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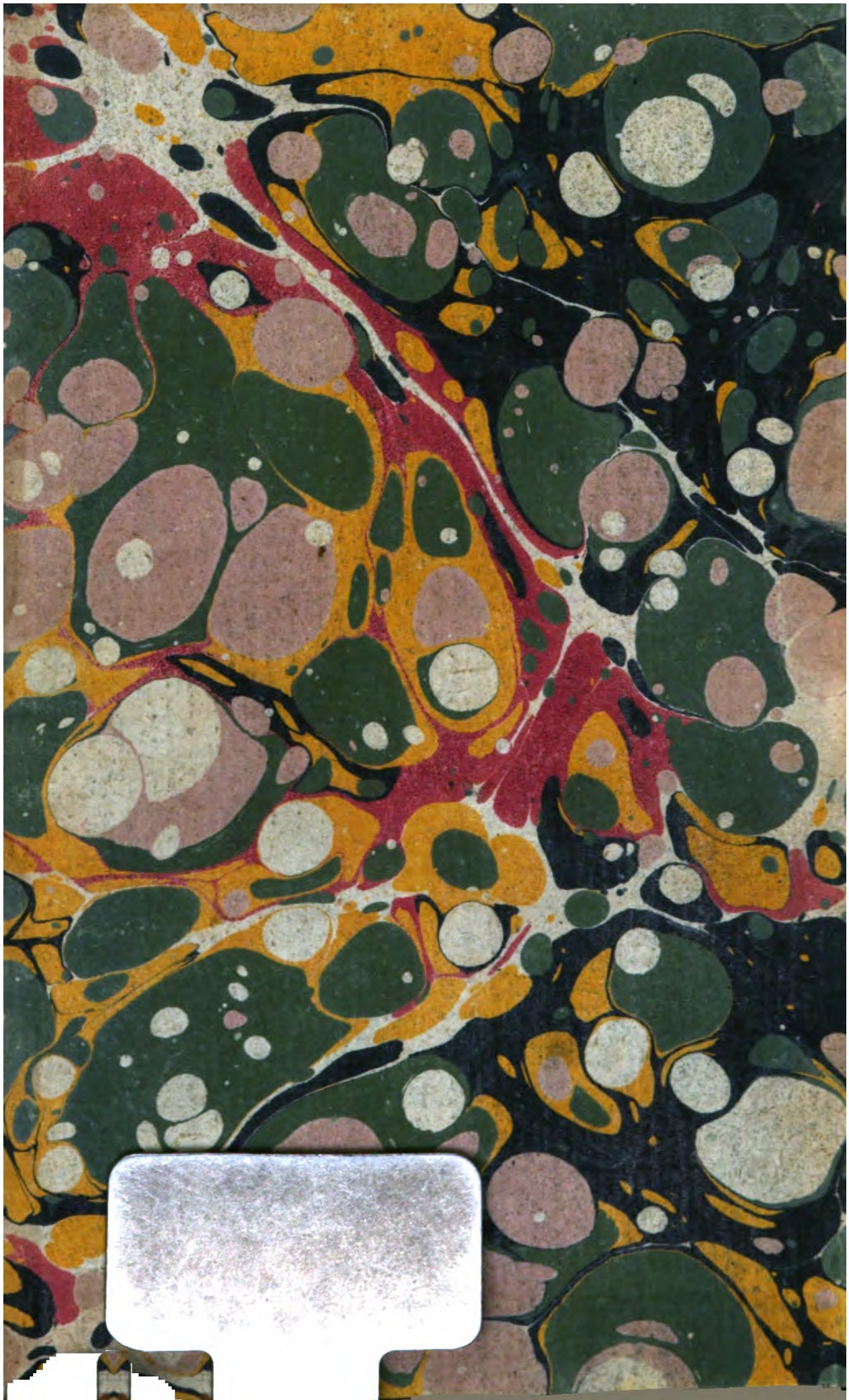
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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

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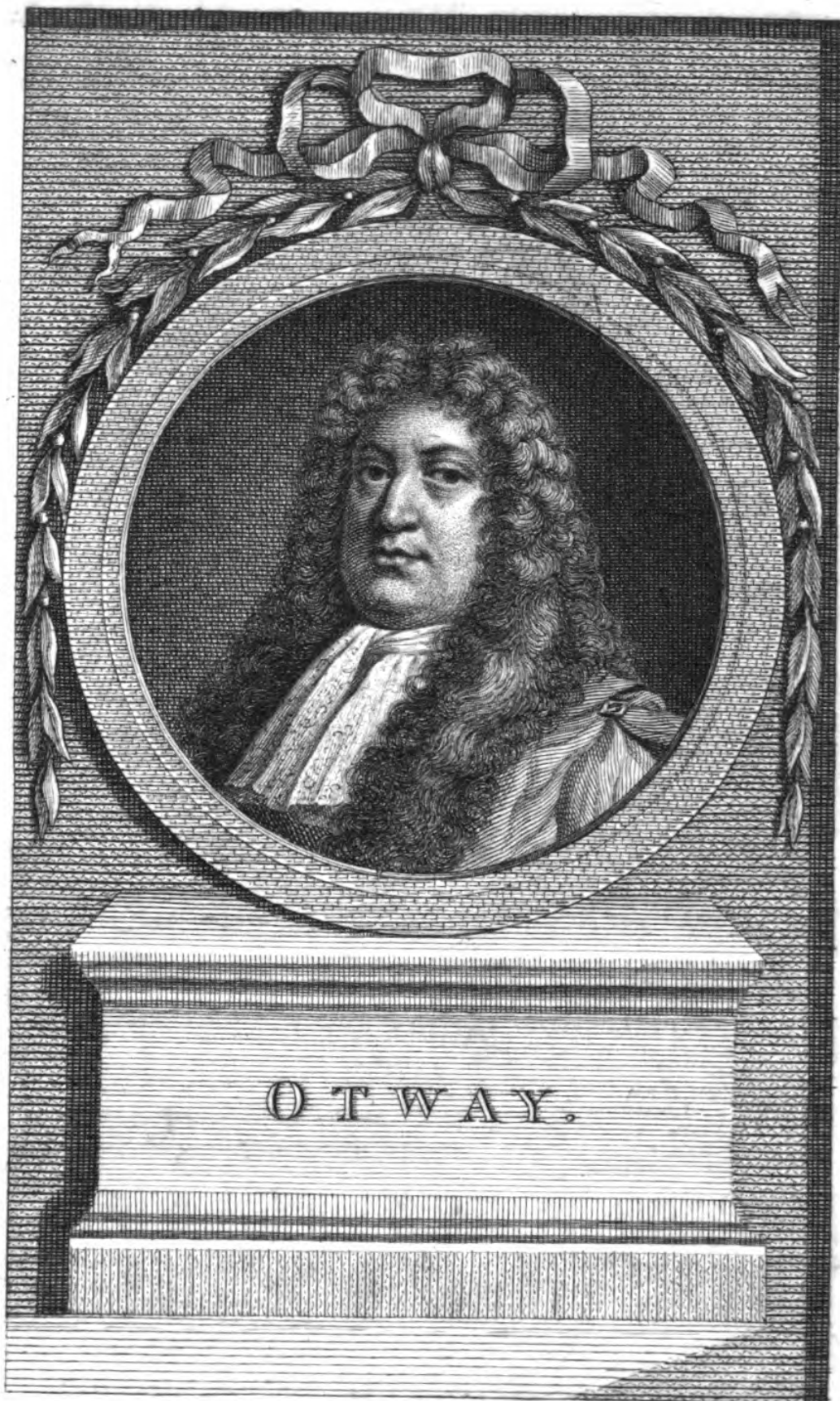








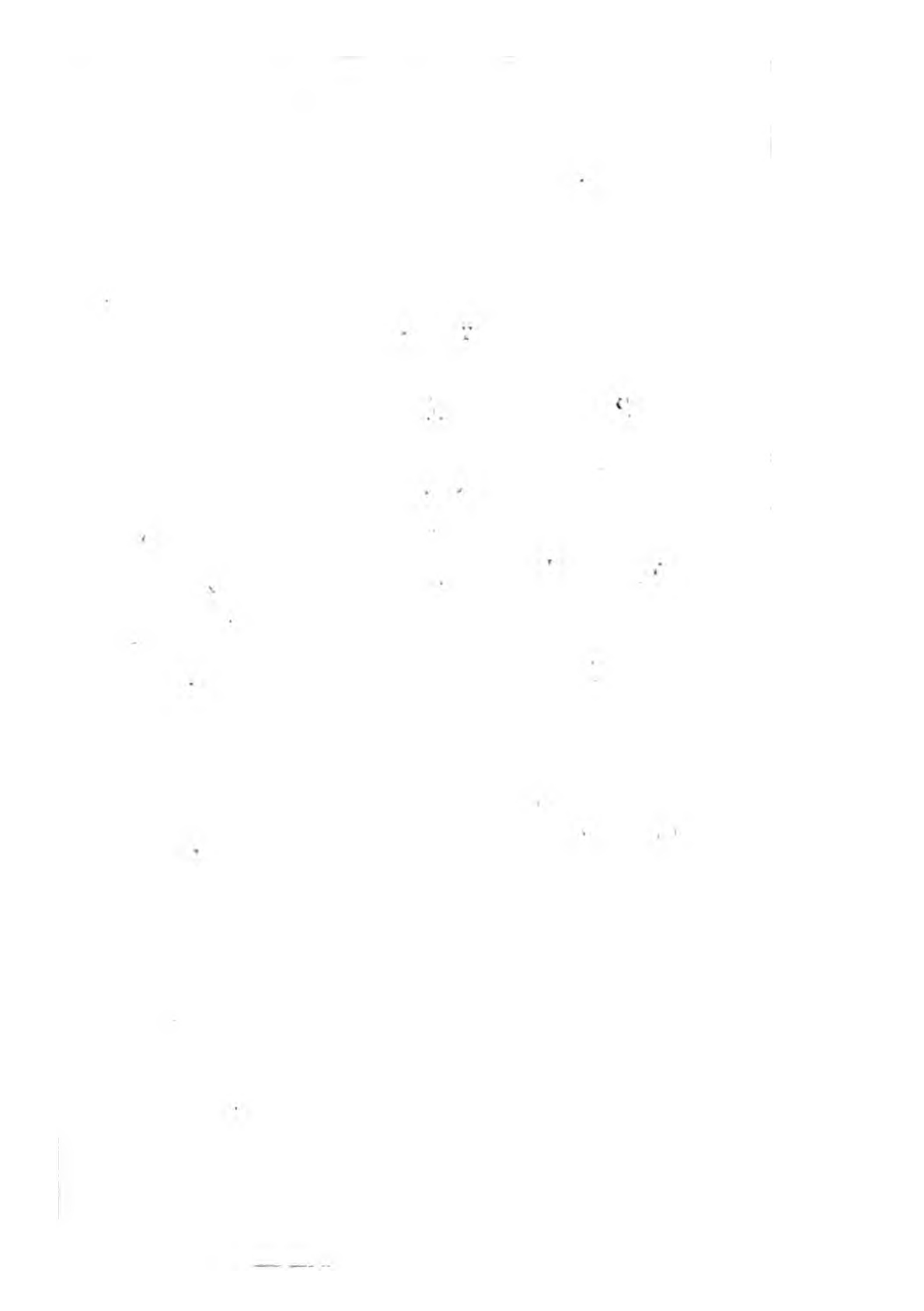




Hall sculp.

THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
O T W A Y,  
D U K E,  
A N D  
D O R S E T.





P O E M S

B Y

M R. T H O M A S O T W A Y.

B



## WINDSOR CASTLE,

In a MONUMENT to our late Sovereign King  
CHARLES II. of ever blessed Memory.

“ Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,  
“ Dúmque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicada; ;  
“ Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque mane-  
“ bunt.  
“ Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Confule dignæ.” VIRG.

---

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign  
King CHARLES II. of ever blessed Memory ;  
and to the sacred Majesty of the most august  
and mighty Prince JAMES II. now by the  
Grace of God King of England, Scotland,  
France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,  
&c. this following POEM is in all humility dedi-  
cated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject  
and Servant, THO. OTWAY.

---

THOUGH poets immortality may give,  
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live :  
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,  
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name :

But that I wanting fame am sure of thine 5  
 To eternize this humble song of mine ?  
 At least the memory of that more than man,  
 From whose vast mind thy glories first began,  
 Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,  
 For wonders always did his name attend. 10  
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise,  
 Great were the toils attending the command  
 Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,  
 Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest, 15  
 Would never give its nursing fathe rest ;  
 But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,  
 By rods and axes had been kept in awe ;  
 But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,  
 In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd ; 20  
 Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,  
 Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,  
 Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,  
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make ;  
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25  
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.  
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.  
 Mercy 's indeed the attribute of heaven,  
 For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30  
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well ?  
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel :  
 Compassion 's else a kingdom's greatest harm,  
 Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm ;

And



WINDSOR CASTLE. 5

And round the throne themselves in tumults spread, 35  
To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.

By example this that godlike king once knew,  
And after, by experience, found too true.

Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,  
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd; 40

But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,  
The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:

And when this land in blood he might have laid,  
Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 45  
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,  
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:  
On his each hand his royal brothers shone,

Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50  
The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far

As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;  
Of nature generous, and of stedfast mind,

To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,  
Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55

Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,  
True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,

And a just value upon each bestows;

Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,

The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's  
friend. 60

Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,

In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

6      O T W A Y ' S   P O E M S .

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,  
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,  
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet,      65  
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!  
     The second, for debates in council fit,  
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit;  
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,  
 Both men and books with curious search had read;      70  
 Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,  
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,  
 Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state,  
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.  
 But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,      75  
 And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:  
 For, oh! what pity, people blest'd as we  
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,  
 Should so much of our old disease retain,  
 To make us forfeit into slaves again!      80  
 Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,  
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before;  
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,  
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.  
 Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse,      85  
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.  
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,  
 Though much the lion in his bosom prest:  
 But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,  
 That his own passions knew him, and obey'd:      90  
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,  
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:

WINDSOR CASTLE.

7

Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,  
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet :  
 So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95  
 One least perfection more, h' had been ador'd.  
 Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,  
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave :  
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod ;  
 Of mortal mold. but in his mind a god. 100  
 Though now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,  
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd :  
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd; 105  
 Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.  
 But, oh !

Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,  
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.  
 The elements due order here maintain, 110  
 And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain :  
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,  
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.  
 But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,  
 Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115  
 Mistaking every noblest use of life,  
 Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,  
 For the unwholsome, brawling harlot, Strife. }  
 The man in power, by wild ambition led,  
 Envy'd all honours on another's head ; 120  
 And, to supplant some rival, by his pride  
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.

## 87 O T W A Y ' S P O E M S .

The priests, who humble temperance should profess,  
 Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease ;  
 So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125  
 Forfook God's harvest to improve their own.

That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) Law,  
 Instead of doing right and giving awe,  
 Kept open lifts, and at the noisy bar,  
 Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130

Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,  
 Might damn their souls to ruin one another.  
 Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,  
 From false religions and corrupted laws ;  
 Till so at last rebellion's base was laid, 135  
 And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel whose surmounting power  
 Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,  
 Against whose care hell vainly did decree,  
 Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140  
 Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow  
 From all its blackest arts, was with him now,  
 Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,  
 For he was born to give it all mankind.

By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145  
 In his own realms to calm intestine broils,  
 Thence every root of discord to remove,  
 And plant us new with unity and love.

Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,  
 Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars ; 150  
 To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,  
 Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,

Grow

WINDSOR CASTLE. 9

Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)  
Like us the people, and like him their kings.

But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 155  
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;  
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid  
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care  
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160

A feat for sweet retirement, health, and love,  
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,  
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow  
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.

E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165  
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,  
Once in a happy hour was thither led,  
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.

There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find,  
Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170

'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,  
On which that man of miracles was born,  
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,  
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;

Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175  
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,  
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180

Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,  
And chearful bows with loyal vows were crown'd.

But,



But, above all, within those lofty towers,  
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,  
 Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face;      185  
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;  
 Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame  
 Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame,      190  
 A reverend \* dome there stands, where twice each day  
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,  
 In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,  
 The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.  
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount,      195  
 From the first tables of the holy mount,  
 To the blest gospel of that glorious lord,  
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.  
 Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.      200

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,  
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.  
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,  
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,  
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace,      205  
 Order and ceremony in his face;  
 A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,  
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys,  
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,  
 Ready to open all to all that pay.      210

\* St. George's Church.      † St. George's Chapel.

This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd  
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,  
 Thus gently spake : " Those banners \* rais'd on high  
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry ;  
 " Which here their heroes with religion make, 215  
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."  
 Then in due method made me understand  
 What honour fam'd St. George had done our land ;  
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove ;  
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love, 220  
 Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms  
 Keep wrong suppress'd, and innocence from harms.  
 At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,  
 For I had been told all virtue was but show ;  
 That oft bold villainy had best success, 225  
 As if its use were more, nor merit less.  
 But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.  
 Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find }  
 Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind. }  
 I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a † cell, 230  
 Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,  
 The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,  
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.  
 Like some old den, scarce visited by day,  
 Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey. 235

\* Of the Knights of the Garter.

† An old isle in the church, where the banner of a  
 dead knight is carried, when another succeeds him.

Here,

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found  
 Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground ;  
 The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate  
 Which equally on all mankind does wait :  
 The hero, level'd in his humble grave, 240  
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave ;  
 While here his trophies, like their master, lay,  
 To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.  
 Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,  
 Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet ; 245  
 Fell in his prince's and his country's cause ;  
 But what his recompence ? A short applause,  
 Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,  
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time, 250  
 Ere yet his virtue be become his crime ;  
 Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,  
 Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.  
 But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear  
 The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care ; 255  
 Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,  
 Who a true estimate of life does make,  
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,  
 So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend ;  
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade, 260  
 Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,  
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find  
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind ;  
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,  
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave ? 265

But

WINDSOR CASTLE. 13

But if immortal any thing remain,  
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.  
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,  
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,  
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270  
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;  
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a \* lofty tower appears,  
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years, 275  
 Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,  
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.  
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood  
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.  
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280  
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;  
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,  
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,  
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285  
 Where noble order strikes the greedy fight  
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;  
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,  
 Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth; ✓  
 Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd, 290  
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd :

\* The Castle. † The Duke of Norfolk, Constable  
 of Windsor Castle. ‡ The House.

Such

Such strength without does every where abound,  
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,  
 As man's united skill had there combin'd  
 T' express what one great genius had design'd.      295

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,  
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;  
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,  
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;  
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came,      300  
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.

Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,  
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast:  
 No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,  
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest;      305

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him prest,  
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.  
 Through all the lofty roofs \* describ'd we find      310  
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:  
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,  
 And only fit for † his who did perform.

The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,  
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old,      315  
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,  
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;

\* The Paintings done by † The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.



Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms  
 Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms :  
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there, 320  
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here ;  
 With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest'd  
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.  
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd  
 Waste and confusion through the wretched world, 325  
 To after-times leave a great hated name,  
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame ;  
 His country's father, through whose tender care,  
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear ;  
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes, 330  
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize.  
 But if submission brought her to his feet,  
 With what true joy the penitent he 'd meet !  
 How would his love still with his justice strive !  
 How parent-like, how fondly he 'd forgive ! 335  
 But now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.  
 Since after all those toils through which he strove  
 By every art of most endearing love,  
 For his reward he had his Britain found, 340  
 The awe and envy of the nations round.  
 Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find  
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.  
 Tell now what emulation may inspire,  
 And warm each British heart with warlike fire ; 345  
 Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,  
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill ;

Describe

Describe that lofty monumental \* hall,  
 Where England's triumphs grace the shining wall,  
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul. }  
 Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet,  
 And at their feasts in pompous order sit,  
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,  
 And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,  
 Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 355  
 What their victorious fathers did of old ;  
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore  
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.  
 Here may they see how good old † Edward sat,  
 And did his ‡ glorious son's arrival wait, 360  
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,  
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.  
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.  
 Oh, for such laurels on another head !  
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace, 365  
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.  
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,  
 And with no foreign educations, curs'd.  
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,  
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370  
 Nor did they 'as now from fruitless travels come  
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;  
 But in full purity of health and mind  
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.

\* Where St. George's Feast is kept.

† Edw. III. ‡ The Black Prince.

WINDSOR CASTLE. 17

Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375  
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd  
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,  
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,  
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,  
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380  
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

And now survey what 's open to our view,  
 Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,  
 The \* temple by this hero built behold, 385  
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;  
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,  
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray;  
 So well the artist's hand has there delin'd  
 The merciful redemption of mankind; 390  
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,  
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he rode,  
 With lightning round his head, and thunder where  
 he trod. }

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given  
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven; 395  
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,  
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;  
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,  
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.  
 Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said, 400  
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,

\* The Chapel at the end of the hall.

To Charles's fame, for ever shall remain,  
Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly reign. 1

“Happy were they, who could before him stand,  
“And saw the wisdom of his dread command;” 405

For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest  
Of other nations Britain should be blest.

Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,  
Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight;  
Then to his throne in triumph did him bring, 410  
Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.

But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,  
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,  
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415

Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,  
They oft have by each other been supply'd.  
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts in-  
cline

The works of Fame, let this be the design:  
As thou couldst best great Charles's glory show, 420  
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,  
The meeting of a numerous senate draw!  
Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,  
And through the air let grinning Furies fly, 425  
Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,

To raise fell discord and intestine hate;  
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear  
The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,  
Then

WINDSOR CASTLE. 19

Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall) 430  
'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall ;  
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,  
Till their infection to confusion grow ;  
Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,  
As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the threaten'd  
skies. 435

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,  
His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand ;  
To send abroad his word, or with a frown  
Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down :  
Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440  
Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away.  
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,  
And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long  
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445  
Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,  
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow :  
When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,  
Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head ;  
With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450  
And through the brain found passage to the heart.  
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow  
On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe !  
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,  
And sent him to the sorrows of the grave ! 455  
Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw  
The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw ;



How on his royal bed that woeful day  
 The much-lamented mighty monarch lay ;  
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,                   460  
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.  
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years  
 He 'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears,  
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,  
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide.                   465  
 He 'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew  
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few :  
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,  
 And grew familiar with his destiny ;  
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate,                   470  
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,  
 Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,  
 While he for his great journey did provide.  
 Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind  
 To his poor mourning people left behind !                   475  
 But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,  
 None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.  
 For though a stubborn race deserving ill,  
 Yet would he shew himself a father still.  
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,                   480  
 His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.  
 Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,  
 And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed ;  
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,  
 And keep the foxes and the wolves away.                   485  
 Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,  
 And shew the wonders of fraternal love ;

How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,  
 The dying grasping the surviving hand;  
 How round each other's necks their arms they cast, 490  
 Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd;  
 And of their parting pangs such marks did give,  
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.  
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,  
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break. 495

Here let thy curious pencil next display,  
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,  
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,  
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,  
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,  
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by;  
 Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,  
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.  
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505  
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;  
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,  
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.  
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,  
 With different lines of woe in every face; 510  
 With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming eyes,  
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,  
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.  
 At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515  
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear;)

Describe her prostrate to the throne above,  
 Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love :  
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky  
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh) ; 520  
 Let them attend her cries and hear her moan,  
 With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,  
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,  
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525  
 So any farther sad description shun.

Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,  
 'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead ;  
 And thou thyself to such a scene of woe  
 Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare  
 To draw a prospect now of clearer air.  
 Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,  
 And there the embryos of time display ;  
 The forms of many smiling years to come, 535

Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb ;  
 Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,  
 To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.  
 Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,  
 Place too the charming partner of it there. 540

O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,  
 And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head ;  
 In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,  
 But all the wealth of beauty in her face.

Then from the different corners of the earth 545  
 Describe applauding nations coming forth,

Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,  
 And own auspicious omens from his reign,  
 Set at long distance his contracted foes  
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose; 550  
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,  
 And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.  
 But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,  
 The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;  
 Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555  
 Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;  
 There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,  
 Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;  
 Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the sun,  
 Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560  
 Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,  
 Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.  
 Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,  
 Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:  
 Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts, 565  
 Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.  
 Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,  
 Best suited with thy theme, great James's fame.  
 Known for the man who from his youthful years,  
 By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears; 570  
 Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,  
 When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;  
 When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,  
 Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:  
 But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 575  
 (As heaven in time true virtue will reward);

So to a throne by Providence he rose,  
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

## THE ENCHANTMENT.

### I.

**I** DID but look and love a-while,  
 'Twas but for one half-hour;  
 Then to resist I had no will  
 And now I have no power.

