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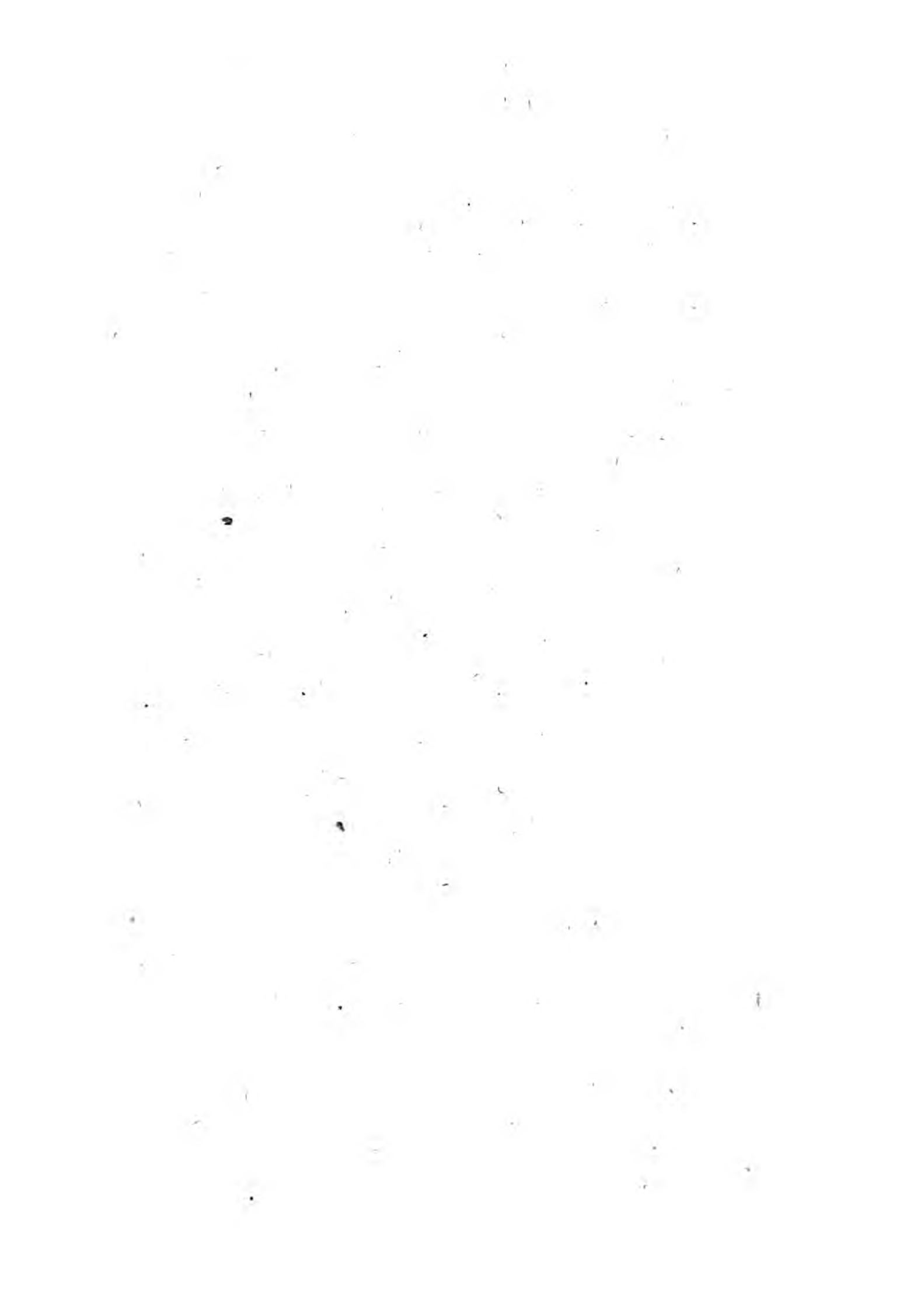
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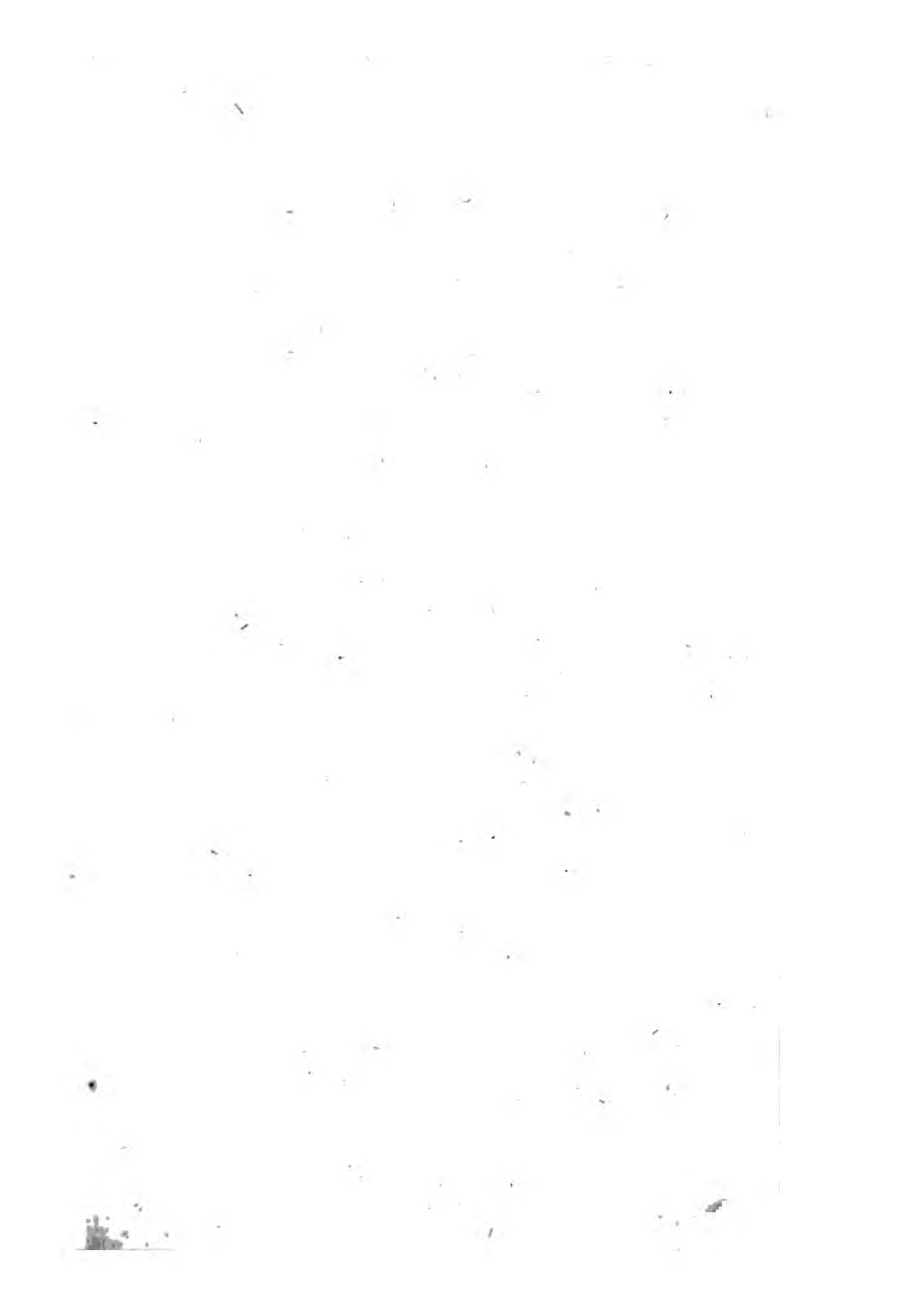
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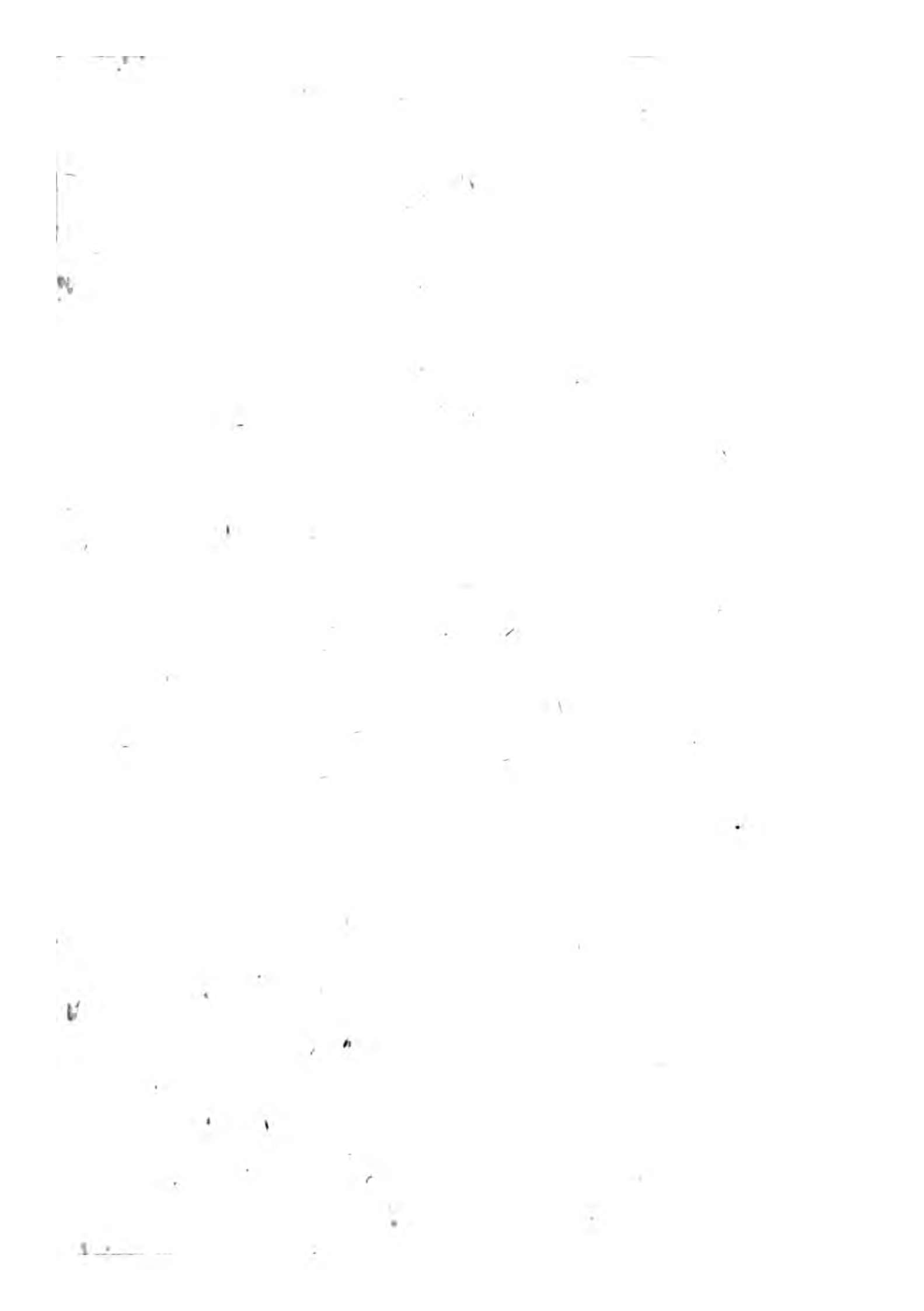


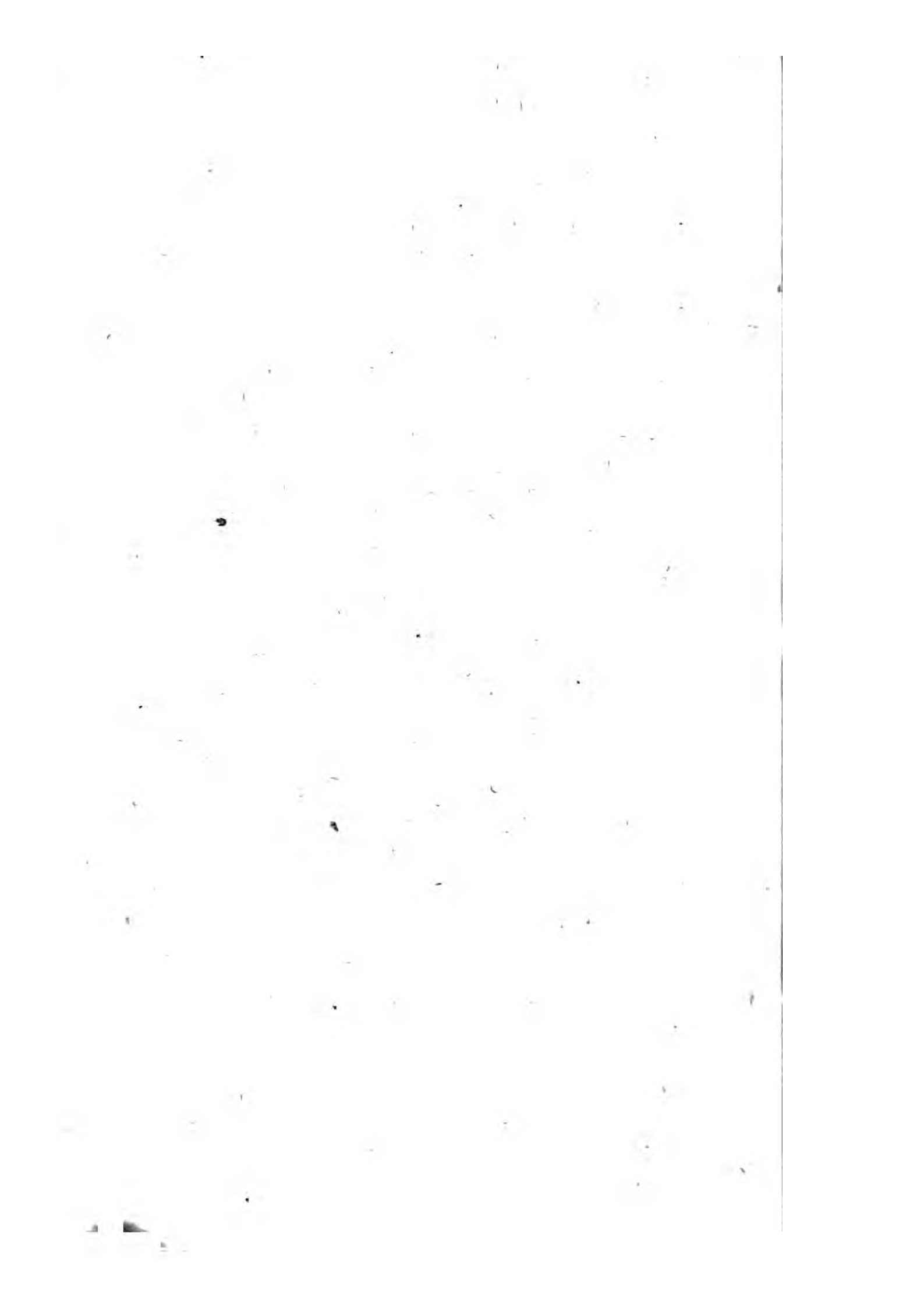


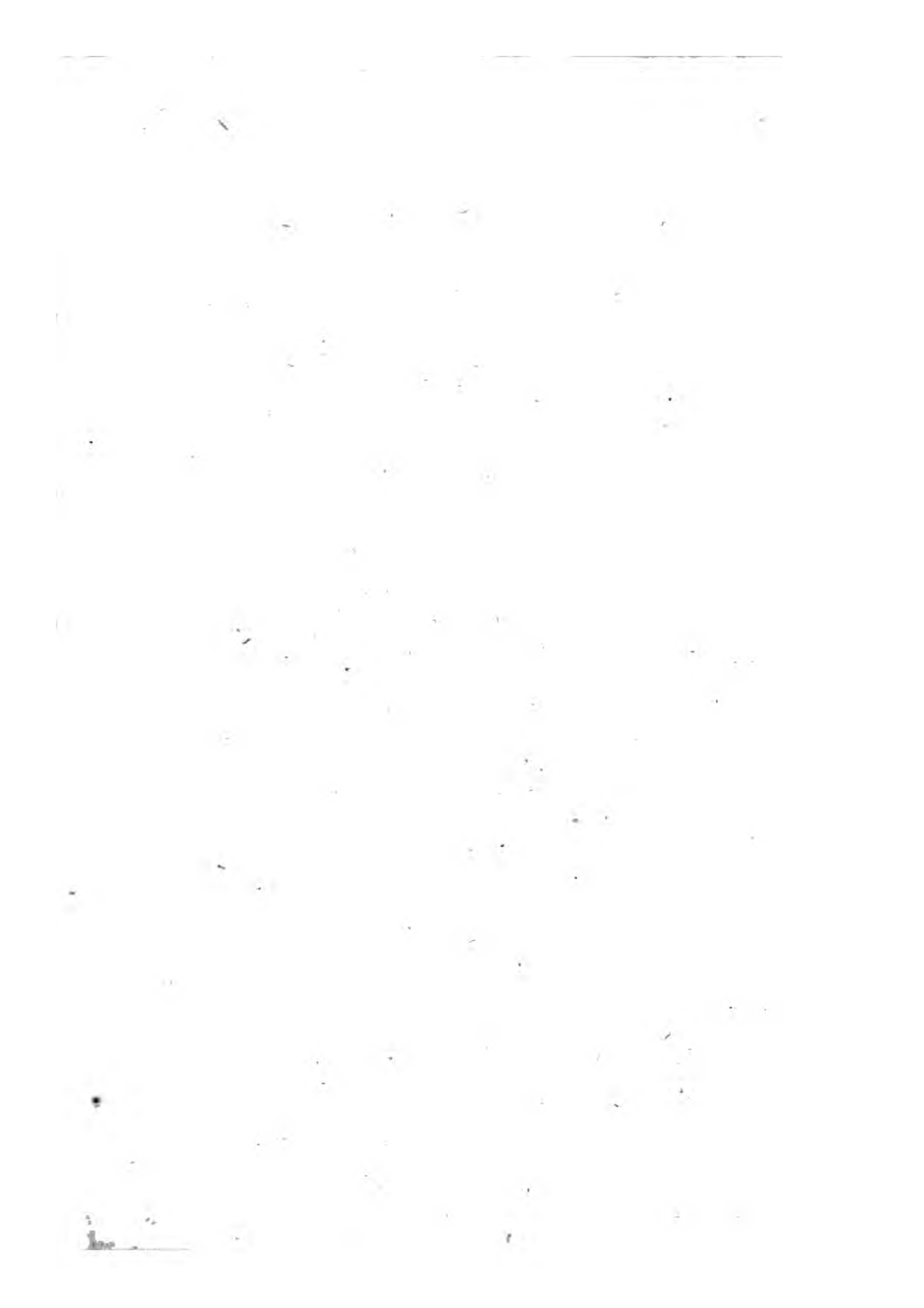


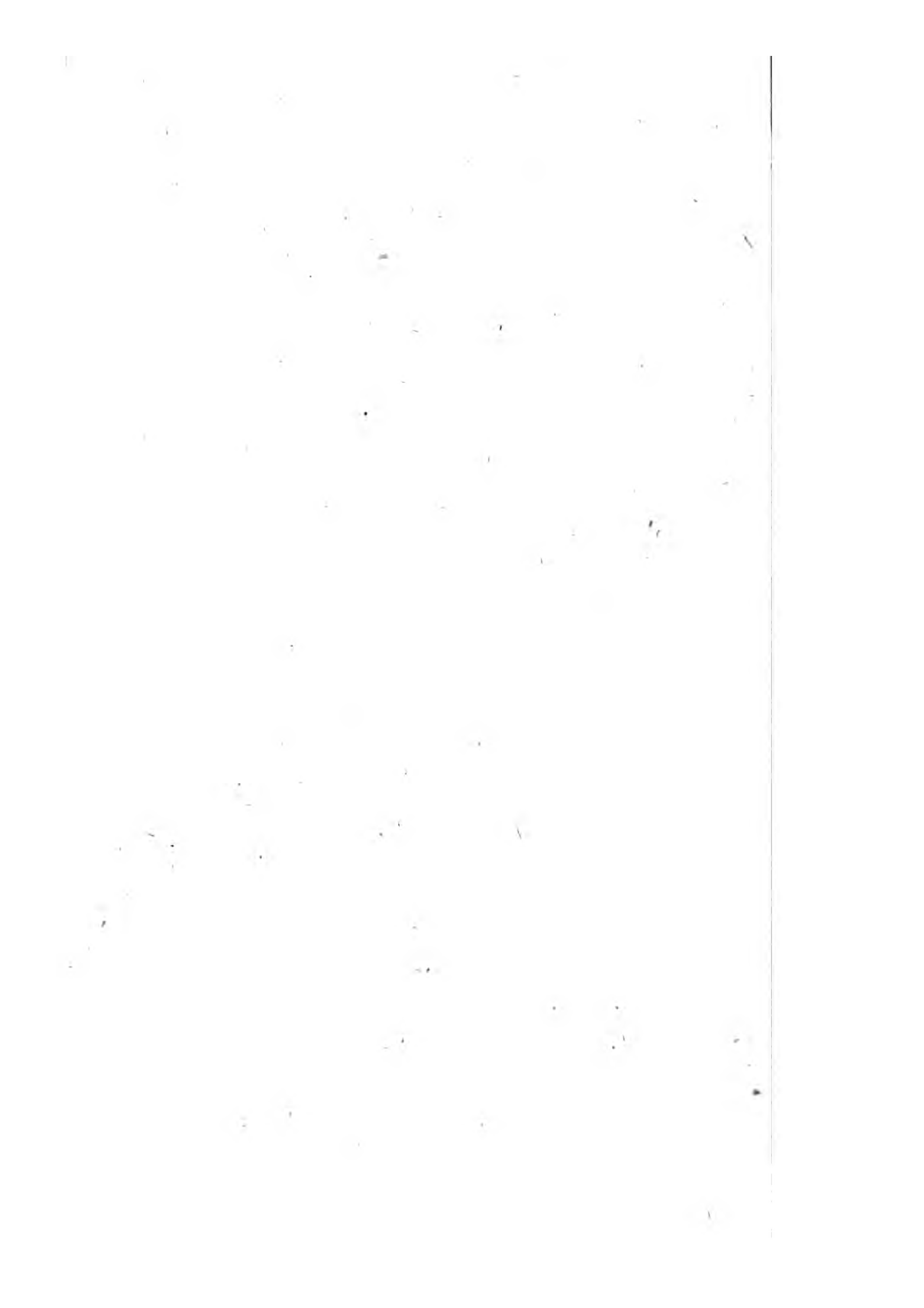
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Hall Sculp.

