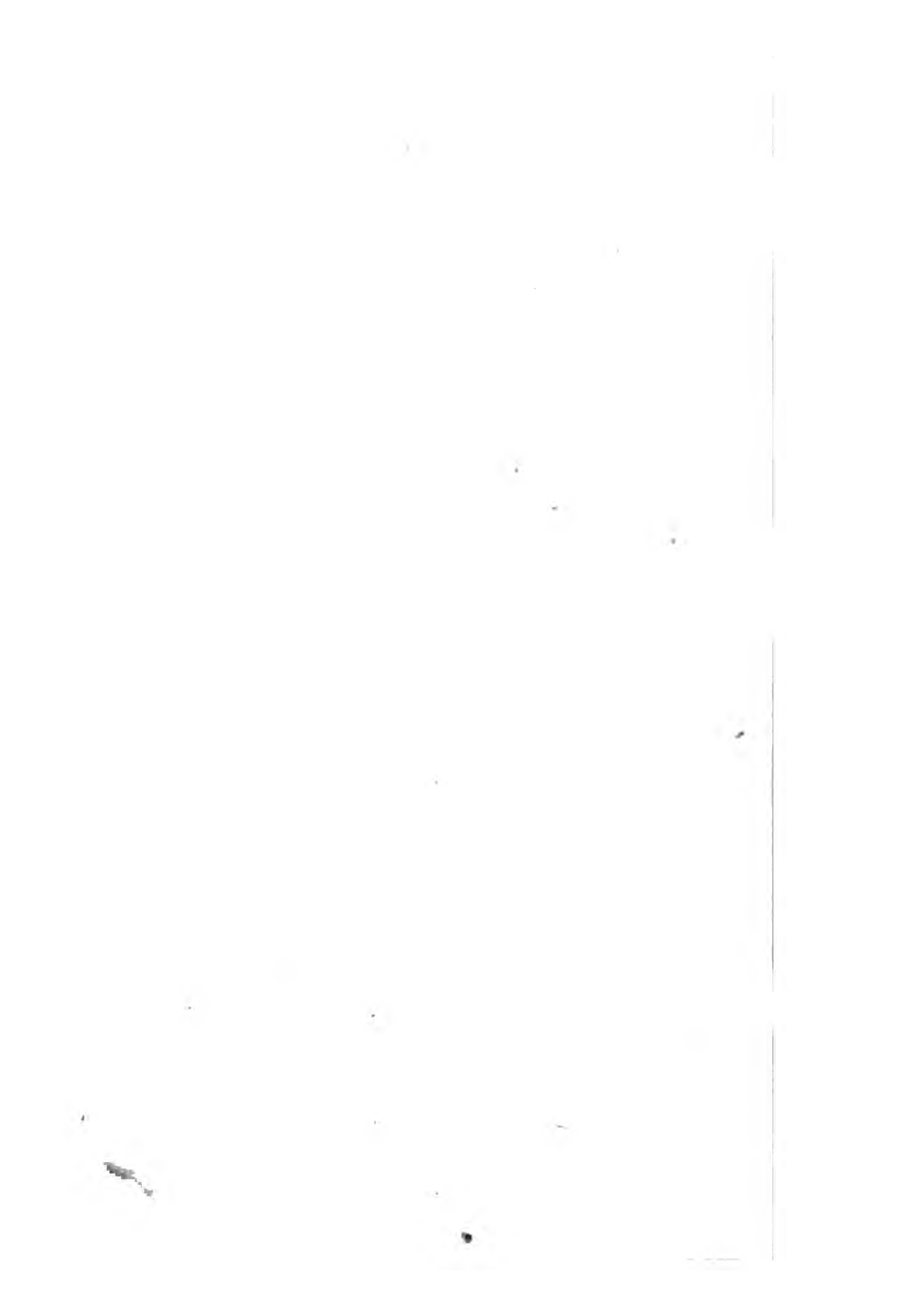
E A S Y L A N G U A G E

F O R T H E U S E O F

C H I L D R E N .

“ Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings.  
“ thou hast perfected Praise.”

M A T T. xxi. 16.



## P R E F A C E,

To all that are concerned in the Education of  
C H I L D R E N.