### II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;  
 Sighs, which do heat impart,  
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

### III.

O! would your pity give my heart  
 One corner of your breast,  
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,  
 And quickly steal the rest.

T H E  
 POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:  
 O R,  
 A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

“ Si quid habent veri vatum præfagia, vivam.”

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of  
 OSSORY, Baron of Moor Park, Knight of the  
 most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

**T**HOUGH never any man had more need of excuse  
 for a presumption of this nature than I have now ;  
 yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your  
 lordship's goodness must be my best refuge : and there-  
 fore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and  
 myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection ; for to  
 the best of my heart I have here published in some  
 measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly  
 too (a practice never more out of countenance than  
 now) : yet truth and honour are things which your lord-  
 ship must needs be kind to, because they are relations  
 to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould



'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

**T**O a high hill where never yet stood tree,  
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,  
 Where (nipt by piercing air)  
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,  
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care,  
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,  
 A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,  
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,  
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down;

'Twas

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

27

'Twas far from any path, but where the earth  
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,  
 When by the word it first was made,  
 Ere God had said,  
 Let grass and herbs and every green thing grow,  
 With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.  
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,  
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;  
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,  
 Where we are told Peace only 's found at last:  
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,  
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:  
 The distance of his future joy  
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;  
 But who can undergo  
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe?  
 Down his afflicted face  
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,  
 As left a path worn by their briny race. }  
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-  
 proportion'd limbs as useless fell,  
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain  
 Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.  
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,  
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see  
 What the sad cause could be  
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so high.

On

On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,  
 Why so forlorn ? he vainly rav'd.  
 Peace to his mind I did commend :  
 But, oh ! my words were hardly at an end,  
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,  
 My much-lov'd friend ; so down I sat,  
 And begg'd that I might share his fate :  
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale  
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale :

## III.

I am a wretch of honest race ;  
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were,  
 They left me heir to no disgrace.  
 My father was (a thing now rare)  
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair :  
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;  
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy :  
 They gave me generous education, high  
 They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew their joy.  
 The sages that instructed me in arts,  
 And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,  
 And cheer my parents longing hearts.  
 When I was call'd to a dispute,  
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute ;  
 Yet never Envy did disjoin  
 Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.  
 Thus my first years in happiness I past,  
 Nor any bitter cup did taste :  
 But, oh ! a deadly potion came at last.

As

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 29

As I lay loofely on my bed,  
A thouſand pleaſant thoughts triumphing in my head, }  
And as my ſenſe on the rich banquet fed, }  
A voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſy I  
Was with myſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh)  
Pierc'd through my ears; Ariſe, thy good Senander's dead.  
It ſhook my brain, and from their feaſt my frighted  
ſenſes fled.

IV.

From thence ſad diſcontent, uneaſy fears,  
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,  
Grew with ſucceeding years.  
The world was wide, but whither ſhould I go?  
I, whoſe blooming hopes all wither'd were,  
Who 'd little fortune, and a deal of care?  
To Britain's great metropolis I ſtray'd,  
Where Fortune's general game is play'd;  
Where honeſty and wit are often prais'd,  
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;  
My forward ſpirit prompted me to find  
A converſe equal to my mind:  
But by raw judgment eaſily miſled,  
(As giddy callow boys  
Are very fond of toys)  
I miſ'd the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead  
On every ſort of vanity I fed.  
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,  
Bullies of o'er-grown bulks and little ſouls,  
Gameſters, half-wits, and ſpendthrifts (ſuch as think  
Miſchievous midnight frolics, bred by drink

Are

Are gallantry and wit,  
 Because to their lewd understandings fit)  
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,  
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;  
 Till at the last, myself more to abuse,  
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

## V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,  
 T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart :  
     Or, when she had him in her arms,  
     Secur'd his love with greater art.  
 I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)  
 No beauty with my Muse's might compare.  
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air, }  
     Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair. }  
     Upon her head a crown she bore  
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine :  
     And round her ivory neck she wore  
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine  
     With jewels and with gold, }  
     Numberless to be told ; }  
 Which in imagination as I did behold,  
     And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,  
 Said she, These riches all, my darling, shall be thine,  
 Riches which never poet had before.  
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,  
 By royal favour, and by endless fame ;  
     But never told  
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.

Thus

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 31

Thus by the arts of this most sly  
Deluder was I caught,  
To her bewitching bondage brought.  
Eternal constancy we swore,  
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er :  
And as we did in our entrancements lie,  
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,  
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond  
When first his puffage he lost,  
Or could of half my pleasure boast.  
We never met but we enjoy'd,  
Still transported, never cloy'd.  
Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,  
Bore witness of our daily loves ;  
And on the bark of every tree  
You might the marks of our endearments see.

Diffichs, posies, and the pointed bits  
Of satire (written when a poet meets  
His Muse's caterwauling fits)  
You might on every rhind behold, and swear  
I and my Clio had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too I was blest  
With offsprings of the choicest kinds,  
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,  
And been approv'd by judgments of the best.  
But in this most transporting height,  
Whence I look'd down, and laught at fate,

All



All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ;  
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone ;  
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone :

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

The more I strove, the more I fail'd  
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull skull, and rail'd,  
 Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the last  
 prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,  
 No travailing matron in her child-birth pains,  
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,  
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape  
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,  
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,  
 And swore I'd never write again,  
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.

But when my reckoning I began to make,  
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;  
 I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake  
 I did myself undo,  
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,  
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;  
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

## VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,  
 I straight to council call'd ;  
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago  
 I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.

To

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 33

To me with readinefs he did repair ;  
Exprefs'd much tender chearfulnefs, to find  
Experience had reftor'd him to my mind ;

And loyally did to me fhew,  
How much himfelf he did abufe,  
Who credited a flattering, falfe, destructive, treacherous  
Mufe.

I ask'd the caufes why. He faid,  
'Twas never known a Mufe e'er ftaid  
When Fortune fled ; for Fortune is a bawd  
To all the Nine that on Parnaffus dwell,  
Where thofe fo fam'd delightful fountains fwell  
Of poetry, which there does ever flow ;

And where wit's lufly, fhining god  
Keeps his choice feraglio.

So whilft our fortune fmiles, our thoughts aspire,  
Pleafure and fame's our bufinefs, and defire,

Then, too, if we find

A promptnefs in the mind,  
The Mufe is always ready, always kind. }

But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies  
Her favour, all our pleafure and rich fancy dies,  
And then th' young, flippery jilt, the Mufe, too from  
us flies. }

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due ;  
And as right fearch into myfelf I made,  
I found all he had faid  
Was very honeft, very true.

D

O how

O how I hugg'd my welcome friend !  
 And inuch my Muse I could not discommend !  
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace, }  
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace, }  
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face. }  
 Then, to confirm me more,  
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes : }  
 See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize ; }  
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise. }  
 I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,  
 With a more horrid train  
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,  
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.  
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse  
 In which he wrote his Sodom Farce ;  
 A wretch whom old diseases did so bite, }  
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite, }  
 To ruin and disgrace it quite. }  
 Philosophers of old did so express  
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.  
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,  
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.  
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool ;  
 By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.  
 The other birds have hooted him from light ;  
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,  
 And only in the dark he strays ;  
 Still wretch enough to live, with worfe fools spends }  
 his days, }  
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays. }  
 Then

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 35

Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,  
Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,  
Who fought her love, and promis'd for't  
To make her famous at the court.  
The City Poet too was there,  
In a black fatin cap and his own hair,  
And begg'd that he might have the honour  
To beget a pageant on her  
For the city's next lord-mayor.  
Her favours she to none deny'd :  
They took her all by turns aside.  
Till at the last up in the rear there came  
The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,  
A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name. }  
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell  
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he  
now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.  
Down in an obscure vale,  
'Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours rise,  
Where never sun was seen by eyes,  
Under a desert wood,  
Which no man own'd, but all wild beasts were bred,  
And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,  
An ill-pil'd cottage stood,  
Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,  
By magic art brought thither from afar,  
There liv'd a widow'd witch,

That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,  
     Like one whom wants and care had worn ;  
     Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,  
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.  
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride :  
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.  
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;  
     And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray.  
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,  
     And bore the name of godliness, }  
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.  
     Honest habits they all wore,  
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine :  
 But inward of all vices they had store,  
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.  
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,  
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,  
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,  
     And, for their turn, interpret backward too.  
 Idolatry with her was held impure,  
 Because, besides herself, no idol she 'd endure.  
 Though not to paint, she 'd arts to change the face,  
     And alter it in heavenly fashion.  
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,  
 And making ugly faces was mortification.  
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,  
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name :  
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,  
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the good old  
     cause.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 37

X.

A time there was (a sad one too)  
When all things wore the face of woe,  
When many horrors rag'd in this our land,  
And a destroying angel was sent down,  
To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.  
He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquering  
hand :  
Till in th' untrodden streets unwholsome grass  
Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,  
And melancholic poisonous green ;  
Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,  
Where some murrain-murder'd hog,  
Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,  
In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,  
And the cold soil productive made.  
Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,  
And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;  
And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,  
Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.  
That dire commission ended, down there came  
Another angel with a sword of flame :  
Desolation soon he made,  
And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.  
Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,  
When, in her pious old disguise,  
This witch with all her mischief-making train  
Began to shew herself again.  
The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd all ;  
Straight they were ready at her call :



Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast.  
     That and her love they long'd to taste;  
 And to her lust she drew them all at last.  
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)  
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's whore.

## XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent  
     In safety from observing eyes,  
     Th' old strumpet did herself disguise  
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,  
 Affected truth, much modesty and grace,  
 And (like a worn-out-suburb-trull) past there for a  
     new face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,  
 And there for her support she found  
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does sound,  
 With all ingredients for his business stock'd,  
 Not unlike him whose story has a place  
     In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.  
     Of all her business he took care,  
 And every knave or fool that to her did repair,  
     Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort  
 All who had been disgusted at the court.  
     Those whose ambition had been crost,  
 Or by ill-manners had preferments lost,  
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,  
 Lay nearest to her heart, and oftenest in her arms.  
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she fought;  
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought  
     All

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 39

All those who use religion for a fashion.  
All such as practise forms, and take great pains  
    To make their godliness their gains,  
And thrive by the distractions of a nation,  
She by her art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.  
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,  
    The rebel power, the beggar'd spend-thrift lands,  
    Out of the king's or bishops' hands.  
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,  
Ungovernable, headlong multitude :  
Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress  
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances :  
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,  
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning  
    pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,  
    Till at the last she pregnant grew,  
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth  
    This monstrous, most detested birth.  
Of children born with teeth we've heard,  
    And some like comets with a beard ;  
Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change :  
    But never hitherto was seen,  
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,  
A form like this, so hideous and so strange.  
To help whose mother in her pains, there came  
    Many a well-known dame.  
The bawd Hypocrisy was there,  
And madam Impudence the fair :

Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,  
 That loves to set good neighbours at debate,  
 And raise commotions in a jealous state,  
 Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,  
 With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,  
     That's always talking, always loud,  
 Was she that first took up the babe,  
     And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears :  
 To spite the pillory, it had no ears.

When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin  
     To the blest family of Pryn.

But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,  
     Or oath, the father was a lord.

The nose was ugly, long, and big,  
 Broad, and snouty like a pig;

Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig; }  
 Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,  
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

## XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,  
     And a hopeful youth to make him.  
 To nurse he straight was sent  
 To a sister-witch, though of another sort,  
 One who profess no good, nor any meant :  
 All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept,  
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,  
 A little smoaky mansion of her own,  
 Where her familiars to her did resort,

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 41

A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god ;

And many an ugly loathsome toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.

Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholsome bats,

Sprawling nests of little cats ;

All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,

To make her spells succeed and good.

Still at her shrivel'd breasts they hung, whene'er man-  
kind she curst,

And with these foster-brethren was our monster nurs'd.

In little time the hell-bred brat

Grew plump and fat,

Without his leading-strings could walk,

And (as the forcerefs taught him) talk.

At seven years old he went to school,

Where first he grew a foe to rule.

Never would he learn as taught,

But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.

Not that he wanted parts

T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts ;

But, as negligent as fly,

Of all perverseness brutishly was full,

(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,

And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot

(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)

At last in part began to understand.

Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ;

Could

Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.

For which his guardians all thought fit,

In compliment to his most hopeful wit,

He should be sent to learn the laws,

And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,

As by Nature he was bent

To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,

A wretch's converse much he did frequent :

One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,

And in an unfrequented corner, where

Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,

He led his hated life.

Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare,

No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :

But of a little remnant, got by fraud,

(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded goate,  
With which of beggars scraps he bought. } .

Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,  
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst. }

He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.

The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,  
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept : }

And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ;  
Old worn-out statutes, and records }

Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.

But bound up by themselves with care were laid

All

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 43

All the acts, resolves, and orders, made  
By the old long Rump-parliament,  
Through all the changes of its government :  
From which with readines he could debate  
Concerning matters of the state,  
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster fought  
By instinct, and by inclination too :  
So without much ado  
They were together brought.  
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he  
taught.

He learnt of him all goodness to detest ;  
To be asham'd of no disgrace ;  
In all things but obedience to be beast ;  
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.

He taught him to call government a clog,  
But to bear beatings like a dog :  
'T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,  
But to profess them all for a pretence.

Fraught with these morals, he began  
To compleat him more for man :  
Distinguish'd to him in an hour  
'Twixt legislative and judicial power ;

How to frame a commonwealth,  
And democracy, by stealth ;  
To palliate it at first, and cry  
'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,  
And treason *salus populi* ;

Into



Into rebellion to divide the nation,  
 By fair committees of association ;  
     How by a lawful means to bring  
     In arms against himself the king,  
     With a distinguishing old trick,

'Twixt persons natural and politic ;  
     How to make faithful servants traitors  
     Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,  
     And at last troopers adjutators. }

Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough  
     Of such-like wordy, canting stuff,  
     Our blade set forth, and quickly grew  
     A leader in a factious crew.

Where-e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke.

And swell'd with every word he spoke,  
     By which becoming faucy grace,  
     He gain'd authority and place :

By many for preferments was thought fit,  
 For talking treason without fear or wit ;

    For opening failings in the state ;  
 For loving noisy and unfound debate,  
 And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat. }

## XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,  
     He very dreadful grew.

But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,  
     And th' hero to his distaff drew,

His foes that found him saw he was but man :  
 So when my faithless Clio by her snare

Had brought him to her arms, and I surpriz'd him there,  
 At once to hate and scorn him I began ;

To

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 45

To see how foolishly she 'd drest,  
And for diversion trick'd the beast.  
He was poetry all o'er,  
On every side, behind, before :  
About him nothing could I see  
But party-colour'd poetry.  
Painter's advices, litanies,

Ballads, and all the spurious excess  
Of ills that malice could devise,  
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,  
Hung round about him like a spell :  
And in his own hand too was writ,  
That worthy piece of modern wit,  
The country's late appeal.

But from such ills when will our wretched state  
Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?  
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read

Of a huge dragon, sent by fate  
To lay a sinful kingdom waste :

So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past, }  
And each day with a virgin broke his fast : }  
Till wretched matrons curst their womb,  
So hardly was their loss endur'd :

The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs  
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.  
Till, like our monster too, and with the same  
Curst ends, to the metropolis he came :

His cruelties renew'd again,  
And every day a maid was slain.

The

The curse through every family had past,  
 When to the sacrifice at last  
 Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :  
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal brother  
 now.

## XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey ;  
 On him has cast  
 His fordid venom, and prophan'd  
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,  
 Which shall for ever stand  
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last,  
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.  
 Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)  
 Heaven took such care  
 To make him every thing that's rare,  
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.  
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes ?  
 Why at his presence shrink his foes ?  
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend ?  
 Why through the world is he distinguish'd most  
 By titles, which but few can boast,  
 A most just master, and a faithful friend ?  
 One who never yet did wrong  
 To high or low, to old or young ?  
 Of him what orphan can complain ?  
 Of him what widow make her moan ?  
 But such as wish him here again,  
 And miss his goodness now he 's gone.

If

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 47

If this be (as I am fure 'tis) true ;  
Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,  
Why lives he in the world's esteem,  
Not one man's foe ? and then why are not all men  
friends with him ?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was fet at stake  
For his ungrateful country's fake,  
What dangers or what labours did he ever shun ?  
Or what wonders has not done ?  
Watchful all night, and bufy all the day,  
(Spreading his fleet in fight of Holland's fhore)  
Triumphantly ye faw his flags and freamers play.  
Then did the Englifh lion roar,  
Whilft the Belgian couchant lay.  
Big with the thoughts of conqueft and renown,  
Of Britain's honour, and his own,  
To them he like a threatening comet fhin'd,  
Rough as the fea, and furious as the wind ;  
But conftant as the ftars that never move,  
Or as women would have love.  
The trembling genius of their ftate  
Look'd out, and ftrait fhrank back his head,  
To fee our daring banners fpread :  
Whilft in their harbours they  
Like batten'd monfters weltering lay ;  
The winds, when ours th' ad kifs'd, fcorn'd with their  
flags to play ;  
But drooping like their captains' hearts,  
Each pendent, every freamer, hung :  
The feamen feem'd t' have loft their arts ;  
Their

Their ships at anchor now, of which w' had heard them  
 boast,  
 With ill-furl'd sails and rattlings loose, by every billow  
 tost,  
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;  
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,  
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ;  
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave ;  
 Seldom true, and now not brave :  
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,  
 And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

## XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,  
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought, }  
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.  
 To him then every heart was open, down  
 From the great man to the clown :  
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;  
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,  
 Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass ;  
 And shew'd the fullness of his mind.  
 No discontented vermin of ill times  
 Durst then affront him but in show ;  
 Nor libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;  
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.  
 And whose heart would not wish so too,  
 That had but seen  
 When his tumultuous misled foes  
 Against him rose,

With

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

49

With what heroic grace  
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo !  
No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,  
True witness of the innocence within.  
But, when the messengers did mandates bring  
For his retreat to foreign land,  
Since sent from the relenting hand  
Of the most loving brother, kindest king ;  
If in his heart regret did rise,  
It never scap'd his tongue or eyes ;  
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,  
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,  
Sad as the business, fullen too,  
As proud men, when in vain they woo,  
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.  
The Court, where pleasures us'd to flow,  
Became the scene of mourning and of woe :  
Desolate was every room,  
Where men for news and business us'd to come :  
With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walk'd  
In corners, and with caution talk'd.  
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near  
When he must part : his last short time was spent  
In leaving blessings on his children dear :  
To them with eager haste and love he went ;  
The eldest first embrac'd,  
As new-born day in beauty bright,  
But sad in mind as deepest night :

E

What





THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 51

T' exprefs all nobleft offices he ftrove,  
Of royal goodnefs, and a brother's love.

Then down to the fhore fide,  
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,  
With folemn pace they pafs'd,  
And there fo tenderly embrac'd,  
All griev'd by fympathy to fee them part,  
And their kind pains touch'd each by-ftander's heart.

Then hand in hand the pity'd pair  
Turn'd round to face their fate;  
She ev'n amidft afflictions fair,  
He, though opprest, ftill great.

Into th' expecting boat with hafte they went,  
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the fhore fome wifhes  
fent

For that dear pledge fh'ad left behind,  
And as her paffion grew too mighty for her mind,  
She of fome tears her eyes beguil'd,  
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,  
The happy hero kifs'd away,

And, as fhe wept, blufh'd with difdain, and fmil'd.  
Straightforth they launch into the high-fwoln Thames;  
The well-ftruck oars lave up the yielding freams.  
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wifhing flood,  
Till they were got into the wider flood;  
Till leffen'd out of fight, and feen no more,  
Then figh'd, and turn'd into the hated fhore.

## P H Æ D R A T O H I P P O L Y T U S .

T R A N S L A T E D O U T O F O V I D .

## T H E A R G U M E N T .

**T**heseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

**I**F thou 'rt unkind, I ne'er shall health enjoy,  
 Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy :  
 Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,  
 Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd :  
 Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move ;  
 By letters foes converse, and learn to love.  
 Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,  
 Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd ;

Long

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS. 53

Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,  
 But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.  
 'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,  
 The gods obey him, and he 's king above ;  
 He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,  
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound :  
 Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine  
 Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine !  
 Yet of my wedlock vows I 'll lose no care,  
 Search back through all my fame, thou 'lt find it fair.  
 But Love long breeding to worst pain does turn ;  
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn !  
 As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,  
 When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and maim'd ;  
 So my unpractis'd heart in love can find  
 No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind :  
 When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,  
 But in our riper years with rage we love.  
 To thee I yield then all my dear renown,  
 And pr'ythee let 's together be undone.  
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,  
 Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows ?  
 But if thy virtue hitherto has gain'd  
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?  
 Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run ;  
 'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.  
 And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,  
 I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee :  
 Believe me too, with strange desires I change,  
 Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.

To thy delights and Delia I incline,  
 Make her my goddess too, because she's thine :  
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,  
 And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,  
 Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lye  
 Stretch'd on the grass; and would'st not thou be by ?  
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,  
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide.  
 Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,  
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they  
 When under Ida's hill they offerings pay :  
 Ev'n mad as those the deities of night  
 And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.  
 But still each little interval I gain,  
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.  
 Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,  
 And Venus will have tribute of us all.  
 Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,  
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame :  
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,  
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain .  
 The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid  
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made :  
 Now, in that family my right to save,  
 I am at last on the same terms a slave :  
 'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,  
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.  
 Let monuments of triumph then be shown  
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.

When



PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS. 55

When first our vows were to Eleufis paid,  
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid ;  
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,  
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein :  
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,  
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread, :  
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,  
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms :  
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,  
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair ;  
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,  
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.  
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,  
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art :  
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,  
 And all thou doest is lovely in my sight :  
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,  
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.  
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,  
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none ?  
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long ;  
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.  
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,  
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.  
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,  
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain,  
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,  
 Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.  
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,  
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy ;



Atalanta's love too Meleager fought,  
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught :  
 Be thou and I next the blest sylvan pair ;  
 Where Love 's a stranger, woods but deserts are.  
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,  
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.  
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,  
 Where on each side the beating billows rise,  
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,  
 More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.  
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away  
 At Theffaly, where always let him stay  
 With his Perithoüs, whom well I see  
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.  
 Nor has he only thus exprest his hate ;  
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight :  
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,  
 Then from my sister falsely ran away,  
 And left expos'd to every beast a prey :  
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,  
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,  
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,  
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.  
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,  
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right :  
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,  
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault :  
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,  
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS. 57

How canst thou rev'rence then thy father's bed,  
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?  
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;  
 Mother and son are notions, very names  
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then  
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;  
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,  
 And with his sister did himself begin.  
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,  
 When we express it in the closest love.  
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;  
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,  
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown  
 A mother's kindness to a grateful son.  
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,  
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way!  
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray. }  
 But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;  
 In public, kisses take; in public, give:  
 Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause  
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:  
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;  
 So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind.  
 For this I am an humble suppliant grown;  
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?  
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,  
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;  
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;  
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees:

Shame,

Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,  
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.  
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,  
 And then some pity on my sufferings take.  
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies ;  
 Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies ;  
 What though my father's fire in beams drest gay  
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day ;  
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,  
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.  
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,  
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king :  
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,  
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fair ;  
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still,  
 And every wood afford thee game to kill ;  
 So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all  
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall ;  
 So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,  
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.  
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,  
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine, }  
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine. }

E P I S T L E  
T O M R. D U K E.\*

**M**Y much-lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,  
 How do I loath the day, and light despise !  
 Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome guest,  
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ;  
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,  
 'Tis when they 're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee.  
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as kind !)  
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd  
 As our first parents in their Eden were,  
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care ;  
 We two together wander'd through a grove,  
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above, }  
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love ;  
 Hundreds of chearful birds fill'd every tree,  
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty ;  
 While through the gladsome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,  
 And of our present valued state thus talk'd :  
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat ?  
 Thus humbly blest, who 'd labour to be great ?  
 Who for preferments at a court would wait,  
 Where every gudgeon 's nibbling at the bait ?  
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,  
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,  
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste  
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste ;

\* See the Answer, in " Duke's Poems."

When

When the wide river he behind him sees,  
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?  
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,  
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,  
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,  
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day ;  
 Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,  
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,  
 Just as the sun, declining with his beams,  
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams ;  
 Amidst whose current rising fishes play,  
 And roll in wanton liberty away.

Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,  
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,  
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,  
 And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep :  
 There we two lie, between us may be 's spread  
 Some books, few understand, though many read.  
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,  
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.  
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,  
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex  
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,  
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd ;  
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,  
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.  
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,  
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire ;  
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,  
 And love their friendship, so much like our own.

But



But when to give our minds a feast indeed,  
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,  
Who can our transports, or our longings tell,  
To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?  
With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd,  
Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:  
A generous bottle and a lovesome she,  
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:  
To which retiring quietly at night,  
If (as that only can) to add delight,  
When to our little cottage we repair,  
We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,  
Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers tears,  
Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,  
Wilson, professing friendship yet a friend,  
Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,  
Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,  
Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;  
Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,  
And for a taste of life to us come down;  
With eager arms, how closely we embrace!  
What joys in every heart, and every face!  
The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,  
With choicest meats at least, though not with store:  
Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,  
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:  
Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,  
Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.  
Then down we sit, while every genius tries  
T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:



No faucy hour presumes to stint delight,  
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that 's done 'tis night.  
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we 'll part,  
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,  
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,  
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,  
 But every sense with perfect pleasure 's fed ;  
 Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep  
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep ;  
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,  
 So quiet craving Love, till the next night :  
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,  
 And to our books our earliest visit make ;  
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,  
 And there, methinks, Fancy fits queen of all ;  
 While the poor under-faculties resort,  
 And to her fickle majesty make court ;  
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,  
 But usefully ; no entrance to be had.  
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,  
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind ;  
 He meets reception from the antic queen,  
 Who thinks her majesty 's most honour'd, when  
 Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.  
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,  
 And into court with resolute virtue goes ;  
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,  
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away !  
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook  
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook ;

When waking as I cast my eyes around,  
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;  
 No grove, no freedom, and, what 's worse to me,  
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.  
 Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care  
 Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:  
 Gods! life's your gift, then season 't with such fate,  
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.  
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,  
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world;  
 But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,  
 By day what 's needful, and at night soft ease;  
 The friend I trust in, and the she I love,  
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,  
 Make me as great (that 's wretched) as ye can,  
 Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man;  
 To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,  
 But make life what I ask, or take 't away.

T O M R. C R E E C H,

U P O N H I S

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

**S**IR, when your book the first time came abroad,  
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;  
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,  
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.

Lucretius

Lucretius english'd ! 'twas a work might shake  
 The power of English verse to undertake.  
 This all men thought ; but you are born, we find,  
 T' out-do the expectations of mankind ;  
 Since you 've so well the noble task perform'd,  
 Envy 's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd :  
 For when the rich original we peruse,  
 And by it try the metal you produce,  
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,  
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd :  
 Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,  
 And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse ;  
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,  
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race ;  
 But when in rugged way we find him rein  
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain ;  
 There the advantage he receives is found,  
 By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.  
 Next, his philosophy you 've so exprest  
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,  
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day  
 In schools, may learn from you the easy way  
 To let us know what they would mean and say :  
 If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace  
 To wave for once their statute in that case.  
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,  
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher :  
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong  
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long

}

In

T O M R. C R E E C H.

65

In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,  
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:  
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.  
 You 're only able to retrieve his doom,  
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:  
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,  
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;  
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,  
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame;  
 Since to their memory it is so true,  
 And shews their poetry so much in you.  
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle,  
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile  
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;  
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.  
 Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd  
 T' have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?  
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,  
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd  
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,  
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall  
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call?  
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,  
 When nonsense loads the press, and choaks the stage;  
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,  
 And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,  
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,  
 Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws  
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;  
 That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,

F

In

In his own mother-tongue may humbly read  
 What engines yet are wanting in his head  
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,  
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn  
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,  
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,  
 And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.  
 Such things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you  
 Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true !  
 May our defects be by your powers supply'd,  
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride ;  
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,  
 The majesty of poetry return !

## E P I L O G U E,

S P O K E N U P O N .

His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and ease,  
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease ;  
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,  
 And on the rest their dire infection shed ;  
 Our great Physician, who the nature knew  
 Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,  
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you :  
 He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,  
 And finding whence before one sickness came,

How



How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,  
 Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there :  
 Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,  
 You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,  
 New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,  
 Answer me all : Who struck the monster dead ?

See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,  
 Think on the martyr from whose loins he came ;  
 Think on the blood was shed for you before,  
 And curse the parricides that thirst for more.

His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware :  
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,  
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve ;  
 He wears a sword will justify your love.

With blood still ready for your good t' expend,  
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.

His dutious loyalty before you lay,  
 And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.  
 Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to restore ;  
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more.

No more let Bouteveys hope to lead petitions,  
 Scriveners to be treasurers ; pedlars, politicians ;  
 Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,  
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for 't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,  
 What prince can be too jealous of their powers,  
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd ?  
 They 're mal-contents that every where go arm'd :



And when the horned herd 's together got,  
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,  
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood :  
Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,  
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post,  
In recompence th' original was lost :  
At these, illustrious repentance pay,  
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay :  
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,  
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord :  
He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage  
A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.  
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,  
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,  
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home :  
Send all your wishes with him, let the air  
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,  
The seas, like what they 'll carry, calm and fair :  
Let the illustrious mother touch our land  
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command ;  
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,  
With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,  
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,  
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand  
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

S P O K E N T O  
 H E R R O Y A L H I G H N E S S,  
 O N H E R  
 R E T U R N F R O M S C O T L A N D,  
 I N T H E Y E A R 1682.

**A**LL you, who this day's jubilee attend,  
 And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,  
 That come to treat your longing wishes here,  
 Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.  
 Thus falling on your knees with me implore,  
 May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!  
 But if there any in this circle be,  
 That come so curst to envy what they see,  
 From the vain fool that would be great too soon,  
 To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!  
 Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,  
 Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.  
 Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,  
 The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:  
 From whom our present peace we expect encreas'd,  
 And all our future generations blest.  
 Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,  
 When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:  
 And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;  
 Bless him with days of strength, and make them long;

Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,  
 Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,  
 His father's conquering sword within his hand :  
 Then th' English lions in the air advance,  
 And with them roaring music to the dance,  
 Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

## P R O L O G U E

TO MRS. BEHN'S.

C I T Y H E I R E S S , 1682.

**H**OW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,  
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age !  
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach ;  
 You care as little what the poets teach,  
 As you regard at church what parsons preach.  
 But where such follies and such vices reign,  
 What honest pen has patience to refrain ?  
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,  
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar ;  
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,  
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here :  
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,  
 And run so very evenly your race,  
 Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.  
 It must be so ; some dæmon has possess'd  
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.

Y' have

P R O L O G U E.

Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,  
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,  
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.  
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,  
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er :  
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore !  
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,  
 Out of its mouth at random halters flew  
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,  
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own :  
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,  
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,  
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,  
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us ;  
 From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias :  
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,  
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,  
 And fills the heads of fools with politicks.  
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,  
 To part with zealous guinea for---no feast.  
 Who, but the most incorrigible fops,  
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,  
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,  
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings ?  
 Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er ;  
 But who e'er paid for a sham treat before ?  
 Had you not better sent your offerings all  
 Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall ?  
 I being your steward, justice had been done ye ;  
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

## T H E S I X T E E N T H O D E

O F T H E

S E C O N D B O O K O F H O R A C E .

**I**N storms when clouds the moon do hide,  
And no kind stars the pilot guide,  
Shew me at sea the boldest there,  
Who does not wish for quiet here.  
For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,  
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,  
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;  
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.  
Since wealth and power too weak we find,  
To quell the tumults of the mind ;  
Or from the monarch's roofs of state  
Drive thence the cares that round him wait ;  
Happy the man with little blest,  
Of what his father left possess'd ;  
No base desires corrupt his head,  
No fears disturb him in his bed.  
What then in life, which soon must end,  
Can all our vain designs intend ?  
From shore to shore why should we run,  
When none his tiresome self can shun ?  
For baneful care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under sail,

'Twill

IMITATION OF HORACE. 73

'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,  
Out-run the roc, out-fly the wind.  
If then thy soul rejoice to-day,  
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.  
In laughter let them all be drown'd :  
No perfect good is to be found.  
One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,  
Another's lingering death comes flow ;  
And what of life they take from thee,  
The gods may give to punish me.  
Thy portion is a wealthy stock,  
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,  
Horses and chariots for thy ease,  
Rich robes to deck and make thee please.  
For me, a little cell I chuse,  
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,  
Which soft content does best adorn,  
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

T H E C O M P L A I N T :

A S O N G.

To a Scotch tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,  
No quiet 's in my mind,  
Though ne'er could be a happier swain,  
Were Sylvia less unkind.

I

For



For when, as long her chains I 've worn,  
 I ask relief from smart,  
 She only gives me looks of scorn ;  
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

My rivals, rich in worldly store,  
 May offer heaps of gold,  
 But surely I a heaven adore,  
 Too precious to be sold ;  
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,  
 For wealth, and not desert ;  
 And my poor sighs and tears despise ?  
 Alas, 'twill break my heart !

When, like some panting, hovering dove,  
 I for my blifs contend,  
 And plead the cause of eager love,  
 She coldly calls me friend.  
 Ah, Sylvia ! thus in vain you strive  
 To act a healer's part,  
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,  
 Alas ! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 In hope to calm my raging head,  
 And cool my burning breast.  
 Her cruelty all ease denies ;  
 With some sad dream I start,  
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,  
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then

THE COMPLAINT. 75

Then rising, through the path I rove  
That leads me where she dwells,  
Where to the senseless waves my love  
Its mournful story tells :  
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,  
Till morning bids depart ;  
Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :  
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest 's won,  
And I am dead and cold,  
Renounce the cruel deed you 've done,  
Nor glory when 'tis told ;  
For every lovely generous maid  
Will take my injur'd part,  
And curse thee, Sylvia, I 'm afraid,  
For breaking my poor heart.

P R O L O G U E

TO N. LEE'S

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

**W**HAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first  
Poets were made ? I'd tell you, if I durst,  
That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,  
That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,  
When it saw all, and said that all was good,  
The creature Poet was not understood :

For,

For, were it worth the pains of six long days,  
 To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,  
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays?  
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,  
 But came by meer equivocal generation :  
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred,  
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.  
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,  
 Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known.  
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,  
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.  
 Disabled wasting Whore-masters are not  
 Prouder to own the brats they never'got,  
 Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town  
 T' adopt some base-born song that's not their own.  
 Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,  
 To please the importunity of friends.  
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,  
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit ;  
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,  
 Till common sense forsake him, he 'll translate.  
 The Poet and the Whore alike complains  
 Of trading quality, that spoil their gains ;  
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains !  
 Therefore all you who have male issue born  
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,  
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,  
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme :  
 Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,  
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd ;

And

PROLOGUE TO CONSTANTINE. 77

And if such warning they refuse to take,  
This last experiment, O parents, made !  
With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,  
The parish whip and beadle by his side ;  
Then lead him to some stall that does expose  
The authors he loves most ; there rub his nose,  
Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,  
He by the due correction understand,  
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land ;  
Till he against his nature learn to strive,  
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF  
A PASTORAL  
ON THE  
DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,  
And thus disturbs the shepherds' peaceful reign ?  
A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,  
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.  
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,  
The early larks forsake their wandering way,  
And cease to welcome-in the new-born day.  
Each nymph possess'd with a distracted fear,  
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.

Diseases

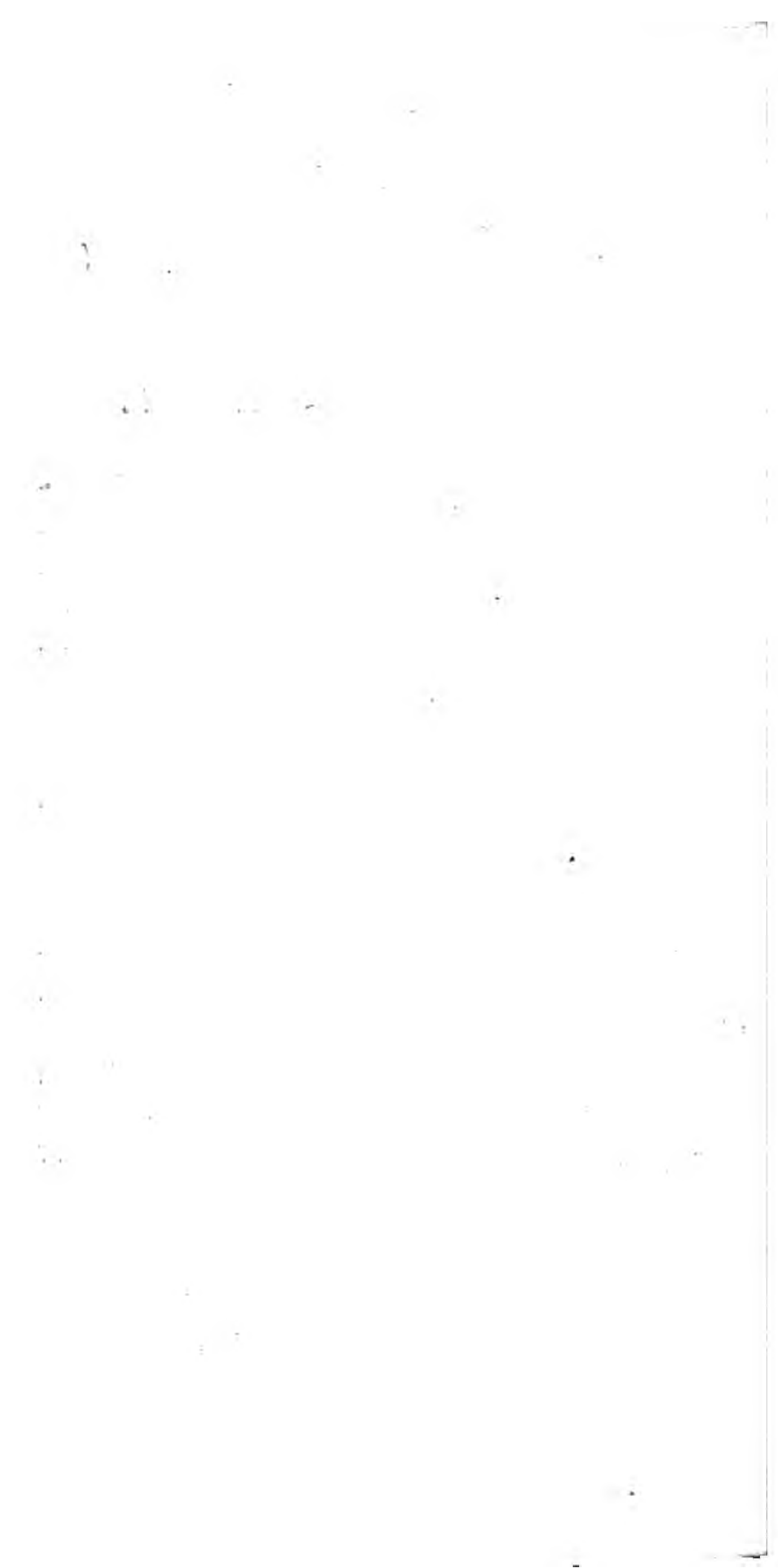
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,  
 And deities, not known before to pain,  
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain :  
 Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,  
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.  
 Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,  
 To weep and mourn let us together stay :  
 O'er all the universe let it be spread,  
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.  
 The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,  
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,  
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's  
                     eternal sleep !

Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly  
 Aloft where the soft milky way does lie ;  
 Mopus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,  
 Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.  
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,  
 And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,  
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,  
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,  
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's  
                     eternal sleep.

C O N T E N T S  
O F  
O T W A Y ' S P O E M S .

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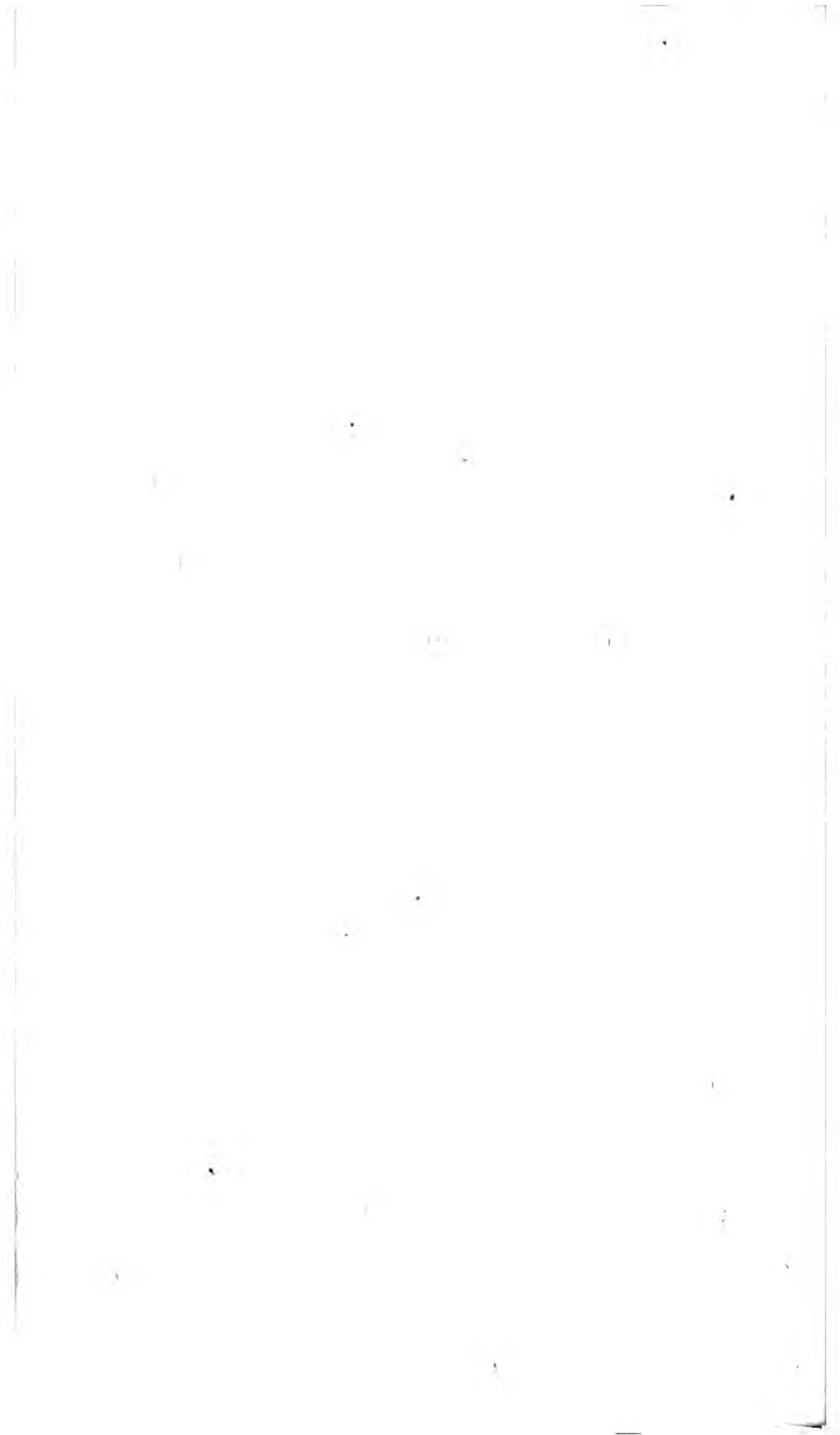


P O E M S

B Y

R I C H A R D D U K E, M. A.

G



P O E M S

B Y

M R. D U K E.

\*\*\*\*\*

T H E R E V I E W.

“ Longa est injuria, longæ  
“ Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.” VIRG.

**H**OW have we wander'd a long dismal night,  
Led through blind paths by each deluding light !  
Now plung'd in mire, now by sharp brambles torn,  
With tempests beat, and to the winds a scorn !  
Lost, weary'd, spent ! but see the Eastern star  
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar :  
Bright goddess, hail ! while we by thee survey  
The various errors of our painful way ;  
While, guided by some clew of heavenly thread,  
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,  
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,  
Perverse cabals, and winding turns of state,

The senate's rage, and all the crooked lines  
 Of incoherent plots and wild designs ;  
 Till, getting out where first we enter'd in,  
 A new bright race of glory we begin.

As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,  
 As the blest shore to ship-wreck'd mariners,  
 Success to lovers, glory to the brave,  
 Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave ;  
 Such was great Cæsar's day ! the wondrous day,  
 That long in Fate's dark bosom hatching lay,  
 Heaven to absolve, and satisfaction bring,  
 For twenty years of misery and sin !

What shouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,  
 Swell'd every breast, did every tongue employ,  
 With rays direct, whilst on his people shone  
 The King triumphant from the martyr's throne !  
 Was ever prince like him to mortals given ?  
 So much the joy of earth and care of heaven !  
 Under the pressure of unequal fate,  
 Of so erect a mind, and soul so great !  
 So full of meekness, and so void of pride,  
 When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide,  
 Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,  
 His joy to save, and glory to forgive.

All storms compos'd, and tempests rage asleep,  
 He, Halcyon like, sat brooding o'er the deep.  
 He saw the royal bark securely ride,  
 No danger threatening from the peaceful tide ;  
 And he who, when the winds and seas were high,  
 Oppos'd his skill, and did their rage defy,

No diminution to his honour thought,  
 T' enjoy the pleasure of the calm he brought.  
 (Should he alone be so the people's slave  
 As not to share the blessings that he gave?)  
 But not till, full of providential care,  
 He chose a pilot in his place to steer:  
 One in his father's councils and his own,  
 Long exercis'd, and grey in business grown;  
 Whose confirm'd judgment and sagacious wit  
 Knew all the sands on which rash monarchs split;  
 Of rising winds could, ere they blew, inform,  
 And from which quarter to expect the storm.  
 Such was, or such he seem'd, whom Cæsar chose,  
 And did all empire's cares in him repose;  
 That, after all his toils and dangers past,  
 He might lie down and taste some ease at last.

Now stands the statesman of the helm possess'd,  
 On him alone three mighty nations rest;  
 \* Byrsa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,  
 And skill'd in arms of that litigious war;  
 But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,  
 Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muses' friend;  
 Him every Muse in every age had sung,  
 His easy flowing wit and charming tongue,  
 Had not the treacherous voice of power inspir'd  
 His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;  
 Disdaining less alliances to own,  
 He now sets up for kinsman of the throne;

\* Earl of Clarendon.



And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,  
 Back'd with great Cæsar's absolute command,  
 On false pretence of former contracts made,  
 Is forc'd on brave \* Britannicus's bed.

Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit out-vy'd,  
 And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride :  
 When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,  
 Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,  
 By threatening many, but excepting none  
 That paid the purchase of oblivion.  
 Byrsa his master's free-given mercy fold,  
 And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold :  
 That new state-maxim he invented first,  
 (To aged Time's last revolution curst)  
 That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,  
 And their best friends to beggary expose ;  
 For these, he said, would still beg on and serve ;  
 'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve :  
 But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,  
 And paid for all the mighty ills they 've done :  
 When wealth and honour from their treasons flow,  
 How can they chuse but very loyal grow ?  
 This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,  
 Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought ;  
 Titles and power to thieves and traitors fold,  
 Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.  
 Hence all these tears----in these first seeds was sown  
 His country's following ruin, and his own.

\* Duke of York.

Of

Of that accurst and sacrilegious crew,  
 Which great by merit of rebellion grew,  
 Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,  
 The false \* Antonius had suffic'd alone,  
 To all succeeding ages to proclaim  
 Of this state principle the guilt and shame.  
 Antonius early in rebellious race  
 Swiftly set out, nor slackening in his pace,  
 The same ambition that his youthful heat  
 Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat  
 With unabated ardour does engage  
 The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age ;  
 Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,  
 Of sprightly cunning and malicious wit ;  
 Restless, projecting still some new design,  
 Still drawing round the government his line,  
 Bold on the walls, or busy in the mine :  
 Lewd as the stews, but to the blinded eyes  
 Of the dull crowd as Puritan precise ;  
 Before their sight he draws the juggler's cloud  
 Of public interest, and the people's good.  
 The working ferment of his active mind,  
 In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,  
 Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,  
 But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent.

Such were the men that from the statesman's hand,  
 Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd :

\* Earl of Shaftesbury.

All offices of dignity or power  
 These swarming locusts greedily devour ;  
 Preferr'd to all the secrets of the state,  
 These senseless sinners in the council fate,  
 In their unjust deceitful balance laid,  
 The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.