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE THIRTIETH.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

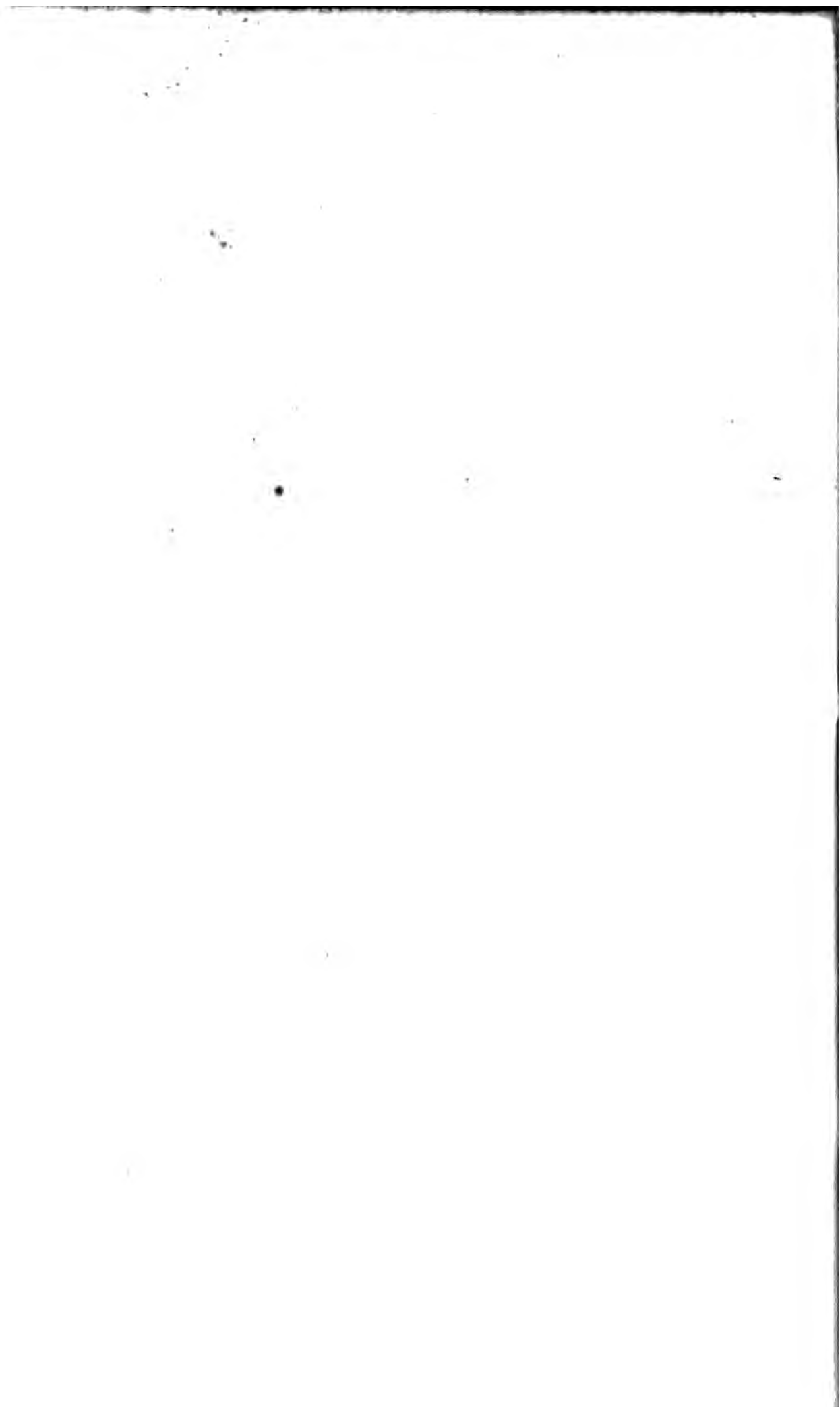
FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.



THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
P R I O R.

VOLUME I.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

L I O N E L

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

**I**T looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the Preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. "Tu Marcellus eris —" Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country;



an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person; as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own  
good

good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgement in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgement by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom.

“*Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat:*”

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgement, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramattick poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the Court tasted his

Hudibras: Wycherley, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*: and the late duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his *Rehearsal*, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony; La Fontaine and St. Evremond have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Letres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgement confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and king Charles did not agree with Lely, that my lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my lord Buckhurst.

As the judgement which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorrain's landships: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed

is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

“ The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse :”  
yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer of this kind that ever lived,

“ Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

“ Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit :”

and the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the antient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business love it most; my lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politicks and what more immediately related to the publick. But, whenever the safety



of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such, as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving orders over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of king Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to shew the French (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a

prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's interest; and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late duke of Devonshire, did in open arms at Nottingham; till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties household; a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and prac-



nice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to shew his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the publick, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The

## DEDICATION.

9

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses ; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gayly spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them ; and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour : and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rochester said in jest to king Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion ; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable : while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote ; but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections ; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound ; but they were sure too to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error ; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of  
their

their affairs; or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend: and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good-nature is said, by a great \* author, to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late earl of Dorset, than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just

\* Sprat.

## D E D I C A T I O N.

M

now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he, that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last, that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others; his care and exactness, that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility, with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had  
long



long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court; my lord allowed him an equivalent, out of his own estate. However displeas'd with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and, while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven above her sister-virtues.

Crouds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved, by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though  
he

## D E D I C A T I O N.

13

he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my lord Dorset's wit, his judgement, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the "*deliciæ humani generis*," on this account, than my lord Dorset was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated; and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death—

“ Ille dies—quem semper acerbum

“ Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebo.”

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of yours: and, when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself, from your goodness, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and

a friend—



a friendship for life. To which that I may with some justice intitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction.

I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient, and

most humble servant,

M A T. P R I O R.

P R E F A C E.

**T**HE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for re-printing some pieces, which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyricks, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours,  
who

who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

P O S T.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

**I** MUST help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the publick stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written; however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said that he expects his works should live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his "Exegi Monumentum," he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is re-printed, to the earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by

most noble and distinguished first-fruits ; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour : his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband ; his children, a kind and careful father ; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence ; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability ; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish), he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation, has bred ; and leave materials for a panegyrick, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

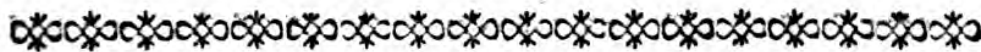
From so noble a subject as the earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very pindaric transition : I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk : he would not be thought a tradesman ; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once : I must therefore desire, that the publick would please to take them in the gross ; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

P O E M S



P O E M S

By M R. P R I O R.



On Exodus iii. 14. "I am that I am."

A N O D E.

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

I.

**M**AN! foolish man!

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;  
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;  
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try  
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye  
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.  
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;

Mortify thy learned lust.

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

## II.

Let wit her fails, her oars let wisdom lend ;  
 The helm let politic experience guide :  
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride  
 Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What though still it farther tend,  
 Still 'tis farther from its end ;  
 And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,  
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

## III.

With daring pride and insolent delight,  
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd ;  
 And, 'ΕΥΡΗΚΑ ! your God, forsooth, is found.  
 Incomprehensible and infinite.  
 But is he therefore found ? Vain searcher ! no :  
 Let your imperfect definition show,  
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

## IV.

Say, why should the collected main  
 Itself within itself contain ?  
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,  
 And with delighted silence sleep  
 On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep ?  
 Why should its numerous waters stay  
 In comely discipline, and fair array,  
 Till winds and tides exert their high command ?  
 Then, prompt and ready to obey,  
 Why do the rising surges spread  
 Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,  
 Marching through different paths to different lands ?

V. Why

## V.

Why does the constant sun  
 With measur'd steps his radiant journies run ?  
 Why does he order the diurnal hours,  
 To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours ?  
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,  
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,  
 Commanding her with delegated powers  
 To beautify the world, and bless the night ?

Why does each animated star  
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere ?

Why does each consenting sign  
 With prudent harmony combine  
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,  
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year ?

## VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity  
 These unfathom'd wonders try :  
 With fancied rules and arbitrary laws  
 Matter and motion he restrains ;  
 And studied lines and fictitious circles draws :  
 Then with imagin'd sovereignty  
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.  
 He reigns : how long ? till some usurper rise ;  
 And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,  
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.  
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?  
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows  
 That all his predecessor's rules  
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools ;



That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ;  
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his  
 own.

## VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,  
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;  
 Whose towering strength will ne'er submit  
 To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit :  
 Yet still enquiring, still mistaken man,  
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press ;  
 And, leveling at God his wandering guesses  
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,  
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair),  
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :  
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,  
 Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill :  
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move  
 and live.

Through either ocean, foolish man !  
 That pregnant word sent forth again,  
 Might to a world extend each atom there ;  
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every star.

## VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide ;  
 And only lift thy staggering reason up  
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;  
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,  
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,  
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dyed :  
 How by her patient victor death was slain ;  
 And earth prophan'd, yet blest'd, with Deicide.

Then

Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;  
 Only reserve the Sacred One :  
 Low, reverently low,  
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;  
 Weep out thy Reason's and thy body's eyes ;  
 Deject thyself, that thou mayst rise ;  
 To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give  
 Her immortal perspective ;  
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :  
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,  
 That all the volumes of Philosophy,  
 With all their comments, never could invent,  
 So politic an instrument,  
 To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the High Abode,  
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,  
 As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,  
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd ;  
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,  
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

Considerations on Part of the 88th P s A L M .

A C O L L E G E E X E R C I S E . 1690 .

I.

**H**EAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgements lie,  
 Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.  
 O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan ;  
 And every place is hell ; for God is gone.

O! Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul  
 Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul :  
 Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,  
 Thou that art the God of Light.

## II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;  
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.  
 Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :  
 Is mercy there ; or sweet forgiveness found ?  
 O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;  
 Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.  
 O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,  
 Thou that art the God of Power.

## III.

Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,  
 To hail my father, and to seek my home.  
 Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,  
 Straying in vice, and destitute of God.  
 O let thy terrors, and my anguish end !  
 Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend :  
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,  
 Thou that art the God of Love.

To the Rev. Dr. F. TURNER, Bishop of ELY ;  
 who had advis'd a Translation of PRUDENTIUS.

**I**F poets, ere they cloath'd their infant thought,  
 And the rude work to just perfection brought,  
 Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,  
 Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke :

Your

Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse,  
 The bold requests of an aspiring Muse;  
 Who, with your blessing would your aid implore,  
 And in her weakness justify your power.—  
 From your fair pattern she would strive to write,  
 And with unequal strength pursue your flight;  
 Yet hopes, she ne'er can err that follows you,  
 Led by your blest commands, and great example too.

Then smiling and aspiring influence give,  
 And make the Muse and her endeavours live;  
 Claim all her future labours as your due,  
 Let every song begin and end with you:  
 So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,  
 Where the Saints' palm and Muses' laurel grow;  
 Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,  
 And round your brow their mingled honours twine;  
 Both to the virtue due, which could excel,  
 As much in writing, as in living well.—  
 So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,  
 And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;  
 Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,  
 And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A P A S T O R A L. To the Bishop of ELY;  
 on his Departure from Cambridge.

DAMON.

T E L L, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why  
 Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?

Why

Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast ?  
 And steal from life the needful hours of rest ?  
 Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost ?  
 Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost ?  
 Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground ?  
 Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd, frown'd ?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play :  
 (Ah ! were their master unconcern'd as they !)  
 No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground ;  
 Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,  
 Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise ;  
 Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away ;  
 And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,  
 Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy ;  
 Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,  
 For the last glimpse of the departing sun ?  
 Or what severer sentence can be given,  
 Than, having seen, to be excluded heaven ?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none —

AL. — Then cease to chide my cares !  
 And rather pity than restrain my tears ;  
 Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,  
 To think how great my joys ; how soon they fled ;

I told



I told thee, friend, (now bless the shepherd's name,  
 From whose dear care the kind occasion came,)  
 That I, even I, might happily receive  
 The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give :  
 That I might see the lovely awful swain,  
 Whose holy crozier guides our willing plain ;  
 Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep  
 Our souls with equal care as we our sheep ;  
 Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue :  
 Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.  
 To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd  
 Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd ;  
 Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,  
 Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive blifs ;  
 Happy as heroes after battles won,  
 Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne ;  
 But (oh, my friend !) those joys with Daphnis flew :  
 To them these tributary tears are due.

## DAMON.

Was he so humble then ? those joys so vast ?  
 Cease to admire that both so quickly past.  
 Too happy should we be, would smiling fate  
 Render one blessing durable and great ;  
 But (oh the sad vicissitude !) how soon  
 Unwelcome night succeeds the chearful noon ;  
 And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June !  
 Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all mankind  
 A certain change of joy and sorrow find.  
 Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,  
 Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

To

To the COUNTESS of EXETER,  
playing on the Lute.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race  
you sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song :

Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,

Of Ca'ndish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.

But when you please to shew the labouring Muse,

What greater theme your Musick can produce ;

My babbling praises I repeat no more,

But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,

Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone :

But, as his power was known, their thoughts were  
rais'd ;

And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song ;

And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.

That as in birth, in beauty you excell,

The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell :

Your art no other art can speak ; and you,

To shew how well you play, must play anew :

Your musick's power your musick must disclose ;

For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls

Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls :

While with its utmost art your sex could move

Our wonder only, or at best our love :

You

You far above both these your God did place,  
That your high power might worldly thoughts de-  
stroy ;

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,  
And, like Himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native heaven you shall repair,  
And with your presence crown the blessings there,  
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,  
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.

Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,  
More than our books, make the rude Atheist know,  
That there's a heaven by what he hears below. }

As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,  
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest :  
So when you play, some godhead does impart  
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;  
Some cherub finishes what you begun,  
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,  
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd  
The raging flames ; but, struck with strange surprize,  
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes :  
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found  
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :  
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,  
And from destruction call'd the rising town :  
Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield ;  
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.



On a Picture of SENECA dying in a Bath. By  
Jordain. At the Right Hon. the Earl of  
EXETER's, at Burleigh-house.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains  
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,  
By study worn, and slack with age,  
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage!  
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,  
He should have burnt his tutor's book;  
And long have reign'd supreme in vice:  
One nobler wretch can only rise;  
'Tis he whose fury shall deface  
The stoic's image in this piece,  
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,  
Thy work and Seneca's remain,  
He still has body, still has soul,  
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

A N O D E.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight  
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,  
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right  
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.  
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;  
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II. But

II.

But would you meanly thus rely  
 On power, you know, I must obey?  
 Exert a legal tyranny;  
 And do an ill, because you may?  
 Still must I thee, as atheists heaven, adore;  
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;  
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind:  
 Soon must those glories of thy face  
 The fate of vulgar beauty find:  
 The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,  
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown  
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;  
 And putting peevish humours on,  
 Seems but the sad effect of years:  
 Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,  
 To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,  
 Will shew thee just above neglect:  
 The heat with which thy lover glows,  
 Will settle into cold respect:  
 A talking dull platonic I shall turn:  
 Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI. Then

## VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,  
 Kindness and constancy will prove  
 The only pillars, fit to bear  
 So vast a weight as that of love.  
 If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,  
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

## VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,  
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;  
 Fill every sense with soft delights,  
 And give thy soul a loose to joys :  
 Let millions of repeated blisses prove,  
 That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

## VIII.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care  
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide  
 To me alone ; nor come so far,  
 As liking any youth beside :  
 What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe  
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

## IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,  
 When beauty ceases to engage ;  
 So, thinking on thy charming youth,  
 I'll love it o'er again in age :  
 So Time itself our raptures shall improve,  
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

## AN EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq.

**W**HEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,  
 Were making legs, and begging places,  
 And some with patents, some with merit,  
 Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit :  
 Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,  
 Desiring much to speak with you.  
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,  
 And footman brought out fifty lies ;  
 Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,  
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :  
 But did opine it might be better,  
 By penny-post to send a letter ;  
 Now, if you miss of this epistle,  
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.  
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,  
 Is to desire some little place ;  
 And fair pretensions I have for 't,  
 Much need, and very small desert.  
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted ;  
 I always begg'd, you always granted.  
 Now, as you took me up when little,  
 Gave me my learning and my vittle ;  
 Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,  
 Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting ;  
 Confirm what formerly you've given,  
 Nor leave me now at six and seven,  
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.

No family, that takes a whelp  
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,  
 Neglects or turns him out of gate  
 When he's grown up to dog's estate :  
 Nor parish, if they once adopt  
 The spurious brats by strolers dropt,  
 Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,  
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows :  
 No, thank them for their love, that 's worse,  
 Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul ! when living,  
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving ;  
 Taught me with cyder to replenish  
 My vats, or ebbing tide of rhenish.  
 So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,  
 Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.  
 Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-  
 val's inn, to some good rogue-attorney ;  
 Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,  
 I 'ad found some handsome ways of getting.

All this you made me quit, to follow  
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo ;  
 Sent me among a fiddling crew  
 Of folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,  
 Calliope, and God knows who. }  
 To add no more invectives to it,  
 You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.  
 In common justice, Sir, there's no man  
 That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.

Among

Among all honest christian people,  
Who'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,  
Is, that you'd put me in some way ;  
And your petitioner shall pray —

There's one thing more I had almost slipt,  
But that may do as well in post-script :  
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd ;  
Nor would I have it long observ'd,  
That one mouse eats, while t'other 's starv'd.

Another EPISTLE to the same.

S I R,

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

**A**S once a twelvemonth to the priest,  
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,  
The Spanish king presents a jennet,  
To shew his love ;—that 's all that 's in it :  
For if his holiness would thump  
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,  
He might b' equipt from his own stable  
With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as, with gondolas and men, his  
Good excellence the duke of Venice  
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)  
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring ;  
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,  
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance  
For else, in honest truth, the sea  
Has much less need of gold than he.



Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy  
 For popish similes beyond sea ;  
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement  
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent ;  
 Present a turkey, or a hen,  
 To those might better spare them ten ;  
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I  
 (For first men instance, then apply)  
 Send you each year a homely letter,  
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,  
 To pay respect, and not shew wit :  
 Nor look askew at what it saith ;  
 'There's no petition in it—'saith.

Here some would scratch their heads, and try  
 What they should write, and how, and why ;  
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in  
 Mistakes, in theory of writing.  
 If once for principle 'tis laid,  
 That thought is trouble to the head ;  
 I argue thus : the world agrees,  
 That he writes well, who writes with ease :  
 Then he, by sequel logical,  
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heaven, like inward light ;  
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't ;  
 The god, not we, the poem makes ;  
 We only tell folks what he speaks.  
 Hence, when anatomists discourse,  
 How like brutes' organs are to ours ;

They grant, if higher powers think fit,  
 A bear might soon be made a wit ;  
 And that, for any thing in nature,  
 Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satyr.

Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal ;  
 But 'twas the god, mean while, that spoke all.  
 Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,  
 With prompting priest behind the hanging :  
 The wooden head resolv'd the question ;  
 While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,  
 Are against gods, you know ; and teach us,  
 The gods make not the poet ; but  
 The thesis, vice-versa put,  
 Should Hebrew-wise be understood ;  
 And means, the poet makes the god.

Ægyptian gardeners thus are said to  
 Have set the leeks they after pray'd to ;  
 And Romish bakers praise the deity  
 They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.

That when you poets swear and cry,  
 The god inspires ; I rave, I die ;  
 If inward wind does truly swell ye,  
 'T must be the colick in your belly :  
 That writing is but just like dice,  
 And lucky mains make people wise :  
 That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,  
 Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem ;  
 Or make a speech, correct and witty,  
 As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,  
 They urge, made all things at a venture.  
 But, granting matters should be spoke  
 By method, rather than by luck ;  
 This may confine their younger styles,  
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's ;  
 But never could be meant to tye  
 Authentic wits, like you and I :  
 For as young children, who are tried in  
 Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding ;  
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,  
 Make use of such machine no longer ;  
 But leap *pro libitu*, and scout  
 On horse call'd hobby, or without ;  
 So when at school we first declaim,  
 Old Busby walks us in a theme,  
 Whose props support our infant vein,  
 And help the rickets in the brain :  
 But, when our souls their force dilate,  
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate ;  
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,  
 Not six-pence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says ;  
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.  
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,  
 Counts writers' merits by the sheet.  
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,  
 As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you ;  
 I hope y' are well ; so God be wi' you ;

Was

Was all I thought at first to write ;  
 But things since then are alter'd quite ;  
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high :  
 So God knows when my clack will lie :  
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,  
 And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,  
 Where with my granam I have gone,  
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,  
 And I well hop'd the pudding next ;  
 " Now to apply," has plagu'd me more,  
 Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her  
 Your friends do favoury things aver :  
 They say, she's honest, as your claret,  
 Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit ;  
 Your chamber is the sole retreat  
 Of chaplains every Sunday night :  
 Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,  
 When lay-man herds with man divine ;  
 For if their fame be justly great,  
 Who would no popish nuncio treat ;  
 That his is greater, we must grant,  
 Who will treat nuncio's protestant.  
 One single positive weighs more,  
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politicks, I hear, you're stanch,  
 Directly bent against the French ;  
 Deny to have your free-born toe  
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe :

Are in no plots ; but fairly drive at  
 The public welfare, in your private ;  
 And will for England's glory try  
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,  
 And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wandering fortune threw  
 From what I lov'd, the town and you :  
 Let me just tell you how my time is  
 Past in a country life.—Imprimis,  
 As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,  
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast ;  
 So on, till foresaid god does set,  
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.  
 Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,  
 With whom old Homer makes such noise,  
 The greatest actions I can find,  
 Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books, of which I 'm chiefly fond,  
 Are such as you have whilom conn'd ;  
 That treat of China's civil law,  
 And subjects' right in Golconda ;  
 Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,  
 That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland ;  
 Of apes that storm, or keep a town,  
 As well almost as Count Lauzun ;  
 Of unicorns and alligators,  
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, fatyrs,  
 And twenty other stranger matters ;  
 Which, though they 're things I 've no concern in,  
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Criticks

Criticks I read on other men,  
 And hypens upon them again ;  
 From whose remarks I give opinion  
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits that flee and sham,  
 Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram ;  
 From whom I jests and puns purloin,  
 And sily put them off for mine :  
 Fond to be thought a country wit :  
 The rest—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her  
 To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar ;  
 Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,  
 Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.