MY FRIENDS,

**I**T is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30. and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing "with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs," Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so

amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse, is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has



been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that favours of a party : The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Dissenters, baptised in infancy, or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt ; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these compositions may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of Sonnets on Moral Subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education ; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the christian world, and a blessing to the earth.

D I V I N E S O N G S

F O R

C H I L D R E N.

---

S O N G I.

A general S O N G of Praise to G O D.

**H**OW glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky !  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty ?

How great his power is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace ;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,  
Can search his secret will ?  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,  
 And my first offerings bring ;  
 Th' eternal God will not disdain  
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
 And angels shall rejoice,  
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
 Sound from a feeble voice.

S O N G II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

**I** Sing th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That fill'd the earth with food ;  
 He form'd the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye !  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky !

There 's

There 's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes thy glories known ;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
 Are subject to thy care ;  
 There 's not a place where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,  
 With wrath in hell beneath !  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
 He keeps me with his eye :  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh ?

## S O N G III.

Praise to G O D for our Redemption.

**B**LEST be the wisdom and the power,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 That join'd in counsel to restore,  
 And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
 And from his glory fell ;  
 And we his children thus were brought  
 To death, and near to hell.

Blest

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave ;  
Behold him rais'd on high :  
He pleads his merit, there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And by his power divine  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And with a sovereign voice  
Shall call, and break up every tomb,  
While waking faints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear  
Before the judge's face,  
And with the bless'd assembly there  
Sing his redeeming grace !

## S O N G I V .

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

W Hene'er I take my walks abroad,  
 How many poor I see ?  
 What shall I render to my God  
 For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,  
 Yet God has given me more ;  
 For I have food, while others starve,  
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street  
 Half naked I behold !  
 While I am cloath'd from head to feet,  
 And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
 Where they may lay their head ;  
 I have a home wherein to dwell,  
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,  
 And curse, and lye, and steal ;  
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day  
 To me above the rest ?  
 Then let me love Thee more than they,  
 And try to serve thee best.

S O N G



## S O N G V.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

**G**REAT God, to thee my voice I raise,  
To thee my youngest hours belong ;  
I would begin my life with praise,  
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe  
That I was born on British ground ;  
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,  
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land  
For rich Peru with all her gold :  
A nobler prize lies in my hand,  
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell  
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !  
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,  
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;  
Nor will I run the road to death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

S O N G

## SONG VI.

Praise for the GOSPEL.

**L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
 And not to chance as others do,  
 That I was born of Christian race,  
 And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,  
 And Jewish prophets once have given,  
 Could they have heard those glorious things,  
 Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven !

How glad the Heathens would have been,  
 That worship'd idols, wood and stone,  
 If they the book of God had seen,  
 Or Jesus and his gospel known !

Then if this gospel I refuse,  
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?  
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews  
 Against me will in judgment rise.

## SONG VII.

The Excellency of the BIBLE.

**G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise  
 On all thy works I look ;  
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
 Shine brightest in thy book.

The

The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
Shew what my thoughts have been :  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd  
To save my soul from hell :  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

## S O N G V I I I .

Praise to G O D for learning to Read.

**T**H E praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught, and learnt so young  
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know  
The danger I was in,  
By nature and by practice too,  
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see  
I can do nothing well ;  
And whither shall a sinner flee  
To save himself from hell ?

Dear Lord, this book of thine  
Informs me where to go,  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn  
How Christ, the Son of God,  
Has undertook our great concern ;  
Our ransom cost his blood.

And

And now he reigns above,  
 He sends his Spirit down  
 To shew the wonders of his love,  
 And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,  
 And make my heart receive  
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
 And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord  
 In a more chearful strain,  
 That I was taught to read his word,  
 And have not learnt in vain.

S O N G IX.

The All-seeing G O D.

**A**lmighty God, thy piercing eye  
 Strikes through the shades of night,  
 And our most secret actions lie  
 All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,  
 Nor wicked word we say,  
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
 Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done  
 Be read and publish'd there?  
 Be all expos'd before the sun,  
 While men and angels hear?