This wise \* Lovifius knew, whose mighty mind  
 Had universal empire long design'd ;  
 And when he all things found were bought and sold,  
 Thought nothing there impossible to gold :  
 With mighty fums, through secret channels brought,  
 On the corrupted counsellors he wrought :  
 Against the neighbouring Belgians they declare  
 A hazardous and an expensive war.  
 Their fresh affronts and matchless insolence  
 To Cæsar's honour made a fair pretence ;  
 Meer outside this, but, ruling by his pay,  
 Cunning Lovifius did this project lay,  
 By mutual damages to weaken those  
 Who only could his vast designs oppose.  
 But Cæsar, looking with a just disdain  
 Upon their bold pretences to the main,  
 Sent forth his royal brother from his side,  
 To lash their insolence, and curb their pride :  
 Britannicus, by whose high virtues grac'd,  
 The present age contends with all the past ;  
 Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,  
 Slow to advise, but eager to perform,

\* French King.

In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight,  
 Danger his sport, and labour his delight :  
 To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,  
 Did equal harvests of bright glory yield.  
 No less each civil virtue him commends,  
 The best of subjects, brothers, masters, friends ;  
 To merit just, to needy virtue kind,  
 True to his word, and constant to his friend :  
 What's well resolv'd as bravely he pursues,  
 Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuse.  
 Honour was born, not planted in his heart,  
 And Virtue came by nature, not by art :  
 Where glory calls, and Cæsar gives command,  
 He flies ; his pointed thunder in his hand.  
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,  
 The tempest of his fury to sustain :  
 Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly  
 Like doves that the exalted eagle spy,  
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high :  
 He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed  
 Above the waves lifting his awful head,  
 He smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,  
 In triumph rides o'er the asserted main ;  
 And now returns, the watery empire won,  
 At Cæsar's feet to lay his trident down.  
 But who the shouts and triumphs can relate  
 Of the glad isle that his return did wait ?  
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,  
 Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand.

A joy

A joy too great to be by words exprest,  
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast :  
 So joy the many, but the wiser few  
 The godlike prince with silent wonder view.  
 The grateful senate his high acts confess  
 In a vast gift, but than his merit less.  
 Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,  
 Britannicus ! she knows no other name ;  
 The people's darling, and the court's delight,  
 Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight !  
 Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands  
 So many thousand hearts, and tongues, and hands ;  
 Shall ever he, by some strange crime of fate,  
 Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate ?  
 Who knows ? the turns of Fortune who can tell ?  
 Who fix her globe, or stop the rolling wheel ?  
 The crowd 's a sea, whose wants run high or low,  
 According as the winds, their leaders, blow.  
 All calm and smooth, till from some corner flies  
 An envious blast, that makes the billows rise :  
 The blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,  
 We know not, but where-e'er it lifts it blows.  
 Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry  
 Hosanna first, and after crucify ?

Now Byrsa with full orb illustrious shone,  
 With beams reflected from his glorious son ;  
 All power his own, but what was given to those  
 That counsellors by him from rebels rose ;  
 But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a first,  
 The taste of power does but inflame the thirst.

With

With envious eyes they Bryfa's glories see,  
 Nor think they can be great, while less than he.  
 Envy their cunning sharpen'd, and their wit,  
 Enough before for treacherous councils fit :  
 T' accuse him openly not yet they dare,  
 But subtly by degrees his fall prepare :  
 They knew by long-experienc'd desert  
 How near he grew rooted to Cæsar's heart ;  
 To move him hence, requir'd no common skill,  
 But what is hard to a resolved will ?  
 They found his public actions all conspire,  
 Wisely apply'd, to favour their desire :  
 But one they want their venom to suggest,  
 And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast :  
 Who fitter than \* Villerius for this part ?  
 And him to gain requir'd but little art,  
 For mischief was the darling of his heart.  
 A compound of such parts as never yet  
 In any one of all God's creatures met :  
 Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,  
 Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd ;  
 Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,  
 Still constant to buffoon and harlequin,  
 As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old  
 More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.  
 God granted him to play th' eternal fool,  
 And all he handled turn to ridicule.

\* Duke of Buckingham.

Thus



Thus a new Midas truly he appears,  
 And shews, through all disguise, his asses ears.  
 Did he the weightiest business of the state  
 At council or in senate-house debate,  
 King, country, all, he for a jest would quit,  
 To catch some little flash of paltry wit :  
 How full of gravity foe'er he struts,  
 The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts :  
 Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,  
 Blaspheme his God, or give his king the lye ;  
 Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,  
 Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit :  
 At last this edg'd-tool wit, his darling sport,  
 Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court :  
 Like common jugglers, or like common whores,  
 All his tricks shewn, he was kick'd out of doors.  
 Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,  
 He still found company to suit his grace ;  
 Mountebanks, quakers, chemists, trading varlets,  
 Pimps, players, city sheriffs, and suburb harlots ;  
 War his aversion, once he heard it roar,  
 But, " Damn him if he ever hear it more ! " }  
 And there you may believe him, though he swore. }  
 But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars,  
 He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a \* farce.  
 As many rolling years he did employ, }  
 And hands almost as many, to destroy }  
 Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy. }

\* The Rehearfal.

Once

Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,  
 And threatens rhymers with a second farce :  
 But, if as long for this as that we stay,  
 He 'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.

This precious tool did the new statesmen use  
 In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse :  
 Suspicion 's bred by gravity, beard, and gown ;  
 But who suspects the madman and buffoon ?  
 Drolling Villerius this advantage had,  
 And all his jests sober impressions made :  
 Besides, he knew to chuse the softest hour,  
 When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,  
 And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,  
 In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.  
 'Twas then he play'd the sly successful fool,  
 And serious mischief did in ridicule.

Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,  
 And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.  
 With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,  
 He pleasantly the ape could imitate,  
 And soon as a contempt of him was bred,  
 It made the way for hatred to succeed.

———— Gravities disguise

The greatest jest of all, " he'd needs be wise---"

[Here the writer left off.]

## OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

**'T**WAS noon, when I, scorch'd with the double fire  
 Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,  
 Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,  
 Big with expectance of the lovely maid.  
 The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,  
 Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;  
 Such as remains when the sun flies away,  
 Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.  
 This light to modest maids must be allow'd,  
 Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.  
 And now my love, Corinna, did appear,  
 Loose on her neck fell her divided hair;  
 Loose as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air. }  
 In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,  
 To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.  
 So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece  
 With adoration did her charms confess.  
 Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,  
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;  
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be  
 Unwilling to obtain the victory.  
 So I at last an easy conquest had,  
 Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:  
 But, when she naked stood before my eyes.  
 Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprize!  
 What snowy arms did I both see and feel!  
 With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!

Plump,

Plump, as ripe clusters, rose each glowing breast,  
 Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest !  
 In every limb what various charms were spread,  
 Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd !  
 One beauty did through her whole body shine.  
 I saw, admir'd, and prest'd it close to mine.  
 The rest, who knows not ? Thus entranc'd we lay, }  
 Till in each other's arms we dy'd away ; }  
 O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.\*

**B** LUSH not, my friend, to own the love  
 Which thy fair captive's eyes do move :  
 Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,  
 Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave ;  
 Tecmeffa's charms could overpower  
 Ajax her lord and conqueror ;  
 Great Agamemnon when success  
 Did all his arms with conquest bless ;  
 When Hector's fall had gain'd him more  
 Than ten long rolling years before,  
 By a bright captive virgin's eyes  
 Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.  
 You know not to what mighty line  
 The lovely maid may make you join ;  
 See but the charms her sorrow wears,  
 No common cause could draw such tears :  
 Those streams sure that adorn her so  
 For loss of royal kindred flow :

\* See another imitation of this ode in Yalden's  
 Poems, p. 376.

Oh ! think not so divine a thing  
 Could from the bed of commons spring ;  
 Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,  
 And so averse to sordid gain,  
 Was never born of any race  
 That might the noblest love disgrace.  
 Her blooming face, her snowy arms,  
 Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms  
 Of her body and her face,  
 I, poor I, may safely praise.  
 Suspect not, Love, the youthful rage  
 From Horace's declining age,  
 But think remov'd, by forty years,  
 All his flames and all thy fears.

### HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

**I**F ever any injur'd power,  
 By which the false Bariné swore,  
 False, fair Bariné, on thy head  
 Had the least mark of vengeance shed ;  
 If but a tooth or nail of thee  
 Had suffer'd by thy perjury,  
 I should believe thy vows ; but thou  
 Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,  
 Of all our youth the public care,  
 Nor half so false as thou art fair.  
 It thrives with thee to be forsworn  
 By thy dead mother's sacred urn,

By

IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 97

By heaven and all the stars that shine  
Without, and every god within :  
Venus hears this, and all the while  
At thy empty vows does smile,  
Her nymphs all smile, her little son  
Does smile, and to his quiver run ;  
Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,  
To wound for thee fresh lovers hearts.  
See all the youth does thee obey,  
Thy train of slaves grows every day ;  
Nor leave thy former subjects thee,  
Though oft they threaten to be free,  
Though oft with vows false as thine are,  
Their forsworn mistresses they forswear.  
Thee every careful mother fears  
For her son's blooming tender years ;  
Thee frugal fires, thee the young bride  
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,  
Lest thou detain by stronger charms  
Th' expected husband from her arms.

H O R A C E A N D L Y D I A.

B O O K I I I . O D E I X .

H O R A C E .

**W**HILST I was welcome to your heart,  
In which no happier youth had part,  
And, full of more prevailing charms,  
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,

H

I flourish'd



I flourish'd richer and more blest  
Than the great monarch of the east.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,  
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,  
Lydia, the celebrated name,  
The only theme of verse and fame,  
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,  
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

H O R A C E.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse  
And every Grace adorns, subdues;  
For whom I'd gladly die, to save  
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

L Y D I A.

Me lovely Calais does fire  
With mutual flames of fierce desire;  
For whom I twice would die, to save  
His youth more precious from the grave.

H O R A C E.

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

L Y D I A.

Though he is shining as a star,  
Constant and kind as he is fair;  
Thou light as cork, rough as the sea,  
Yet I would live, would die with thee,



## T H E C Y C L O P S.

Theocritus, Idyll. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

**O** SHORT, no herb, no salve, was ever found  
 To ease a lover's heart, or heal his wound;  
 No medicine this prevailing ill subdues,  
 None, but the charms of the condoling Muse:  
 Sweet to the sense, and easy to the mind,  
 The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.  
 This you well know, and surely none so well,  
 Who both in Physic's sacred art excel,  
 And in Wit's orb among the brightest shine,  
 The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the Cyclops strove  
 To soften his uneasy hours of love.  
 Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce desire,  
 And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,  
 His was no common flame, nor could he move  
 In the old arts and beaten paths of love;  
 Nor flowers nor fruits sent to oblige the fair,  
 Nor more to please curl'd his neglected hair;  
 His was all rage, all madness; to his mind  
 No other cares their wonted entrance find.  
 Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,  
 Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,  
 Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and sea  
 Accusing Galatea's cruelty;

Till night, from the first dawn of opening day,  
 Confines with inward heat, and melts away.  
 Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,  
 And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound ;  
 From a steep rock, from whence he might survey  
 The flood (the bed where his lov'd sea-nymph lay),  
 His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,  
 And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful song.

“ Fair Galatea, why is all my pain  
 “ Rewarded thus ? soft love with sharp disdain ?  
 “ Fairer than falling snow or rising light,  
 “ Soft to the touch as charming to the sight ;  
 “ Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whose head  
 “ The tender crescents but begin to spread ;  
 “ Yet, cruel, you to harshness more incline,  
 “ Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the savage vine.  
 “ Soon as my heavy eye-lids seal'd with sleep,  
 “ Hither you come out from the foaming deep ;  
 “ But, when sleep leaves me, you together fly,  
 “ And vanish swiftly from my opening eye,  
 “ Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they spy.  
 “ I well remember the first fatal day  
 “ That made my heart your beauty's easy prey,  
 “ 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,  
 “ Of all its brightness, all its pride, bereft,  
 “ To gather flowers from the steep mountain's top ;  
 “ Of the high office proud, I led you up ;  
 “ To hyacinths and roses did you bring,  
 “ And shew'd you all the treasures of the spring.

“ But

" But from that hour my soul has known no rest,  
 " Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast :  
 " I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you  
 " Not the least sign of melting pity shew :  
 " No ; by the gods that shall revenge my pain !  
 " No ; you, the more I love, the more disdain.  
 " Ah ! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know  
 " Why you despise and fly the Cyclops so ;  
 " Because a shaggy brow from side to side,  
 " Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide ;  
 " And under that one only eye does shine,  
 " And my flat nose to my big lips does join.  
 " Such though I am, yet know, a thousand sheep,  
 " The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep ;  
 " With sweetest milk they fill my flowing pails,  
 " And my vast stock of cheeses never fails ;  
 " In summer's heat, or winter's sharpest cold,  
 " My loaded shelves groan with the weight they hold.  
 " With such soft notes I the shrill pipe inspire,  
 " That every listening Cyclops does admire ;  
 " While with it often I all night proclaim  
 " Thy powerful charms, and my successful flame.  
 " For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed ;  
 " And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.  
 " Ah ! come to me, fair nymph ! and you shall find  
 " These are the smallest gifts for thee design'd.  
 " Ah ! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,  
 " And break themselves against the sounding shore.  
 " How much more pleasant would thy slumbers be  
 " In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me !

" There the freight cypress and green laurel join,  
 " And creeping ivy clasps the cluster'd vine ;  
 " There fresh, cool rills, from Ætna's purest snow,  
 " Dissolv'd into ambrosial liquor, flow.  
 " Who the wild waves and blackish sea could chuse,  
 " And these still shades and these sweet streams refuse ?  
 " But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,  
 " Without a fire defy the winter air,  
 " Know I have mighty stores of wood, and know  
 " Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.  
 " My soul, my life itself should burn for thee,  
 " And this one eye, as dear as life to me.  
 " Why was not I with fins, like fishes, made,  
 " That I, like them, might in the deep have play'd ?  
 " Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,  
 " And kiss your hand, if you your lips deny'd.  
 " To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,  
 " And flowers that crown each season of the year.  
 " But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive  
 " Of the next stranger that does here arrive,  
 " That th' undiscover'd pleasures I may know  
 " Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.  
 " Come forth, O nymph ! and coming forth forget,  
 " Like me that on this rock unmindful sit  
 " (Of all things else unmindful but of thee),  
 " Home to return forget, and live with me.  
 " With me the sweet and pleasing labour chuse,  
 " To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,  
 " To press the cheese, and the sharp runnet to infuse. }  
 " My



“ My mother does unkindly use her son,  
 “ By her neglect the Cyclops is undone ;  
 “ For me she never labours to prevail,  
 “ Nor whispers in your ear my amorous tale.  
 “ No ; though she knows I languish every day,  
 “ And sees my body waste, and strength decay.  
 “ But I more ill than what I feel will feign,  
 “ And of my head and of my feet complain ;  
 “ That, in her breast if any pity lie,  
 “ She may be sad, and griev’d, as well as I.  
 “ O Cyclops, Cyclops, where ’s thy reason fled ?  
 “ If your young lambs with new-pluck’d boughs you fed,  
 “ And watch’d your flock, would you not seem more wise ;  
 “ Milk what is next, pursue not that which flies.  
 “ Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,  
 “ Another fairer Galatea find.  
 “ Me many virgins as I pass invite  
 “ To waste with them in love’s soft sports the night ;  
 “ And, if I but incline my listening ear,  
 “ New joys, new smiles, in all their looks appear.  
 “ Thus we, it seems, can be belov’d ; and we,  
 “ It seems, are somebody as well as she !”  
 Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,  
 And sooth’d with gentle verse his fierce desire ;  
 Thus pass’d his hours with more delight and ease,  
 Than if the riches of the world were his.



## T O C Æ L I A .

**F**LY swift, ye hours ; ye sluggish minutes, fly ;  
 Bring back my love, or let her lover die.  
 Make haste, O sun, and to my eyes once more,  
 My Cælia brighter than thyself restore.  
 In spite of thee, 'tis night when she 's away,  
 Her eyes alone can the glad beams display,  
 That makes my sky look clear, and guide my day. }  
 O when will she lift up her sacred light,  
 And chase away the flying shades of night !  
 With her how fast the flowing hours run on !  
 But oh ! how long they stay when she is gone !  
 So slowly time when clogg'd with grief does move ;  
 So swift when borne upon the wings of love !  
 Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past ;  
 Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.  
 O, my auspicious star, make haste to rise,  
 To charm our hearts, and bless our longing eyes !  
 O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,  
 And cheer my own with their reflected rays !  
 How my impatient, thirsty soul does long  
 To hear the charming music of thy tongue !  
 Where pointed wit with solid judgment grows,  
 And in one easy stream united flows.  
 Whene'er you speak, with what delight we hear,  
 You call up every soul to every year !

Nature

Nature's too prodigal to womankind,  
Ey'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind ;  
Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,  
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.  
But, oh ! when wit and sense with beauty's join'd,  
The woman's sweetness with the manly mind ;  
When nature with so just a hand does mix  
The most engaging charms of either sex ;  
And out of both that thus in one combine  
Does something form not human but divine,  
What's her command, but that we all adore  
The noblest work of her almighty power !  
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,  
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.  
Where nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,  
Nor have the liberty to disobey ;  
And whensoever she does a poet make,  
She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.  
Had I a pen that could at once impart  
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,  
Then the immortal Sacharissa's name  
Should be but second in the list of fame ;  
Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be fill'd,  
And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

S P O K E N

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,  
IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

**T**HOU equal partner of the royal bed,  
That mak'ft a crown fit soft on Charles's head ;  
In whom, with greatnefs virtue takes her feat,  
Meeknefs with power, and piety with ftate ;  
Whofe goodnefs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,  
Win the feditious, and the favage tame ;  
Tyrants themfelves to gentleft mercy bring,  
And only ufelefs is on fuch a king !  
See, mighty princefs, fee how every breaft  
With joy and wonder is at once poffeft :  
Such was the joy which the firft mortals knew,  
When gods defcended to the people's view,  
Such devout wonder did it then afford,  
To fee thofe powers they had unfeen ador'd,  
But they were feign'd ; nor, if they had been true,  
Could fhed more blessings on the earth than you :  
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds difdain,  
To make reception for fo great a train :  
Here may your facred breaft rejoice to fee,  
Your own age ftrove with ancient piety ;  
Soon now, fince bleft by your auspicious eyes,  
To full perfection fhall our fabric rife.  
Lefs powerful charms than yours of old could call  
The willing ftones into the Theban wall,  
And ours, which now its rife to you fhall owe,  
More fam'd than that by your great name fhall grow.

F L O-

F L O R I A N A,

A PASTORAL, upon the Death of her Grace MARY  
Duchess of SOUTHAMPTON 1680.

D A M O N.

**T**ELL me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon, why  
Does my lov'd swain in this sad posture lie?  
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,  
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?  
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?  
Have thy lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for  
now he may:

Have thy lambs stray'd? let them for ever stray:  
Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;  
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:  
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid  
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.  
Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find  
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,  
A grief so great, as may prevail above  
Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon,  
there may be.

What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it true?

DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more  
than you.

She

She is---THYR. Alas! she was, but is no more :  
 Now, Damon; now, let thy swoln eyes run o'er :  
 Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,  
 And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,  
 Let-in thy tide to raise the torrent high,  
 Till both a deluge make, and in it die.

DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the flood  
 might swell,  
 Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee will  
 tell,  
 How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.  
 Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,  
 Blessing their babes when first they see the day.  
 Beauty and she were one, for in her face  
 Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace;  
 Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,  
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw  
 The humblest, and to both give equal law.  
 How was she wonder'd at by every swain!  
 The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!  
 On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast  
 Diffusive of herself, where-e'er she past,  
 There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that blow  
 From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow :  
 Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,  
 Like the sun shining on the vilest place.  
 Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight  
 Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight :  
 But to a being so sublime, so pure,  
 Spar'd my devotion, of my love secure.

DAM.

DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design  
 That only as an answerable shrine  
 To the divinity that's lodg'd within.  
 Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,  
 As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.  
 In her smooth forehead we might read express  
 The even calmness of her gentle breast:  
 And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ  
 The active vigour of her youthful wit.  
 Each beauty of the body or the face  
 Was but the shadow of some inward grace.  
 Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,  
 As innocence could make it, was her mind;  
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,  
 Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;  
 Who out of guilt do chearfulness despise,  
 And, being fullen, hope men think them wise.  
 How would the listening shepherds round her throng,  
 To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!  
 She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,  
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.  
 Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand sustains  
 The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,  
 Of all his cares made her the tenderest part,  
 And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning keep,  
 When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep?  
 When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd  
 To cherish nature, and delight mankind,



All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers  
 Than April-drops upon the springing flowers ?  
 Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,  
 When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead ;  
 About her, all her little weeping Loves  
 Ungirt her Cestus, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa come,  
 And visit gentle Floriana's tomb ;  
 And, as ye walk the melancholy round,  
 Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,  
 With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours shed  
 About her last obscure and silent bed ;  
 Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,  
 " Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet ! "

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train  
 As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain :  
 Louisa, mournful far above the rest,  
 In all the charms of beauteous sorrow drest ;  
 Just are her tears, when she reflects how soon  
 A beauty, second only to her own,  
 Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone !

DAM. O, she is gone ! gone like a new-born flower,  
 That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower ;  
 Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,  
 And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast :  
 Yet flowers return, and coming springs disclose  
 The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose ;  
 But no kind season back her charms can bring,  
 And Floriana has no second spring.

THYR.

THYR. O, she is set! set like the falling sun;  
 Darknes is round us, and glad day is gone!  
 Alas! the sun that 's set, again will rise,  
 And gild with richer beams the morning-skies;  
 But beauty, though as bright as they it shines,  
 When its short glory to the West declines,  
 O, there 's no hope of the returning light;  
 But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF  
 ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL\*.

I Thought, forgive my sin, the boasted fire  
 Of poets' souls did long ago expire;  
 Of folly or of madnes did accuse  
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;  
 Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire  
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;  
 But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream  
 Of rhymers slumbering by the Muses' stream.  
 Some livelier spark of heaven, and more refin'd  
 From earthy dross, fills the great Poet's mind:  
 Witnesses these mighty and immortal lines,  
 Through each of which th' informing genius shines:  
 Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the King,  
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing:  
 Not David's self could in a nobler verse  
 His gloriously-offending Son rehearse;

\* Mr. Dryden published it without his name.

Though

112      D U K E ' S   P O E M S .

Though in his breast the Prophet's fury met,  
The Father's fondness, and the Poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,  
And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raise :  
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy  
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,  
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,  
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.  
Sure thou already art secure of fame,  
Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name :  
What Father else would have refus'd to own  
So great a Son as god-like Absalom ?

E P I T H A L A M I U M

U P O N   T H E

MARRIAGE of Captain WILLIAM BEDLOE.

“ Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,  
“ Arma virumque cano.”

I, he, who sung of humble Oates before,  
Now sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

G O D D E S S of Rhyme, that didst inspire  
The Captain with poetic fire,  
Adding fresh laurels to that brow  
Where those of victory did grow,  
And statelier ornaments may flourish now !

}

If

If thou art well recover'd since  
 "The Excommunicated Prince \*;"  
 For that important tragedy  
 Would have kill'd any Muse but thee;  
 Hither with speed, Oh! hither move;  
 Pull buskins off, and, since to love  
 The ground is holy that you tread in,  
 Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.  
 See where he comes, and by his side  
 His charming fair angelic bride:  
 Such, or less lovely, was the dame  
 So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,  
 With whom of old Tully did join,  
 Then when his art did undermine  
 The horrid Popish plot of Catiline.  
 Oh fairest nymph of all Great Britain!  
 (Though thee my eyes I never set on)  
 Blush not on thy great lord to smile,  
 The second saviour of our isle;  
 What nobler Captain could have led  
 Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:  
 For know that thy all-daring Will is  
 As stout a hero as Achilles;  
 And as great things for thee has done,  
 As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,  
 And is himself a whole romance alone.  
 Let conscious Flanders speak, and be  
 The witness of his chivalry.

\* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Yet that 's not all, his very word  
 Has slain as many as his sword :  
 Though common bullies with their oaths  
 Hurt little till they come to blows,  
 Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,  
 And save the pains of drawing steel.  
 This hero thy resistless charms  
 Have won to fly into thy arms ;  
 For think not any mean design,  
 Or the inglorious itch of coin,  
 Could ever have his breast control'd,  
 Or make him be a slave to gold ;  
 His love 's as freely given to thee  
 As to the king his loyalty.  
 Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize  
 With open arms and wishing eyes,  
 Kiss that dear face, where may be seen  
 His worth and parts that skulk within ;  
 That face, that justly styl'd may be  
 As true a discoverer as he.  
 Think not he ever false will prove,  
 His well-known truth secures his love ;  
 Do you a while divert his cares  
 From his important grand affairs :  
 Let him have respite now a while,  
 From kindling the mad rabble's zeal :  
 Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,  
 Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,  
 In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,  
 Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.