Thus, without much delight or grief,  
 I fool away an idle life :  
 Till Shadwell from the town retires  
 (Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires),  
 To bless the wood with peaceful lyrick :  
 Then hey for praise and panegyrick ;  
 Justice restor'd, and nations freed,  
 And wreaths round William's glorious head.

To the C O U N T E S S of D O R S E T.  
 Written in her Milton. By Mr. BRADBURY.

S E E here how bright the first-born virgin shone,  
 And how the first fond lover was undone.  
 Such charming words, our beauteous mother spoke,  
 As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.

Yours,



Yours, the best copy of th' original face,  
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :  
 Such chains no author could escape but he ;  
 There 's no way to be safe, but not to see.

To the Lady DURSLEY. On the same Subject.

**H**ERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,  
 And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd ;  
 Our common loss unjustly you complain ;  
 So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace  
 The stock of beauty destin'd for the race :  
 Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took  
 From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's power controul :  
 Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul :  
 And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,  
 Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,  
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd ;  
 Nor had our blifs by penitence been bought ;  
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

To my Lord BUCKHURST, very young,  
 playing with a CAT.

**T**HE amorous youth, whose tender breast  
 Was by his darling cat possess'd,  
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,  
 Howe'er irregular his fire :

Nature

Nature the power of love obey'd,  
 The cat became a blushing maid ;  
 And, on the happy change, the boy  
 Employ'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beautiful child, take care,  
 Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer :  
 Nor vainly hope, the queen of love  
 Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.  
 O quickly from her shrine retreat ;  
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see  
 Her own Adonis live in thee,  
 Will lightly her first loss deplore ;  
 Will easily forgive the boar :  
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow ;  
 With jealous rage her breast will glow :  
 And, on her tabby rival's face,  
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

## A N O D E .

## I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess  
 The secret passions of our mind ;  
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess,  
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

## II.

There needs, alas ! but little art,  
 To have this fatal secret found ;  
 With the same ease you threw the dart,  
 'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

## III. How

## III.

How can I see you, and not love,  
 While you as opening east are fair?  
 While cold as northern blasts you prove,  
 How can I love, and not despair?

## IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound  
 Your potent mercy may release:  
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,  
 Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

## A S O N G.

**I**N vain you tell your parting lover,  
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.  
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas! what dangers on the main  
 Can equal those that I sustain,  
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
 To wish the wildest tempests loose:  
 That, thrown again upon the coast  
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my pain;  
 Once more in dying notes complain  
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

## The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

**A**L E X I S shunn'd his fellow-swains,  
Their rural sports, and jocund strains :  
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow !)  
He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;  
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,  
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :  
His grief some pity, others blame ;  
The fatal cause all kindly seek :  
He mingled his concern with theirs ;  
He gave them back their friendly tears ;  
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest ;  
And she too kind concern express'd,  
And ask'd the reason of his woe :  
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,  
That made it easily foreseen,  
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;  
And will you pardon me, he said,  
While I the cruel truth reveal ?  
Which nothing from my breast should tear ;  
Which never should offend your ear,  
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;  
 You are the cause of all my care :  
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart :  
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :  
 'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :  
 And yet I pardon you, she cried :  
 But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

To the Hon. CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.  
 afterwards Earl of HALIFAX.

## I.

**H**OWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind  
 Through fate's preverse mæander errs,  
 He can imagin'd pleasures find,  
 To combat against real cares.

## II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,  
 Which ne'er had being but in thought :  
 Each, like the Grecian artist, woos  
 The image he himself has wrought.

## III.

Against experience he believes ;  
 He argues against demonstration ;  
 Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives ;  
 And sets his judgement by his passion.

## IV. The

## IV.

The hoary fool, who many days  
 Has struggled with continued sorrow,  
 Renews his hope, and blindly lays  
 The desperate bett upon to-morrow.

## V.

To-morrow comes : 'tis noon, 'tis night ;  
 This day like all the former flies :  
 Yet on he runs, to seek delight  
 To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

## VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim  
 At objects in an airy height :  
 The little pleasure of the game  
 Is from afar to view the flight.

## VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,  
 In search of what we like, employ :  
 Scorning at night the worthless prey,  
 We find the labour gave the joy.

## VIII.

At distance through an artful glass  
 To the mind's eye things will appear :  
 They lose their forms, and make a mass  
 Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

## IX.

If we see right, we see our woes :  
 Then what avails it to have eyes ?  
 From ignorance our comfort flows :  
 The only wretched are the wise.



## X.

We wearied should lie down in death :  
 This cheat of life would take no more,  
 If you thought fame but empty breath,  
 I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

Ad Virum doctissimum Dominum SAMUELEM SHAW,  
 cum Theses de Ictero pro Gradu Doctoris  
 defenderet, 4 Junii, 1692.

**P**HOEBE potens fævis morbis vel lædere gentes,  
 Læfas solerti vel relevare manu,  
 Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere  
 Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor:  
 Non icterum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,  
 Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet :  
 Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona ;  
 Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram.

Translation. By Mr. COOKE.

**O** ! PHOEBUS, deity, whose powerful hand  
 Can spread diseases through the joyful land,  
 Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,  
 And bid the groaning nations smile again ;  
 When this our pride you see, confess you find  
 In him what art can do with labour join'd :  
 No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,  
 While he, the youth, our remedy, is near :  
 Suppress thy rage ; with verse thy son inspire,  
 The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

## On the Taking of NAMUR.

**T**H E town which Louis bought, Nassau re-claims,  
 And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.  
 Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,  
 Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove :  
 Jove gain'd his mistress with alluring gold,  
 But Jove like thee was impotent and old !  
 Active and young did he like William stand,  
 He 'ad stunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

O D E ; in Imitation of HORACE, 3 Od. ii.

Written in 1692.

## I.

**H**O W long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie  
 In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,  
 By which thy close, thy constant enemy,  
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes ?  
 Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own  
 What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done ;  
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they  
 won :  
 William (so fate requires) again is arm'd ;  
 Thy father to the field is gone :  
 Again Maria weeps her absent lord,  
 For thy repose content to rule alone.

Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd ?  
 When William fights, dare they look tamely on,  
 So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,  
 As nor to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's  
 sword ?

## II.

See the repenting isle awakes,  
 Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks :  
 The fogs around her temples are dispell'd ;  
 Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand  
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command ;  
 Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand :  
 And, blushing to have been so long with-held,  
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field :  
 Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear  
 Hazardous toil and active war :  
 To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,  
 Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat ;  
 And only grieve in winter's camps to find  
 Its days too short for labours they design'd :  
 All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch ;  
 All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach ;  
 And all the rugged paths to tread,  
 Where William and his virtue lead.

## III.

Silence is the soul of war ;  
 Deliberate counsel must prepare  
 The mighty work, which valour must compleat :  
 Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state ;  
 Thus teaches us to think and dare.

As



P R I O R ' S P O E M S.

51

As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe  
 Avenging anger and swift death,  
 In the tried metal the close dangers glow,  
 And now, too late, the dying foe  
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow ;  
 So whilst in William's breast ripe counfels lie,  
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,  
 No more of his design appears,  
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears ;  
 And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)  
 Distracted Lewis can descry  
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine  
 Lo ! the impending storms begin :  
 Britannia safely through her master's sea,  
 Plows up her victorious way.  
 The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,  
 Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the main :  
 'Tis done ! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,  
 Swift victory in vengeful flames  
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names :  
 They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,  
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast  
 Are but sad marks to shew the rest are lost :  
 All this the mild, the beauteous, Queen has done,  
 And William's softer-half shakes Lewis' throne :  
 Maria does the sea command  
 Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.

So, the Sun absent, with full sway the Moon  
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone :  
 So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.  
 Io Britannia ! loose thy ocean's chains,  
 Whilst Ruffel strikes the blow thy queen ordains :  
 Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,  
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,  
 Io Britannia ! thy Maria reigns.

## V.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,  
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,  
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.  
 He lives ; let France confess, the victor lives :  
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,  
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.  
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,  
 In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives,  
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,  
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,  
 Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,  
 Cast around her mournful eye,  
 And with prophetic sorrow cry :  
 " Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight ?  
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight ?  
 As well the wolf may venture to engage  
 The angry lion's generous rage ;  
 The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,  
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight ;  
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy  
 Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,

Just triumphing o'er rebel-rage restrain'd,  
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.  
 See! all yon' dusty field's quite cover'd o'er  
 With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;  
 Orange, destin'd to complete  
 The great designs of labouring Fate;  
 Orange, the name that tyrants dread:  
 He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;  
 Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;  
 Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

## VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,  
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,  
 Impatient to secure a base retreat:  
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,  
 For the vile privilege to breathe,  
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death!  
 In vain: for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,  
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;  
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,  
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;  
 Whilst through the fiercest troops, and thickest press,  
 Virtue carries on success;  
 Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,  
 And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

## VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives,  
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;  
 Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought,  
 The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,



Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,  
 Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age.  
 Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns  
     With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,  
 Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,  
     From danger as from honour far,  
 He bribes close murder against open war :  
     In vain you Gallic Muses strive  
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive :  
 Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise  
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise :  
 Your songs are fold, your numbers are profane,  
     'Tis incense to an idol given,  
     Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man  
     That had no soul from Heaven.  
 Against his will, you chain your frightened king  
     On rapid Rhine's divided bed ;  
     And mock your hero, whilst ye sing  
     The wounds for which he never bled ;  
 Falshood does poison on your praise diffuse,  
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muse.

## VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,  
     And Virtue is her own reward ;  
 With solid beams and native glory bright,  
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light ;  
 True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,  
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,  
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down,  
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.

When

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,  
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,  
 Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,  
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate ;  
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,  
 And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind ;  
 When storms let loose, and raging seas,  
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,  
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,  
 Nor all the Syren songs of future peace,  
 And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,  
 Could lure his stubborn virtue down ;  
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood,  
 To that which was severely good ;  
 Then, had no trophies justified his fame,  
 No Poet blest his song with Nassau's name,  
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,  
 And Heaven as plainly pointed out **THE KING**,  
 As when he at the altar stood  
 In all his types and robes of power,  
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,  
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

## IX.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,  
 (For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)  
 When William's armies past, did he retire,  
 Or view from far the battle's distant fire ?  
 Could he believe his person was too dear ?  
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear ?

Could prayers or fights the dauntless hero move ?  
 Arm'd with Heaven's justice, and his people's love,  
 Through the first waves he wing'd his venturous way,  
     And on the adverse shore arose,  
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose).  
     Like the great Ruler of the day,  
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea :  
 Like him all day he toil'd ; but long in night  
     The god had eas'd his wearied light,  
     Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,  
     Or William's labours found repose !  
 When his troops falter'd, stept not he between ?  
     Restor'd the dubious fight again,  
     Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,  
     And led the fainting brave to Victory ?  
     Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake  
 Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back ?  
 By his keen sword did not the boldest fall ?  
 Was he not king, commander, foldier, all ?—  
 His dangers such as, with becoming dread,  
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read ?  
 And were not those the only days that e'er  
     The pious prince refus'd to hear  
 His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer ?

## X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,  
 Or fills his vassals' tributary urns ;  
 To Belgia's fav'd dominions, and the sea,  
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's fway ;

Is there a town where children are not taught,  
 Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought;  
 Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,  
 Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France retire?  
 By different nations be his valour blest,

In different languages confest;

And then let Shannon speak the rest:

Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,  
 When Conquest hovering on his arms did wait,  
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;  
 The god-like man, the more than conqueror,  
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait;  
 And, scorning glory at a price too great,  
 With so much power, such piety did join,

As made a perfect virtue soar

A pitch unknown to man before;

And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

### XI.

Nor do his subjects only share

The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;

His enemies approve the pious war,

Which, with their weapon, takes away their chains:

More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;

They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.

Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;

And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:

Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,

If he were more a victor, or a friend:

So much his courage and his mercy strive,

He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII. Ye

## XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,  
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,  
 To my adventurous song just witness bear,  
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear ;  
 That 'tis no Poet's thought, no flight of youth,  
 But solid story, and severest truth,  
 That William treasures up a greater name,  
 Than any country, any age, can boast :  
 And all that ancient stock of fame  
 He did from his fore-fathers take,  
 He has improv'd, and gives with interest back ;  
 And in his constellation does unite  
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light :  
 Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's wheel  
 That settled glory shall for ever dwell :  
 Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,  
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

## XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,  
 Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,  
 By potent winds too subject to be tost,  
 And in the sea of William's praises lost ?  
 Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,  
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees,  
 Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease ;  
 Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,  
 Nor William's exemplary virtue warm :  
 Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive  
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,  
 And let their wounded honour live :



But sure and sudden be their just remorse ;  
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course ;  
 For though for certain years and destin'd times,  
     Merit has lain confus'd with crimes ;  
 Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,  
 Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,  
 His justice now demands the equal scales,  
 Seditious is suppress'd, and truth prevails :  
 Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,  
 And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

H Y M N to the S U N. Set by Dr. H. PURCELL.

And intended to be sung before their MAJESTIES  
 on New-year's day, 1693-4.

## I.

**L** I G H T of the world, and ruler of the year,  
 With happy speed begin thy great career ;  
 And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,  
     Through every distant climate own,  
     That in fair Albion thou hast seen  
     The greatest prince, the brightest queen,  
     That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne,  
 Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power was  
     known.

## II.

So may thy godhead be confest,  
 So the returning year be blest,

As



As his infant months bestow  
 Springing wreaths for William's brow ;  
 As his summer's youth shall shed  
 Eternal sweets around Maria's head.  
 From the blessings they bestow,  
 Our times are dated, and our æra's move :  
 They govern and enlighten all below,  
 As thou dost all above.

## III.

Let our hero in the war  
 Active and fierce, like thee, appear :  
 Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee  
 When, clad in rising majesty,  
 Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confest,  
 With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest.  
 Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,  
 The raging Python to destroy,  
 And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

## IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,  
 Gather all the smiling hours ;  
 Such as with friendly care have guarded  
 Patriots and kings in rightful wars ;  
 Such as with conquest have rewarded  
 Triumphant victors' happy cares ;  
 Such as story has recorded  
 Sacred to Nassau's long renown,  
 For countries sav'd, and battles won.

V. March

## V.

March them again in fair array,  
 And bid them form the happy day,  
 The happy day design'd to wait  
 On William's fame, and Europe's fate.

Let the happy day be crown'd  
 With great event, and fair success;  
 No brighter in the year be found,  
 But that which brings the victor home in peace.

## VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,  
 Great in wisdom as in power;  
 Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,  
 Choose out other smiling hours;  
 Such as with joyous wings have fled,  
 When happy counsels were advising;  
 Such as have lucky omens shed  
 O'er forming laws, and empires rising;  
 Such as many courses ran,  
 Hand in hand a goodly train,  
 To bless the great Eliza's reign;  
 And in the typic glory show,  
 What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

## VII.

As the solemn hours advance,  
 Mingled send into the dance  
 Many fraught with all the treasures,  
 Which thy eastern travel views;  
 Many wing'd with all the pleasures,  
 Man can ask, or Heaven diffuse:

That

62 P R I O R ' S P O E M S .

That great Maria all those joys may know,  
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,  
God of verses and of days :  
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn  
Their lasting work with William's name ;  
Let chosen Muses yet unborn  
Take great Maria for their future theme :  
Eternal structures let them raise,  
On William's and Maria's praise :  
Nor want new subject for the song,  
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,  
Till nature's musick lies unstrung ;  
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,  
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

The L A D Y ' S L O O K I N G - G L A S S .

In Imitation of a Greek Idyllium.

C E L I A and I the other day  
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea :  
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,  
His beams intire, his fierceness lost :  
And, on the surface of the deep,  
The winds lay only not asleep :  
The nymph did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :  
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

}  
With

With secret joy I heard her say,  
That she would never miss one day  
A walk so fine, a fight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;  
Impending tempests charge the sky ;  
The lightning flies, the thunder roars ;  
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
Struck with the horror of the sight,  
She turns her head, and wings her flight :  
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again  
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,  
Thyself in that large glass descry :  
When thou art in good-humour drest ;  
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;  
The sun upon the calmest sea  
Appears not half so bright as thee :  
'Tis then that with delight I rove  
Upon the boundless depth of love :  
I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;  
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;  
When the big lip and watery eye  
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh ;  
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,  
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;  
And the poor sailor, that must try  
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,  
 While Love and Fate still drive me back :  
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey.  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
 I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER, afterwards ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

**W**HILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,  
 And rising night the evening shade extends ;  
 While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,  
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield :  
 Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite  
 What from our hearts our Muses may indite.  
 Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,  
 Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim ;  
 Since fair Aminta is my softest theme :  
 A stranger to the loose delights of love,  
 My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove :  
 And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,  
 Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

## A M A R Y L L I S .

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire  
 With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire ;  
 Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,  
 Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing ;  
 Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,  
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.  
 For him each virgin sighs ; and on the plains  
 The happy youth above each rival reigns.  
 Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering spring,  
 In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing ;  
 When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,  
 And Phœbus the superior song approves.

## S Y L V I A .

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,  
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night.  
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,  
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.  
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,  
 In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires ;  
 And on the plain when she no more appears,  
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.  
 In vain the streams roll on : the eastern breeze  
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees :  
 In vain the birds begin their evening song,  
 And to the silent night their notes prolong :  
 Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,  
 Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.



## AMARYLLIS.

And, in his absence, all the pensive day  
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray ;  
 All day to the repeating caves complain,  
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain ;  
 Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around ;  
 Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

## SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring stream,  
 Aminta is my Muse's softest theme :  
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine :  
 With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall shine.

## AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,  
 And consecrate to him eternal vows :  
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove ;  
 He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

## To the AUTHOR of the foregoing PASTORAL.

**B**Y Sylvia if thy charming self be meant ;  
 If Friendship be thy virgin vows extent ;  
 Oh ! let me in Aminta's praises join :  
 Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.  
 When for thy head the garland I prepare,  
 A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair ;  
 And, when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,  
 Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name ;  
 My heart shall own the justice of her cause,  
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.

But, if, beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,  
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies ;  
 If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,  
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains ;  
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find  
 The flame propitious, and the lover kind !  
 May Venus long exert her happy power,  
 And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure !  
 May every god his friendly aid afford,  
 Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres blefs thy board !

But, if by chance the series of thy joys  
 Permit one thought less chearful to arise,  
 Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,  
 Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,  
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,  
 And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

## T O A L A D Y :

She refusing to continue a DISPUTE with me,  
 and leaving me in the ARGUMENT.

## A N O D E.

## I.

**S**PARE, generous victor, spare the slave,  
 Who did unequal war pursue ;  
 That more than triumph he might have,  
 In being overcome by you.

## II.

In the dispute whate'er I said,  
 My heart was by my tongue belied;  
 And in my looks you might have read  
 How much I argued on your side.

## III.

You, far from danger as from fear,  
 Might have sustain'd an open fight:  
 For seldom your opinions err;  
 Your eyes are always in the right.

## IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely  
 On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?  
 Could I their prevalence deny,  
 I must at once be deaf and blind.

## V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,  
 I only to the fight aspir'd:  
 To keep the beauteous foe in view  
 Was all the glory I desir'd.

## VI.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,  
 Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:  
 And, arm'd with more immediate power,  
 Calls cruel silence to her aid.

## VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;  
 She drops her arms, to gain the field;  
 Secures her conquest by her flight;  
 And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII. So,

## VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his steed,  
 And from the hostile camp withdrew,  
 With cruel skill the backward reed  
 He sent; and, as he fled, he slew.

Seeing the Duke of ORMOND'S Picture  
 at Sir GODFREY KNELLER'S.

**O**UT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike  
 These lines too faint: the picture is not like.  
 Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:  
 Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain  
 Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air  
 Let his keen fabre, comet-like, appear,  
 Where'er it points, denouncing death: below  
 Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe,  
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:  
 Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood  
 Which from the Patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,  
 He faints; his steed no longer feels the rein;  
 But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.  
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;  
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes  
 Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand:  
 His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.  
 The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;  
 Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.—

O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express  
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress;  
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,  
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:  
 In spite of time, thy work might ever shine;  
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

### CELIA TO DAMON.

“ Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summèquæ secundo  
 “ Inveniuntur.—” Lucret. lib. iv.

**W**HAT can I say, what arguments can prove  
 My truth, what colours can describe my love,  
 If its excess and fury be not known,  
 In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd  
 In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;  
 With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,  
 That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.  
 In vain I strove to check my growing flame,  
 Or shelter passion under friendship's name:  
 You saw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;  
 And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd.—

Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd aid,  
 Ere reason could support the doubting maid,  
 My soul surpriz'd, and from herself disjoin'd,  
 Left all reserve, and all the sex, behind:

From

From your command her motions she receiv'd;  
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,  
And fires eternal on her altars shine!  
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound;  
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.  
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,  
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;  
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour  
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,  
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,  
In this great moment, in this golden now,  
When every trace of what, or when, or how,  
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,  
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;  
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,  
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;  
Invading fears repel my coward joy,  
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,  
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose:  
But with no owner Beauty long will stay,  
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away;  
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes  
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)  
No longer shall their little honours keep;  
Shall only be of use to read or weep:  
And on this forehead, where your verse has said,  
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,



Insulting age will trace his cruel way,  
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may cease,  
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:  
Or angry heaven may quicker darts prepare,  
And sickness strike what time a while would spare.  
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew;  
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;  
When my own face deters me from my glass,  
And Kneller only shews what Celia was?

Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms;  
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.  
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,  
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name;  
And quickly cold indifference will ensue,  
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,  
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;  
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,  
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,  
The tender accent of a woman's cry  
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;  
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail,  
When fair Occasion shews the springing gale,  
And Interest guides the helm, and Honour swells  
the sail.

Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,  
May find my hero on the foreign strand,  
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-  
mand :

While

While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,  
 To the rude censure of the world is left;  
 Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,  
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies  
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.  
 Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)  
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.  
 That tyrant-god, that restless conqueror,  
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his power;  
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,  
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal power may rise,  
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;  
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confess,  
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.  
 You every night may sigh for her in vain,  
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:  
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,  
 And her embraces want the power to warm:  
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove  
 More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

Just Gods! all other things their like produce;  
 The vine arises from her mother's juice:  
 When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,  
 They to their seed their images convey:  
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,  
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:  
 And when the parent rose decays and dies,  
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.

That product only which our passions bear  
Eludes the planter's miserable care.

While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,  
Some inborn poison taints the secret root ;  
Soon fall the flowers of Joy, soon seeds of Hatred  
shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?  
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew  
This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?  
Will you be only and for ever mine ?  
Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin ?  
From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn ?  
Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn ?  
And can you not for her you love do more  
Than any youth for any nymph before ?

PROLOGUE spoken by LORD BUCKHURST,

in WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

at a representation of Mr. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES,  
at Christmas, 1695.

PISH, lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,  
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak :  
But can lord Buckhurst in poor English say,  
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play ?  
No, witness all ye Gods of ancient Greece,  
Rather than condescend to terms like these,

I'd

I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,  
 Or construe Perſius while my comrades play.  
 Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,  
 Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown.  
 Poor rogues, that ſmart like fencers for their bread,  
 And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.  
 But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,  
 We act our tragedy to ſee our friends :  
 Our generous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,  
 And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated.  
 The candles and the cloaths ourſelves we bought,  
 Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.  
 To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,  
 Moſt of you ſnor'd whilſt Cleomenes read ;  
 Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue  
 Praise undeferv'd ; we know ourſelves and you :  
 Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,  
 We neither cenſure fear, nor beg applauſe,  
 For theſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws. }  
 Yet, if we ſee ſome judgement well inclin'd,  
 To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,  
 That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,  
 That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow ;  
 And that your little hero does inherit  
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

An ODE, presented to the KING,  
On his MAJESTY'S Arrival in HOLLAND,  
after the QUEEN'S Death, 1695.

“ Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus  
“ Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres  
“ Cantus, Melpomene.”

## I.

AT Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)  
The Virtues shall their vigils keep:  
And every Muse, and every Grace,  
In solemn state shall ever weep.

## II.

The future pious, mournful fair,  
Oft as the rolling years return,  
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,  
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

## III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,  
When late records her deeds repeat:  
Ages to come, and men unborn,  
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

## IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,  
Her holy queen's sad reliques guard,  
Till Heaven awakes the precious dust,  
And gives the Saint her full reward.

V. But

## V.

But let the king dismiss his woes,  
 Reflecting on his fair renown;  
 And take the cypress from his brows,  
 To put his wonted laurels on.

## VI.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops,  
 In vain the British lions roar:  
 If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,  
 The Belgic darts will wound no more.

## VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,  
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead;  
 And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,  
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

## VIII.

The great example they demand:  
 Who still to conquest led the way;  
 Wishing him present to command,  
 As they stand ready to obey.

## IX.

They seek that joy, which us'd to glow,  
 Expanded on the Hero's face;  
 When the thick squadrons prest the foe,  
 And William led the glorious chace.

## X.

To give the mourning nations joy,  
 Restore them thy auspicious light,  
 Great sun: with radiant beams destroy  
 Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI. Let



## XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course  
 For Mary's setting rays atone:  
 Our lustre, with redoubled force,  
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

## XII.

See, pious king, with different strife  
 Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:  
 So much she fears for William's life,  
 That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

## XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half  
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;  
 But let her strength in thee be safe,  
 And let her weep; but let her live.

## XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land  
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe;  
 Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,  
 Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

## XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,  
 Unless new trophies still be fought,  
 And hoary majesty sustain  
 The battles which thy youth has fought.

## XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,  
 Which made her hate the war's alarms?  
 That soft excess, with which she strove  
 To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII. While

## XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,  
 Which call'd him o'er his subject seas :  
 While, for the safety of the king,  
 She wish'd the victor's glory less.

## XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now  
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars :  
 Happy, if toils may break his woe,  
 Or danger may divert his cares.

## XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,  
 Lest he the rising grief should hear :  
 She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,  
 Lest he should see the falling tear.

## XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,  
 How constant minds by grief are try'd ;  
 How great the land, that wept and fought,  
 When William led, and Mary dy'd.

## XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,  
 Where death with all his darts is seen,  
 That he can touch thy heart with none,  
 But that which struck the beauteous queen.

## XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,  
 While yet her master was not near ;  
 With fullen pride refus'd relief,  
 And sat obdurate in despair.

## XXIII. As

## XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd  
 Unbounded sorrow from her eyes :  
 To earth her bended front she bow'd,  
 And sent her wailings to the skies.

## XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,  
 Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;  
 She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,  
 She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

## XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,  
 She does for thy content resign :  
 Her piety itself would blame,  
 If her regrets should weaken thine.

## XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy fame :  
 Lest the great mourner should forget,  
 That all the race, whence Orange came,  
 Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

## XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,  
 And with his blood her freedom seal :  
 Maurice and Henry guard that right,  
 For which their pious parents fell.

## XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,  
 Thy father's bloom and death may tell :  
 Excelling others, these were great :  
 Thou, greater still, must these excell.

XXIX. The

## XXIX,

The last fair instance thou must give,  
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd ;  
 And shew the world, that thou canst live  
 Intrepid, as thy confort dy'd ;

## XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force  
 No dire event could ever stay,  
 Must carry on its destin'd course ;  
 Though death and envy stop the way.

## XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live :  
 Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own ;  
 New toils endure, new conquest give,  
 And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

## XXXII.

Vanquish again ; though she be gone,  
 Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair :  
 And reign, though she has left the throne,  
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.

## XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before  
 Breath'd to her king an useless prayer :  
 Fond Belgia never did implore,  
 While William turn'd averse his ear.

## XXXIV.

But, should the weeping hero now  
 Relentless to their wishes prove ;  
 Should he recall, with pleasing woe,  
 The object of his grief and love ;

## XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,  
 Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,  
 Her power with boundless joy confest,  
 Her person only not ador'd :

## XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt ;  
 Yet ought his passions to abate ;  
 If the great mourner would reflect,  
 Her glory in her death compleat.

## XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,  
 Great king, by long obeying thee ;  
 Her scepter, guided by thy hand,  
 Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

## XXXVIII.

But oh ! 'twas little, that her life  
 O'er earth and water bears thy fame :  
 In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,  
 Amidst the stars to fix his name.

## XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place  
 Receives its forms, thy virtues roll ;  
 From Mary's glory, angels trace  
 The beauty of her partner's soul.

## XL.

Wife Fate, which does its heaven decree  
 To heroes, when they yield their breath,  
 Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee  
 Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI. Alone

## XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,  
 Unbounded through all worlds to go :  
 While she, great Saint, rejoices Heaven ;  
 And thou sustain'st the orb below.

## IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

**L**ET them censure : what care I ?  
 The herd of critics I defy.  
 Let the wretches know, I write,  
 Regardless of their grace or spite.  
 No, no : the fair, the gay, the young,  
 Govern the numbers of my song ;  
 All that they approve is sweet ;  
 And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire ;  
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre ;  
 Love shall be my endless theme ;  
 Pleasure shall triumph over Fame :  
 And, when these maxims I decline,  
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine !  
 May I grasp at empty praise ;  
 And lose the nymph, to gain the bays !



## O D E

Sur la Prife de N A M U R,  
par les Armes du R O I, l'Année 1692.

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

## I.

QUELLE docte & sainte yvresse  
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?  
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,  
N'est-ce pas vous que je voi ?  
Accourez, troupe sçavante :  
Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;  
Ces arbres font rejoüis :  
Marquez en bien la cadence :  
Et vous, vents, faites silence :  
Je vais parler de Louis.

## II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,  
Comme un aigle audacieux,  
Pindare étendant ses aïles,  
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.  
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,  
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,  
Tu peux suivre mes transports ;  
Les chênes des monts de Thrace  
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface  
La douceur de tes accords.

## III. Est-ce

A N   E N G L I S H   B A L L A D ,  
 O n   t h e   T a k i n g   o f   N A M U R   b y   t h e   K I N G   o f  
 G R E A T   B R I T A I N ,   1 6 9 5 .

“ Dulce est desipere in loco.”

I. and II.

S O M E folks are drunk, yet do not know it:  
 So might not Bacchus give you law ?  
 Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,  
 Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you saw ?  
 Why all this fury ? what 's the matter,  
 That oaks must come from Thrace to dance ?  
 Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter ?  
 And is there no such wood in France ?  
 Why must the winds all hold their tongue ?  
 If they a little breath should raise,  
 Would that have spoil'd the Poet's song,  
 Or puff'd away the Monarch's praise ?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,  
 While Virtue leads the noble way :  
 Too like a vulture Boileau flies,  
 Where fordid Interest shews the prey.  
 When once the Poet's honour ceases,  
 From reason far his transports rove :  
 And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,  
 Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

## III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,  
 Qui sur ces rocs fourcilleux  
 Ont, compagnons de Fortune,  
 Basti ces murs orgueilleux ?  
 De leur enceinte fameuse  
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse,  
 Defend le fatal abord ;  
 Et par cens bouches horribles  
 L'airain sur ces monts terribles  
 Vomit le fer, & la mort.

## IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides  
 Les bordant de toutes parts,  
 D' éclairs au loin homicides  
 Font petiller leurs remparts :  
 Et dans son sein infidèle  
 Par toute la terre y recele  
 Un feu prêt à s'élancer,  
 Qui soudain perçant son goufre,  
 Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre,  
 A quiconque ose avancer.

## V.

Namur, devant tes murailles  
 Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans  
 Sans fruit veu les funeraïlles  
 De ses plus fiers combattans.  
 Quelle effroyable puissance  
 Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,

Prête

## III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,  
 Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban :  
 They arm'd these rocks ; then shew'd old Jove  
 Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.  
 Such walls, these three wise Gods agreed,  
 By human force could ne'er be shaken :  
 But you and I in Homer read  
 Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.  
 Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;  
 But ne'er can William's force restrain :  
 He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne :  
 Remember this, and arm the Seine.

## IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows  
 With fire and sword the fort maintain :  
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;  
 Yet out they march'd, like common men.  
 Cannons above, and mines below,  
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive :  
 Yet matters have been order'd so,  
 That most of us are still alive.

## V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;  
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks :  
 Their siege did ten long years employ ;  
 We've done our business in ten weeks.  
 What godhead does so fast advance,  
 With dreadful power, those hills to gain ?  
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France ;  
 No godhead, but the first of men.

Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?  
 Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?  
 C'est Jupiter en personne ;  
 Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

## VI.

N'en doute point : c'est lui-même.  
 Tout brille en lui ; tout est roi.  
 Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême  
 Commence à trembler pour toi.  
 En vain il voit le Batâve,  
 Deformais docile esclâve,  
 Rangé sous ses étendarts :  
 En vain au lion Belgique  
 Il voit l' aigle Germanique  
 Uni sous les leopards.

## VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,  
 Dont ses sens sont agités,  
 A son secours il appelle  
 Les peuples les plus vantés.  
 Ceux-là viennent du rivage,  
 Où s'enorgueillit le Tage  
 De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;  
 Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige  
 Des marais de la Norvége  
 Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

## VIII. Mais

His mortal arm exerts the power  
 To keep e'en Mons's victor under :  
 And that fame Jupiter no more  
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

## VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur ;  
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,  
 To Bruxelles marches on secure,  
 To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.  
 After this glorious expedition,  
 One battle makes the Marshal great :  
 He must perform the King's commission :  
 Who knows but Orange may retreat ?  
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,  
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight :  
 And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,  
 That William would preserve that right.

## VII.

From Seine and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,  
 See every mother's son appear :  
 In such a case ne'er blame a foe,  
 If he betrays some little fear.  
 He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;  
 Finds a small river in his way :  
 So waves his colours, beats his drums ;  
 And thinks it prudent there to stay.  
 The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;  
 The Marshal cares not to march faster :  
 Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here,  
 We fancied all, it was his Master.

## VIII. Will



## VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?  
 Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,  
 Des froids torrens de Decembre  
 Les champs par tout font noyés.  
 Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée  
 De voir en proye à Borée  
 Ses guerets d'epics chargés,  
 Et sous les urns fangeuses  
 Des Hyades orageuses  
 Tous ses trésors submergés.

## IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,  
 Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;  
 Ramassez tous vos nuages ;  
 Rassemblez tous vos soldats.  
 Malgré vous Namur en poudre  
 S'en va tomber sous la foudre  
 Qui domta Lille, Courtray,  
 Gand la superbe Espagnole,  
 Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,  
 Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

## X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent :  
 Il commence à chanceler :  
 Sous les coups qui retentissent  
 Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.

## VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,  
 Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace?  
 No torrents swell the low Mehayne?  
 The world will say, he durst not pass.  
 Why will no Hyades appear,  
 Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre;  
 Just as they did that mighty year,  
 When you turn'd June into December?  
 The water-nymphs are too unkind  
 To Villeroy; are the land-nymphs so?  
 And fly they all, at once combin'd  
 To shame a General, and a Beau?

## IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,  
 May join to finish William's story:  
 Nations set free may bless his name:  
 And France in secret own his glory.  
 But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,  
 Befançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lisle,  
 Courtray, and Dole — Ye critics, say,  
 How poor to this was Pindar's style?  
 With eke's and also's tack thy strain,  
 Great bard! and sing the deathless Prince,  
 Who lost Namur the same campaign  
 He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse.

## X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:  
 I'd tell it you, but for the rattle  
 Of those confounded drums; no doubt  
 Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.

Dear

Mars en feu qui les domine,  
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,  
 Et les bombes dans les airs  
 Allant chercher le tonnere,  
 Semblent tombant sur la terre,  
 Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

## XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,  
 De ces murs l'unique espoir :  
 A couvert d'une riviere  
 Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.  
 Confiderez ces approches :  
 Voyez grimper sur ces roches  
 Ces athletes belliqueux ;  
 Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,  
 Louis à tout donnant l'ame,  
 Marcher, courir avec eux.

## XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,  
 Qui fort de ces boulevards,  
 La plume qui sur sa tête  
 Attire tous les regards.  
 A cet astre redoutable  
 Toujours un sort favorable  
 S'attache dans les combats :  
 Et toujours avec la gloire  
 Mars amenant la victoire  
 Vole, & le suit à grands pas.

## XIII. Grands

Dear me ! a hundred thousand French  
 With terror fill the neighbouring field :  
 While William carries on the trench,  
 Till both the town and castle yield.  
 Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,  
 Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire ;  
*Id est*, one Marechal of France  
 Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

## XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,  
 Villeroy ; or to Versailles take post ;  
 For, having seen it, thou canst say  
 The steps, by which Namur was lost.  
 The smoke and flame may vex thy sight :  
 Look not once back : but, as thou goest,  
 Quicken the squadrons in their flight,  
 And bid the devil take the slowest.  
 Think not what reason to produce,  
 From Louis to conceal thy fear :  
 He 'll own the strength of thy excuse ;  
 Tell him that William was but there.

## XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,  
 That us'd to shine so like a star :  
 The Generals could not get together,  
 Wanting that influence, great in war.  
 O Poet ! thou hadst been discreeter,  
 Hanging the monarch's hat so high ;  
 If thou hadst dubb'd thy star, a meteor,  
 That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII. To

## XIII.

Grands deffenseurs de l'Espagne,  
 Montrez-vous : il en est tems :  
 Courage ; vers la Mahagne  
 Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.  
 Jamais ses ondes craintives  
 N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives  
 Tant de guerriers s'amasser.  
 Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?  
 Tout l'univers vous regarde.  
 N'osez vous la traverser ?

## XIV.

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

## XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble  
 Sur les remparts de Namur.  
 Son gouverneur qui se trouble  
 S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.

## XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,  
Namur in vain expects that ray :  
In vain France hopes, the sickly light  
Should shine near William's fuller day :  
It knows Versailles, its proper station,  
Nor cares for any foreign sphere :  
Where you see Boileau's constellation,  
Be sure no danger can be near.

## XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force ;  
And William met them in their way :  
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.  
What has friend Boileau left to say ?  
When his high Muse is bent upon 't,  
To sing her king—that great commander,  
Or on the shores of Hellespont,  
Or in the valleys near Scamander ;  
Would it not spoil his noble task,  
If any foolish Phrygian there is,  
Impertinent enough to ask,  
How far Namur may be from Paris ?

## XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,  
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire :  
Leave them behind you, honest friend ;  
And with your countrymen retire.

Your



Déjà jusques à ses portes  
Je voi monter nos cohortes,  
La flame & le fer en main :  
Et sur les monceaux de piques,  
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,  
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

## XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre  
Sur ces rochers éperdus  
Battre un signal pour se rendre ;  
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.  
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,  
Fiers ennemis de la France,  
Et de formais gracieux,  
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,  
Porter les humbles nouvelles  
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

Your ode is spoilt; Namur is freed;  
For Dixmuyd something yet is due:  
So good count Guiscard may proceed;  
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.—

## XVI.

'Tis done. In fight of these commanders,  
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,  
The foes of France march safe through Flanders;  
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.  
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,  
That Boufflers may new honours gain:  
He the same play by land has shewn,  
As Tourville did upon the main.  
Yet is the Marshal made a peer:  
O William, may thy arms advance!  
That he may lose Dinant next year,  
And so be constable of France.

## A N O D E .

## I.

**T**H E merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;  
 But Cloe is my real flame.

## II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;  
 When Cloe noted her desire,  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

## III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;  
 And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

## IV.

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

Presented to the KING, at his Arrival in HOLLAND,  
after the Discovery of the CONSPIRACY, 1696.

“ Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque

“ Lætus intersis populo Quirini :

“ Néve te nostris vitiis iniquum

“ Ocyor aura

“ Tollat —”

Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate  
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait ;  
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,  
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall :  
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own ;  
When first they merit, then ascend the throne :  
But tyrants, dread you, lest your just decree  
Transfer the power, and set the people free.  
See rescued Britain at your altars bow ;  
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :  
That still her axes and her rods support  
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;  
That Law with all her pompous terror stands,  
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands ;  
And rigid Justice reads the fatal word,  
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,  
That she can separate parricides from sons ;  
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,  
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great minister, above the rest  
 Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest;  
 Thou who of old wast sent to Israel's court,  
 With secret aid great David's strong support,  
 To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,  
 And strike the useless javelin to the wall.  
 Thy later care o'er William's temples held,  
 On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly shield;  
 When power divine did sovereign right declare;  
 And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same!  
 Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame!  
 Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:  
 Save thou the King, as he has sav'd the land!

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;  
 We reverence William; for he acts like you;  
 Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,  
 He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;  
 And still Britannia smiles, and William lives.  
 The hero dear to earth, by heaven lov'd,  
 By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:  
 His foes must aid, to make his fame compleat,  
 And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes;  
 Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;  
 Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,  
 And smiling sees her rebel-subjects frown.  
 Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power;  
 The waves but whiten her triumphant shore;



In vain they would advance, in vain retreat ;  
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown :  
The powers, that rescued, shall preserve the throne.  
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,  
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way :  
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,  
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.  
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand  
Blacken'd with crouds ; he sees the nation stand,  
Blessing his safety, proud of his command. }  
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell  
On their great leader's praise ; by turns they tell,  
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,  
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd ;  
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confess'd,  
But trembled for the courage which she bless'd.

O Louis, from this great example know,  
To be at once a hero and a foe :  
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,  
When William to the open vengeance comes :  
And see the foldier plead the monarch's right,  
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then, close ambush and perfidious war,  
Down to your native seats of night repair.  
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride  
Restrained, behind the victor's cha iot tied  
In brazen knots and everlasting chains  
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains).



While on the ivory chair, in happy state,  
 He sits, secure in innocence, and great  
 In regal clemency; and views beneath  
 Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

### T H E S E C R E T A R Y .

Written at The HAGUE, 1696.

**W**HILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,  
 And in one day atone for the business of six,  
 In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,  
 On my left-hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right:  
 No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,  
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;  
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,  
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.  
 This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,  
 To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:  
 Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,  
 I drive on my car in processional state.  
 So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;  
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.  
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,  
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;  
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,  
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?  
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,  
 When The Hague and the present are both on my side?  
 And

And is it enough for the joys of the day,  
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?  
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,  
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,  
That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is,  
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

## T O C L O E W E E P I N G .

**S**EE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see  
The world in sympathy with thee.  
The chearful birds no longer sing ;  
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.  
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,  
And shed their sorrows in a shower.  
The brooks beyond their limits flow ;  
And louder murmurs speak their woe.  
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares ;  
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.  
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move  
Thy heart obdurate against love.  
Strange tears ! whose power can soften all,  
But that dear breast on which they fall,

To Mr. H O W A R D.

A N   O D E.

I.

**D**E A R Howard, from the soft assaults of love,  
Poets and Painters never are secure;  
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's passions move;  
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought  
The darling idol of his captive heart;  
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,  
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes;  
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;  
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize,  
And, as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,  
What different tortures does his bosom feel!  
Great was the Rival, and the God severe:  
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,  
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress;  
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,  
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI. Thus

## VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,  
 Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :  
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,  
 And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart !

## VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;  
 Had I been vested with the monarch's power ;  
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;  
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

## VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel  
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,  
 I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal ;  
 Given thee the world ; though I with-held the fair.

## L O V E   D I S A R M E D .

**B**ENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade  
 As Cloe half asleep was laid,  
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,  
 And in that heaven desir'd to rest :  
 Over her paps his wings he spread ;  
 Between he found a downy bed,  
 And nestled-in his little head.

Still lay the God : the nymph, surpriz'd,  
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd,  
 How she the vagrant might inthrall,  
 And captive him, who captives all.

}  
 Her

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd ;  
 About his arms she flily cast  
 The filken bond, and held him fast.

}

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain  
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;  
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,  
 Incumber'd in the filken string.

Fluttering the God, and weeping, said,  
 Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,  
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,  
 And on thy bosom lost his way ;  
 Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,  
 He never there must hope to dwell :  
 Set an unhappy prisoner free,  
 Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

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

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart !  
 I'll give thee up my bow and dart ;  
 Untangle but this cruel chain,  
 And freely let me fly again.