Z

Lord,

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie;  
 Upward I dare not look;  
 Pardon my sins before I die,  
 And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains  
 That my Redeemer felt,  
 And let his blood wash out my stains,  
 And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear  
 T' indulge a sinful thought,  
 Since the great God can see and hear,  
 And writes down every fault.

## SONG X.

## Solemn Thoughts of GOD and DEATH.

**T**HERE is a God that reigns above,  
 Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas:  
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,  
 To teach us all that we must do:  
 My soul, to his commands submit,  
 For they are holy, just, and true.



There is a gospel of rich grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts draw :  
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face ;  
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come :  
A thousand children young as I,  
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled ;  
There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell  
To North or Southward, there is lies ;  
So man departs to heaven or hell,  
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

S O N G X I.

H E A V E N and H E L L.

**T**H E R E is beyond the sky  
A heaven of joy and love ;  
And holy children when they die  
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains ;  
There sinners must with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I  
 Escape this cursed end ?  
 And may I hope whene'er I die  
 I shall to heaven ascend ?

Then will I read and pray,  
 While I have life and breath ;  
 Left I should be cut off to-day,  
 And sent to t' eternal death.

## S O N G XII.

### The Advantages of early Religion.

**H**APPY's the child whose youngest years  
 Receive instructions well :  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,  
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;  
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin  
 To fear the Lord betimes ;  
 While sinners that grow old in sin  
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
 To mind religion young ;  
 Grace will preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,  
 Our childhood we resign;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath;  
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

## S O N G XIII.

## The Danger of Delay.

**W**HY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon  
 "To seek for heaven, or think of death?"  
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
 And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine  
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,  
 I may be harden'd in my sin,  
 And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,  
 While I refuse to read and pray,  
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear  
 To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,  
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,  
 And all his love to fury turn,  
 And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !  
 His power and vengeance none can tell ;  
 One stroke of his Almighty rod  
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain  
 To cry for pardon and for grace :  
 To wish I had my time again,  
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.

### S O N G   X I V .

Examples of early Piety.

**W**HAT blest'd examples do I find  
 Writ in the word of truth,  
 Of children that began to mind  
 Religion in their youth !

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,  
 And keeps the world in awe,  
 Was once a child as young as I,  
 And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,  
 (The Jews all wondering stand)  
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,  
 And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
 And blest their Saviour's name ;  
 They gave him honour with their tongue,  
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought  
 To wait upon the Lord ;  
 Young Timothy betimes was taught  
 To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay  
 What others learnt so soon ?  
 I would not pass another day  
 Without this work begun.

## S O N G XV.

## Against Lying.

O'TIS a lovely thing for youth  
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;  
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,  
 Though they should speak the thing that 's true ;  
 And he that does one fault at first,  
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,  
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?  
 How Ananias was struck dead,  
 Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue ?

So did his wife Saphira die,  
 When she came in, and grew so bold  
 As to confirm that wicked lie  
 That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak  
 The words of truth ; but every liar  
 Must have his portion in the lake  
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,  
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,  
 Since God a book of reckoning keeps  
 For every lie that children tell.

## SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

WHAT dogs delight to bark and bite,  
 What God hath made them  
 Of children thus and lions growl and  
 Religion in their nature too.

Jesus, who reigns  
 And keeps the world  
 Was once a child as  
 And kept his Father

At twelve years old he taught  
 (The Jews all wondering  
 Yet he obey'd his mother  
 And came at her command)

Children a sweet hosanna sang,  
 And blest their Saviour's name  
 They gave him honour with their  
 While scribes and priests blasph

gave him ho  
 ile scribes a



Now look on this  
And how it is  
He does not think  
And how it is

ENDING

How does it

**W**hen we have  
There is a  
Where the  
Queen of  
Birds in  
And in  
When  
Fall on

play,

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

The Lord delights in them that speak  
 The words of truth ; but every liar  
 Must have his portion in the lake  
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,  
 Left I be struck to death and hell,  
 Since God a book of reckoning keeps  
 For every lie that children tell.

## SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
 For God hath made them so ;  
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
 For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let  
 Such angry passions rise ;  
 Your little hands were never made  
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
 And all your words be mild ;  
 Live like the blessed virgin's son,  
 That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;  
 And as his stature grew,  
 He grew in favour both with man,  
 And God his Father too.

Now

Now Lord of All he reigns above,  
 And from his heavenly throne  
 He sees what children dwell in love,  
 And marks them for his own.

S O N G XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

**W**Hatever brawls disturb the street,  
 There should be peace at home ;  
 Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;  
 And 'tis a shameful fight,  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,  
 That are but noisy breath,  
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
 To murder and to death.

The Devil tempts one mother's son  
 To rage against another ;  
 So wicked Cain was hurry'd on  
 Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,  
 At least before 'tis night ;  
 But in the bosom of a fool  
 It burns till morning-light.

Pardon,

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
 Our little brawls remove ;  
 That, as we grow to riper age,  
 Our hearts may all be love.

### S O N G XVIII.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

**O**UR tongues were made to bless the Lord,  
 And not speak ill of men ;  
 When others give a railing word,  
 We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require  
 To be chastis'd at school ;  
 And he 's in danger of hell-fire,  
 That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,  
 To mock and jeer and scoff  
 At holy things or holy men,  
 The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play  
 Serv'd old Elisha so ;  
 And bid the prophet go his way,  
 "Go up, thou bald-head, go."

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,  
 And sent two raging bears,  
 That tore them limb from limb to death,  
 With blood and groans and tears.

Great

Great God, how terrible art Thou  
To sinners e'er so young!  
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
To tame and rule my tongue.

## S O N G XIX.

Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking  
God's Name in vain.

**A**NGELS, that high in glory dwell,  
Adore thy name, Almighty God!  
And devils tremble down in hell,  
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare  
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!  
And when they're angry, how they swear,  
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,  
Who treated thee with such disdain,  
While thou shalt doom them to the place  
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop  
To quench their burning tongues be given;  
But I will praise thee here, and hope  
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My

My heart shall be in pain to hear  
 Wretches affront the Lord above ;  
 'Tis that great God whose power I fear ;  
 That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,  
 I'll leave their friendship, when I hear  
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,  
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

## S O N G XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

**H**OW doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From every opening flower ?

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
 How neat she spreads the wax !  
 And labours hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,  
 I would be busy too ;  
 For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
 Let my first years be past,  
 That I may give for every day  
 Some good account at last.



## S O N G XXI.

## Against Evil Company.

**W**HY should I join with those in play,  
In whom I've no delight;  
Who curse and swear, but never pray;  
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song:  
Their words offend mine ears;  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,  
Nor with the scoffers go;  
I would be walking with the wise,  
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,  
They learn the wicked jest:  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell  
With sinful children here;  
Then let me not be sent to hell,  
Where none but sinners are.

## SONG XXII.

## Against Pride in Cloaths.

WHY should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin,  
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

When first she put her covering on,  
Her robe of innocence was gone;  
And yet her children vainly boast  
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to shew  
Our cloaths, and call them rich and new!  
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
That very cloathing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind;  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;  
This is the raiment angels wear;  
The Son of God, when here below,  
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold :  
 It takes no spot, but still refines ;  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth should I appear ;  
 Then go to heaven and wear it there ;  
 God will approve it in his sight ;  
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.

## S O N G XXIII.

## Obedience to Parents.

**L**ET children that would fear the Lord  
 Hear what their teachers say ;  
 With reverence meet their parents word,  
 And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues  
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,  
 To him that breaks his Father's law,  
 Or mocks his Mother's word ?

What heavy guilt upon him lies !  
 How cursed is his name !  
 The ravens shall pick out his eyes,  
 And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give  
 Their parents honour due,  
 Here on this earth they long shall live,  
 And live hereafter too.

## S O N G XXIV.

## The Child's Complaint.

**W**HY should I love my sport so well,  
 So constant at my play,  
 And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell;  
 And then forget to pray ?

What do I read my Bible for,  
 But, Lord, to learn thy will;  
 And shall I daily know thee more,  
 And less obey thee still ?

How senseless is my heart and wild !  
 How vain are all my thoughts !  
 Pity the weakness of a child,  
 And pardon all my faults !