But

But to his bed be sure be true  
 As he to all the world and you,  
 He all your plots will else betray  
 All ye She-Machiavels can lay.  
 He all designs, you know, has found,  
 Though hatch'd in hell or under ground ;  
 Oft to the world such secrets shew  
 As scarce the plotters themselves knew ;  
 Yet, if by chance you hap to fin,  
 And Love, while Honour's napping, should creep in,  
 Yet be discreet, and do not boast  
 O' th' treason by the common post.  
 So shalt thou still make him love on ;  
 All virtue's in discretion.  
 So thou with him shalt shine, and be  
 As great a patriot as he ;  
 And when, as now in Christmas, all  
 For a new pack of cards do call,  
 Another Popish pack comes out  
 To please the cits, and charm the rout :  
 Thou, mighty queen, shalt a whole suit command,  
 A crown upon thy head, and sceptre in thy hand !



ON THE MARRIAGE OF  
 GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,  
 AND THE  
 L A D Y A N N E .

'T WAS Love conducted through the British main,  
 On a more high design the royal Dane,  
 Than when of old with an invading hand  
 His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land :  
 And love has gain'd him by a nobler way,  
 A braver conquest and a richer prey.

For battles won, and countries fav'd renown'd,  
 Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,  
 From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,  
 His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.  
 Like Mars returning from the noble chace  
 Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,  
 When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,  
 He meets the goddess that rewards his toils !  
 But, oh ! what transports did his heart invade  
 When first he saw the lovely, royal maid !  
 Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,  
 Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise !  
 All that could noblest minds to love engage,  
 Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,

All

ON THE PRINCE OF DENMARK. 117

All that could spread abroad resistless fire,  
 And eager wishes raise, and fierce desire,  
 All that was charming, all that was above  
 Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,  
 All native beauty dress'd by every grace  
 Of sweetest youth sat shining in her face!  
 Where, where is now the generous fury gone,  
 That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?  
 Where now the spirit that aw'd the list'd field;  
 Created to command, untaught to yield?  
 It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle sway,  
 And thinks it above triumphs to obey.  
 See at thy feet, illustrious princess, thrown  
 All the rich spoils the mighty hero won!  
 His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,  
 And all his conquests are outdone by you:  
 Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,  
 A tribute fit for those victorious eyes!  
 Ah! generous maid, pass not relentless by,  
 Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!  
 Though unexperienc'd youth fond scruples move,  
 And blushes rise but at the name of love;  
 Though over all thy thoughts and every sense  
 The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;  
 Yet from thy father's generous blood we know  
 Respect for valour in thy breast does glow;  
 'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,  
 To smile on virtue and heroic worth,  
 Love, in such noble seeds of honour sown,  
 The chafest virgin need not blush to own.

Whom would thy royal father sooner find,  
 In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,  
 Than him, whom such exalted virtues crown,  
 That he might think them copy'd from his own ?  
 Who to the field equal desires did bring,  
 Love to his brother, service to his king.

Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,  
 Rescued at once, and back in triumph led,  
 Forcing his passage through the slaughter'd Swede. }  
 Such virtue him to thy great sire commends,  
 The best of princes, subjects, brothers, friends !  
 The people's wonder, and the court's delight,  
 Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight !  
 What can such charms resist ? The royal maid,  
 Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid ;  
 But love, still growing as her fears decay,  
 Consents at last, and gives her heart away.

Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,  
 And with glad shouts the streets and palace sound !  
 Illustrious pair ! see what a general joy  
 Does the whole land's united voice employ !  
 From you they omens take of happier years,  
 Recall lost hopes, and banish all their fears :  
 Let boding planets threaten from above,  
 And fullen Saturn join with angry Jove :  
 Your more auspicious flames, that here unite,  
 Vanquish the malice of their mingled light !  
 Heaven of its bounties now shall lavish grow,  
 And in full tides unenvy'd blessings flow !

The

ON THE PRINCE OF DENMARK. 119

The shaken throne more surely fix'd shall stand,  
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land !  
At your blest union civil discords cease,  
Confusion turns to order, rage to peace !  
So, when at first in Chaos and old Night  
Hot things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,  
Love did the warring seeds to union bring,  
And over all things stretch'd his peaceful wing,  
The jarring elements no longer strove,  
And a world started forth, the beauteous work of Love !

ON THE DEATH OF  
KING CHARLES THE SECOND,  
AND THE INAGURATION OF  
KING JAMES THE SECOND.

**I**F the indulgent Muse (the only cure  
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,  
That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please,  
And heals the heart by telling its disease)  
Vouchsafe her aid, we also will presume  
With humble verse t' approach the sacred tomb ;  
There flowing streams of pious tears will shed,  
Sweet incense burn, fresh flowers and odours spread, }  
Our last sad offerings to the royal dead !  
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bless !  
Our strength in war, and our delight in peace !

Was ever prince like him to mortals given !  
 So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven ?  
 Under the pressure of unequal fate,  
 Of so erect a mind and soul so great !  
 So full of meekness and so void of pride,  
 When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide !  
 His kindly beams on the ungrateful soil  
 Of this rebellious, stubborn, murmuring isle  
 Hatch'd plenty ; ease and riches did bestow,  
 And made the land with milk and honey flow !  
 Less blest was Rome when mild Augustus sway'd,  
 And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.  
 Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative !  
 His joy to save, and glory to forgive !  
 Who lives, but felt his influence, and did share  
 His boundless goodness and paternal care ?  
 And, whilst with all th' endearing arts he strove  
 On every subject's heart to seal his love,  
 What breast so hard, what heart of human make,  
 But, softening, did the kind impression take ?  
 Belov'd and loving ! with such virtues grac'd,  
 As might on common heads a crown have plac'd !  
 How skill'd in all the mysteries of state !  
 How fitting to sustain an empire's weight !  
 How quick to know ! how ready to advise !  
 How timely to prevent ! how more than senates wise !  
 His words how charming, affable, and sweet !  
 How just his censure ! and how sharp his wit !  
 How did his charming conversation please  
 The blest attenders on his hours of ease ;



ON THE DEATH OF K. CHARLES II. 121

When graciously he deign'd to condescend,  
Pleas'd to exalt a subject to a friend!  
To the most low how easy of access!  
Willing to hear, and longing to redress!  
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,  
His reign was one continued act of grace!  
Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,  
Of all his royal life, "he lost a day."  
Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,  
Now our eternal grief and deep despair!  
O father! 'or if aught than father's more,  
How shall thy children their sad loss deplore?  
How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall  
The mournful story of their sovereign's fall?  
Oh! who that scene of sorrow can display;  
When, waiting death, the fearless monarch lay!  
Though great the pain and anguish that he bore,  
His friends' and subjects' grief afflict him more!  
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;  
But sinks and faints to see a brother's tears!  
The mighty grief, that swell'd his royal breast,  
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words express!  
Grief for himself! for grief for Charles is vain,  
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,  
Welcom'd by all kind spirits and fairs above,  
Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness love!  
What godlike virtues must that prince adorn,  
Who can so please, while such a prince we mourn!  
Who else, but that great He, who now commands  
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,  
Could



Could fo the love of a whole people gain,  
 After fo excellent a monarch's reign !  
 Mean Virtues after Tyrants may fucceed  
 And please ; but after Charles a James we need !  
 This, this is he, by whose high actions grac'd  
 The prefent age contends with all the paff :  
 Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,  
 Slow to advife, but eager to perform :  
 In council calm, fierce as a ftorm in fight !  
 Danger his fport, and labour his delight.  
 To him the fleet and camp, the fea and field,  
 Do equal harvefts of bright glory yield !  
 Who can forget, of royal blood how free,  
 He did affert the empire of the fea ?  
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,  
 The tempeft of his fury to fustain ;  
 Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly  
 Like doves, that the exalted eagle fpy  
 Ready to ftoop and feize them from on high. }  
 He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed  
 Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,  
 And fmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),  
 In triumph rides o'er the afferted main !  
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ftrand,  
 Loud as the fea, and numerous as the fand ;  
 So joy the many : but the wifer few  
 The godlike prince with filent wonder view :  
 A joy, too great to be by voice expreff,  
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaff :

They

ON THE DEATH OF K. CHARLES II. 123

They saw him destin'd for some greater day,  
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial sway!  
Nor do his civil virtues less appear,  
To perfect the illustrious character;  
To merit just, to needy virtue kind,  
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!  
What 's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;  
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuse!  
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;  
And virtue came by nature, not by art.  
Albion! forget thy sorrows, and adore  
That prince, who all the blessings does restore,  
That Charles, the saint, made thee enjoy before!  
'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I see her rise,  
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

P R O L O G U E

T O N. L E E ' S

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

**L**ONG has the tribe of poets on the stage  
Groan'd under persecuting critics' rage,  
But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,  
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,  
The little stinging insects swarm the more,  
Their buzzing greater than it was before.  
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,  
That infect others with your too much wit,

That

That well-affected members do seduce,  
 And with your malice poison half the house ;  
 Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway  
 Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.  
 Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,  
 And more indulgent to a trembling Muse ;  
 Women, for ends of government more fit,  
 Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,  
 Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit. }  
 Find me one man of sense in all your roll,  
 Whom some one woman has not made a fool.  
 Ev'n business, that intolerable load  
 Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,  
 Much better they could manage would they please ;  
 'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.  
 For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,  
 Though we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs :  
 Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,  
 Set shallow in a hot and barren soil ;  
 But when transplanted to a richer ground,  
 Has in their Eden its perfection found.  
 And 'tis but just they should our wit invade,  
 Whilst we set up their painting patching trade ;  
 As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,  
 As they can raise it, they can pull it down.  
 At their own weapons they our bullies awe,  
 Faith ! let them make an anti-fallick law ;  
 Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,  
 And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.  
 A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.  
 FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

OH! whither do ye rush, and thus prepare  
 To rouse again the sleeping war?  
 Has then so little English blood been spilt  
 On sea and land with equal guilt?  
 Not that again we might our arms advance,  
 To check the insolent pride of France;  
 Not that once more we might in fetters bring  
 An humble captive Gallic king?  
 But, to the wish of the insulting Gaul,  
 That we by our own hands should fall.  
 Nor wolves nor lions bear so fierce a mind;  
 They hurt not their own savage kind:  
 Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and strong,  
 Or guilt, yet stronger, drives you on?  
 Answer; but none can answer; mute and pale  
 They stand; guilt does o'er words prevail:  
 'Tis so: heaven's justice threatens us from high;  
 And a king's death from earth does cry;  
 E'er since the martyr's innocent blood was shed,  
 Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our children's  
 head.

TO

T O M R. C R E E C H ,

· On his TRANSLATION of LUCRETIVS.

**W**HAT to begin would have been madneſs thought,  
 Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought ;  
 Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong  
 Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue ?  
 Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,  
 That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,  
 This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,  
 Too tough by any to be bent but you.  
 Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,  
 To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains ;  
 Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue  
 To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,  
 The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong. }  
 If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head  
 Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,  
 Such as not all the mighty Nine before  
 E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore ;  
 What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,  
 What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you !  
 Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſenſe does  
     flow,  
 Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhow ;  
 So clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry  
 | All the bright gems that at the bottom lie ;

Here

Here you the troublers of our peace remove,  
 Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love:  
 Here we are taught how first our race began,  
 And by what steps our fathers climb'd to man,  
 To man as now he is---with knowledge fill'd  
 In arts of peace and war, in manners skill'd,  
 Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!  
 Nature's first state, which, well transpos'd and own'd  
 (For owners in all ages have been found),  
 Has made a \* modern wit so much renown'd,  
 When thee we read, we find to be no more  
 Than what was sung a thousand years before.

Thou only for this noble task wert fit,  
 To shame thy age to a just sense of wit,  
 By shewing how the learned Romans writ.  
 To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,  
 And not turn wits, who were for porters made;  
 But quit false claims to the poetic rage,  
 For squibs and crackers, and a Smithfield stage.  
 Had Providence e'er meant that, in despite  
 Of art and nature, such dull clods should write,  
 Bavius and Mævius had been sav'd by Fate  
 For Settle and for Shadwell to translate,  
 As it so many ages has for thee  
 Preserv'd the mighty work that now we see.

\* Hobbes.



## VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

## T H E A R G U M E N T .

Mopfus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopfus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegy, and an Apotheosis.

## M E N A L C A S .

**M**OPSUS, since chance does us together bring,  
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,  
Why fit we not beneath this secret shade,  
By elms and hazels mingling branches made ?

## M O P S U S .

Your age commands respect; and I obey.  
Whether you in this lonely copse will stay,  
Where western winds the bending branches shake,  
And in their play the shades uncertain make;  
Or whether to that silent cave you go,  
The better choice! see how the wild vines grow  
Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,  
And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

## M E N A L C A S .

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

## M O P S U S .

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too ?

M E N A L -

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE. 129

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin ; whether the mournful flame  
Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,  
Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muse provoke ;  
Begin ; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad song repeat,  
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,  
And set to sweetest notes ; yes, I'll begin,  
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble shrub that grows,  
Yields to the beauteous blushes of the rose,  
Or bending osiers to the olive tree ;  
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this discourse here put an end,  
This is the cave ; sit, and my verse attend.

MOPSUS.

When the sad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,  
The pitying nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.  
Witness, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries ;  
Witness, ye floods, swoln with their weeping eyes.  
The mournful mother (on his body cast)  
The sad remains of her cold son embrac'd,  
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,  
The cruel gods and cruel stars accus'd.  
Then did no swain mind how his flock did thrive,  
Nor thirsty herds to the cold river drive ;

K

The

The generous horse turn'd from fresh streams his head,  
 And on the sweetest grafs refus'd to feed.  
 Daphnis, thy death ev'n fiercest lions mourn'd,  
 And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.  
 Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceness broke,  
 And brought them willing to the sacred yoke :  
 Daphnis to Bacchus' worship did ordain  
 The revels of his consecrated train ;  
 The reeling priests with vines and ivy crown'd,  
 And their long spears with cluster'd branches bound,  
 As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,  
 As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn ;  
 Such grace, such ornament, wert thou to all  
 That glory'd to be thine : since thy sad fall  
 No more Apollo his glad presence yields,  
 And Pales' self forsakes her hated fields.  
 Oft where the finest barley we did sow,  
 Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow ;  
 And where soft violets did the vales adorn,  
 The thistle rises, and the prickly thorn.  
 Come, shepherds, strow with flowers the hallow'd ground,  
 The sacred fountains with thick boughs surround ;  
 Daphnis these rites requires : to Daphnis' praise,  
 Shepherds, a tomb with this inscription raise ;  
 " Here fam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie ;  
 " Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

## M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd ears  
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful verse,

As

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE. 131

As to tir'd swains soft slumbers on the grass;  
 As freshest springs that through green meadows pass,  
 To one that 's parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.  
 In thee thy master does his equal meet:  
 Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,  
 Blest swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!  
 Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:  
 I too thy Daphnis to the stars will bring,  
 I too thy Daphnis to the stars, with you,  
 Will raise, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?  
 For neither can there be a subject higher,  
 Nor, if the praise of Stymphichon be true,  
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you?

M E N A L C A S.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious show,  
 Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant  
     go, }  
 And sees the moving clouds, and the fix'd stars below: }  
 Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,  
 Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful swains:  
 The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,  
 No cheating nets the harmless deer betray, }  
 Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does }  
     obey.

Hark! the glad mountains raise to heaven their voice!  
 Hark! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice!  
 Hark! through the thickets wondrous songs resound,  
 A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!

O be propitious ! O be good to thine !  
 See ! here four hallow'd altars we design,  
 To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,  
 To pay the yearly tribute of our praise :  
 Sacred to thee, they each returning year  
 Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear :  
 Feasts I 'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise  
 Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,  
 Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,  
 And give a taste of Nectar here below.  
 Damætas shall with Liçtian Ægon join,  
 To celebrate with songs the rites divine.  
 Alphisibæus with a reeling gait  
 Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.  
 When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,  
 When we with solemn rites our fields survey,  
 These honours ever shall be thine : the boar  
 Shall in the fields and hills delight no more ;  
 No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,  
 Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee :  
 Offerings to thee the shepherds every year  
 Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear :  
 To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,  
 And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

## M O P S U S ,

What present worth thy verse can Mopfus find ?  
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern wind  
 So much delight my ear, or charm my mind ;  
 Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,  
 Nor rivers that through stony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE. 133

M E N A L C A S.

First you this pipe shall take; and 'tis the same  
That play'd poor Corydon's \* unhappy flame:  
The same that taught me Melibæus' † sheep.

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this sheephook keep,  
Adorn'd with brass, which I have oft deny'd  
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:  
And who could think he then in vain could sue?  
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

T O M R. W A L L E R,

U P O N T H E

Copy of Verses made by himself on the last  
Copy in his Book ‡.

W H E N shame, for all my foolish youth had writ,  
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,  
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit--- }  
The noble fire, that animates thy age,  
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.  
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,  
Have been the theme of thy immortal song:  
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,  
Two things Divine, Thee and Herself, does chuse.

\* Virg. Ecl. ii. † Ecl. iii.

‡ See Waller's Poems.



Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,  
 Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend :  
 No more confin'd, above the starry skies,  
 Out from the body's broken cage it flies.  
 But, oh ! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,  
 To join with and compleat th' ethereal choir !  
 Still here remain ; still on the threshold stand ;  
 Still at this distance view the promis'd land ;  
 Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,  
 Not going thither, but new come from thence.

## A S O N G.

## I.

**A**FTER the fiercest pangs of hot desire,  
 Between Panthea's rising breasts  
 His bending breast Philander rests ;  
 Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire :  
 Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,  
 Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

## II.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,  
 What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all  
 The noblest warriors soonest fall !  
 Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head ;  
**A**rm'd him again to fight, for nobly she  
**M**ore lov'd the combat than the victory.

III. But,

## III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,  
 With all his strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the war ;  
 Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore :  
 Ev'n her such wondrous courage did surprize ;  
 She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

## A S O N G.

## I.

**T**HROUGH mournful shades, and solitary groves,  
 Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,  
 Wild with despair, young Thyrsis strays,  
 Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,  
 Thinks he now sees her in another's arms ;  
 Then at some willow's root himself he lays,  
 The loveliest, most unhappy swain ;  
 And thus to the wild woods he does complain :

## II.

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrsis, since the time  
 When thou could'st love and hope without a crime ;  
 When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,  
 As through her shady evening grove she past,  
 And a new day did all around her cast,  
 Could see, nor be offended at the sight,  
 The melting, sighing, wishing swain,  
 That now must never hope to wish again !

## III.

Riches and titles ! why should they prevail,  
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail ?

Lovely Amyra, shouldst thou prize  
The empty noise that a fine title makes ;  
Or the vile trash that with the vulgar takes,  
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies ?  
Unkind ! but pity the poor swain  
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the slain.

## A S O N G.

## I.

SEE what a conquest love has made !  
Beneath the myrtle's amorous shade  
The charming fair Corinna lies  
All melting in desire,  
Quenching in tears those flowing eyes  
That set the world on fire !

## II.

What cannot tears and beauty do ?  
The youth by chance stood by, and knew  
For whom those crystal streams did flow ;  
And though he ne'er before  
To her eyes brightest rays did bow,  
Weeps too, and does adore.

## III.

So when the heavens serene and clear,  
Gilded with gaudy light appear,

Each

Each craggy rock, and every stone,  
 Their native rigour keep ;  
 But when in rain the clouds fall down,  
 The hardest marble weeps.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF,

“ SIMON’S Critical History of the Old Testament.”

WHAT senseless loads have over-charge’d the press,  
 Of French impertinence, in English dress !  
 How many dull translators every day  
 Bring new supplies of novel, farce, or play !  
 Like damn’d French pensioners, with foreign aid  
 Their native land with nonsense to invade,  
 Till we ’re o’er-run more with the wit of France,  
 Her nauseous wit, than with her Protestants.  
 But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more  
 Than all their trash hath plagu’d the town before :  
 With various learning, knowledge, strength of thought,  
 Order and art, and solid judgement fraught ;  
 No less a piece than this could make amends  
 For all the trumpery France amongst us sends.  
 Nor let ill-grounded superstitious fear  
 Fright any but the fools from reading here.  
 The sacred oracles may well endure  
 Th’ exactest search, of their own truth secure ;  
 Though

Though at this piece some noisy zealots bawl,  
 And to their aid a numerous faction call  
 With stretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;  
 Yet wiser heads will think so firm it stands,  
 That, were it shook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

On his "TROILUS and CRESSIDA," 1679.

AND will our Master Poet then admit  
 A young beginner in the trade of wit,  
 To bring a plain and rustic Muse, to wait  
 On his in all her glorious pomp and state?  
 Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,  
 Add any lustre to so bright a fame?  
 No! sooner planets to the sun may give  
 That light which they themselves from him derive.  
 Nor could my sickly fancy entertain  
 A thought so foolish, or a pride so vain.  
 But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,  
 The meanest wretch that gazes at the show,  
 'Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,  
 Than when we drops into the ocean pour,  
 Has leave his tongue in praises to employ  
 (Th' accepted language of officious joy):  
 So I in loud applauses may reveal  
 To you, great King of Verse, my loyal zeal,

May

May tell with what majestic grace and mien  
 Your Muse displays herself in every scene ;  
 In what rich robes she has fair Cressid drest,  
 And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breast.  
 How when those fading eyes her aid implor'd,  
 She all their sparkling lustre has restor'd,  
 Added more charms, fresh beauties on them shed,  
 And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.  
 How nobly she the royal brothers draws ;  
 How great their quarrel, and how great their cause !  
 How justly rais'd ! and by what just degrees,  
 In a sweet calm does the rough tempest cease !  
 Envy not now " the God-like Roman's rage ;"  
 Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,  
 Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.

Shakespeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy first told,  
 But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,  
 You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.  
 A dark and undigested heap it lay,  
 Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,  
 But you did first the chearful light display.  
 Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world  
 Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,  
 But you have made such order through it shine  
 As loudly speaks the workmanship divine.

Boast then, O Troy ! and triumph in thy flames,  
 That make thee sung by three such mighty names.  
 Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,  
 Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,

Nor



Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,  
 Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown.  
 Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,  
 Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.  
 But they now flourish, by you mighty three,  
 In verse more lasting than their walls could be :  
 Which never, never shall like them decay,  
 Being built by hands divine as well as they ;  
 Never till, our great Charles being sung by you,  
 Old Troy shall grow less famous than the New.

## P A R I S T O H E L E N .

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

## T H E A R G U M E N T .

Paris, having failed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's husband ; but he, being called away to Crete, to take possession of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his wife. In his absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epistle.

**A**LL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,  
 Though you, and only you, can give it me.  
 Shall I then speak ? or is it needless grown  
 To tell a passion that itself has shown ?

Does not my love itself too open lay,  
 And all I think in all I do betray ?  
 If not, oh ! may it still in secret lie,  
 Till Time with our kind wishes shall comply ;  
 Till all our joys may to us come sincere,  
 Nor lose their price by the alloy of fear !  
 In vain I strive ; who can that fire conceal,  
 Which does itself by its own light reveal ?  
 But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue  
 Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,  
 I love ; you 've there the word that does impart  
 The truest message from my bleeding heart :  
 Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess  
 To you, my fair physician, my disease,  
 And with such looks this suppliant paper grace  
 As best become the beauties of that face.  
 May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,  
 But be your looks as kind as they are fair.  
 Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find  
 An entertainment at your hands so kind.  
 For this creates a hope, that I too may,  
 Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.  
 Ah ! may that hope be true ! nor I complain  
 That Venus promis'd you to me in vain :  
 For know, lest you through ignorance offend  
 The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither send.  
 None of the meanest of the powers divine,  
 That first inspir'd, still favours my design.  
 Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,  
 But neither is my due or merit less :

Venus

Venus has promis'd she would you assign,  
 Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.  
 Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,  
 Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.  
 She, with a kind and an auspicious gale,  
 Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out every sail :  
 For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,  
 Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.  
 Still may she keep it ! and as she with ease  
 Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,  
 So may she give my stormy mind some rest,  
 And calm the raging tempest of my breast,  
 And bring home all my sighs and all my vows  
 To their wish'd harbour and desir'd repose !