Agreed : secure my virgin heart :  
 Instant give up thy bow and dart :  
 The chain I'll in return untie ;  
 And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus

Thus she the captive did deliver ;  
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.  
 The God disarm'd, e'er since that day,  
 Passes his life in harmless play ;  
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast,  
 A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid  
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;  
 Directs his arrow as she wills ;  
 Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills.

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

**B**E H I N D her neck her comely tresses tied,  
 Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,  
 A-hunting Cloe went : she lost her way,  
 And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.  
 Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid ;  
 And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said :  
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.  
 Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake ;  
 And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,  
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.  
 Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,  
 Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.  
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :  
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow :  
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,  
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.

Go,



Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear  
 At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer :  
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim :  
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

## CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read  
 In wife Anacreon, Ganymede  
 Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw  
 A main, to pass an hour, or so.  
 The little Trojan, by the way,  
 By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.  
 The god unhappily engag'd,  
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,  
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried, and fretted ;  
 Lost every earthly thing he betted :  
 In ready money, all the store  
 Pick'd-up long since from Danaë's shower ;  
 A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,  
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts ;  
 His nine-pins made of myrtle wood  
 (The tree in Ida's forest stood) ;  
 His bowl pure gold, the very same  
 Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame ;  
 Two table-books in shagreen covers,  
 Fill'd with good verse from real lovers ;  
 Merchandise rare ! a billet-doux,  
 Its matter passionate, yet true ;

Heaps

Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals ;  
Rich trifles ; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets !  
Desperate and mad, at length he sets  
Those darts, whose points makes gods adore  
His might, and deprecate his power :  
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain  
Arise : those darts — Come, seven's the main,  
Cries Ganymede : the usual trick :  
Seven, flur a fix ; eleven : a nick.

Ill news goes fast : 'twas quickly known,  
That simple Cupid was undone.  
Swifter than lightning Venus flew :  
Too late she found the thing too true.  
Guess how the goddess greets her son :  
Come hither, firrah ; no, begone ;  
And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?  
A comrade you for Ganymede ?  
An imp as wicked, for his age,  
As any earthly lady's page ;  
A scandal and a scourge to Troy ;  
A prince's son ; a black-guard boy ;  
A sharper, that with box and dice  
Draws in young deities to vice.  
All Heaven is by the ears together,  
Since first that little rogue came hither :  
Juno herself has had no peace :  
And truly I 've been favour'd less :  
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame  
Says things not fit for me to name),

Has acted ill for such a god,  
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said,  
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)  
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost  
All the estate we e'er could boast ;  
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,  
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known ?  
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd ;  
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd ;  
When thou nor man nor god canst wound.

}

Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,  
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide :  
Gany's a cheat, and I 'm a bubble :  
Yet why this great excess of trouble ?  
The dice were false : the darts are gone :  
Yet how are you, or I, undone ?

The loss of these I can supply  
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye :  
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd,  
While that bright magazine shall last :  
Your crowded altars still shall smoke ;  
And man your friendly aid invoke :  
Jove shall again revere your power,  
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

C U P I D

## C U P I D   M I S T A K E N .

## I.

**A**S after noon, one summer's day,  
 Venus stood bathing in a river;  
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,  
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

## II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,  
 With all his might his bow he drew;  
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart  
 The too-well-guided arrow flew.

## III.

I faint! I die! the goddesses cried:  
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other,  
 To wreck thy spleen on? parricide!  
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

## IV.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;  
 Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:  
 Alas! how easy my mistake?  
 I took you for your likeness Cloe.

## V E N U S   M I S T A K E N .

## I.

**W**HEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown;  
 Surpriz'd, the goddesses took it for her own.  
 And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?  
 When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

## II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride ;  
 And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.  
 'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast ;  
 Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

## A S O N G .

**I**F wine and musick have the power  
 To ease the sickness of the soul ;  
 Let Phoebus every string explore ;  
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
 Let them their friendly aid employ,  
 To make my Cloe's absence light ;  
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy  
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :  
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;  
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn ;  
 And meet thy favourite nymph in state.  
 Kind goddess, to no other powers  
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own :  
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours ;  
 And all the day be thine alone.

## T H E D O V E .

“ — Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ? ”      V I R G .

## I.

I N Virgil's sacred verse we find,  
That passion can depress or raise  
The heavenly, as the human mind :  
Who dare deny what Virgil says ?

## II.

But, if they should, what our great master  
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove :  
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster  
Of having lost her favourite Dove.

## III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd ;  
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain ;  
He vow'd he 'd leave no stone unturn'd,  
But she should have her Dove again.

## IV.

Though none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,  
I know the felon well enough :  
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd  
Without a fair and legal proof.

## V.

With that, his longest dart he took,  
As constable would take his staff :  
That gods desire like men to look,  
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.



## VI.

Love's subalterns, a duteous band,  
 Like watchmen, round their chief appear :  
 Each had his lantern in his hand ;  
 And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

## VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step  
 To Cloe's lodging they directed :  
 (At once I write, alas ! and weep,  
 That Cloe is of theft suspected).

## VIII.

Late they fet out, had far to go :  
 St. Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one.  
 Cloe, for reasons good, you know,  
 Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

## IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,  
 Like footmen on a visiting-day.  
 Folks at her house at such an hour !  
 Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?

## X.

The door is open : up they run :  
 Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their speed :  
 Thieves ! thieves ! cries Susan ; we 're undone ;  
 They 'll kill my mistress in her bed.

## XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been  
 Three hours : for, all historians say,  
 She commonly went up at ten,  
 Unless piquet was in the way.

XII. She

## XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprize :  
 O Cupid, is this right or law,  
 Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,  
 That ever slept, or ever saw ?

## XIII.

Have you observ'd a fitting hare,  
 Listening, and fearful of the storm  
 Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,  
 Afraid to keep, or leave her form ?

## XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,  
 Viewing the towering falcon nigh ?  
 She cuddles low behind the brake :  
 Nor would she stay : nor dares she fly.

## XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid ;  
 When gazing on her midnight foes,  
 She turn'd each way her frightened head,  
 Then sunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

## XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber  
 Incognito : for Sufan said,  
 It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—  
 And Sufan is no lying maid.

## XVII.

But, since we have no present need  
 Of Venus for an episode :  
 With Cupid let 'us e'en proceed ;  
 And thus to Cloe spoke the god :

## XVIII.

Hold up your head : hold up your hand :  
 Would it were not my lot to shew ye  
 This cruel writ, wherein you stand  
 Indicted by the name of Cloe !

## XIX.

For that, by secret malice stirr'd,  
 Or by an emulous pride invited,  
 You have purloin'd the favourite bird,  
 In which my mother most delighted.

## XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid  
 Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet ;  
 A rose-tree in a lily bed  
 Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

## XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,  
 And widows court ? is not your name  
 Cupid ? If so, pray come not near —  
 Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

## XXII.

Then what have I, good sir, to say,  
 Or do with her you call your mother ?  
 If I should meet her in my way,  
 We hardly court'sy to each other.

## XXIII.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,  
 Witness that what I speak is true :  
 I would not give my Paroquet  
 For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV. Yet,

## XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,  
 Go freely search where-e'er you please  
 (The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—  
 Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

## XXV.

Her keys he takes ; her doors unlocks ;  
 Through wardrobe and through closet bounces ;  
 Peeps into every chest and box ;  
 Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

## XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none ;  
 So to the bed returns again :  
 And now the maiden, bolder grown,  
 Begins to treat him with disdain.

## XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,  
 Your poultry cannot yet be found :  
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead ?  
 Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd ?

## XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,  
 He's hid fomewhere about your breast ;  
 A place nor god nor man denies,  
 For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

## XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,  
 And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me :  
 As guilty I, or free, may stand,  
 Do thou or punish or reward me.

## XXX.

But ah ! what maid to Love can trust ?  
 He scorns, and breaks, all legal power :  
 Into her breast his hand he thrust ;  
 And in a moment forc'd it lower.

## XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,  
 Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither ?  
 O Venus ! I shall find thy Dove,  
 Says he ; for sure I touch his feather.

## A LOVER'S ANGER.

**A**S Cloe came into the room t' other day,  
 I peevish began ; where so long could you stay ?  
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour :  
 You promis'd at two ; and (pray look, child) 'tis four.  
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels ;  
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.  
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear —  
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me ! said she ; let a body but speak !  
 Here 's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck :  
 It has hurt me, and vext me to such a degree —  
 See here ! for you never believe me ; pray see,  
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made !  
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd. }  
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd ; }  
 And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY

## M E R C U R Y   a n d   C U P I D .

**I**N fullen humour one day Jove  
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,  
Commanding Cupid to deliver  
His store of darts, his total quiver ;  
That Hermes should the weapons break,  
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand :  
He found his man, produc'd his warrant :  
Cupid ! your darts — this very hour —  
There 's no contending against power !

How fullen Jupiter, just now,  
I think I said : and you 'll allow,  
That Cupid was as bad as he :  
Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come, kinsman (said the little god),  
Put off your wings, lay by your rod ;  
Retire with me to yonder bower ;  
And rest yourself for half an hour :  
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven ;  
But you fly fast : and 'tis but seven.  
We 'll take one cooling cup of nectar ;  
And drink to this celestial Hector.

He break my darts ! or hurt my power !  
He, Leda's swan, and Danaë's shower !  
Go, bid him his wife tongue restrain ;  
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—



My darts ! O certainly I 'll give 'em :  
 From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.  
 There's one, the best in all my quiver,  
 Twang ! through his very heart and liver ;  
 He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave :  
 Good Lord ! what bustle shall we have !  
 Neptune must strait be sent to sea ;  
 And Flora summon'd twice a day :  
 One must find shells, and t' other flowers,  
 For cooling grotts, and fragrant bowers,  
 That Cloe may be serv'd in state :  
 The Hours must at her toilet wait :  
 Whilst all the reasoning fools below  
 Wonder their watches go too slow.  
 Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,  
 For jewels for her hair and breast.  
 No matter, though their cruel haste  
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste.  
 No matter, though this fleet be lost ;  
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.  
 What whispering in my mother's ear !  
 What care, that Juno should not hear !  
 What work among you scholar gods !  
 Phœbus must write him amorous odes,  
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose  
 His letters in submissive prose :  
 Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain  
 The honour of my mystic reign,  
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain ;  
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.

}  
Dear

Dear couz, said Hermes in a fright,  
For Heaven's sake ! keep your darts : good night.

On BEAUTY, a RIDDLE.

**R**ESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this :  
Or forfeit me one precious kifs.  
'Tis the first offspring of the Graces ;  
Bears different forms in different places ;  
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld ;  
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.  
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm ;  
Pandora's box of good and harm :  
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream ;  
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.  
This guided Theseus through the maze ;  
And sent him home with life and praise :  
But this undid the Phrygian boy ;  
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.  
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,  
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.  
This through the East just vengeance hurl'd,  
And lost poor Anthony the world.  
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,  
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.  
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire ;  
This set Persepolis on fire.  
For this Alcides learn'd to spin :  
His club laid down, and lion's skin.

For

For this Apollo deign'd to keep,  
 With fervile care, a mortal's sheep.  
 For this the father of the Gods,  
 Content to leave his high abodes,  
 In borrow'd figures loofely ran,  
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan,  
 For this he reffumes the nod  
 (While Semele commands the God);  
 Launces the bolt, and shakes the poles;  
 Though Momus laughs, and Juno fcolds.  
 Here liftening Cloe fmil'd, and faid;  
 Your riddle is not hard to read:  
 I guefs it—Fair-one, if you do;  
 Need I, alas! the theme purfue?  
 For this, thou fee'ft, for this I leave,  
 Whate'er the world thinks wife or grave,  
 Ambition, bufinefs, friendship, news,  
 My useful books, and ferious Mufe.  
 For this, I willingly decline  
 The mirth of feafts, and joys of wine;  
 And chufe to fit and talk with thee  
 (As thy great orders may decree)  
 Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,  
 Of idle tales, and foolifh riddles.

T H E Q U E S T I O N ,  
T O L I S E T T A .

**W**HAT Nymph should I admire, or trust,  
 But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just ?  
 What Nymph should I desire to see,  
 But her who leaves the plain for me ?  
 To whom should I compose the lay,  
 But her who listens when I play ?  
 To whom in song repeat my cares,  
 But her who in my sorrow shares ?  
 For whom should I the garland make,  
 But her who joys the gift to take,  
 And boasts she wears it for my sake ?  
 In love am I not fully blest ?  
 Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

L I S E T T A ' S R E P L Y .

**S**URE Cloe just, and Cloe fair,  
 Deserves to be your only care :  
 But, when you and she to-day  
 Far into the wood did stray,  
 And I happen'd to pass by ;  
 Which way did you cast your eye ?  
 But, when your cares to her you sing,  
 Yet dare not tell her whence they spring ;

Does

Does it not more afflict your heart,  
 That in those cares she bears a part?  
 When you the flowers for Cloe twine,  
 Why do you to her garland join  
 The meanest bud that falls from mine?  
 Simplest of swains! the world may see,  
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

### T H E G A R L A N D.

**T**HE pride of every grove I chose,  
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

#### II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
 Upon her brow the various wreath;  
 The flowers less blooming than her face,  
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

#### III.

The flowers she wore along the day:  
 And every nymph and shepherd said,  
 That in her hair they look'd more gay  
 Than glowing in their native bed.

#### IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found  
 Their odours lost, their colours past;  
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

## V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
 When from its lid a pearly tear  
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

## VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
 My love, my life, said I, explain  
 This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :  
 That falling tear—what does it mean ?

## VII.

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : and to the flowers  
 Pointing, the lovely Moralist said ;  
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
 See yonder, what a change is made.

## VIII.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,  
 And that of Beauty, are but one :  
 At morn both flourish bright and gay ;  
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

## IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;  
 The amorous youth around her bow'd ;  
 At night her fatal knell was rung ;  
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

## X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day :  
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :  
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display  
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.



The LADY who offers her LOOKING-GLASS:  
to VENUS.

Taken from an Epigram of PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glafs ;  
Since I am not what I was ;  
What from this day I shall be,  
Venus, let me never see.

C L O E J E A L O U S .

I.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep ;  
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said ;  
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,  
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ ?  
Your subtle questions and replies ?  
Emblems, to teach a female wit  
The ways, where changing Cupid flies ?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse  
The general power that beauty has :  
But why did no peculiar verse  
Describe one charm of Cloe's face ?

2.

IV. The

## IV.

The glafs, which was at Venus' fhine,  
 With fuch myfterious forrow laid :  
 The garland (and you call it mine)  
 Which fhew'd how youth and beauty fade :

## V.

Ten thoufand trifles light as thefe  
 Nor can my rage, nor anger, move :  
 She fhould be humble, who would pleafe ;  
 And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

## VI.

When in my glafs I chanc'd to look ;  
 Of Venus what did I implore ?  
 That every grace, which thence I took,  
 Should know to charm my Damon more.

## VII.

Reading thy verſe ; who heeds, ſaid I,  
 If here or there his glances flew ?  
 O, free for ever be his eye,  
 Whoſe heart to me is always true !

## VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower  
 Of Beauty quickly loſt its pride :  
 For, fever'd from its native bower,  
 It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

## IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preſage  
 Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth ;  
 Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than Age,  
 And Time leſs permanent than Truth.

X. Why

## X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know :  
 Fall uncontroul'd, my tears, and free;  
 O Damon ! 'tis the only woe,  
 I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

## XI.

The secret wound with which I bleed  
 Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse;  
 But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read  
 My answer to thy dubious verse.

Answer to CLOE JEALOUS, in the same Stile;  
 the AUTHOR sick.

## I.

YES, fairest proof of Beauty's power,  
 Dear idol of my panting heart,  
 Nature points this my fatal hour :  
 And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

## II.

While now I take my last adieu,  
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;  
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view,  
 On earth an object worth its care.

## III.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife  
 For ever be thy bosom freed :  
 That nothing may disturb thy life,  
 Content I hasten to the dead.

IV. Yet

## IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth  
 Shall with his amorous parly move thee ;  
 Reflect one moment on his truth  
 Who dying thus, persists to love thee.

## A B E T T E R A N S W E R .

**D**EAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face !  
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd :  
 Pr'ythee quit this caprice ; and (as old Falstaff says)  
 Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

## II.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy  
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?  
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy :  
 More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

## III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,  
 Your judgment at once, and my passion, you wrong :  
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit :  
 Od's-life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?

## IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shews  
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art :  
 I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose :  
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

## V.

The God of us verse-men (you know, child) the Sun,  
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest :  
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;  
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

## VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day ;  
 To thee my delight in the evening I come :  
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way ;  
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

## VII.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war ;  
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree :  
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,  
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

## P A L L A S A N D V E N U S .

## AN EPIGRAM.

**T**HE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great dispute,  
 And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit ;  
 When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,  
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.  
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid  
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said :  
 Yield, sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see,  
 I vanquish : guess how potent I should be,  
 If to the field I came in armour drest ;  
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest !  
 The

The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd :  
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :  
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,  
 And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wife.  
 Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress :  
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness ;  
 And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)  
 By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

To a young GENTLEMAN in Love.

A T A L E .

**F**ROM public noise and factious strife,  
 From all the busy ills of life,  
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;  
 And lull my wearied soul to rest.  
 For ever, in this humble cell,  
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;  
 None enter else, but Love—and he  
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs and shining spires  
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)  
 Let the unthinking many croud,  
 That dare be covetous and proud :  
 In golden bondage let them wait,  
 And barter happiness for state.  
 But oh ! my Celia, when thy swain  
 Desires to see a court again.



May Heaven around this destin'd head  
 The choicest of its curses shed !  
 To sum up all the rage of fate  
 In the two things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be false, and I be great !  
 Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,  
 Fond Celadon his soul exprest ;  
 While with delight the lovely maid  
 Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid :

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,  
 Blest miracle of love and truth ;  
 All that could e'er be counted mine,  
 My love and life, long since are thine ;  
 A real joy I never knew,  
 Till I believ'd thy passion true :  
 A real grief I ne'er can find,  
 'Till thou prov'st perjurd, or unkind.  
 Contempt, and poverty, and care,  
 All we abhor, and all we fear,  
 Blest with thy presence, I can bear.  
 Through waters and through flames I'll go,  
 Sufferer and solace of thy woe :  
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,  
 That I thy ardour may repay ;  
 And make my constant passion known  
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear  
 The stamp and image of my dear ;  
 I'd pierce my heart through every vein,  
 And die, to let it out again.

No : Venus shall my witness be  
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me),  
 That for one hour I would not quit  
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,  
 To be the Persian Monarch's bride,  
 Partner of all his power and pride ;  
 Or rule in regal state above,  
 Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.

“ O happy these of human race ! ”  
 But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.  
 He thank'd her on his bended knee ;  
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea ;  
 And, leaving her ador'd embrace,  
 Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.  
 While she, his absence to bemoan,  
 The very moment he was gone,  
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed !  
 Where all this time he had been hid.

## M O R A L .

**W**HILE men have these ambitious fancies ;  
 And wanton wenches read romances ;  
 Our sex will—What? Out with it. Lye ;  
 And theirs in equal strains reply.  
 The moral of the tale I sing  
 (A posy for a wedding ring)  
 In this short verse will be confin'd :  
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

## AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,  
 (As Horace has divinely sung)  
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace  
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.  
 The reason of the thing is clear,  
 Would Jove the naked truth aver.  
 Cupid was with him of the party ;  
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty ;  
 For, give that whipster but his errand,  
 He takes my lord chief justice' warrant ;  
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;  
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks ;  
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;  
 Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,  
 By age deliver'd down to youth ;  
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,  
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?  
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,  
 Make us less curious, her less fair ?  
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,  
 Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep ?  
 Does she to no excess incline ?  
 Does she fly music, mirth, and wine ?  
 Or have not gold and flattery power  
 To purchase one unguarded hour ?

Your

Your care does further yet extend :  
 That spy is guarded by your friend.—  
 But has this friend nor eye nor heart ?  
 May he not feel the cruel dart,  
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel ?  
 May he not, with too tender zeal,  
 Give the fair prisoner cause to see,  
 How much he wishes she were free ?  
 May he not craftily infer  
 'The rules of friendship too severe,  
 Which chain him to a hated trust ;  
 Which make him wretched, to be just ?  
 And may not she, this darling she,  
     Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,  
 Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,  
     Allow this logic to be good ?  
 Sir, will your questions never end ?  
 I trust to neither spy nor friend,  
 In short, I keep her from the sight  
 Of every human face.—She 'll write.  
 From pen and paper she 's debarr'd.—  
 Has she a bodkin and a card ?  
 She 'll prick her mind.—She will, you say :  
 But how shall she that mind convey ?  
 I keep her in one room : I lock it :  
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.  
 The key-hole, is that left ? Most certain,  
 She 'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.  
     Dear angry friend, what must be done ?  
 Is there no way ?—There is but one.

Send her abroad : and let her see,  
 That all this mingled mass, which she,  
 Being forbidden, longs to know,  
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,  
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau ;  
 A staple of romance and lies,  
 False tears and real perjuries :  
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold ;  
 And love is made but to be told :  
 Where the fat bawd and lavish heir  
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;  
 And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,  
 Must give up age to want and shame.  
 Let her behold the frantic scene,  
 The women wretched, false the men :  
 And when, these certain ills to shun,  
 She would to thy embraces run ;  
 Receive her with extended arms,  
 Seem more delighted with her charms ;  
 Wait on her to the park and play,  
 Put on good-humour ; make her gay ;  
 Be to her virtues very kind ;  
 Be to her faults a little blind ;  
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd ;  
 And clap your padlock—on her mind.

## H A N S C A R V E L .

**H**ANS CARVEL, impotent and old,  
 Married a lass of London mould :  
 Handsome ? enough ; extremely gay :  
 Lov'd music, company, and play :  
 High flights she had, and wit at will ;  
 And so her tongue lay seldom still :  
 For in all visits who but she,  
 To argue, or to repartée ?