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,  
 And let me love to pray ;  
 Since God will lend a gracious ear  
 To what a child can say.

## S O N G XXV.

## A M O R N I N G S O N G .

**M**Y God, who makes the sun to know  
 His proper hour to rise,  
 And, to give light to all below,  
 Doth send him round the skies.

When

When from the chambers of the East  
 His morning race begins,  
 He never tires, nor stops to rest;  
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
 The business of the day:  
 Begin my work betimes, and still  
 March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
 Nor let my soul complain  
 That the young morning of my days  
 Has all been spent in vain.

S O N G XXVI.

An E V E N I N G S O N G.

**A**ND now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;  
 My comforts every hour make known  
 His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!  
 My sins, how great their sum!  
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;  
 Let angels guard my head,  
 And through the hours of darkness keep  
 Their watch around my bed.

A a

With

With chearful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove ;  
 And in the morning let me rise  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

## S O N G XXVII.

For the LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

**T**HIS is the day when Christ arose  
 So early from the dead ;  
 Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,  
 And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when Jesus broke  
 The power of death and hell ;  
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
 And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure christians meet,  
 To pray and hear the word :  
 And I would go with chearful feet  
 To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,  
 And so prepare for heaven :  
 O may I love this blessed day  
 The best of all the seven !



## S O N G XXVIII.

For the LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

**L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship Thee!  
At once they sing, at once they pray;  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go:  
'Tis like a little heaven below:  
Not all my pleasure and my play  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,  
The texts and doctrines of thy word;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

The **TEN COMMANDMENTS**, out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for Children.

E X O D U S, Chap. xx.

1. **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The **Sum of the COMMANDMENTS**, out of the New Testament.

M A T T H E W xxii. 37.

**W**ITH all thy soul love God above,  
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our **S A V I O U R ' S Golden Rule.**

M A T T. vii. 12.

**B**E you to others kind and true,  
As you 'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men,  
Whate'er you would not again.

Duty to GOD and our NEIGHBOUR.

**L**OVE God with all your soul and strength,  
 With all your heart and mind ;  
 And love your neighbour as yourself,  
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another, as you 'd have  
 Another deal with you ;  
 What you're unwilling to receive,  
 Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here added  
 the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c.  
 to be sung at the End of any of these Songs,  
 according to the Direction of Parents or Go-  
 vernors.

The Hosanna ; or Salvation ascribed to Christ.

L O N G M E T R E.

**H**OSANNA to king David's Son,  
 Who reigns on a superior throne ;  
 We bless the prince of heavenly birth,  
 Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,  
 In this delightful work engage ;  
 Old men and babes in Sion sing  
 The growing glories of her king.

## COMMON METRE.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of Grace ;  
 Sion, behold thy King !  
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
 And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to th' eternal word,  
 Who from the Father came ;  
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
 With blessings on his name.

## SHORT METRE.

**H**OSANNA to the Son  
 Of David and of God,  
 Who brought the news of pardon down,  
 And bought it with his blood.

To Christ, th' anointed King,  
 Be endless blessings given ;  
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
 Who made our peace with heaven.

GLORY

GLORY to the FATHER and the SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One;  
 Be honour, praise and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

**N**OW let the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit, be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or faints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

**G**IVE to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son;  
 And to the Spirit of his grace;  
 Be equal honour done.

A S L I G H T  
S P E C I M E N  
O F  
M O R A L S O N G S,

Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

**T**HE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other divine songs). Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the seeds of future vices.

I. The



## I. The S L U G G A R D.

'T IS the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,  
 " You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."  
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
 Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;"  
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without  
 number ;  
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,  
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher ;  
 The cloaths that hang on him are turning to rags :  
 And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find  
 He had took better care for improving his mind :  
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking ;  
 But he scarce reads his bible and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here 's a lesson for me :"  
 That man's but a picture of what I might be :  
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,  
 Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

## II. I N N O-

## II. INNOCENT PLAY.

**A** BROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs  
 Run sporting about by the side of their dams,  
 With fleeces so clean and so white ;  
 Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,  
 When they play all in love, without anger or rage,  
 How much may we learn from the fight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in 'mud ;  
 Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;  
 So foul and so fierce are their natures :  
 But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,  
 Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as lambs,  
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,  
 Should hinder another in jesting or play ;  
 For he's still in earnest that 's hurt :  
 How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire !  
 There 's none but a madman will fling about fire,  
 And tell you, " 'Tis all but in sport."