Hither my flames I brought, not found them here ;  
 I my whole course by their kind light did steer :  
 For I by no mistake or storm was tost  
 Against my will upon this happy coast.  
 Nor as a merchant did I plow the main  
 To venture life, like fordid fools, for gain.  
 No ; may the gods preserve my present store,  
 And only give me you to make it more !  
 Nor to admire the place came I so far ;  
 I have towns richer than your cities are.  
 'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due ;  
 You were my wish, before your charms I knew.  
 Bright images of you my mind did draw,  
 Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.  
 Nor wonder that, with the swift-winged dart,  
 At such a distance you could wound my heart :

So

So Fate ordain'd ; and left you fight with Fate,  
Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.

Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,  
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,  
When she in a mysterious dream was told,  
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold ;  
Frighted she rises, and her vision she  
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he ;  
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire :  
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.  
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,  
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.  
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in one,  
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's son.  
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,  
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,  
The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,  
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.  
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,  
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd.  
When straight methought I heard the trembling ground  
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.  
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,  
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,  
Lighting before my wondering eyes did stand,  
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand :  
With him three charming goddesses there came,  
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.  
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,  
Till thus the god my sinking courage rais'd ;

“ Fear

" Fear not ; thou art Jove's substitute below,  
 " The prize of heavenly beauty to bestow ;  
 " Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,  
 " Decide their ſtrife." He ſpoke, and up he flew.  
 Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,  
 And every one with curious eyes ſurvey :  
 Each of them merited the victory,  
 And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,  
 That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three. }  
 But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,  
 And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd :  
 Ah ! would you know who thus my breaſt could move ?  
 Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love ?  
 With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,  
 Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,  
 Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,  
 Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War ;  
 But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpoke ;  
 " They 're dangerous gifts : O do not, do not take !  
 " I 'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,  
 " And joys that in full tides for ever flow.  
 " For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,  
 " Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine." }  
 She ſpoke ; and I gave her the conqueſt due,  
 Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.

Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)  
 I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.  
 All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,  
 With a new feſtival, my change of fate.

And



And as I now languish and die for thee,  
 So did the beauties of all Troy for me.  
 You o'er a heart with sovereign power do reign ;  
 For which a thousand virgins sigh'd in vain :  
 Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,  
 But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.  
 I all their loves with cold disdain repress,  
 Since hopes of you first fir'd my longing breast.  
 Your charming form all day my fancy drew,  
 And when night came, my dreams were all of you.  
 What pleasures then must you yourself impart,  
 Whose shadows only so surpriz'd my heart !  
 And oh ! how did I burn approaching nigher,  
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a fire !

For now no longer could my hopes refrain  
 From seeking their wish'd object through the main.  
 I fell the stately pine, and every tree  
 That best was fit to cut the yielding sea,  
 Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,  
 And Ida naked to the winds I leave,  
 Stiff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,  
 And every ship with well-knit ribs I arm.  
 To the tall mast I sails and streamers join,  
 And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.  
 But on my ship does only Venus stand  
 With little Cupid smiling in her hand,  
 Guide of the way she did herself command.  
 My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,  
 I long to plow the vast Ægean sea ;

L

My



My anxious parents my desires withstand,  
 And both with pious tears my stay command.  
 Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair,  
 Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,  
 Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,  
 " O whither steers my brother through the flood ?  
 " Little, ah ! little dost thou know or heed  
 " To what a raging fire these waters lead !"  
 True were her fears, and in my breast I feel  
 The scorching flames her fury did foretel.  
 Yet out I sail, and, favour'd by the wind,  
 On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find ;  
 Your husband then, so heaven, kind heaven ordains,  
 In his own house his rival entertains,  
 Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight  
 The curious traveler's enquiring sight :  
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,  
 Could taste no pleasure in the idle shew.  
 But at thy sight, oh ! where was then my heart !  
 Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,  
 Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart. }  
 Such or less charming was the Queen of Love,  
 When with her rival goddesses she strove.  
 But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,  
 Ev'n she the prize must have resign'd to thee.  
 Your beauty is the only theme of fame,  
 And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name :  
 Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise  
 To claim with you an equal share of praise.

Do

Do I ſpeak falſe? Rather Report does ſo,  
 Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.  
 More here I find than that could ever tell,  
 So much your beauty does your fame excel.  
 Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,  
 Think none was worthy of his theft but you;  
 I this bold theft admire; but wonder more  
 He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:  
 Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?  
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?  
 No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,  
 Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.  
 But could I do as he, and give you back,  
 Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,  
 Would firſt, in all your blooming excellence  
 And virgin ſweets, feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;  
 Or if you would not let that treaſure go,  
 Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,  
 And let me ſmell the flower as it did grow.  
 Come then into my longing arms, and try  
 My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,  
 Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſte;  
 My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.  
 Sceptres and crowns for you I did diſdain,  
 With which great Juno tempted me in vain.  
 And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,  
 One ſoft embrace from you I did prefer  
 To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.  
 Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,  
 My judgement's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.

}  
}

}  
}

Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,  
 As they were plac'd above all things but you.  
 I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,  
 Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.  
 Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,  
 And them a race of god-like kings succeed.  
 All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,  
 And half the spacious East his power allow.  
 There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,  
 And temples glorious as the gods they hold.  
 Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,  
 Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.  
 What need I the vast flood of people tell,  
 That over its wide banks does almost swell?  
 You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,  
 And Trojan wives shining in every street.  
 How often then will you yourself confess  
 The emptiness and poverty of Greece!  
 How often will you say, one palace there  
 Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!  
 I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,  
 For wheresoe'er your life began its race  
 Must be to me the happiest, dearest place.  
 Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest  
 In all the riches of the shining East,  
 Should understand how ill that fordid place  
 Suits with the beauty of your charming face;  
 That face with costly drests and rich attire  
 Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.

When.

When you the habit of my Trojans see,  
 What, think you, must that of their ladies be?  
 Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain  
 A Trojan in your bed to entertain.  
 He was a Trojan, and of our great line,  
 That to the gods does mix immortal wine;  
 Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed  
 The goddess of the Morning blushing led;  
 So was Anchises of our Trojan race,  
 Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,  
 With all her train of little Loves, did fly,  
 And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.  
 Nor do I think that Menelaus can,  
 Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.  
 I'm sure my father never made the fun  
 With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run:  
 No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,  
 Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.  
 None of our race does in the Stygian lake  
 Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.  
 But stay; since you with such a husband join,  
 Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.

He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms  
 Does all the night lie melting in your arms,  
 Does every minute to new joys improve,  
 And riots in the luscious sweets of love.  
 I but at table one short view can gain,  
 And that too, only to encrease my pain:  
 O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,  
 As often I at your spread table find.

## 150 D U K E ' S P O E M S .

I loath my food, when my tormented eye  
 Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.  
 I burst with envy when I him behold  
 Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.  
 When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd,  
 Before my eyes I the large goblet held.  
 When you with him in strict embraces close,  
 My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.  
 Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again, to see  
 That sigh with scornful smiles repaid by thee.  
 Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire  
 In vain; for so I added fire to fire.  
 Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,  
 You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.  
 What shall I do? Your sports with grief I see,  
 But it's a greater, not to look on thee.  
 With all my art I strive my flames to hide,  
 But through the thin disguise they are descry'd,  
 Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,  
 And O that they were so to you alone!  
 How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,  
 Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray!  
 What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,  
 To your dear face applying every line!  
 In borrow'd names I my own passion shew:  
 They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.  
 Sometimes, more freedom in discourse to gain,  
 For my excuse I drunkenness would feign.  
 Once I remember your loose garment fell,  
 And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal,



P A R I S T O H E L E N. 151

Breasts white as snow, or the false down of Jove,  
 When to your mother the kind Swan made love :  
 Whilst, with the sight surpriz'd, I gazing stand,  
 The cup I held dropt from my careless hand.  
 If you your young Hermione but kiss,  
 Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd bliss.  
 Sometimes supinely laid, love songs I sing,  
 And wasted kisses from my fingers fling.  
 Your women to my aid I try to move  
 With all the powerful rhetoric of love ;  
 But they, alas ! speak nothing but despair,  
 And in the midst leave my neglected prayer.  
 Oh ! that by some great prize you might be won,  
 And your possession might the victor crown,  
 As Pelops his Hippodamia won :  
 Then had you seen what I for you had done :  
 But now I've nothing left to do but pray,  
 And myself prostrate at your feet to lay.  
 O thou, thy house's glory, brighter far  
 Than thy two shining brothers' friendly star !  
 O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,  
 If aught so fair but from himself could spring !  
 Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,  
 Or here a wretched banish'd lover die.  
 With no slight wound my tender breast does smart,  
 My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart ;  
 I find my sister true did prophesy,  
 I with a heavenly dart should wounded die ;  
 Despise not then a love by heaven design'd,  
 So may the gods still to your vows be kind !



Much I could say ; but what, will best be known  
 In your apartment, when we are alone.  
 You blush, and, with a superstitious dread,  
 Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed :  
 Ah ! Helen, can you then so simple be,  
 To think such beauty can from faults be free ?  
 Or change that face, or you must needs be kind ;  
 Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.  
 Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,  
 Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove.  
 And if in you aught of your parents last,  
 Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste ?  
 Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go  
 (For she who sins with one alone, is so).  
 But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin,  
 Then marry, and be innocent again.  
 Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade,  
 Silent himself, yet all his actions plead :  
 For me they plead, and he, good man ! because  
 He 'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws.  
 Had he no other time to visit Crete ?  
 Oh ! how prodigious is a husband's wit !  
 He went ; and, as he went, he cry'd, " My dear,  
 " Instead of me, you of your guest take care !"  
 But you forget your lord's command, I see,  
 Nor take you any care of Love or Me.  
 And think you such a thing as he does know  
 The treasure that he holds in holding you ?  
 No ; did he understand but half your charms,  
 He durst not trust them in a stranger's arms.

If

If neither his nor my request can move,  
 We 're forc'd by opportunity to love ;  
 We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,  
 Should so secure a time unactive be.  
 Alone these tedious winter nights you lie  
 In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.  
 Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,  
 That happy night shall the mid-day out-shine,  
 Then will I swear by all the powers above,  
 And in their awful presence seal my love.  
 Then, if my wishes may aspire so high,  
 I with our flight shall win you to comply ;  
 But, if nice honour little scruples frame,  
 The force I 'll use shall vindicate your fame.  
 Of Theseus and your brothers I can learn,  
 No precedents so nearly you concern :  
 You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole ;  
 I 'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll.  
 Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does stay,  
 And waiting winds murmur at our delay.  
 Through Troy's throng'd streets you shall in triumph go,  
 Ador'd as some new goddesses here below.  
 Where'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,  
 And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.  
 My father, mother, all the joyful court,  
 All Troy, to you with presents shall resort.  
 Alas ! 'tis nothing what I yet have said ;  
 What there you 'll find, shall what I write exceed.  
 Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,  
 And angry Greece should all her force unite.

What

What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain?  
 Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.  
 The Thracians Orithya stole from far,  
 Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of following war.  
 Jason too stole away the Colchian maid,  
 Yet Colchos did not Theffaly invade.  
 He who stole you, stole Ariadne too,  
 Yet Minos did not with all Crete pursue.  
 Fear in these cases than the danger's more,  
 And, when the threatening tempest once is o'er,  
 Our shame's then greater than our fear before. }  
 But say from Greece a threaten'd war pursue,  
 Know I have strength and wounding weapons too.  
 In men and horse more numerous than Greece  
 Our empire is, nor in its compass less.  
 Nor does your husband Paris aught excel  
 In generous courage, or in martial skill.  
 Ev'n but a boy, from my slain foes I gain'd  
 My stolen herd, and a new name attain'd;  
 Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce  
 Deiphobus and great Ilioneus.  
 Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,  
 Than when from far my certain arrows fly.  
 You for his youth can no such actions feign,  
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd skill attain.  
 But could he, Hector's your security,  
 And he alone an army is to me.  
 You know me not, nor the hid prowess find  
 Of him that heaven has for your bed design'd.

Either

Either no war from Greece shall follow thee,  
 Or, if it does, shall be repell'd by me.  
 Nor think I fear to fight for such a wife,  
 That prize would give the coward's courage life.  
 All after-ages shall your fame admire,  
 If you alone set the whole world on fire.  
 To sea, to sea, while all the gods are kind,  
 And all I promise, you in Troy shall find.

T H E E P I S T L E  
 O F  
 A C O N T I U S T O C Y D I P P E,  
 T R A N S L A T E D F R O M O V I D.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the resort of the most beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the fairest apple that could be procured, a couple of verses to this effect:

“ I swear, by chaste Diana, I will be  
 “ In sacred wedlock ever join'd to thee :”

and

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; she, suspecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promises herself in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observed: but her father, not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the solemnities of marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a punishment of the breach of the vow made in her presence. And this, with the rest of the arguments which on such occasion would occur to a lover, is the subject of the following epistle.

**R**EAD boldly this; here you shall swear no more,  
 For that 's enough which you have sworn before.  
 Read it; so may that violent disease,  
 Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,  
 Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,  
 And health to you restore, and you to me.  
 Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,  
 As when you first did in the temple swear:  
 Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,  
 And truth can never be the cause of shame:  
 Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove  
 In favouring mine, for mine 's a husband's love.

Ah!

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE. 157

Ah! to yourself those binding words repeat  
 That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,  
 When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet. }  
 There you will find the solemn vow you made,  
 Which if your health or mine can aught persuade,  
 You to perform should rather mindful be,  
 Than great Diana to revenge on thee.  
 My fears for you increase with my desire,  
 And Hope blows that already raging fire;  
 For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,  
 For the great Goddess of the fane was by;  
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine  
 A sudden kind auspicious light did shine:  
 Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,  
 And give its glad consent to what you said;  
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosperous cheat,  
 Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it:  
 In that deceit what did I else design  
 But with your own consent to make you mine?  
 What you my crime, I call my innocence,  
 Since loving you has been my sole offence.  
 Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,  
 The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.  
 You my accuser taught me to deceive,  
 And Love, with you, did his assistance give;  
 For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write  
 The cunning words he did himself indite:  
 Again, you see, I write by his command,  
 He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,

Again



Again such kind, such loving words I send,  
 As makes me fear that I again offend :  
 Yet, if my love 's my crime, I must confess,  
 Great is my guilt, but never shall be less.  
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,  
 In finding out new paths to reach thy love !  
 A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,  
 Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.  
 All these will I find out, and break through all,  
 For which, my flames compar'd, the danger 's small.  
 The gods alone know what the end will be,  
 Yet, if we mortals any thing foresee,  
 One way or other you must yield to me. }  
 If all my arts should fail, to arms I 'll fly,  
 And snatch by force what you my prayers deny :  
 I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,  
 Who first have led me this illustrious road.  
 I too---but hold, death the reward will be ; }  
 Death be it then !——  
 For to lose you is more than death to me.

Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way  
 Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay.  
 But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,  
 And something wondrous as itself inspires ;  
 Those eyes that all the heavenly lights out-shine,  
 (Which, oh ! may'st thou behold and love in mine !)  
 Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,  
 If you the vows you made regard at all,  
 That modest sweetness and becoming grace,  
 That paints with living red your blushing face,

Those

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE. 259

Those feet, with which they only can compare,  
 That through the silver flood bright Thetis bear :  
 Do all conspire my madness to excite,  
 With all the rest that is deny'd to fight :  
 Which could I praise, alike I then were blest,  
 And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest :  
 No wonder then if, with such beauty fir'd,  
 I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.  
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will,  
 Your very frowns all others' smiles excel ;  
 But give me leave that anger to appease,  
 By my submission that my love did raise.  
 Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,  
 The humble posture of your guilty slave.  
 With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,  
 And lay the rising tempest of your soul.  
 Why in my absence are you thus severe ?  
 Summon'd at your tribunal to appear  
 For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there :  
 With pride whatever you inflict receive,  
 And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give.  
 Your fetters too----but they, alas ! are vain,  
 For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain :  
 Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey,  
 Till you yourself at last relent, and say,  
 When all my sufferings you with pity see,  
 " He that can love so well, is worthy me !"  
 But, if all this should unsuccessful prove,  
 Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may

O may my fears be false ! yet she delights  
 In just revenge of her abused rites.  
 I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,  
 Left you should think that for myself I plead.  
 Yet out it must :—'Tis this, 'tis surely this,  
 That is the fuel to your hot disease :  
 When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,  
 Her fatal messenger the goddess sends ;  
 And when you would to his kind call consent,  
 This fever does your perjury prevent.  
 Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,  
 Which you so easily may yet assuage :  
 Forbear to make that lovely charming face  
 The prey to every envious disease :  
 Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,  
 Which none should ever but with wonder see :  
 Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,  
 Whose glowing flame did all beholders burn :  
 But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all  
 The ills that from Diana's anger fall,  
 No greater torments light than those I feel,  
 When you, my dearest, tenderest part, are ill.  
 For, Oh ! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,  
 Whom different griefs successively distract !  
 Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,  
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you.  
 Then, great Diana's witness, how I pray  
 That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay !  
 Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I come,  
 And all around them up and down I roam ;

Till I your woman coming from you spy,  
 With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.

With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal  
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal  
 More than new questions suffer her to tell?

How you had slept, what diet you had us'd?

And oft the vain physician's art accus'd.

He every hour (oh, were I blest as he!)

Does all the turns of your distemper see.

Why sit not I by your bed-side all day,

My mournful head in your warm bosom lay,

Till with my tears the inward fires decay?

Why press not I your melting hand in mine,

And from your pulse of my own health divine?

But, oh! these wishes all are vain; and he

Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,

Forgetful as thou art of heaven and me.

He that lov'd hand doth press, and oft doth feign

Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.

Then his bold hand up to your arm doth slide,

And in your panting breast itself does hide;

Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,

For his officious care too great a fee.

Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,

And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap?

For they are mine, so is that bosom too,

Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you:

Take, take away those thy adulterous hands,

For know, another lord that breast commands.

M

'Tis

'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,  
 But heaven and she first gave herself to me :  
 And you in justice therefore should decline  
 Your claim to that which is already mine.  
 This is the man, *Cydippe*, that excites  
 Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.  
 Command him then not to approach thy door ;  
 This done, the danger of your death is o'er.  
 For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,  
 Which great Diana heard, and did allow.  
 And she who took it, will thy health restore,  
 And be propitious as she was before.

“ 'Tis not the steam of a slain heifer's blood  
 “ That can allay the anger of a God :  
 “ 'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease  
 “ Their angry deities ; and without these  
 “ No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,  
 “ For that's a sacrifice without a heart.”

Some, bitter potions patiently endure,  
 And kiss the wounding lance that works their cure :  
 You have no need these cruel cures to feel,  
 Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.  
 Why let you still your pious parents weep,  
 Whom you in ignorance of your promise keep ?  
 Oh ! to your mother all our story tell,  
 And the whole progress of our love reveal :  
 Tell her how first, at great Diana's shrine,  
 I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine :  
 How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,  
 Whilst on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.



ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE. 163

She will herself, when you my tale repeat,

Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.

Marry, she 'll say, whom heaven commends to thee,

He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me.

But should she ask from what descent I came,

My country, and my parents, and my name;

Tell her, that none of these deserve my shame.

Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse;

But, were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse,

This in my dreams Diana bade me write,

And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite.

Obeys them both, for one has wounded me,

Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,

She too will soon relent that wounded thee,

Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,

As full of beauty you, as I of love:

To the great temple we 'll in triumph go,

And with our offerings at the altar bow.

A golden image there I 'll consecrate,

Of the false Apple's innocent deceit;

And write below the happy verse that came

The messenger of my successful flame.

"Let all the world this from Acontius know,

"Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."

More I could write! but, since thy illness reigns,

And wracks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,

My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,

Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.



## J U V E N A L , S A T . I V .

## T H E A R G U M E N T .

The Poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an estate for a barbel: and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the senators' names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

**O**NCE more Crispinus call'd upon the stage  
 (Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:  
 A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,  
 Without one virtue to redeem his fame.  
 Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,  
 The rank adulterer preys on all the town,  
 All but the widows' nauseous charms go down.

}  
 What

What matter then how stately is the arch  
 Where his tir'd mules flow with their burden march ?  
 What matter then how thick and long the shade  
 Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd ?  
 How many acres near the city walls,  
 Or new-built palaces, his own he calls ?  
 No ill man's happy ; least of all is he  
 Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity ;  
 Th' incestuous brute, who the yeild' d vestal maid  
 But lately to his impious bed betray'd,  
 Who for her crime, if laws their course might have,  
 Ought to descend alive into the grave \*.

But now of slighter faults ; and yet the same  
 By others done, the censor's justice claim.  
 For what good men ignoble count and base,  
 Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace :  
 In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,  
 The person is more odious than the crime.  
 And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave  
 Six thousand pieces † for a barbel gave :  
 A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they  
 Gave out, that hear great things, but greater say.  
 If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare  
 Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,  
 Or if this present the sly courtier meant  
 Should to some punk of quality be sent,

\* Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin ; and, by the law of Numa, should have been buried alive.

† Roman Sestertii.

That in her easy chair in state does ride,  
 The glasses all drawn up on every side,  
 I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this.  
 For his own gut he bought the stately fish.  
 Now even Apicius \* frugal seems, and poor,  
 Outv'y'd in luxury unknown before.

Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum;  
 You that, for want of other rags, did come  
 In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?  
 Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?  
 You might have bought the fisherman for less.  
 For less some provinces whole acres sell;  
 Nay, in Apulia †, if you bargain well,  
 A manor would cost less than such a meal.

What think we then of this luxurious lord ‡?  
 What banquets loaded that imperial board?  
 When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,  
 His constant table would have hardly mis'd,  
 So many sesterces were swallow'd down,  
 To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,  
 Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefest greets,  
 From crying stinking fish about her streets.

Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:  
 Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.

\* Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See  
 Dr. King's "Art of Cookery."

† Where land was remarkably cheap.

‡ Domitian.

Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell  
 A downright narrative of what befell.  
 Afford me willingly your sacred aids,  
 Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd  
 you maids.

When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd \*, }  
 The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd, }  
 When a bald Nero † reign'd, and servile Rome obey'd, }  
 Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,  
 A turbot taken, of prodigious space,  
 Fill'd the extended net, not less than those  
 That dull Mæotis does with ice inclose;  
 Till, conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,  
 It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;  
 And throws them out unweildy with their growth,  
 Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth:  
 The wise commander of the boat and lines,  
 For our high-priest ‡ the stately prey designs;  
 For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,  
 So many spies and court-informers nigh?  
 No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,  
 Searchers of mud and sea-weed! that would swear  
 The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,  
 And from its lord undutifully fled;

\* Domitian was the last and worst of that family.

† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero; and, from his baldness, Calvus.

‡ A title often assumed by the Emperors.

So, justly ought to be again restor'd :  
 Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius' \* word,  
 Or dare rely on Armillatus' \* skill,  
 Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel  
 Belong to Cæsar, wheresoe'er they swim,  
 By their own worth confiscated to him.

The boatman then shall a wife present make,  
 And give the fish before the seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,  
 Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey ;  
 Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,  
 As if a hot south-wind corruption blew :  
 And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains  
 Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,  
 Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,  
 Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.

The wondering crowd, that to strange fights resort,  
 And choak'd a while his passage to the court,  
 At length gives way ; ope flies the palace-gate,  
 The turbot enters in, without the Fathers † wait ;  
 The boatman straight does to Atrides press,  
 And thus presents his fish, and his address :

Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,  
 To great for private kitchens to contain.  
 To your glad genius sacrifice this day,  
 Let common meats respectfully give way.

\* Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.

† The Senate, or *Patres Conscripti*.



Haste to unload your stomachs, to receive  
 This turbot, that for you did only live,  
 So long preserv'd to be imperial food,  
 Glad of the net, and to be taken proud.

How fulsome this ! how gross ! yet this takes well,  
 And the vain Prince with empty pride does swell.  
 Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,  
 But with belief and joy is entertain'd,  
 When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,  
 Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.

But oh, hard fate ! the palace stores no dish  
 Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.  
 To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,  
 His trusty and much-hated counsellors,  
 In whose pale looks that ghastly terror sat,  
 That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.

The loud Liburnian \*, that the senate call'd,  
 " Run, run ; he 's set, he 's set ! " no sooner bawl'd,  
 But, with his robe snatcht up in haste, does come  
 Pegasus †, bailiff of affrighted Rome.

What more were præfects then ? The best he was,  
 And faithfullest expounder of the laws.

Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,  
 When Justice exercis'd her sword the least.

Old Crispus ‡ next, pleasant though old, appears,  
 His wit nor humour yielding to his years.

\* The Roman criers were usually of this country.

† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.

‡ Who made the jest on Domitian's killing flies.