She made it plain, that human passion  
 Was order'd by predestination ;  
 That, if weak women went astray,  
 Their stars were more in fault than they :  
 Whole tragedies she had by heart ;  
 Enter'd into Roxana's part :  
 To triumph in her rival's blood,  
 The action certainly was good.  
 How like a vine young Ammon curl'd !  
 Oh that dear conqueror of the world !  
 She pitied Betterton in age,  
 That ridicul'd the god-like rage.

She, first of all the town, was told,  
 Where newest India things were sold :  
 So in a morning, without bodice,  
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's ;  
 To cheapen tea, to buy a screen :  
 What else could so much virtue mean ?

For,



For, to prevent the least reproach,  
Betty went with her in the coach.

But, when no very great affair  
Excited her peculiar care,  
She without fail was wak'd at ten ;  
Drank chocolate, then slept again :  
At twelve she rose ; with much ado  
Her cloaths were huddled on by two ;  
Then, does my Lady dine at home ?  
Yes, sure !—But is the Colonel come ?  
Next, how to spend the afternoon,  
And not come home again too soon ;  
The Change, the City, or the Play,  
As each was proper for the day :  
A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,  
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain :  
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain :  
He thought of what he did not name ;  
And would reform, but durst not blame.  
At first he therefore preach'd his wife  
The comforts of a pious life :  
Told her, how transient beauty was ;  
That all must die, and flesh was grass :  
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces ;  
And doubled down the useful places.  
But still the weight of worldly care  
Allow'd her little time for prayer :  
And Cleopatra was read o'er ;  
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,

That

That teach one to deny one's-self,  
 Stood unmo'ested on the shelf.  
 An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet :  
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.  
 In short, the trade was still the same :  
 The Dame went out : the Colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor Carvel cry'd :  
 Another battery must be try'd :  
 What if to spells I had recourse ?  
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.  
 The end must justify the means ;  
 He only sins who ill intends :  
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil ;  
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear  
 (For name him, and he 's always near) ;  
 Not in the shape in which he plies  
 At Miss's elbow when she lies ;  
 Or stands before the nursery-doors,  
 To take the naughty boy that roars :  
 But, without sawcer-eye or claw,  
 Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,  
 The Devil says ; I bring relief.  
 Relief ! says Hans : pray, let me crave  
 Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave ;  
 I did not look upon your feet :  
 You 'll pardon me :—Ay now I see 't :  
 And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell ?  
 Our friends there, did you leave them well ?

All well ; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,  
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance :  
 The truth is this : I cannot stay  
 Flaring in sun-shine all the day :  
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites  
 Love more the fresco of the nights ;  
 And oftener our receipts convey  
 In dreams, than any other way.  
 I tell you therefore as a friend,  
 Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end :  
 Go then this evening, master Carvel,  
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;  
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;  
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare :  
 To-night I 'll bring it, by my faith !  
 Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans : glad ? not a little ;  
 Obey'd the Devil to a tittle ;  
 Invited friends some half a dozen,  
 The Colonel and my Lady's cousin.  
 The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;  
 Catches were fung ; and healths went round ;  
 Barbadoes waters for the close ;  
 Till Hans had fairly got his dose :  
 The Colonel toasted " to the best :"  
 The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest :  
 The chimes went twelve : the guests withdrew :  
 But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.  
 Some modern anecdotes aver,  
 He nodded in his elbow-chair ;

From

From thence was carried off to bed :  
 John held his heels, and Nan his head.  
 My Lady was disturb'd : new sorrow !  
 Which Hans must answer for to-morrow,  
     In bed then view this happy pair ;  
 And think how Hymen triumph'd there.  
 Hans fast asleep as soon as laid ;  
 The duty of the night unpaid :  
 The waking Dame, with thoughts oppress'd,  
 That made her hate both him and rest :  
 By such a husband, such a wife !  
 'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :  
 The Lady sigh'd : the Lover snor'd :  
 The punctual Devil kept his word :  
 Appear'd to honest Hans again ;  
 But not at all by Madam seen :  
 And giving him a magic ring,  
 Fit for the finger of a king ;  
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,  
 And wear it long for Satan's sake :  
 'Twill do your business to a hair :  
 For, long as you this ring shall wear,  
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,  
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.  
     Hans took the ring with joy extreme  
 (All this was only in a dream) ;  
 And, thrusting it beyond his joint,  
 'Tis done, he cry'd : I've gain'd my point.—  
 What point, said she, you ugly beast ?  
 You neither give me joy nor rest :

'Tis

'Tis done. — What's done, you drunken bear ?  
You've thrust your finger God knows where.

### A D U T C H P R O V E R B.

**F**IRE, water, woman, are man's ruin ;  
Says wife Profeffor Vander Brüin.  
By flames a houfe I hir'd was loft  
Laft year : and I muft pay the coft.  
This fpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground :  
And my beft Flanders mare was drown'd.  
A flave I am to Clara's eyes :  
The gipfy knows her power, and flies.  
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin :  
And great thy wifdom, Vander Brüin.

### PAULO PURGANTI and his WIFE;

an H O N E S T, but a S I M P L E P A I R.

“ Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute,  
“ quod deceat : quod cogitatione magis à virtute pò-  
“ test quàm re feperari.” Cic. de Off. l. i.

**B**EYOND the fix'd and fettled rules  
Of vice and virtue in the fchools,  
Beyond the letter of the law,  
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,

The

The better fort should fet before 'em  
 A grace, a manner, a decorum ;  
 Something, that gives their acts a light ;  
 Makes them not only juſt, but bright ;  
 And fets them in that open fame,  
 Which witty malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting :  
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting ;  
 From lines drawn true, our eye may trace  
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face ;  
 May juſtly own the picture wrought  
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault :  
 Yet, if the colouring be not there,  
 The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air ;  
 To nicest judgement ſhow the piece,  
 At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe :  
 It would not gain on Jerſey's eye ;  
 Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind  
 The action may be well deſign'd ;  
 Guided by law, and bound by duty ;  
 Yet want this *je ne ſcai quoi* of beauty :  
 And though its error may be ſuch,

As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit ;  
 It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk ? replies a friend,  
 And where will this dry moral end ?  
 The truth of what you here lay down  
 By ſome example ſhould be ſhown.—  
 With all my heart — for once ; read on,



An honest but a simple pair  
 (And twenty other I forbear)  
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,  
 Paulo Purganti was his name,  
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife ;  
 No woman led a better life :  
 She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :  
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted ;  
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,  
 Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On married men, that dar'd be bad,  
 She thought no mercy should be had ;  
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,  
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede. —  
 In short, all lewdness she defied :  
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame  
 Was a great lover of that fame ;  
 And could from Scripture take her cue,  
 That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer  
 Between the gay and the severe,  
 That if in some regards she chose  
 To curb poor Paulo in too close ;  
 In others she relax'd again,  
 And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus though she strictly did confine  
 The Doctor from excess of wine :  
 With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,  
 She let him almost burst his belly :

Thus

Thus drying coffee was denied ;  
 But chocolate that loss supplied :  
 And for tobacco (who could bear it ?),  
 Filthy concomitant of claret :  
 (Blest revolution ! ) one might see  
 Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.

She often set the Doctor's band,  
 And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand :  
 Kindly complain'd, that after noon  
 He went to pore on books too soon :  
 She held it wholesomer by much,  
 To rest a little on the couch : —  
 About his waist in bed a-nights  
 She clung so close — for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the call ;  
 But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin too short, you know,  
 (As Plutarch's Morals finely show)  
 Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail :  
 And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet  
 The enemy he could not beat ;  
 He strove to lengthen the campaign,  
 And save his forces by chicane.  
 Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus  
 By fair retreat grew Maximus,  
 Shews us, that all that warrior can do,  
 With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,  
 With love, and joy, and life, and dear ;

Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle  
 Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,  
 Thought it extremely *à propos*,  
 To ward against the coming blow :  
 To ward : but how ? Ay, there's the question ;  
 Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprize :  
 He felt her pulse ; he view'd her eyes :  
 That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick ;  
 She was, he said, or would be sick :  
 He judg'd it absolutely good,  
 That she should purge, and cleanse her blood.  
 Spa waters for that end were got :  
 If they pass easily or not,  
 What matters it ? the lady's fever  
 Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind  
 (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),  
 If once it youthful blood infects,  
 And chiefly of the female sex,  
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion ;  
 Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed  
 The Doctor and the Dame were laid ;  
 Again this cruel fever came,  
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame,  
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With Madam in this piteous taking ?  
 She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,  
 And won't allow him rest, though waking.

Sad state of matters ! when we dare  
 Nor ask for peace, nor offer war ;  
 Nor Livy nor Comines have shown  
 What in this juncture may be done.  
 Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is  
 Harder, than any which he places  
 Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,  
 By dint of logick to maintain,  
 That all the sex was born to grieve,  
 Down to her Ladyship from Eve.  
 He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd-up patience,  
 Back'd his opinion with quotations,  
 Divines and Moralists ; and run ye on  
 Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.  
 As much in vain he bid her try  
 To fold her arms, to close her eye ;  
 Telling her, rest would do her good,  
 If any thing in nature could :  
 So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,  
 Masters and princes of the calling :  
 So all our modern friends maintain  
 (Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song :  
 A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,  
 And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd :  
 At last, I wish, said she, my dear —  
 (And whisper'd something in his ear).

You wish ! wish on, the Doctor cries :  
 Lord ! when will womankind be wife ?  
 What, in your waters ? are you mad ?  
 Why poison is not half so bad.  
 I 'll do it — but I give you warning :  
 You 'll die before to-morrow morning. —  
 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise ;  
 The lady with a sigh replies !  
 But life, you know, at best is pain ;  
 And death is what we should disdain.  
 So do it therefore, and adieu :  
 For I will die for love of you. —  
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd :  
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

### T H E L A D L E .

**T**H E sceptics think, 'twas long ago,  
 Since gods came down incognito,  
 To see who were their friends or foes,  
 And how our actions fell or rose :  
 That, since they gave things their beginning ;  
 And set this whirligig a-spinning ;  
 Supine they in their Heaven remain,  
 Exempt from passion and from pain :  
 And frankly leave us human elves,  
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves :  
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The Poets now and Painters hold  
 This thesis both absurd and bold :  
 And your good-natur'd gods, they say,  
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day :  
 Else all these things we toil so hard in  
 Would not avail one single farthing :  
 For, when the hero we rehearse,  
 To grace his actions and our verse ;  
 'Tis not by dint of human thought,  
 That to his Latium he is brought ;  
 Iris descends by Fate's commands,  
 To guide his steps through foreign lands :  
 And Amphitrite clears the way  
 From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch  
 (Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),  
 He shews not half his force and strength,  
 Strutting in armour, and at length :  
 That he may make his proper figure,  
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger :  
 The nymphs conduct him to the field ;  
 One holds his sword, and one his shield ;  
 Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel ;  
 And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,  
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)  
 Men idly-learned will dispute,  
 Assert, object, confirm, refute :  
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
 With equal arms sustains the fight ;



Till now no umpire can agree 'em :  
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in equilibrio,  
If deities descend or no ?  
Then let th' affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form my tale :  
For by all parties 'tis confest,  
'That those opinions are the best,  
Which in their nature most conduce  
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,  
One Mercury, the other Jove :  
The humour was (it seems) to know,  
If all the favours they bestow,  
Could from our own perverseness ease us ;  
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.  
Discourfing largely on this theme,  
O'er hills and dales their godships came ;  
'Till, well nigh tir'd at almost night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That in disguise a god or goddess  
Exerts no supernatural powers ;  
But acts on maxims much like ours.  
They spied at last a country farm,  
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;  
For woods before, and hills behind,  
Secur'd it both from rain and wind :  
Large oxen in the field were lowing :  
Good grain was sow'd : good fruit was growing :

Of last-year's corn in barns great store :  
 Fat turkeys gobbling at the door :  
 And wealth (in short) with peace contented,  
 That people here should live contented :  
 But did they in effect do so ?  
 Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,  
 To years declin'd from prime of life,  
 Had struggled with the marriage noose ;  
 As almost every couple does :  
 Sometimes, my plague ! sometimes, my darling !  
 Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling ;  
 Jointly submitting to endure  
 That evil, which admits no cure.  
 Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd :  
 Our farmer met them in the yard ;  
 Thought they were folks that lost their way ;  
 And ask'd them civilly to stay :  
 Told them, for supper, or for bed,  
 They might go on, and be worse sped. —

So said, so done ; the gods consent :  
 All three into the parlour went :  
 They compliment ; they sit ; they chat ;  
 Fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :  
 A thousand knotty points they clear,  
 Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame :  
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.  
 Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say !  
 He did — but in an honest way :

Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,  
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife. —

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd :  
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.  
How strong the beer, how good the meat,  
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,  
In epic sumptuous would appear ;  
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here :  
For I should grieve to have it said,  
That, by a fine description led,  
I made my episode too long,  
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,  
Jove thought it time to shew his play :  
Landlord and landlady, he cried,  
Folly and jesting laid aside,  
That ye thus hospitably live,  
And strangers with good cheer receive,  
Is mighty grateful to your betters,  
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.  
To give this thesis plainer proof,  
You have to-night beneath your roof  
A pair of gods (nay never wonder) :  
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.  
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,  
My page, my son indeed, but spurious.  
Form then three wishes, you and Madam ;  
And sure as you already had 'em,  
The things desir'd, in half an hour,  
Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank

Thank you, great gods, the woman says:  
 Oh! may your altars ever blaze!  
 A Ladle for our silver-dish  
 Is what I want, is what I wish. —  
 A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!  
 Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill;  
 What should be great, you turn to farce;  
 I wish the Ladle in your a—.

With equal grief and shame, my Muse  
 The sequel of the Tale pursues;  
 The Ladle fell into the room,  
 And stuck in old Corisca's bum.  
 Our couple weep two wishes past,  
 And kindly join to form the last;  
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,  
 And get the Ladle out again.

## M O R A L .

**T**HIS commoner has worth and parts,  
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:  
 His head aches for a coronet:  
 And who is blest'd that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven  
 To this well-lotted peer has given:  
 What then? He must have rule and sway:  
 And all is wrong, till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb,  
 And dares not touch the hoarded sum;  
 The sickly dotard wants a wife,  
 To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against

Against our peace we arm our will :  
 Amidst our plenty, something still  
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
 To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.  
 The cruel something unpossess'd  
 Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.  
 That something, if we could obtain,  
 Would soon create a future pain :  
 And to the coffin, from the cradle,  
 'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

Written at P A R I S, 1700.

In the Beginning of ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

O F all that William rules, or Robe  
 Describes, great Rhéa, of thy globe ;  
 When or on post-horse, or in chaise,  
 With much expence, and little ease,  
 My destin'd miles I shall have gone,  
 By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,  
 And found no foot of earth my own ;  
 Great Mother, let me once be able  
 To have a garden, house, and stable ;  
 That I may read, and ride, and plant,  
 Superior to desire or want ;  
 And as health fails, and years increase,  
 Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.  
 Oblige thy favourite undertakers  
 To throw me in but twenty acres :

This

This number sure they may allow ;  
 For pasture ten, and ten for plow :  
 'Tis all that I could wish or hope,  
 For me and John, and Nell and Crop.

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest  
 (And let not Fortune spoil the jest)  
 To those who, at the market-rate,  
 Can barter honour for estate.

Now, if thou grant'st me my request,  
 To make thy votary truly blest,  
 Let curst revenge and faucy pride  
 To some bleak rock far off be tied ;  
 Nor e'er approach my rural feat,  
 To tempt me to be base and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done,  
 Charge Venus to command her son  
 (Where-ever else she lets him rove)  
 To shun my house, and field, and grove :  
 Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love. }

Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I say :  
 And thy petitioner shall pray.

Written in the Beginning of M E Z E R A Y ' S  
 History of F R A N C E .

## I.

**W**HATE'ER thy countrymen have done,  
 By law and wit, by sword and gun,  
 In thee is faithfully recited :  
 And all the living world, that view  
 Thy work, give thee the praises due,  
 At once instructed and delighted.

II. Yet



## II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds  
 What beggar in the Invalides,  
 With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,  
 Wish'd ever decently to die,  
 To have been either Mezeray,  
 Or any monarch he has written ?

## III.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,  
 That, down from Pharamond to Louis,  
 All covet life, yet call it pain ;  
 All feel the ill, yet shun the cure :  
 Can sense this paradox endure ?  
 Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

## IV.

The man, in graver tragick known  
 (Though his best part long since was done),  
 Still on the stage desires to tarry :  
 And he, who play'd the Harlequin,  
 After the jest still loads the scene,  
 Unwilling to retire, though weary.

Written in the Nouveaux Interêts des  
 PRINCES de l'EUROPE.

**B**LEST be the princes, who have fought  
 For pompous names, or wide dominion ;  
 Since by their error we are taught,  
 That happiness is but opinion !

ADRIANI

ADRIANI MORIENTIS ad Animam Suam.

**A**NIMULA vagula, blandula,  
 Hospes, comesque corporis,  
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula?  
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

By Monsieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,  
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu fache ou tû vas:  
 Tu pars feulette, nuë, & tremblotante, hélas!  
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?  
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

I M I T A T E D.

P O O R, little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
 Must we no longer live together?  
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,  
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?  
 Thy humourous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
 Lies all neglected, all forgot:  
 And, pensive, wavering, melancholy,  
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

A Passage

A Passage in the MORIÆ ENCOMIUM,  
of ERASMUS, imitated.

**I**N awful pomp, and melancholy state,  
See settled Reason on the judgement-seat :  
Around her croud Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,  
And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care :  
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleasures stand,  
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.  
Wretched her subjects, gloomy fits the queen ;  
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene ;  
And apish Folly, with her wild resort  
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.  
See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,  
To breathe the song, and animate the dance.  
Blest the usurper ! happy the surprize !  
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes ;  
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear ;  
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,  
Against our judgement, she our sense employs ;  
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys,  
And in their place rejoices to indite  
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

## T O D R . S H E R L O C K ,

O N H I S

## P R A C T I C A L   D I S C O U R S E   C O N C E R N I N G   D E A T H .

**F**ORGIVE the Muse, who, in unhallow'd strains,  
 The Saint one moment from his God detains :  
 For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,  
 'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer :  
 Forgive her ; and intreat that God, to whom  
 Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,  
 To raise her notes to that sublime degree,  
 Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man ! whose labours may repel  
 The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell ;  
 Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,  
 The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

The Youth shall study, and no more engage  
 Their flattering wishes for uncertain age ;  
 No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,  
 Chase fleeting pleasure through this maze of life ;  
 Finding the wretched all they here can have,  
 But present food, and but a future grave :  
 Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view  
 This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.  
 Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess  
 Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease ;  
 Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,  
 The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life ;

Shall

Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath ;  
 Own riches gather'd, trouble ; fame, a breath ;  
 And Life an ill, whose only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,  
 Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know :  
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,  
 Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.  
 Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,

On its blest steps each age and sex may rise ;  
 'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,  
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies :  
 Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its power ;  
 'Tis public health, and universal cure :  
 Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast ;  
 A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd ;  
 And various death for various crimes she fear'd.  
 With your kind work her drooping hopes revive ;  
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :  
 You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand ;  
 Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O ! save us still : still bless us with thy stay :  
 O ! want thy Heaven, till we have learnt the way :  
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon ;  
 And, for the church's good, defer thy own.  
 O ! live ; and let thy works urge our belief ;  
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;  
 Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,  
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;  
 Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then,

Then, in full age and hoary holiness,  
 Retire, great teacher ! to thy promis'd bliss :  
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,  
 As thy own fame among the future just ;  
 Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks ;  
 Till Judgement calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes ;  
 Till, through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,  
 Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,  
 In haste to cloath their kindred souls again,  
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man :  
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,  
 To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,  
 Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd ;  
 'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd ! be receiv'd ;  
 And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast sav'd. }

## CARMEN SECULARE, for the Year 1700.

To the K I N G.

" Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia fac'lo :

" O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ

" Spiritus, &amp; quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !"

Virg. Eclog. iv.

I.

**T**H Y elder look, great Janus, cast  
 Into the long records of ages past :  
 Review the years in fairest action drest  
 With noted white, superior to the rest ;



Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,  
 From empires founded, and from battles won;  
 Shew all the spoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,  
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;  
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,  
 And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws;  
 In comely rank call every merit forth,  
 Imprint on every act its standard-worth;  
 The glorious parallels then downward bring  
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;  
 With equal justice, and historic care,  
 Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;  
 Confess the various attributes of fame  
 Collected and complete in William's name;  
 To all the listening world relate  
 (As thou dost his story read),  
 That nothing went before so great,  
 And nothing greater can succeed.

## II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,  
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:  
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth  
 From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.  
 Then turn to her fair-written page;  
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age  
 The glories of her empire trace;  
 Confront the heros of thy Roman race;  
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

## III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,  
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains:

But yet the Sabins violated charms  
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.  
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew;  
 On every altar laid the incense due;  
     Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,  
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.  
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,  
 Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.  
 Fabius was wise, but with excess of care  
 He fav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.  
 While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,  
     And by their strict examples taught,  
     How wild desires should be controul'd,  
 And how much brighter virtue was than gold:  
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide;  
 And boasted poverty with too much pride.  
 Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd:  
 And Cato, dying, seem'd to own, he fear'd.  
 Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;  
 But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose.  
 And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,  
 The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

## IV.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd;  
     But be their failings too confess'd:  
     Their virtue like their Tyber's flood  
 Rolling, its course design'd their country's good.  
 But oft' the torrent's too impetuous speed  
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed;

And with the blood of Jove there always ran  
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

## V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,  
But that their vices more than turn the scale :  
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,  
Did the true charms of majesty impair ;  
Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,  
Shew'd sad remains of what had once been fair ;  
Till Heaven a better race of men supplies ;  
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

## VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,  
And the long heros of the Gallic strain ;  
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowefs known,  
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.  
From the first William, our great Norman king,  
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring ;  
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose,  
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes ;  
With happy laws her empire to sustain ;  
And with full power assert her ambient main.  
But sometimes, too industrious to be great,  
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,  
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,  
And made proud conquest trample over right ;  
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,  
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII. From

## VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace  
 The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,  
 Devoted lives to public liberty ;  
 The chief still dying, or the country free.  
 Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,  
 From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau ;  
 Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,  
 From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.  
 Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,  
 Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north ;  
 Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown ;  
 Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne ;  
 And the fair rivals live for ever one. }

## VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,  
 Be kind ; and, as thy searching eye  
 Does our modern story trace,  
 Finding some of Stuart's race  
 Unhappy, pass their annals by :  
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise :  
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise :  
 But, as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name \*,  
 To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,  
 Oh ! read it to thyself ; in silence weep ;  
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep ;  
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,  
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

\* Mary.