## III. The R O S E .

**H**OW fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !  
 The glory of April and May !  
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
 Above all the flowers of the field :  
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,  
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
 Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose :  
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;  
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
 Since both of them wither and fade :  
 But gain a good name by well-doing my duty ;  
 This will scent, like a Rose, when I'm dead.

## IV. The T H I E F.

**W**H Y should I deprive my neighbour  
 Of his goods against his will ?  
 Hands were made for honest labour,  
 Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
 By such tricks to hope for gain :  
 All that's ever got by thieving  
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us  
 Their sad profit to compute ?  
 To what dismal state they brought us  
 When they stole forbidden fruit ?

Oft we see a young beginner  
 Practise little pilfering ways.  
 Till grown up a harden'd finner ;  
 Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,  
 Though we fancy none can spy :  
 When we take a thing forbidden,  
 God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
 Lest I covet what 's not mine :  
 Lest I steal what is not given,  
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

#### V. The A N T or E M M E T.

**T**HESSE Emmets how little they are in our eyes !  
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies  
 Without our regard or concern :  
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,  
 There 's many a sluggard, and many a fool,  
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,  
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,  
 And for winter they lay up their stores :  
 They manage their work in such regular forms,  
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the  
 storms,  
 And so brought their food within doors.

But

But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant,  
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,  
 Nor provide against dangers in time.  
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,  
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in  
 bloom,  
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,  
 And pray that my sins be forgiven :  
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,  
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,  
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

## VI. Good Resolutions.

**T**HOUGH I am now in younger days,  
 Nor can I tell what shall befall me,  
 I'll prepare for every place  
 Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I be rich or great,  
 Others shall partake my goodness ;  
 I'll supply the poor with meat,  
 Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,  
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;  
 I deserve to feel the same  
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing,  
Since I best revenge my wrongs  
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,  
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;  
First I'll try to make them wise,  
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,  
I'll engage the rich to love me,  
While I'm modest, neat and clean,  
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,  
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,  
Since I love to help the weak,  
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still  
O'er my humours and my passion,  
As to speak and do no ill,  
Though it should be all the fashion!

**Wicked**



Wicked fashions lead to hell ;  
Ne'er may I be found complying ;  
But in life behave so well,  
Not to be afraid of dying.

## A S U M M E R E V E N I N G .

**H**OW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,  
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
And there follow'd some droppings of rain !  
But now the fair traveller 's come to the West,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;  
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the christian : His course he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears : Then he breaks out and shines,  
And travels his heavenly way :  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days  
Of rising in brighter array.

Some Copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into several Hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in Public, at the End of these Songs for Children.

### A C R A D L E H Y M N .

**H**USH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed!  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
 House and home thy friends provide;  
 All without thy care or payment,  
 All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou 'rt attended  
 Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from heaven he descended,  
 And became a child like thee?

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:  
 When his birth-place was a stable,  
 And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,  
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures!  
 How could angels bear the sight?

Was

Was there nothing but a manger  
 Curfed finners could afford,  
 To receive the heavenly stranger!  
 Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft my child; I did not chide thee,  
 Though my fong might found too hard;

'Tis thy { \* Mother } fits beside thee,  
 { Nurse that }

And her arms fhall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful ftory,  
 How the Jews abus'd their King,  
 How they ferv'd the Lord of glory,  
 Makes me angry while I fing.

See the kinder fhepherds round him,  
 Telling wonders from the fky!  
 Where they fought him, there they found him,  
 With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dreffing;  
 Lovely infant, how he fmil'd!  
 When he wept, the Mother's bleffing  
 Sooth'd and hufh'd the holy child.

Lo, he flumbers in his manger,  
 Where the horned oxen fed;  
 Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,  
 Here 's no ox a-near thy bed.

\* Here you may ufe the words, Brother, Sister,  
 Neighbour, Friend, &c.

B b

'Twas

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a Mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

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