His temper mild, good-nature join'd with sense,  
 And manners charming as his eloquence.  
 Who fitter for a useful friend than he,  
 To the great Ruler of the earth and sea,  
 If, as his thoughts were just, his tongue were free? }  
 If it were safe to vent his generous mind  
 To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind ;  
 If cruel Power could softening counsel bear.  
 But what 's so tender as a tyrant's ear ;  
 With whom whoever, though a favourite, spake,  
 At every sentence set his life at stake,  
 Though the discourse were of no weightier things,  
 Than fultry fummers, or unhealthful springs ?  
 This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,  
 With his weak arms to stem the stronger tide.  
 Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply  
 A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.  
 So, safe by wise complying silence, he  
 Ev'n in that court did fourscore fummers see.

Next him Acilius, though his age the same,  
 With eager haste to the grand council came :  
 With him a youth, unworthy of the fate  
 That did too near his growing virtues wait,  
 Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate. }  
 (But 'tis long since old age began to be  
 In noble blood no less than prodigy,  
 Whence 'tis I'd rather be of giants' birth \*,  
 A pigmy brother to those sons of earth.)

\* Of an obscure and unknown family.

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 171

Unhappy youth! whom from his destin'd end,  
 No well-dissembled madness could defend;  
 When naked in the Alban theatre,  
 In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.  
 Who sees not now through the Lord's thin disguise,  
 That long seem'd fool, to prove at last more wise?  
 That stale court trick is now too open laid:  
 Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd\*?  
 Those honest times might swallow this pretence,  
 When the King's beard was deeper than his sense.

Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,  
 With equal marks of terror in his face.

Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward shame  
 Of an old crime that is not fit to name.

Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,  
 Than the vile Pathick † that durst satire write.

Montanus' belly next, advancing slow  
 Before the sweating senator, did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,  
 Scented with costly oils and Eastern gums,  
 More than would serve two funerals for perfumes. }

Then Pompey, none more skill'd in the court-game  
 Of cutting throats with a soft whisper, came.

Next Fuscus ‡, he who many a peaceful day  
 For Dacian vulturs was reserv'd a prey,

\* In counterfeiting madness.

† Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

‡ Cornelius Fuscus, who was slain in Dacia.

Till, having study'd war enough at home,  
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.

Cunning Vejentó next, and by his side  
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,  
Dæcrepit, yet a furious lover he,  
And deeply smit with charms he could not see.  
A monster, that ev'n this worst age out-vies,  
Conspicuous, and above the common size.  
A blind base flatterer, from some bridge or gate\*,  
Rais'd to a murdering minister of state,  
Deserving still to beg upon the road,  
And bless each passing waggon and its load.  
None more admir'd the fish; he in its praise  
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raise;  
But to the left all his fine things did say,  
Whilst on his right the unseen turbot lay.  
So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,  
And at each hit with wonder seem'd amaz'd:  
So did the scenes and stage machines admire,  
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.  
Nor came Vejentó short; but, as inspir'd  
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,  
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, see,  
He cries, of some illustrious victory!  
Some captive king thee his new lord shall own;  
Or from his British chariot headlong thrown  
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!

\* The common stands for beggars.

IMITATION OF JUVENAL. 173

The monster's foreign. Mark the pointed spears  
 That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!  
 Who nobler could, or plainer things presage?  
 Yet one thing scap'd him, the prophetic rage  
 Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.

At length by Cæsar the grand question's put:  
 My lords, your judgement; shall the fish be cut?  
 Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;  
 Let's not dishonour thus the noble prize!  
 A pot of finest earth, thin, deep, and wide,  
 Some skilful quick Prometheus must provide.  
 Clay and the forming wheel prepare with speed.  
 But, Cæsar, be it from henceforth decreed,  
 That potters on the royal progress wait,  
 T' assist in these emergencies of state.

This counsel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,  
 So fit, so worthy of the man that spake.  
 The old court riots he remember'd well;  
 Could tales of Nero's midnight suppers tell,  
 When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,  
 And to new dainties kindled false desire.  
 In arts of eating, none more early train'd,  
 None in my time had equal skill attain'd.  
 He whether Circe's rock his oysters bore,  
 Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian shore,  
 Knew at first taste, nay at first sight could tell  
 A crab or lobster's country by its shell.

They rise; and straight all, with respectful awe,  
 At the word given, obsequiously withdraw,

Whom,

Whom, full of eager haste, surprize, and fear,  
 Our mighty prince had summon'd to appear ;  
 As if some news he'd of the Catti tell,  
 Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel :  
 As if expresscs from all parts had come  
 With fresh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.

What folly this ! But, oh ! that all the rest  
 Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest ;  
 And all that time such trifles had employ'd  
 In which so many nobles he destroy'd ;  
 He safe, they unreveng'd, to the disgrace  
 Of the surviving, tame, Patrician race !  
 But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,  
 Him, whom so many lords had slain they flew.

## D A M O N   A N D   A L E X I S.

D A M O N.

**T**ELL me, Alexis, whence these sorrows grow ?  
 From what hid spring do these salt torrents flow ?  
 Why hangs the head of my afflicted swain ;  
 Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain ?

A L E X I S.

Ah, Damon, if what you already see,  
 Can move thy gentle breast to pity me ;  
 How would thy sighs with mine in concert join,  
 How would thy tears swell up the tide of mine ?  
 Couldst thou but see (but, oh, no light is there,  
 But blackest clouds of darkness and despair !)

Couldst

Couldst thou but see the torments that within  
 Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid scene!  
 View all the wounds, and every fatal dart  
 That sticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!  
 No more, ye swains, Love's harmless anger fear,  
 For he has empty'd all his quiver here.  
 Nor thou, kind Damon, ask me why I grieve,  
 But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know  
 The pangs despairing lovers undergo!

[ *Imperfect.* ]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN first the young Alexis saw  
 Cælia to all the plain give law,  
 The haughty Cælia, in whose face  
 Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;  
 When every swain he saw submit  
 To her commanding eyes and wit,  
 How could th' ambitious youth aspire  
 To perish by a nobler fire?  
 With all the power of verse he strove  
 The lovely shepherdes to move:  
 Verse, in which the Gods delight,  
 That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;  
 Verse, that once rul'd all the plain,  
 Verse, the wishes of a swain.

How



How oft has Thyrsis' pipe prevail'd,  
 Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?  
 Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind  
 Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;  
 Whilst Lycidas 's gentle breast,  
 With Love, and with a Muse possess'd,  
 Breath'd forth in verse his soft desire,  
 Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[ *Imperfect.* ]

### C Æ L I A ' S S O L I L O Q U Y .

**M**ISTRESS of all my senses can invite,  
 Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;  
 Queen of a thousand slaves that fawn and bow,  
 And, with submissive fear, my power allow,  
 Shoul I exchange this noble state of life  
 To gain the vile detested name of Wife;  
 Should I my native liberty betray,  
 Call him my lord, who at my footstool lay?  
 No: thanks, kind heaven, that hast my soul employ'd,  
 With my great sex's useful virtue, Pride.  
 That generous pride, that noble just disdain,  
 That scorns the slave that would presume to reign.  
 Let the raw amorous scribbler of the times  
 Call me his Cælia in insipid rhymes;  
 I hate and scorn you all, proud that I am  
 T' revenge my sex's injuries on man.  
 Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,  
 It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

**T O**

## TO SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

Upon the late Vote of the House of Commons.

**H**AVE we for this serv'd full nine hard campaigns ?  
 Is this the recompence for all our pains ?  
 Have we to the remotest parts been sent,  
 Bravely expos'd our lives, and fortunes spent,  
 To be undone at last by Parliament ? }  
 Must colonels and corporals now be equal made,  
 And flaming sword turn'd pruning knife and spade ?  
 T---b, S---, F---, and thousands more,  
 Must now return to what they were before.  
 No more in glittering coaches shall they ride,  
 No more the feathers shew the coxcombs' pride.  
 For thee, poor — ! my Muse does kindly weep,  
 To see disbanded colonels grown so cheap.  
 So younger brothers with fat jointures fed,  
 Go despicable, once their widows dead.  
 No ship, by tempest from her anchor torn,  
 Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.  
 On every stall, in every broker's shop,  
 Hang up the plumes of the dismantled fop ;  
 Trophies like these we read not of in story,  
 By other ways the Romans got their glory.  
 But in this, as in all things, there 's a doom,  
 Some die i' th' field, and others starve at home.

To a Roman Catholick upon MARRIAGE.

**C**ENSURE and penances, excommunication,  
 Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;  
 But 'tis the Church's more substantial curse,  
 To damn us all for better and for worse.  
 Falsely your Church seven sacraments does frame,  
 Penance and Matrimony are the same.

A F R A G M E N T.

— AND yet he fears to use them, and be free;  
 Yet some have ventur'd, and why should not all?  
 Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,  
 The wretched miser and the midnight murderer;  
 Betrayers of their country, or their friend,  
 (And every guilty breast) fear endless torment,  
 Blue lakes of brimstone, unextinguish'd fires,  
 Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deserves;  
 Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.  
 For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,  
 'Tis punishment enough it makes them live,  
 Live, to endure the dreadful apprehension  
 Of Death, to them so dreadful; but why dreadful,  
 At least to virtuous minds?—To be at rest,  
 To sleep, and never hear of trouble more,  
 Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldst thou be at quiet?  
 Dost thou thus beat for rest, and long for ease,  
 And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?  
 What hand can be so easy as thy own,  
 To apply the medicine that cures all diseases!

A N

## A N E P I S T L E \*

T O

M R. O T W A Y.

**D**EAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown  
 Since thou hast left this learned dirty town †,  
 To thee by this dull letter be it known. }  
 Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,  
 Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.  
 Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,  
 Or the top scene that Settle ever writ :  
 The sprightly Court that wander up and down  
 From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,  
 All, all are fled ; but them I well can spare,  
 For I'm so dull I have no business there.  
 I have forgot whatever there I knew,  
 Why men one stocking tie with ribbon blue :  
 Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,  
 That at their breasts hang dangling by a string ;  
 (Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,  
 For once ‡ a squirt was rais'd by Windsor wall).  
 I know no officer of court ; nay more,  
 No dog of court, their favourite before.

\* In answer to one in Otway's Poems, page 59.

† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.

‡ Sir Samuel Moreland. DUKE.

Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,  
 Nor who committed incest for Legander.  
 Unpolish'd thus, an arrant scholar grown,  
 What should I do but sit and coo alone,  
 And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan. }  
 Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,  
 Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.  
 For, whilst with wit, with women, and with wine,  
 Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,  
 Thy joys we at this distance feel and know;  
 Thou kindly wishest it with us were so.  
 Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, For him,  
 Leap up, thou sparkling wine, and kiss the brim:  
 Crosses attend the man who dares to flinch,  
 Great as that man deserves who drinks not Finch.  
 But these are empty joys, without you two,  
 We drink your names, alas! but where are you?  
 My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast  
 Than by thy own soft Muse can be exprest;  
 True to thy word, afford one visit more,  
 Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,  
 A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,  
 (Such as is, Sir, a cousin of your own;)   
 With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,  
 And wit that at a quibble never fails.

## A D T H O M A M O T W A Y .

**M**USARUM nostrumque decus, charissime Thoma,  
 O animæ melior pars, Otoæ, meæ ;  
 Accipe quæ sacri tristes ad littora Cami  
 Avulsi vestro flevimus à gremio.  
 Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,  
 Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,  
 Et salices testes, & plurima testis arundo,  
 Et Camus pigro tristior amne fluens.  
 Audiit ipse etenim Deus, & miserata dolores  
 Lubrica paulisper constitit unda meos.  
 Tunc ego ; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita musco  
 Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,  
 Audite O qualem absentem ploramus amicum,  
 Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.  
 Pectoris is candore nives, constantibus arcti  
 Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipsa fide ;  
 Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones  
 Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,  
 Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini  
 Gaudia, cumque suâ matre sonandus Amor.  
 Ille potest etiam numeros æquare canendo  
 Sive tuos, Ovidi, sive, Catulle, tuos.  
 Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,  
 Itque cothurnato Musa superba pede,  
 Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæasve tenebras,  
 Carminis aut fastus, Æschyle magne, tui,  
 Vincit munditiis & majestate decorâ,  
 Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,



Hæc ego, cum spectans labentia flumina, versus  
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

“ Who for Preferments,” &c. [see p. 59, l. 20.]

“ Premia quis meritis ingrata expectet ab Aula,  
Omnis ubi exiguam captat simul Aulicus escam  
Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa vadosa  
Fulminis angusti coleret loca, pisciculorum  
Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,  
Qui dum quisque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,  
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;  
Nec potius, latum gremio quàm flumen aperto  
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,  
Et requiem, & muscos virides, pulchramque vocatus  
Ad libertatem pronò delabitur alveo?”

Quos tibi pro tali persolvam carmine grates,  
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!  
Nos neque sollicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis  
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula dolosa, tuas:  
Nos procul à cœno, & strepitu, fumoque remotos,  
Cum Venere & Musis myrtea scena tegat!  
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo  
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otœæ, meas.  
Ergone me penitus vestris hæere medullis,  
Ergone sincerus me tibi junxit Amor?  
Tu quoque, tu nostris habitas, mea vita, medullis,  
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu scribis, vel qualia Carolus ille  
Noster, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

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P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF DORSET.



[ 187 ]

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF DORSET.

+++++

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

O N H I S

Incomparable, Incomprehensible POEM, called  
The BRITISH PRINCESS.

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;  
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,  
'T will do as well; throw not away your jests  
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.  
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,  
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,  
But, in its full perfection of decay,  
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.  
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed;  
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed?

Yet



Yet in a filbert I have often known  
 Maggots survive, when all the kernel 's gone.  
 This simile shall stand in thy defence,  
 'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense.  
 Thy style 's the same, whatever be thy theme,  
 As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm :  
 They lye, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,  
 Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.  
 Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high  
 As any other Pegasus can fly :  
 So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,  
 Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.

As skilful divers to the bottom fall  
 Sooner than those who cannot swim at all ;  
 So in this way of writing, without thinking,  
 Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.  
 Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,  
 And with acquir'd dulness and new arts  
 Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts.  
 Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear  
 Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,  
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeler ;  
 Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write ;  
 Did ever libel yet so sharply bite ?

## TO THE SAME. ON HIS PLAYS.

**T**HOU damn'd Antipodes to common-sense,  
 Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence  
 Does all this mighty stock of dulness spring?  
 Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,  
 Assisted by some ballad-making quill?  
 No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,  
 I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.  
 Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,  
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?  
 Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,  
 With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish:  
 Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes, do feast thy brain,  
 Which nobly pays this tribute back again.  
 With daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,  
 A giant's body with a pigmy's head.  
 Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race  
 Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays  
 Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage?  
 Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find  
 Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.  
 No other use of paper thou shouldst make  
 Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.  
 Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,  
 But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink:  
 Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,  
 As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools:

For

For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit  
 To wipe the slabberings of thy snotty wit :  
 And though 'tis late, if justice could be found,  
 Thy plays like blind-born puppies should be drown'd.  
 For were it not that we respect afford  
 Unto the son of an heroic lord,  
 Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,  
 Drest like herself in a great chair of state ;  
 Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,  
 And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,  
 In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy. }

## TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERF,

O N T H E

Printing his Play called "TARUGO'S WILES,"  
 1668.

**T**ARUGO gave us wonder and delight,  
 When he oblig'd the world by candle-light :  
 But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,  
 T'oblige and serve his friends a nobler way ;  
 Make all our old men wits, statesmen, the young :  
 And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.

James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did smile,  
 Did but attempt th' uniting of our isle.

What kings, and Nature, only could design,  
 Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine.

For,

## ON PRINTING TARUGO'S WILES. 191

For, who is such a Cockney in his heart,  
Proud of the plenty of the southern part,  
To scorn that union, by which we may  
Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play?  
Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,  
Has to the country sent this kind excuse;  
Fair Northern Lads, it is not through neglect  
I court thee at a distance, but respect;  
I cannot act, my passion is so great,  
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;  
On thee I will bestow my longest days,  
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays:  
My beams that reach thee shall employ their powers  
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.  
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast,  
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

## EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

Translated by Mr. MEDBURNE.

Spoken by TARTUFFE.

**M**ANY have been the vain attempts of wit,  
Against the still-prevailing hypocrite:  
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,  
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play;  
And Busy, railying, arm'd with zeal and rage,  
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.  
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,  
While English fools will think them honest men:  
But

But sure no zealous brother can deny us  
 Free leave with this our Monsieur Ananias :  
 A man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,  
 There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papist,  
 That fix salvation to short band and hair,  
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer ;  
 That use " enjoy the Creature," to exprefs  
 Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness ;  
 And, in a decent way, perform them too  
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.  
 Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,  
 We godly phrase it " gospel-propagation,"  
 Just as rebellion was call'd reformation. }  
 Zeal stands but sentry at the gate of sin,  
 Whilst all that have the word pass freely in :  
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,  
 We march, and take Damnation by surprize.  
 There 's not a roaring blade in all this town  
 Can go so far tow'rd's hell for half a crown  
 As I for six-pence, for I know the way ;  
 For want of guides, men are too apt to stray :  
 Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,  
 Let every marry'd man that 's grave and wise  
 Take a Tartuffe of known ability,  
 To teach and to increase his family ;  
 Who shall so settle lasting reformation,  
 First get his son, then give him education.

E P I L O G U E,  
O N T H E

Revival of BEN JONSON'S Play, called  
"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

**I**NTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,  
To make me speak in such a play's defence;  
A play, where wit and humour do agree  
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.  
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,  
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;  
No captive prince from unknown country brought,  
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:  
And something yet more sharply might be said,  
But I consider the poor author's dead:  
Let that be his excuse---now for our own,  
Why,---faith, in my opinion, we need none.  
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,  
Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?  
I do not doubt but you will credit me,  
It was not choice, but mere necessity:  
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent,  
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:  
Have patience but till Easter-term, and then,  
You shall have Jigg and hobby-horse again.

O

Here's



Here's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit \*,  
 Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ :  
 But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,  
 Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.  
 When any fasts, or holidays, defer  
 The public labours of the theatre,  
 We ride not forth, although the day be fair,  
 On ambling tit, to take the suburb air ;  
 But with our authors meet, and spend that time  
 To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.  
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,  
 Till after many a long and free debate,  
 For diverse weighty reasons 't was thought fit,  
 Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit :  
 This, the most wholesome law we ever made,  
 So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,  
 Sure no man here will ever dare to break——

[Enter JONSON'S Ghost.]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak ;  
 Can you encourage so much insolence,  
 And add new faults still to the great offence,  
 Your ancestors so rashly did commit,  
 Against the mighty powers of art and wit ?  
 When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,  
 Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline.  
 Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall  
 The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.  
 The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,  
 And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.

\* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

E P I L O G U E.

195

All the dull follies of the former age,  
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage,  
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,  
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,  
From all past crimes I first will set you free,  
And then inspire some one to write like me.

S O N G.

Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665,  
the Night before an Engagement.

I.

**T**O all you ladies now at land,  
We men, at sea, indite;  
But first would have you understand,  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you,  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea,  
With a fa, &c.

O 2

III. Then

## III.

Then if we write not by each post,  
 Think not we are unkind ;  
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,  
 By Dutchmen, or by wind :  
 Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,  
 The tide shall bring them twice a-day,  
 With a fa, &c.

## IV.

The king, with wonder and surprize,  
 Will swear the seas grow bold ;  
 Because the tides will higher rise,  
 Than e'er they us'd of old :  
 But let him know, it is our tears  
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.  
 With a fa, &c.

## V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
 Our sad and dismal story ;  
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
 And quit their fort at Goree :  
 For what resistance can they find  
 From men who've left their hearts behind !  
 With a fa, &c.

## VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
 Be you to us but kind ;  
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
 No sorrow we shall find :  
 'Tis then no matter how things go,  
 Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe,  
 With a fa, &c.

IX. To

## VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
 We throw a merry main ;  
 Or else at serious ombre play ;  
 But, why should we in vain  
 Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
 We were undone when we left you.  
 With a fa, &c.

## VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
 And cast our hopes away ;  
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
 Sit careless at a play :  
 Perhaps, permit some happier man  
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.  
 With a fa, &c.

## IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
 That dies in every note ;  
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,  
 For being so remote ;  
 Think how often love we've made  
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.  
 With a fa, &c.

## X.

In justice you cannot refuse,  
 To think of our distress ;  
 When we for hopes of honour lose  
 Our certain happiness ;  
 All those designs are but to prove  
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.  
 With a fa, &c.

## XI.

And now we've told you all our loves  
 And likewise all our fears ;  
 In hopes this declaration moves  
 Some pity from your tears ;  
 Let 's hear of no inconstancy,  
 We have too much of that at sea.  
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

On the Countess of DORCHESTER,  
 Mistress to King JAMES the Second, 1680.

## I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,  
 Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace ?  
 Can any dresses find a way,  
 To stop th' approaches of decay,  
 And mend a ruin'd face ?

## II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,  
 Still ogle in the ring ?  
 Canst thou forget thy age and pox ?  
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks  
 Make thee a fine young thing ?

## III.

So have I seen in larder dark  
 Of veal a lucid loin ;  
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,  
 As wise philosophers remark,  
 At once both stink and shine.

ON

## O N T H E S A M E.

## I.

**P**ROUD with the spoils of royal cully,  
 With false pretence to wit and parts,  
 She swaggers like a batter'd bully,  
 To try the tempers of mens hearts.

## II.

Though she appear as glittering fine,  
 As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her ;  
 She ne'er can win a breast like mine ;  
 The devil and Sir David\* take her.

## K N O T T I N G.

**A**T noon, in a sunshiny day,  
 The brighter lady of the May,  
 Young Chloris innocent and gay,  
 Sat knotting in a shade :

Each slender finger play'd its part,  
 With such activity and art,  
 As would inflame a youthful heart,  
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite fwain, by chance, came by,  
 He saw no anger in her eye ;  
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,  
 She would have seem'd afraid.

\* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.



She let her ivory needle fall,  
And hurl'd away the twisted ball :  
But straight gave Strephon such a call,  
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee ?  
With innocence I dare be free ;  
By so much truth and modesty  
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap ;  
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,  
Thou may'st securely take a nap ;  
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,  
And found him fast asleep all o'er.  
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,  
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be :  
For this thy dull fidelity,  
I 'll trust you with my flocks, not me,  
Pursue thy grazing trade ;

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,  
And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;  
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep  
By me mistaken maid.



## THE ANTIQUATED COQUET,

A Satire on a Lady of Ireland\*.

**P**HYLLIS, if you will not agree,  
 To give me back my liberty ;  
 In spite of you, I must regain  
 My loss of time, and break your chain.  
 You were mistaken, if you thought  
 I was so grossly to be caught ;  
 Or that I was so blindly bred,  
 As not to be in woman read.  
 Perhaps you took me for a fool,  
 Design'd alone your sex's tool ;  
 Nay, you might think so mad a thing,  
 That, with a little fashioning,  
 I might in time, for your dear sake,  
 That monster call'd a husband make :  
 Perhaps I might, had I not found,  
 One darling vice in you abound ;  
 A vice to me, which e'er will prove,  
 An antidote to banish love.  
 O ! I could better bear an old,  
 Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen scold,  
 Or one who games, or will be drunk,  
 A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,  
 Than one at all who wildly flies,  
 And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,

\* Supposed to be of the name of Clanbrazil.

And

And thousand other wanton arts,  
 So meanly trades in begging hearts.  
 How might such wondrous charms perplex,  
 Give chains, or death, to all our sex,  
 Did she not so unwisely set,  
 For every fluttering fool her net !  
 So poorly proud of vulgar praise,  
 Her very look her thoughts betrays ;  
 She never stays till we begin,  
 But beckons us herself to sin.  
 Ere we can ask, she cries consent,  
 So quick her yielding looks are sent,  
 They hope forestal, and ev'n desire prevent. }  
 But Nature's turn'd when women woo,  
 We hate in them what we should do ;  
 Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,  
 When women such advances make :  
 Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,  
 Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.  
 Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,  
 No one she thinks too mean a prize ;  
 Ev'n Lynch \*, the lag of human kind,  
 Nearest to brutes by God design'd,  
 May boast the smiles of this coquet,  
 As much as any man of wit.  
 The signs hang thinner in the Strand,  
 The Dutch scarce more infest the land,  
 Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,  
 In number and voracity.

\* A notorious debauchee.