M 3

IX. Whither

## IX.

Whither wouldst thou further look ?  
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book :  
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life :  
 How, like Alcides, he began ;  
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife ;  
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

## X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,  
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms :  
 When conquering, mild ; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd ;  
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd :  
 Superior to the blind events  
 Of little human accidents ;  
 And constant to his first decree,  
 To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free ;  
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant  
 knee. }

## XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring ;  
 And see the hero perfect in the king :  
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,  
 And power supreme by free consent obey'd ;  
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,  
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows ;  
 With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd,  
 His favours granted ere his throne address'd :  
 What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,  
 By arts of peace more potent, than by wars :

How



How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,  
His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

## XII.

Through all his thread of life already spun,  
Becoming grace and proper action run :  
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,  
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault ;  
    No footsteps of the victor's rage  
Left in the camp where William did engage :  
    No tincture of the monarch's pride  
    Upon the royal purple spy'd :  
    His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,  
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim ;  
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,  
    And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,  
    For ever coming out the same,  
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

## XIII.

Janus, be to William just ;  
To faithful History his actions trust :  
    Command her, with peculiar care  
To trace each toil, and comment every war :  
    His saving wonders bid her write  
    In characters distinctly bright ;  
    That each revolving age may read  
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed :  
And still the fire inculcate to his son  
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown ;  
    That William's glory still may live ;  
    When all that present art can give,



The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,  
 Mouldering, drop the victor's praise :  
 When the great monuments of his power  
 Shall now be visible no more :  
 When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood ;  
 And children ask, where Namur stood.

## XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd !  
 How she contemn'd th' approaching foe !  
 Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,  
 And shook, and funk, and fell beneath his blow.  
 Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,  
 Guided the hero to the hostile towers.  
 Perseus seem'd less swift in war,  
 When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.  
 Embattled nations strive in vain  
 The Hero's glory to restrain :  
 Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,  
 In vain against his force conspire.  
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear !  
 And lo ! Britannia's lions waving there.

## XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,  
 The Hero from the height beheld :  
 He spake the word, that war and rage should cease ;  
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow ;  
 And dictated a lasting peace  
 To the rejoicing world below.  
 To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,  
 His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds ;  
 Ordain'd,

Ordain'd, whom every province should obey ;  
 How far each monarch should extend his sway ;  
 Taught them how clemency made power rever'd ;  
 And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd .  
 Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,  
 Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good :  
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,  
 Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect ;  
 Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings ;  
 Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings .

## XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire  
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire ;  
 Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,  
 Created by too great a thought :  
 Mindless of the God and day,  
 I from thy altars, Janus, stray,  
 From thee, and from myself, borne far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdain  
 To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins :  
 When glorious fields and opening camps he views,  
 He runs with an unbounded loose :  
 Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse ;  
 Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force ;  
 With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,  
 While she through earth and air pursues the king.

## XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore ;  
 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore,

Dissembling

Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,  
 And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars,  
 She through the raging ocean now  
 Views him advancing his auspicious prow;  
 Combating adverse winds and winter seas,  
 Sighing the moments that defer our ease;  
 Daring to wield the scepter's dangerous weight,  
 And taking the command, to save the state;  
 Though, ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,  
 New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

## XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,  
 And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;  
 In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme;  
 And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce stream.  
 She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,  
 To tell old Ocean how the Hero past.  
 The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise  
 Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

## XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring  
 The humblest victor, and the kindest king.  
 Albion with open triumph would receive  
 ; Her Hero, nor obtains his leave:  
 Firm he rejects the altars she would raise;  
 And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.  
 Again she follows him through Belgia's land,  
 And countries often sav'd by William's hand;  
 Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,  
 Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.

In

In various views she tries her constant theme ;  
 Finds him in councils, and in arms the same ;  
 When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,  
 Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

## XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight ;  
 She sets her Hero in another light ;  
 Paints his great mind superior to success,  
 Declining conquest, to establish peace :  
 She brings Astrea down to earth again ;  
 And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

## XXI.

Then with unwearied wing the Goddess soars  
 East, over Danube and Propontis' shores ;  
 Where jarring empires, ready to engage,  
 Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;  
 Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,  
 If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.  
 How sacred his renown for equal laws,  
 To whom the world defers its common cause !  
 How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,  
 Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust !

## XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,  
 The Goddess wings her desperate way ;  
 Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,  
 Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,  
 Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,  
 And passing half the earth to his embrace :

She

She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,  
 O'er precipices with impetuous sway  
 Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid course,  
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way,  
 But her own king she likens to his Thames,  
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;  
 Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,  
 Swift without violence, without terror great.  
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves;  
 Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;  
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose;  
 Fresh flowers for ever rise; and fruitful harvest grows.

## XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous Goddess go?  
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main, below?  
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,  
 And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?  
 Or is her towering flight reclaim'd  
 By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?  
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice:  
 To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,  
 Yet upward she incessant flies;  
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,  
 And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;  
 To ask for William an Olympic crown,  
 To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown:  
 Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,  
 Unable to discern the way,  
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,  
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before;

She,



She, from the noble precipices thrown,  
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.  
 Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate !  
 The song too daring, and the theme too great !  
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,  
 Than in continued annals live, to sing  
 A second hero, or a vulgar king ;  
 And with ignoble safety fly  
 In fight of earth, along a middle sky.

## XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng  
 That round his mystic temple press,  
 For William's life and Albion's peace,  
 Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.  
 Janus, cast thy forward eye  
 Future, into great Rhéa's pregnant womb ;  
 Where young ideas brooding lie,  
 And tender images of things to come :  
 Till, by thy high commands releas'd,  
 Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,  
 In decent order they advance to light ;  
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight ;  
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

## XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,  
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,  
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,  
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,



Can any future honours give  
 To the victorious monarch's name :  
 The plenitude of William's fame  
 Can no accumulated stores receive.  
 Shut then, auspicious God, thy sacred gate,  
 And make us happy, as our king is great.  
 Be kind, and with a milder hand  
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age  
 (Though noble, 'twas an iron page)  
 A more delightful leaf expand,  
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage :  
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,  
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd ;  
 Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,  
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy ;  
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,  
 From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

## XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand ;  
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand :  
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear  
 Foreign calamity, and distant war ;  
 Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear !  
 Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,  
 And, as she wills, let either part prevail :  
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn ;  
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn ;  
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread ;  
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed ;  
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the Goddess' head !

## XXVII.

## XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,  
 Remains of Wolfey's or great Henry's hand,  
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,  
 Let a young phoenix raise her towering head;  
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread;  
 And by her greatness shew her builder's fame:  
 August and open, as the hero's mind,  
   Be her capacious courts design'd:  
   Let every sacred pillar bear  
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.  
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,  
 His shoulder bleeding fresh: and at his feet  
   Disarm'd shall lie the threatening death:  
 (For so was saving Jove's decree compleat).  
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield  
   Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:  
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,  
   Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head;  
   And his immortal stream be known,  
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

## XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windfor, stand enlarg'd,  
   With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:  
 Thou, the fair heaven, that dost the stars inclose,  
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows  
 On the great champions who support his throne,  
   And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX, Round

## XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic string,  
 That makes the knight companion to the king.  
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,  
 Bowing before thy fainted warrior's shrine,  
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields  
 Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,  
 He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine  
 With an unequal ray; or that his deed  
 With paler glory should recede,  
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame  
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

## XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confess,  
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;  
 Born to protect and love, to help and please;  
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.  
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame;  
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;  
 Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,  
 Which the great patron only would forget,  
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

## XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Candish stand,  
 Asserting legal power and just command:  
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,  
 The father's star transmissive to the son.  
 From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race  
 Inform'd, their fire's immortal steps shall trace.

Happy, may their fons receive  
The bright reward, which thou alone canst give!

## XXXII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide;  
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;  
Jersey, belov'd by all (for all must feel  
The influence of a form and mind,  
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,  
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)—  
Jersey shall at thy altars stand;  
Shall there receive the azure band,  
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,  
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

## XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,  
Be our great master's future charge;  
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs  
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;  
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise  
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;  
To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn  
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,  
Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,  
And chaces give them images of war;  
To teach them vigilance by false alarms;  
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;  
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,  
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed  
To give the rein, and in the full career  
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

## XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,  
 Planting societies for peaceful arts ;  
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,  
 And by experiment make precept found ;  
 Some that to morals shall recall the age,  
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage ;  
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,  
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech ;  
 That from our writers distant realms may know  
 The thanks we to our monarch owe ;  
 And schools profess our tongue through every land,  
 That has invoc'd his aid, or blest his hand.

## XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear ;  
 The Muses only can reward his care :  
 'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils ;  
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils :  
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given, to save  
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave ;  
 To them, great William's glory to recall,  
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall.  
 Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,  
 The sources of their treasure hide :  
 The Hero's virtue does the string inspire,  
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre.  
 On William's fame their fate depends ;  
 With him the song begins ; with him it ends.

From



From the bright effluence of his deed  
 They borrow that reflected light;  
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,  
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

## XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole,  
 In happy tides let active commerce roll :  
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,  
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece :  
 Returning loaden with the shining stores,  
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.  
 As our high vessels pass their watery way,  
 Let all the naval world due homage pay :  
 With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,  
 Confessing the asserted power,  
 To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy sway,  
 To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

## XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard ; our master's fleets shall go  
 As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,  
 New lands to make, new Indias to explore,  
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power ;  
 Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,  
 And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

## XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,  
 The listening people shall his story hear,  
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,  
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd ;



Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,  
 And form their children's accents to his name,  
 Enquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came. }  
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide }  
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride, }  
 Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd; }  
 When William's virtues raise their opening thought,  
 His forty years for public freedom fought,  
 Europe by his hand sustain'd, }  
 His conquest by his piety restrain'd, }  
 And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd. }

## XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore }  
 Ideas of destructive power, }  
 Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour : }  
 New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,  
 And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;  
 When the great father's character they find  
 Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind;  
 And own a present Deity confess,  
 In valour that preserv'd, and power that blest.

## XL.

Through the large convex of the azure sky  
 (For thither Nature casts our common eye)  
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light;  
 And comets march with lawless horror bright;  
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own;  
 Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;  
 Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,  
 Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.

But

But the bright orb that blesses all above,  
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,  
 Rules not his actions by capricious will ;  
 Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill :  
 Fix'd by just laws, he goes for ever right :  
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

## XLI.

O Janus ! would intreated Fate conspire  
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require ;  
 Above, that Sun should cease his way to go,  
 Ere William cease to rule, and bless below :  
     But a relentless Destiny  
     Urges all that e'er was born :  
 Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn  
 The Demi-God ; the earthly half must die.  
 Yet if our incense can your wrath remove ;  
 If human prayers avail on minds above ;  
 Exert, great God ! thy interest in the sky,  
 Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity ;  
     That, conquer'd by the public vow,  
 They bear the dismal mischief far away !  
 O ! long as utmost nature may allow,  
     Let them retard the threaten'd day !  
 Still be our master's life thy happy care :  
 Still let his blessings with his years increase :  
 To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,  
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace :  
 Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,  
 Whose verdure must for ever last !

## XLII.

Long let this growing æra blefs his fway ;  
 And let our fons his prefent rule obey :  
 On his fure virtue long let earth rely,  
 And late let the imperial eagle fly,  
 To bear the Hero through his father's fky,  
 To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious fpeed  
 On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the fteed ;  
 To Hercules, at length abfolv'd by fate  
 From earthly toil, and above envy great ;  
 To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's fon,  
 Sire of the Latian and the British throne :  
     To all the radiant names above,  
     Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove ;  
     Late, Janus, let the Naffau-ftar  
 New-born, in rifing majefty appear,  
     To triumph over vanquifh'd night,  
     And guide the prosperous mariner  
 With everlafting beams of friendly light.

## The REMEDY worfe than the DISEASE.

**I** SENT for Ratcliffe; was fo ill,  
 That other Doctours gave me over :  
 He felt my pulfe, prefcrib'd his pill,  
 And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,  
 And wine had warm'd the Politician,  
 Cur'd yefterday of my difeafe,  
 I dy'd laft night of my Phyfician.

## A N O D E

Inscribed to the Memory of  
 The Honourable Colonel GEORGE VILLIERS,  
 Drowned in the River PIAVA, 1703.  
 In Imitation of HORACE, I Od. xxviii.

“ Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ  
 “ Menforem cohibent, Archyta, &c.”

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend  
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end);  
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,  
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail,  
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began  
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?  
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,  
 In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,  
 To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,  
 And march till close of night in heavy arms;  
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,  
 And search through every clime thy country's foes;  
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage;  
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;  
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?  
 In vain we think that free-will'd man has power  
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.

Our term of life depends not on our deed :  
 Before our birth our funeral was decreed.  
 Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,  
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance ;  
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's  
 dance. }

Alike must every state and every age  
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage :  
 For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,  
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.  
 Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom ;  
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb :  
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead  
 One moment's respite for the learned head :  
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd ;  
 Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :  
 And in their various turns the sons must tread  
 Those gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,  
 That bodies die, but souls return again,  
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,  
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.  
 And modern Agyll, whose capricious thought  
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,  
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,  
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;  
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea :  
 Some, who escape the fury of the wave,  
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave :



In journies or at home, in war or peace,  
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.  
 Each changing season does its poison bring ;  
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring :  
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,  
 All act subservient to the tyrant's power :  
 And, when obedient Nature knows his will,  
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads  
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads ;  
 And on the spacious land, and liquid main,  
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :  
 Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the Goddess stood,  
 Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;  
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,  
 With fatal speed was urging his return ;  
 In his dear country, to disperse his care,  
 And arm himself by rest for future war ;  
 To chide his anxious friends officious fears,  
 And promise to their joys his elder years :

Oh ! destin'd head ! and oh ! severe decree !  
 Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see ;  
 Nor war hast thou to wage ; nor year to come :  
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious Goddess is obey'd :  
 Winds murmur ; snaws descend ; and waters spread,  
 Oh ! kinsman, friend—Oh ! vain are all the cries  
 Of human voice, strong Destiny replies :

Weed,



Weep, you on earth ; for he shall sleep below :  
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads  
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads ;  
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores  
To find the object which this verse deplores,  
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand  
From the polluting weed and common sand ;  
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave  
(The only honour he can now receive),  
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,  
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow :  
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heaven secure thy future life  
From foreign dangers and domestic strife !  
And, when th' infernal judge's dismal power  
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;  
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou  
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now ;  
May some kind friend the piteous object see,  
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee !

### P R O L O G U E,

Spoken at COURT before the QUEEN,  
On her MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, 1704.

**S**HINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,  
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night :  
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,  
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.

And'

And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power  
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,  
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,  
 Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun ;  
 With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heaven ;  
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given :  
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore :  
 Prolong one life ; and Britain asks no more.  
 For virtue can no ampler power express,  
 Than to be great in war, and good in peace :  
 For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,  
 Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.  
 Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,  
 Who founds her greatness on her subjects love ;  
 Who does our homage for our good require ;  
 And orders that which we should first desire :  
 Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,  
 Her goodness takes our liberty away,  
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,  
 Great as he is, her delegate in war :  
 Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,  
 That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns :  
 While the bright queen does on her subjects shower  
 The gentle blessings of her softer power ;  
 Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,  
 To temples zeal, and manners to the stage ;  
 Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear ;  
 And Wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.

Minerva

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield ;  
 Secure of conquest, sent him to the field :  
 The hero acted what the queen ordain'd ;  
 So was his fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native temples fate  
 The Goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,  
 Taught them in laws and letters to excell,  
 In acting justly, and in writing well.  
 Thus whilst she did her various power dispose,  
 The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes :  
 Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose. }

## A L E T T E R,

To Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX ;

Occasioned by the Victory at BLENHEIM, 1704.

“ — Cupidum, pater optime, vires

“ Deficiunt : neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

“ Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos” —

HOR. 2 Sat. i.

**S**INCE, hir'd for life, thy fervile Muse must sing  
 Successive conquests, and a glorious king ;  
 Must of a man immortal vainly boast,  
 And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost :  
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay  
 On the event of that superior day,  
 In which one English subject's prosperous hand  
 (So Jove did will ; so Anna did command)

Broke

Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,  
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise ?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought  
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault :  
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,  
That fatal day the mighty work was done  
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun :  
Some Dæmon, envying France, misled the fight ;  
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy \* young Muse invoc'd the tuneful Nine,  
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine ;  
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,  
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme !  
And, though the Poet made his last efforts,  
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts ?  
But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain  
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign ?  
The Danube rescued, and the Empire sav'd,  
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd ?  
And would it préjudice thy softer vein,  
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene ?  
Is it too hard in happy verse to place  
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese ?  
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,  
That France may fall by more harmonious names ?  
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear ?  
Would Ingoldby or Palmes offend thy ear ?

\* “ En vain, pour te louer, &c.” Ep. 4.

And

And is there not a found in Marlborough's name,  
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,  
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

}

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;  
Place me the valiant Gouran in his stead:  
Let the intention make the number good:  
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.  
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,  
So as to have one rhyme at his command;  
With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,  
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are  
Alternate as the chance of peace and war,)  
That we poetic folks, who must restrain  
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,  
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,  
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me  
To make my matter and my verse agree!  
" In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,  
" French and Barbarians twenty thousand slain:  
" Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx  
" Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six:  
" Officers captive made, and private men,  
" Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.  
" Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,  
" Cannon, and kettle-drums!"—sweet numbers these!  
But is it thus you English bards compose?  
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?

And,



And, when you should your Hero's deeds rehearse,  
Give us a commiffary's lift in verfe?

Why, faith! Despreaux, there 's fense in what you fay:  
I told you where my difficulty lay:  
So vaft, fo numerous, were great Blenheim's spoils,  
They fcorn the bounds of verfe, and mock the Mufe's  
toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,  
Or bring the fum of Gallia's lofs to rhyme,  
'Tis mighty hard: what Poet would effay  
To count the freamers of my lord mayor's day?  
To number all the feveral difhes drest  
By honeft Lamb, laft coronation feaft?  
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,  
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ftyle repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,  
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill;  
Had this poor breaft receiv'd the heavenly beam;  
Or could I hope my verfe might reach my theme;  
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Mufe should ftrove,  
Beneath the fhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;  
Should call aspiring Gods to blefs her choice;  
And to their favourite ftains exalt her voice,  
Arms and a Queen to fing; who, great and good,  
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood  
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,  
To fave the nations from invading hands,  
To prop fair Liberty's declining caufe,  
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.



The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,  
 Attended by the Gods of War and Love :  
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,  
 To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear ;  
 And, as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,  
 With active dance should her observance claim ;  
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name ;  
 Their master Thames should leave the neighbouring shore,  
 By his strong anchor known, and silver oar ;  
 Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet ;  
 And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,  
 That, while he blesses her indulgent reign,  
 Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,  
 And on his happy banks each India laid ;  
 His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,  
 Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war ;  
 That Danube scarce retains his rightful course  
 Against two rebel armies neighbouring force ;  
 And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,  
 Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth ;  
 Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth :  
 She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,  
 And by that labour merit her esteem :  
 She bids him wait her to the sacred hall ;  
 Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul ;  
 Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,  
 Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd ;

Placing

Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,  
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires :  
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires,  
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,  
The great design revolving in his mind ;  
When to his sight a heavenly form appears :  
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,  
Below for ever fought, and blest'd above ;  
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame,  
(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name ;)  
Me the great father down to thee has sent ;  
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,  
To execute what Anna's wish would have :  
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate,  
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great :  
Go forth, and be to distant nations known  
My future favourite, and my darling son,  
At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain  
Thy glorious cause ; and spread my wings again,  
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain. }  
The Goddess said, nor would admit reply ;  
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,  
And thronging armies to his standard run ;  
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails :  
(Bless him, ye seas ! and prosper him, ye gales !)

Belgia receives him welcome to her shores ;  
 And William's death with lessen'd grief deploras :  
 His presence only must retrieve that loss ;  
 Marlborough to her must be what William was.  
 So when great Atlas, from these low abodes  
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods ;  
 Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,  
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the Chief advance ;  
 Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France :  
 The British general dooms the fight ; his sword  
 Dreadful he draws ; the captains wait the word.  
 Anne and St. George the charging hero cries :  
 Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies  
 Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign  
 The standards move ; the adverse armies join.  
 Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands ;  
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands :  
 The ninth, Victoria comes :—o'er Marlborough's head  
 Confess'd she fits ; the hostile troops recede :—  
 Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might  
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight :  
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar  
 From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,  
 And great ambition of my country's praise ;  
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,  
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,  
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by  
 human eyes.

But we must change the style — just now I said,  
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;  
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,  
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost :  
 Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite ;  
 Point out the game, and animate the flight ;  
 That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,  
 As we have conquerors, we have poets too ;  
 And either laurel does in Britain grow ;  
 That, though among ourselves, with too much heat,  
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate ;  
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws ;  
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause ;)  
 We can with universal zeal advance,  
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France ;  
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse  
 To answer to thy Master or thy Muse ;  
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains,  
 While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains ;  
 And where old Spenser sung, a new Elisa reigns.

Upon this Passage in the SCALIGERIANA,

“ Les Allemans ne ce foucient pas quel Vin ils boivent  
 “ pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent  
 “ pourveu que ce soit Latin.”

**W**HEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,  
 Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine :  
 They never taste, who always drink ;  
 They always talk, who never think.

## To a CHILD of QUALITY,

Five Years old, 1704;

The AUTHOR then Forty.

## I.

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,  
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
 Were summon'd by her high command,  
 To shew their passions by their letters.

## II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,  
 Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
 Should dart their kindling fires, and look  
 The power they have to be obey'd.

## III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,  
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell,  
 Dear five years old befriends my passion,  
 And I may write till she can spell.