Whores

ANTIQUATED COQUETTE. 203

Whores are not half so plenty found,  
 In play-house, or that hallow'd ground  
 Of Temple-Walks, or Whetstone's Park;  
 Careffes less abound in Spark\*.  
 Then with kind looks for all who come,  
 At bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:  
 But all in vain she throws her darts,  
 They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:  
 Age has enerv'd her charms so much  
 That fearless all her eyes approach;  
 Each her autumnal face degrades,  
 With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"  
 But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,  
 Forgetting what her charms have done;  
 To Teagueland we this beauty owe,  
 Teagueland her earliest charms did know:  
 There first her tyrant beauties reign'd;  
 Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.  
 No heart the glances could repel,  
 The Teagues in shoals before her fell;  
 And trotting bogs was all the art,  
 The sound had left to save his heart.  
 She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,  
 She near dispeopled half the nation:  
 Though she, good soul, to save took care  
 All, all she could from sad despair.  
 From thence she hither came to prove  
 If yet her charms could kindle love:

\* Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtesan.

But

But, ah! it was too late to try,  
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:  
 Yet though her eyes such conquests made,  
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,  
 Yet now her charms are so decay'd,  
 She thanks each coxcomb that will deign  
 To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old foldier, who had done  
 Wonders in youth, and battles won,  
 When feeble years his strength depose,  
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,  
 With mangled face and wooden leg,  
 Reduc'd about for alms to beg,  
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows  
 On him who but a farthing throws.

## S O N G

To CHLORIS, from the "BLIND ARCHER."

## I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,  
 And lay by those terrible glances;  
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise  
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

## II.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,  
 They'll allow you no long time of courting;  
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;  
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

## I.

**M**ETHINKS the poor town has been troubled too  
 long,  
 With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,  
 By fools, who at once can both love and despair,  
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;  
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express  
 The truth that I know of bonny Black Befs.

## II.

This Befs of my heart, this Befs of my soul,  
 Has a skin white as milk, and hair black as a coal;  
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her waist,  
 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd:  
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest:  
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

## III.

The plowman and 'squire, the arranter clown,  
 At home she subdued in her paragon gown;  
 But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,  
 And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit;  
 All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,  
 And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

## IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,  
 For she'd out-shine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:  
 If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,  
 She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:



Then the Queen, over-hearing what Betty did say,  
Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

## V.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms,  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms ;  
And to every beauty can add a new grace,  
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace ;  
And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,  
To kill us by looking as if she would die.

## S O N G.

## I.

**M**AY the ambitious ever find  
Success in crowds and noise,  
While gentle love does fill my mind  
With silent real joys !

## II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,  
And the world think them wise,  
While I lie dying at her feet,  
And all the world despise.

## III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,  
And melt in Court delights ;  
Her eyes can give much brighter days,  
Her arms much softer nights.

A FRENCH

## A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

**I**N gray-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms  
 As mighty Lewis lay,  
 She cry'd, If I have any charms,  
 My dearest, let 's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear!  
 Hark! how the drums do rattle!  
 Alas, Sir! what should you do here  
 In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange stay and fight,  
 For danger 's his diversion;  
 The wife will think you in the right,  
 Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair  
 The ruins of your glory;  
 You ought to leave so mean a care  
 To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid  
 For panegyric writing?  
 They know how heroes may be made,  
 Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach,  
 'Tis best to leave them fairly:  
 Put six good horses to your coach,  
 And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,  
 Go take some town or buy it ;  
 Whilſt you, great Sir, at Nôtre-dame,  
 Te Deum ſing in quiet.

## S O N G .

**P**H Y L L I S, the faireſt of Love's foes,  
 Though fiercer than a dragon,  
 Phyllis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd beaux,  
 What has ſhe now to brag on ?  
 So long ſhe kept her legs ſo cloſe,  
 Till they had ſcarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid  
 Did ſad complaints begin ;  
 Which ſurly Strephon hearing, ſaid,  
 It was both ſhame and ſin,  
 To pity ſuch a lazy jade,  
 As will neither play nor ſpin.

## S O N G .

**D**O R I N D A's ſparkling wit and eyes,  
 United, caſt too fierce a light,  
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the fight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;  
 Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,  
 That runs his link full in your face.

## S O N G.

S Y L V I A, methinks you are unfit  
 For your great lord's embrace;  
 For though we all allow you wit,  
 We can't a handsome face.

Then where 's the pleasure, where 's the good,  
 Of spending time and cost?  
 For if your wit ben't understood,  
 Your keeper's blifs is lost.

## S O N G.

## I.

P H Y L L I S, for shame let us improve  
 A thousand different ways,  
 Those few short moments snatch'd by love,  
 From many tedious days.

## II.

If you want courage to despise  
 The censure of the grave,  
 Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,  
 Your heart is but a slave.

## P

## III. My

## III.

My love is full of noble pride,  
 Nor can it e'er submit,  
 To let that fop, Discretion, ride  
 In triumph over it.

## IV.

False friends I have, as well as you,  
 Who daily counsel me  
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,  
 And leave off loving thee.

## V.

But when the least regard I shew  
 To fools who thus advise,  
 May I be dull enough to grow  
 Most miserably wise!

## S O N G.

## I.

CORYDON beneath a willow,  
 By a murmuring current laid,  
 His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,  
 Thus address'd the charming maid.

## II.

O! my Sachariffa, tell  
 How could Nature take delight,  
 That a heart so hard should dwell  
 In a frame so soft and white.

## III. Could

## III.

Could you feel but half the anguish,  
Half the tortures that I bear,  
How for you I daily languish,  
You'd be kind as you are fair.

## IV.

See the fire that in me reigns,  
O! behold a burning man;  
Think I feel my dying pains,  
And be cruel if you can.

## V.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame  
Cry'd, with an insulting look,  
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;  
She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

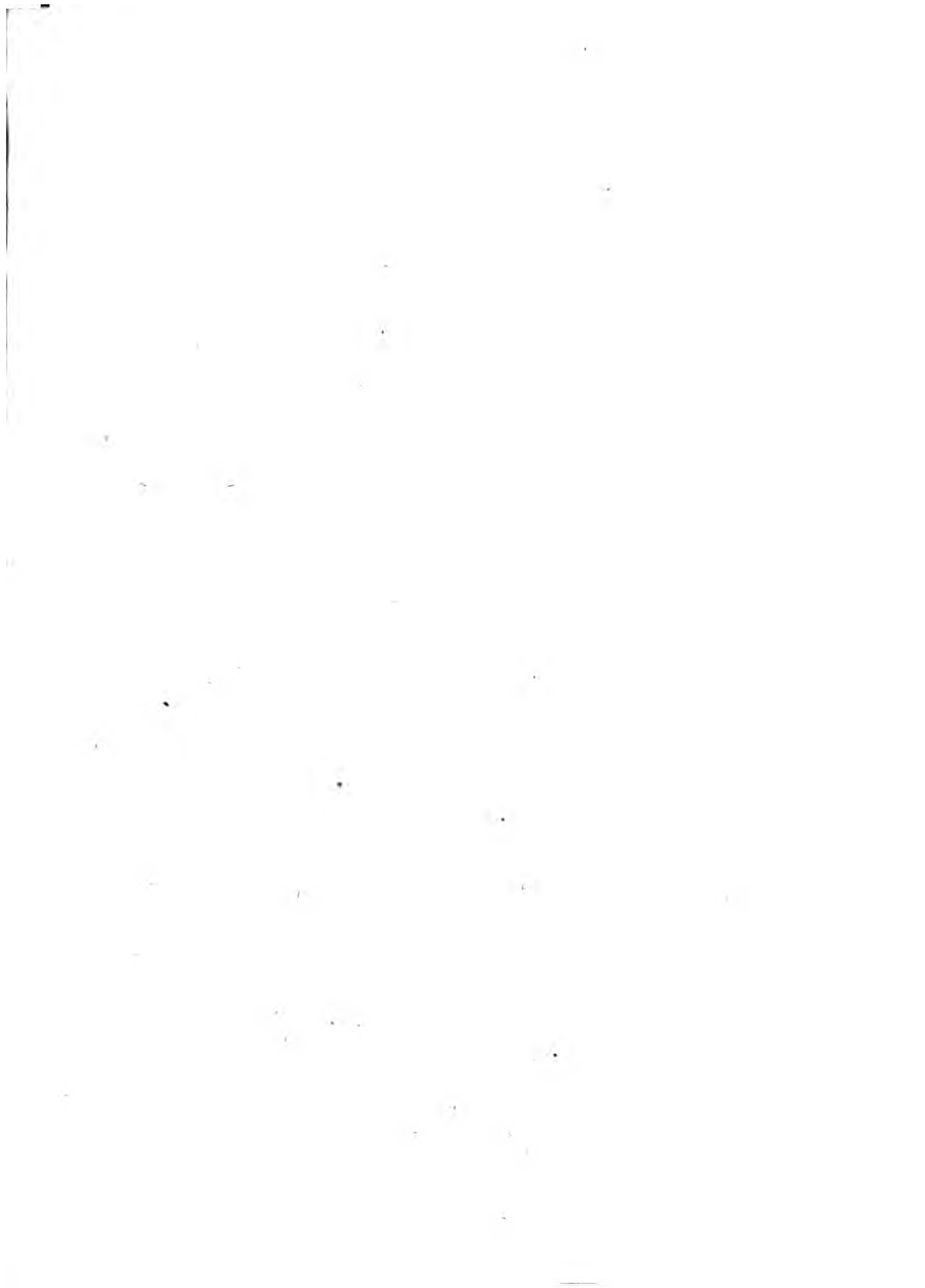


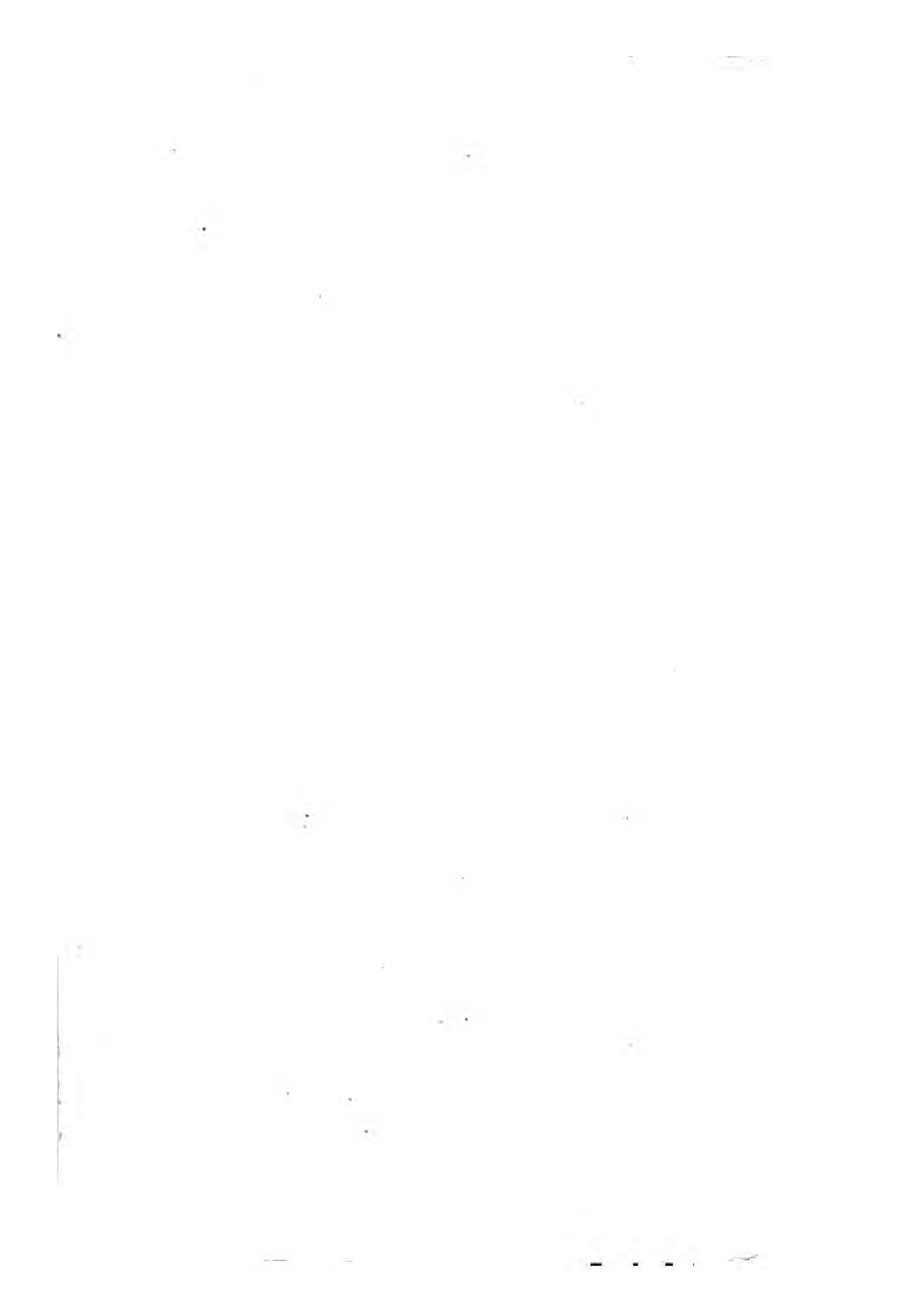
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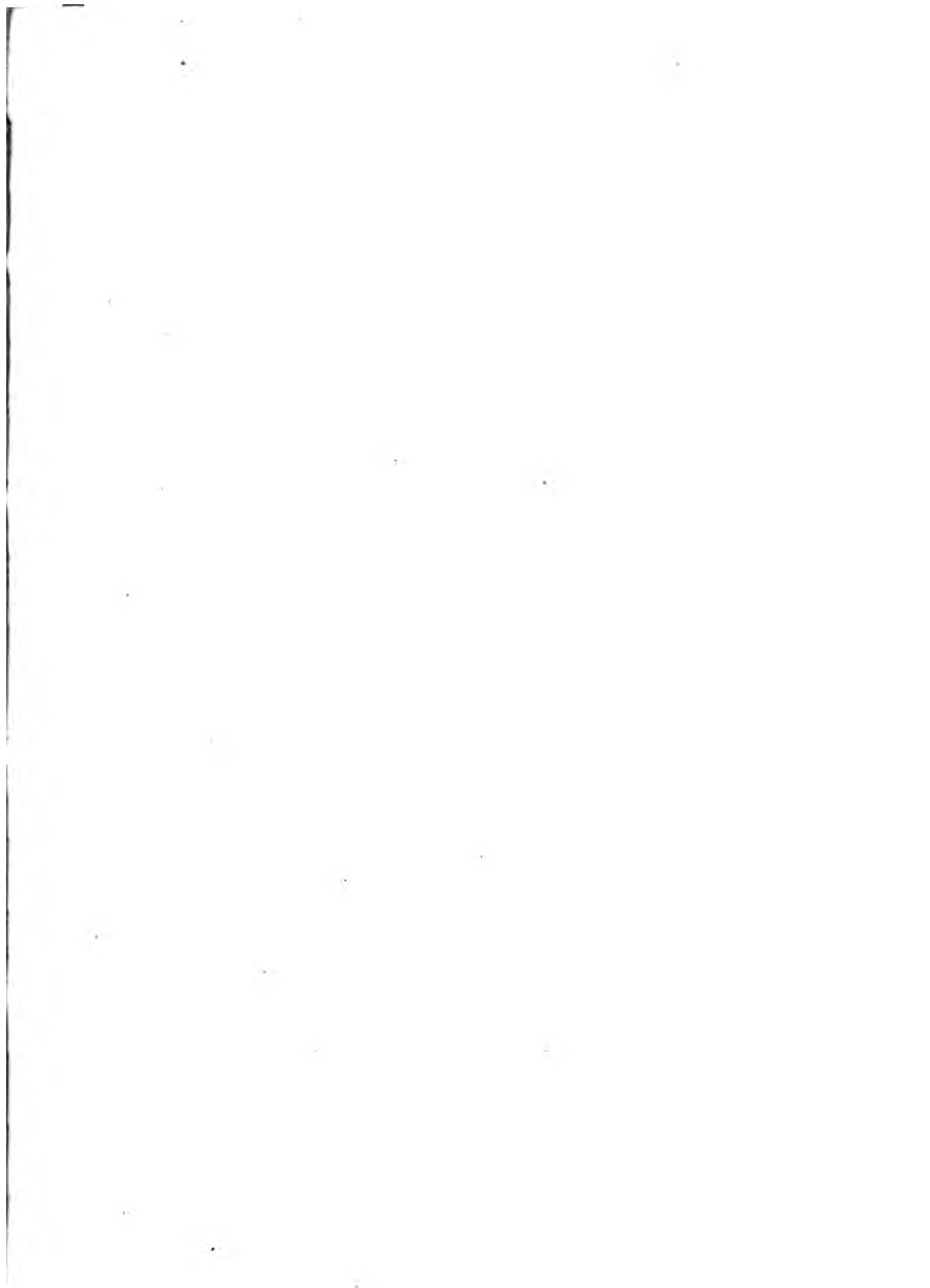
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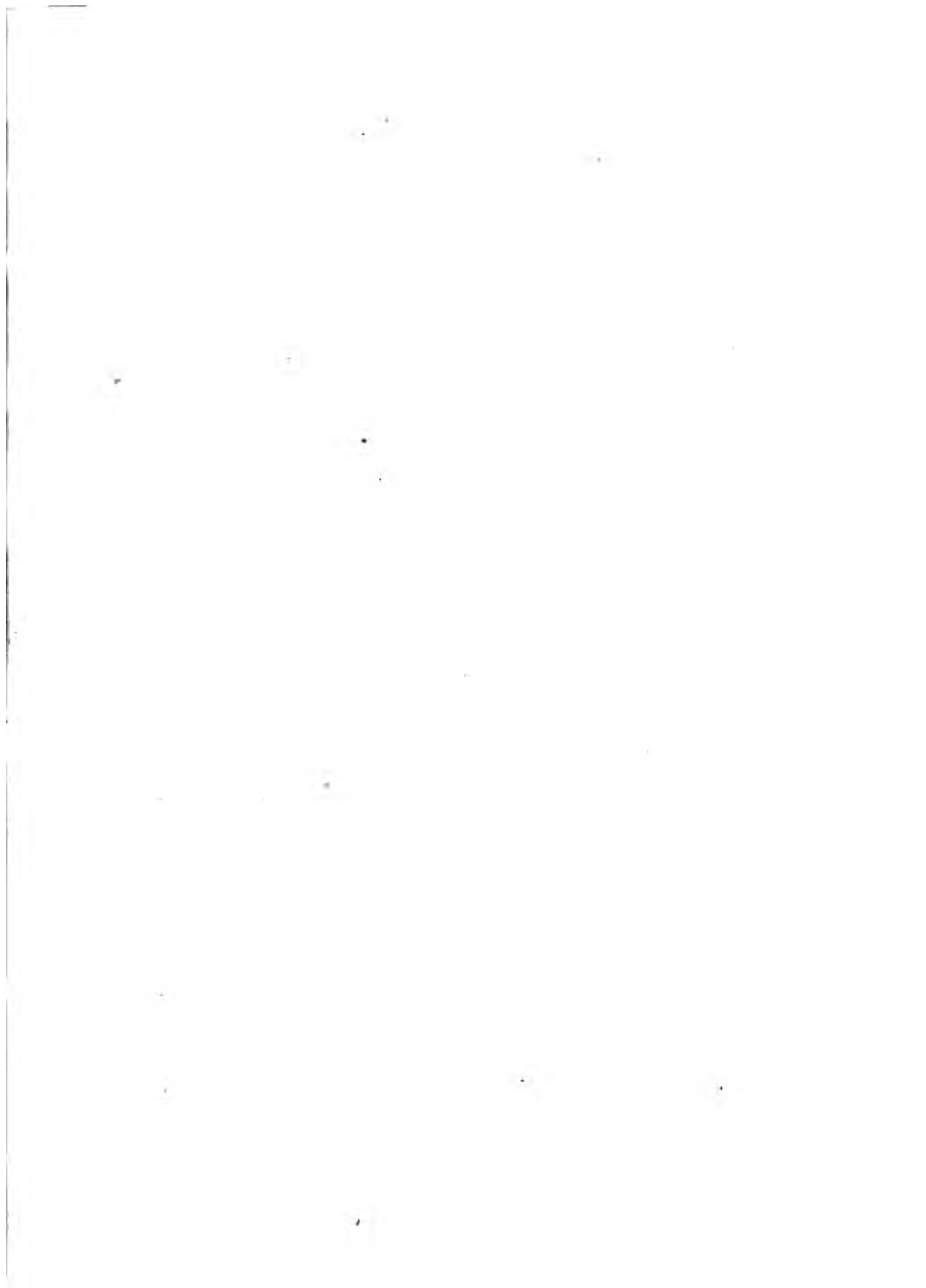




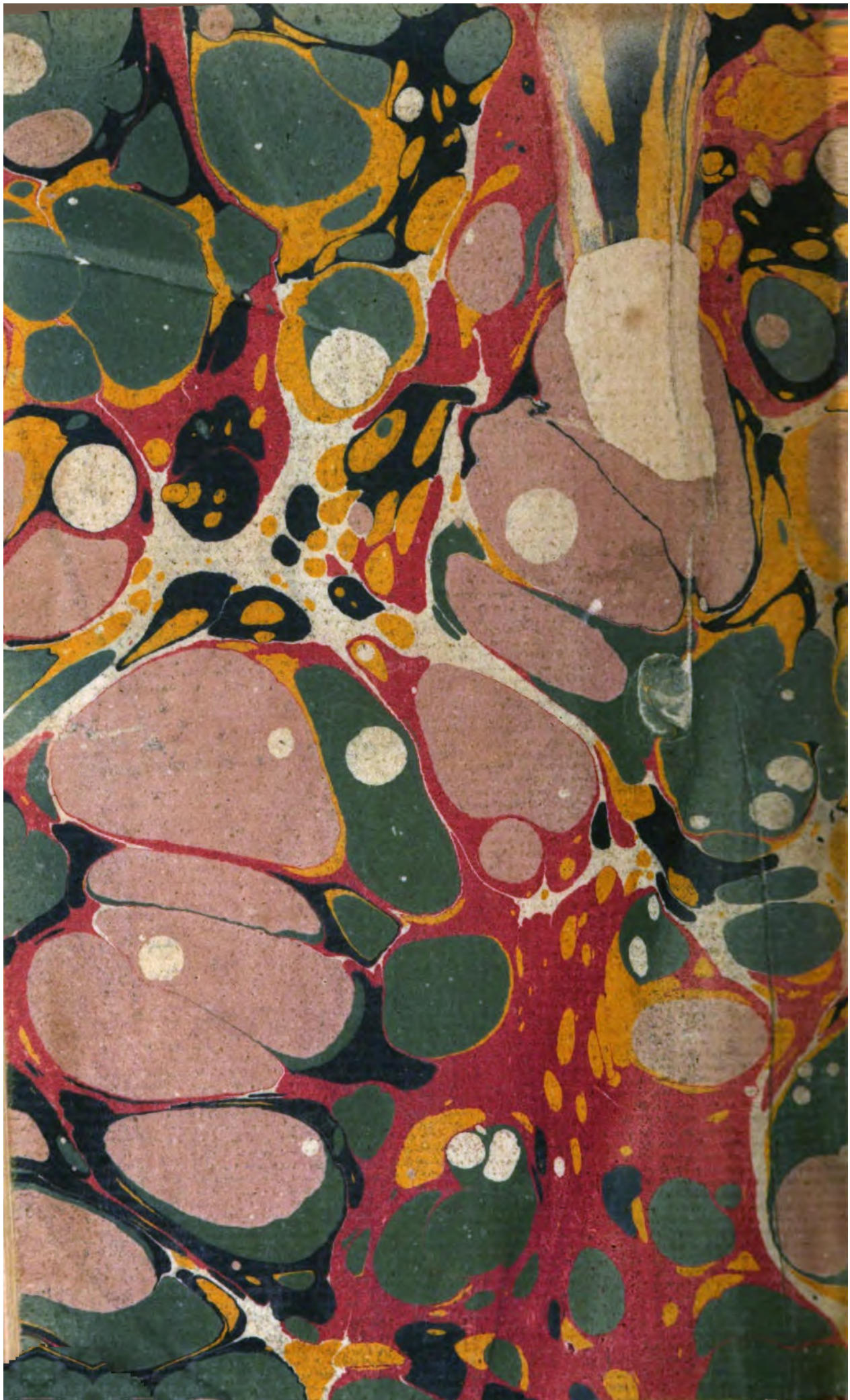












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