## IV.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds  
 With all the tender things I swear;  
 Whilst all the house my passion reads,  
 In papers round her baby's hair;

## V.

She may receive and own my flame,  
 For, though the strictest prudes should know it,  
 She 'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
 And I for an unhappy poet.

VI. Then



## VI.

Then too, alas ! when she shall tear  
 The lines some younger rival sends ;  
 She 'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
 And we shall still continue friends.

## VII.

For, as our different ages move,  
 'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it !)  
 That I shall be past making love,  
 When she begins to comprehend it.

## P A R T I A L F A M E .

## I.

**T**HE sturdy Man, if he in love obtains,  
 In open pomp and triumph reigns :  
 The subtle Woman, if she should succeed,  
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

## II.

Though He, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,  
 Though She can always keep the field :  
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame ;  
 How Partial is the voice of Fame !



For the PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH IS

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch ;  
The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath ;

AND

The chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

**Y**E active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,  
Let distant climes and furthest nations know,  
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,  
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quæcunq; æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,  
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,  
Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit & Ister,  
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

### THE CAMELEON.

**A**S the Cameleon, who is known  
To have no colours of his own ;  
But borrows from his neighbour's hue  
His white or black, his green or blue ;  
And struts as much in ready light,  
Which credit gives him upon fight,  
As if the rain-bow were in tail  
Settled on him and his heirs male ;

So

So the young squire, when first he comes  
 From country school to Will's or Tom's,  
 And equally, in truth, is fit  
 To be a statesman, or a wit ;  
 Without one notion of his own,  
 He faunters wildly up and down,  
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad,  
 Takes notice of a staring lad,  
 Admits him in among the gang ;  
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :  
 He acts and talks, as they befriend him,  
 Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,  
 His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,  
 That read and comment upon news ;  
 He takes up their mysterious face ;  
 He drinks his coffee without lace ;  
 This week his mimic tongue runs o'er  
 What they have said the week before ;  
 His wisdom sets all Europe right,  
 And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet  
 With folks who have more wealth than wit ;  
 He loves cheap port, and double bub ;  
 And settles in the Hum-drum club :  
 He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;  
 Holds poverty the greatest vice ;  
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;  
 And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,  
 And drinks champaign among the wits;  
 Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;  
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;  
 Is in the chair; prescribes the law;  
 And lies with those he never saw.

### M E R R Y A N D R E W .

**S**LY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark-fair  
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,  
 So peevish was the edict of the mayor);  
 At Southwark therefore, as his tricks he show'd,  
 To please our masters, and his friends the croud;  
 A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,  
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.  
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,  
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage.  
 Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;  
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:  
 Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,  
 What does your emblematic worship mean?  
 Quoth Andrew, Honest-English let us speak:  
 Your emble-(what d' ye call 't) is heathen Greek.  
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:  
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.  
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now;  
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;  
 With very-good design, but little wit,  
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.

I for

I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;  
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.  
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;  
 Since I have found the secret to be great.  
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,  
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control ;  
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill. —  
 Bow then, says Andrew ; and, for once, I will. —  
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;  
 Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less :  
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong ;  
 But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.  
 A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,  
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.  
 But, when he heard him give this golden rule,  
 Drive on (he cried) ; this fellow is no fool.

## A S I M I L E .

**D**EAR Thomas, didst thou never pop  
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop ?  
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see  
 ('Tis but by way of simile)  
 A squirrel spend his little rage,  
 In jumping round a rowling cage ;  
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,  
 Striking a ring of bells at top? —  
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,  
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs :

But here or there, turn wood or wire,  
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,  
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.  
In noble song, and lofty odes,  
They tread on stars, and talk with gods ;  
Still dancing in an airy round,  
Still pleas'd with their own verses' found ;  
Brought back, how fast so'er they go,  
Always aspiring, always low.

### T H E F L I E S .

SAY, fire of insects, mighty Sol,  
(A fly upon the chariot-pole  
Cries out) what blue-bottle alive  
Did ever with such fury drive ?  
Tell, Belzebub, great father, tell,  
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)  
Did ever any mortal fly  
Raise such a cloud of dust as I ?

My judgement turn'd the whole debate :  
My valour fav'd the sinking state.  
So talk two idle buzzing things ;  
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.  
But, let the truth to light be brought,  
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought :  
No merit in their own behaviour :  
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

- From

## From the G R E E K .

**G** R E A T Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,  
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.  
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,  
 He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.  
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,  
 The moral says; mix water with your wine.

## E P I G R A M .

**F** R A N K carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;  
 He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.  
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;  
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.  
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;  
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;  
 For of late I invite him — but four times a week. }

## A N O T H E R .

**T** O John I ow'd great obligation;  
 But John unhappily thought fit,  
 To publish it to all the nation:  
 Sure John and I are more than quit.



## A N O T H E R .

**Y**ES, every poet is a fool,  
 By demonstration Ned can show it.  
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

## A N O T H E R .

**T**HY nags, the leanest things alive!  
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive;  
 I heard thy anxious coach-man say,  
 It cost thee more in whips, than hay.

To a Person who wrote Ill, and spoke Worse  
 against Me.

**L**YE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf;  
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:  
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:  
 Then why should I answer; since first I must read  
 thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,  
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;  
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,  
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.

—Pursue

Pursue me with satire : what harm is there in 't ?  
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear :  
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print :  
 There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

On the same Person.

W H I L E, faster than his costive brain indites,  
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes :  
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,  
 When he was run away with by his legs.  
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command ;  
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand ;  
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink :  
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

“ Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere—”

F O R what to-morrow shall disclose,  
 May spoil what you to-night propose :  
 England may change ; or Cloe stray :  
 Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD of the NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

Written three hundred years since\*.

A.

B E it ryght, or wrong, these men among on women  
 do complayne ;  
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour spent in vayne,  
 To

\* So *Prior*. — First printed about 1521, says *Capel*.

To love them wele ; for never a dele thy love a man  
agayne :

For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,  
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true lover  
than

Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought he is  
a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and sayd,  
That womens fayth is, as who sayth, all utterly de-  
cayed :

But, nevertheleffe, ryght good wytnesse in this case  
might be layed,

That they love true, and continue ; recorde the not-  
browne mayde ;

Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to  
make his mone,

Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart she loved but hym  
alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the  
manere

Betwayne them two ; we wyll also tell all the payne,  
and fere,

That she was in : nowe I begyn, so that ye me an-  
fwere ; —

Wherfore, all ye, that present be, I pray you gyve an  
ere : —

I am the knyght ; I come by nyght, as secret as I can ;  
Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a banyshed  
man.

B. And

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuse ;  
 Trustyng to shewe in wordes fewe, that men have an  
 yll use

(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and causelesse  
 them accuse :

Therefore to you I answere nowe, all women to ex-  
 cuse, —

Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you,  
 tell anone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
 alone.

A.

It standeth so ; a dede is do, whereof grete harme shall  
 growe :

My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trowe ;  
 Or elles to fle : the one must be ; none other way I  
 knowe,

But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my  
 bowe.

Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true ! none other rede  
 I can ;

For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
 man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyffe, that chaungeth  
 as the mone !

The somers day in lusty May is derked before the  
 none. —

I here

I here you say, farewell ; Nay, nay, we départ not so  
sone :

Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have  
ye done?

All my welfare to forowe and care sholde chaunge, yf  
ye were gone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

## A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and fomwhat you  
dysfrayne :

But, aftywarde, your paynes harde within a day or  
twayne

Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take comfort to you  
agayne.

Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your  
labour were in vayne.

And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can ;

For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

## B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your  
mynde,

I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall me  
fynde :

Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve be-  
hynde ;

Shall it never be sayd, the notbrowne mayd was to her  
love unkynde :

Make

Make you redy'; for so am I, although it were anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
 alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke  
 and say:  
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be gone  
 away:  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to  
 play;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make  
 delay:  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an yll  
 womàn,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
 man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I sholde be  
 to blame,  
 Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hurtyng of  
 my name:  
 For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of  
 shame;  
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth you, the  
 fame;  
 To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are they  
 none:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
 alone.



A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens  
 lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out to wode with an  
 outlawe :  
 For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to  
 drawe ;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede and  
 awe ;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe : yet had I  
 lever than,  
 That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
 man.

B.

I fay nat, nay, but as ye say, it is no maydens lore :  
 But love may make me, for your sake, as I have sayd  
 before,  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us mete in  
 store ;  
 For so that I your company may have, I aske no more :  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony  
 stone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
 alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe, — that men hym take  
 and bynde ;  
 Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.

Yf

Yf I had neede, (as God forbede!) what focours coude  
ye fynde?

For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde  
drawe behynde:

And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your coun-  
ceyle than:

Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to  
fyght;

No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:

Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes day  
and night,

I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you  
with my myght,

And you to save; as women have from deth many a  
one;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat  
sustayne

The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the snowe, the  
frost, the rayne,

The colde, the hete: for, dry, or wete, we must lodge  
on the playne;

And, us above, none other rofe but a brake, bush, or  
twayne:

Which fone sholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde  
gladly than  
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynere with you of joy and  
blyffe,  
I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is :  
Yet am I sure of one plesùre; and, shortely, it is this,—  
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not fare  
amyffe.  
Without more speche, I you besече that we were  
shortely gone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must consider,—whan ye have lust  
to dyne,  
There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale,  
ne wyne;  
Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and  
twyne;  
None other house, but leves and bowes, to cover your  
hed and myne :  
O myne hart swete, this evyll dyète sholde make you pale  
and wan;  
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

B. Amonge

B.

Amonge the wyldere dere, such an archère as men say  
that ye be,

May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete  
plente :

And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete to me ;  
With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as ye  
shall see :

And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go with  
me :

As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above  
the kne ;

With bowe in hande, for to withstande your enemyes,  
yf nede be :

And, this fame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde  
wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortly as ye can ;  
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to wo-  
manhede ;

To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyme of  
nede : —

O my swete mother, before all other for you I have  
most drede :

But nowe, adue ! I must ensue where fortune doth me  
lede. —

All this make ye : nowe let us fle ; the day cometh fast  
upon ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

## A.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell you  
why, —

Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy :  
For, lyke as ye have fayed to me, in lyke wyse hardely  
Ye wolde answère, whosoever it were, in way of com-  
pany.

It is sayd of olde, — sone hote, sone colde ; and so is a  
womàn :

For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed  
man.

## B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such wordes to fay by me ;  
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, or I you loved,  
pardè :

And though that I of aunçestry a barons daughter be,  
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer of lowe  
degre ;

And ever shall, whatso befall ; to dy therefore anone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

A. A

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde ! it were a curfed dede :  
To be felàwe with an outlàwe ! Almighty God for-  
bede !

Yea, beter were, the pore fquyère alone to foreft  
yede,

Than ye sholde fay another day, that by that curfed  
dede

Ye were betrayed : wherfore, good mayd, the best rede  
that I can,

Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you up-  
brayd :

But yf ye go, and leve me fo, than have ye me betrayed.  
Remember you wele howe that ye dele ; for, yf ye be  
as ye fayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the  
notbrowne mayd.

Trust me truly, that I shall dy fone after ye be gone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ; for in the foreft  
nowe

I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than  
you ;

Another fayrère than ever ye were, I dare it wele  
avowe ;

And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with other, as  
I trowe :



It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe; so wyll I, yf I can;  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyshed  
 man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought, but that I  
 will be your :

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and courteys  
 every hour;

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll commaunde me, to my  
 power :

For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that  
 one ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
 alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I fe the prove that ye be kynde,  
 and true ;

Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that ever  
 I knewe.

Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaunged  
 newe ;

For it were ruthe, that, for your truthie, ye sholde have  
 cause to rewe :

Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you, whan I  
 began,

I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyshed  
 man.

B. These.

B.

These tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a  
quene,

Yf I were sure they sholde endure : but it is often fene,  
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke the wordes  
on the splene :

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele from me,  
I wene :

Than were the case worse than it was, and I more wo-  
begone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you  
alone.

B.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ; I will not dysparage  
You, (God defende !) syth you descend of so grete a  
lynage.

Nowe understande, — to Westmarlande, which is myne  
herytage,

I wyll you bringe ; and with a rynge, by way of ma-  
ryage

I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortely as I can :  
Thus have ye won an erlys son, and not a banyshed  
man.

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in love, meke, kynde,  
and stable :

Late never man reprove them than, . . . . .  
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be com-  
fortable,

Which sometyme proved such as he loved, yf they be  
charytable.

For.

Forsoth, men wolde that women sholde be meke to  
 them ech one ;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but  
 hym alone.

H E N R Y A N D E M M A.

A P O E M,

Upon the Model of the NUT-BROWN MAID.

T O C L O E.

**T**HOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command  
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)  
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play ;  
 Careless of what the censuring world may say :  
 Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,  
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow ?  
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,  
 And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?  
 No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old ;  
 Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd :  
 At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd ;  
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.  
 No longer man of woman shall complain,  
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again :  
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,  
 Who change the constant lover for the new.

What-

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,  
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd :  
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,  
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.  
 And, while my notes to future times proclaim  
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;  
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse :  
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.  
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,  
 And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse !

As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace  
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;  
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt  
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt ;  
 O let the story with thy life agree :  
 Let men once more the bright example see ;  
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me.  
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,  
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.  
 But oh ! with pity long-intreated crown  
 My pains and hopes ; and, when thou say'st that one  
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame  
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,  
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;  
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care  
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;

This

This lord had headed his appointed bands,  
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;  
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)  
 Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd  
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,  
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,  
 In honourable ease and rural sport,  
 The remnant of his days he safely past ;  
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.  
 He made his wish with his estate comply,  
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,  
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.  
 They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,  
 Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name :  
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd ;  
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.  
 Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,  
 He call'd her oft' in sport his Nut-brown Maid,  
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word  
 (As still they please, who imitate their lord);  
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;  
 The mutual terms around the lands were known ;  
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd ;  
 Through all the isle her beauty was confes'd.  
 Oh ! what perfections must that Virgin share,  
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !

From



From distant shires repair the noble youth,  
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.  
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,  
 They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.  
 By public praises, and by secret sighs,  
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.  
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,  
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.  
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,  
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.  
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ:  
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.  
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,  
 Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,  
 Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art. }  
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one:  
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown: }  
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone. }

While these in public to the castle came,  
 And by their grandeur justified their flame;  
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes;  
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:  
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,  
 Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,  
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.  
 In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:  
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.  
 Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,  
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey;



Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;  
 And shews the path her steed may safest take;  
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;  
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;  
 And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:  
 With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.  
 Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,  
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.  
 And when superior now the bird has flown,  
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;  
 With humble reverence he accosts the fair,  
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.  
 Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,  
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;  
 And by his look and sorrow is express'd,  
 A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves;  
 And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.  
 The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,  
 Or to admire, or emulate his song:  
 While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,  
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.  
 But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,  
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,  
 With dutiful respect and studious fear;  
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,  
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

With

With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :  
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;  
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;  
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.  
 But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,  
 A softer look unbends his opening brow ;  
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,  
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;  
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;  
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,  
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;  
 Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,  
 And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;  
 And oft' the pangs of absence to remove  
 By letters, soft interpreters of love :  
 Till Time and Industry (the mighty two  
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)  
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair  
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;  
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,  
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,  
 And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;  
 The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;  
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.  
 He loves : 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :  
 Great are his joys : but will they long remain ?  
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;  
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?

Beautiful

Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;  
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.  
 Another Love may gain her easy youth :  
 Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !

Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife ;  
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;  
 And most we question, what we most desire !  
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow  
 Our cup of Love unmix'd ; forbear to throw  
 Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught  
 With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought  
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;  
 Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,  
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)  
 By one great trial he resolves to prove  
 The faith of woman, and the force of love.  
 If scanning Emma's virtues he may find  
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,  
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;  
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.  
 But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;  
 If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,  
 Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;  
 His mind he vows to free from amorous care,  
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,  
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade  
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :

Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard ;  
 Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.  
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds,  
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;  
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,  
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame  
 Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark  
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,  
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,  
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.  
 As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,  
 And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers ;  
 Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care  
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;  
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,  
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,  
 Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,  
 And to each Swain the mystic honour shown ;  
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;  
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :  
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,  
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;  
 That he must something to her ear commend,  
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,  
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd ;  
 For different this from every former note,  
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;

Which told her all his future hopes were laid  
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;  
 Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her power ;  
 And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid.  
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;  
 At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt  
 The Lover's steps, the ancient Maiden-aunt.  
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,  
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;  
 For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid  
 To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,  
 Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,  
 And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find  
 Where Cupid goes ; though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye  
 To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :  
 With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,  
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.  
 But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :  
 On the low-ground his fix'd regards are cast ;  
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;  
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :  
 His painted grief does real sorrow move  
 In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek  
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break ;  
 Attentive stood the mournful Nymph : the Man  
 Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.



## H E N R Y .

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,  
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?  
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove  
 With the first tumults of a real love?  
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,  
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?  
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;  
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?  
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,  
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,  
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?  
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;  
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:  
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy charms;  
 By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms:  
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray  
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,  
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,  
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.  
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,  
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;  
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;  
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:  
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;  
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;  
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,  
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

Q 2

EMMA.



## E M M A .

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;  
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?  
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?  
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?  
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear  
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.  
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,  
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:  
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,  
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,  
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;  
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.  
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;  
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;  
 No future story shall with truth upbraid  
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:  
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;  
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.  
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,  
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;  
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,  
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

## H E N R Y .

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;  
 And take good heed, what men will think and say:  
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;  
 Her father's house and civil life forfook;

That,

That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.  
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;  
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:  
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:  
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.  
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;  
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.  
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;  
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

## EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told  
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:  
 Let every tongue its various censures chuse;  
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:  
 Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;  
 And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.  
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;  
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;  
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,  
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame;  
 Nor from that busy Demon's restless power  
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,  
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,  
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

## HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?  
 With active force repel the sturdy foe?  
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,  
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;

Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,  
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?  
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,  
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;  
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,  
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :  
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny  
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :  
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love  
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew  
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;  
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,  
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.  
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame  
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?  
 And shall not Love's diviner power inspire  
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?  
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,  
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.  
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,  
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;  
 With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,  
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.  
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,  
 Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it !) should'st thou  
 bleed ;  
 To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,  
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;  
 I Bleft,

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,  
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y .

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain  
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?  
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,  
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;  
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist  
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?  
When, chill'd by adverse snows and bearing rain,  
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;  
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,  
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;  
And find among the cliffs no other house,  
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;  
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye  
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try  
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)  
To find thy father's hospitable gate,  
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate? }  
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;  
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:  
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,  
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

E M M A .

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,  
From its decline determin'd to recede;  
Did I but purpose to embark with thee  
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;

Q 4

While

While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,  
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;  
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,  
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?  
 No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied  
 Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide ;  
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,  
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey ;  
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,  
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :  
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer  
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),  
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,  
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;  
 With humble duty and officious haste,  
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;  
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,  
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring :  
 And, when at night with weary toil oppress'd,  
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest ;  
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer  
 Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care ;  
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,  
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.  
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,  
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :  
 By all these sacred names be Henry known  
 To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him own,  
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone !

HENRY.



H E N R Y .

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care  
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :  
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,  
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.  
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break  
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;  
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,  
 In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :  
 No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,  
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,  
 That air and harmony of shape express,  
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :  
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,  
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,  
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,  
 And double every charm they seek to hide.  
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,  
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear  
 Shall stand uncouth : a horse-man's coat shall hide  
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :  
 The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee  
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :  
 And, with a bolder stride and looser air,  
 Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,  
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :  
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there :  
 Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.  
 Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view :  
 For such must be my friends, a hideous crew

By



By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,  
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :  
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,  
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :  
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,  
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :  
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,  
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :  
 With such she must return at setting light,  
 Though not partaker, witness of their night.  
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds  
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds  
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,  
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;  
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,  
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,  
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,  
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,  
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :  
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,  
 No middle object to thy choice is given.  
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;  
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to  
 rove.

## E M M A .

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates  
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :  
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run  
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.

Yet

Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;  
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :  
 And sure my little heart can never err  
 Amidst the worst ; if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;  
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :  
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;  
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.  
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.  
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,  
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :  
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :  
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress :  
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.  
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,  
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :  
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;  
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride  
 For thee : my cloaths, my sex, exchange'd for thee,  
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;  
 O line extreme of human infamy !

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear  
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.  
 Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace  
 This little red and white of Emma's face.  
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,  
 Left by my look or colour be express'd  
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.  
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,  
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;

Lost to the world, let me to him be known :  
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,  
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !  
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,  
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ft to go  
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?  
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?  
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !  
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same  
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame ;  
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.  
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?  
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :  
 No longer loose desire for constant love  
 Mistake ; but say, 'tis Man with whom thou long'ft to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords ;  
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?  
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,  
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !  
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's  
 fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,  
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ;  
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,  
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,  
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ;  
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,  
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?

Lct

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite  
 Produce my actions to severest light,  
 And tax my open day, or secret night.  
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart  
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?  
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,  
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?  
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known  
 One fault, but that which I must never own,  
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

H E N R Y .

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :  
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.  
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :  
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find  
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,  
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :  
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,  
 We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow :  
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,  
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;  
 Our falshood and our arms have equal use ;  
 As they our conquest or delight produce.  
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,  
 The only boon departing love can give.  
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;  
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?  
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;  
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;  
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.

The

The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)  
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;  
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave. }  
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;  
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ; }  
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our case;  
 I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase  
 Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw  
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law  
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued  
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !  
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;  
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms ;  
 With present power compels me to her arms.  
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind  
 (If Beauty's force to constant Love can bind),  
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid  
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;  
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,  
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err  
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.  
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :  
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :

Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove  
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;  
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to }  
 rove.

EMMA.



## E M M A .

Are we in life through one great error led ?  
 Is each man perjurd, and each nymph betray'd ?  
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?  
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curst ?  
 Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove,  
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,  
 This happy object of our different care,  
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend  
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).  
 What she demands, incessant I 'll prepare :  
 I 'll weave her garlands ; and I 'll plait her hair :  
 My busy diligence shall deck her board  
 (For there at least I may approach my lord) ;  
 And, when her Henry's softer hours advise  
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes  
 Far I 'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease ;  
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,  
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;  
 When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead ;  
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :  
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,  
 And decent emblem ; and at least persuade  
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid  
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,  
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.  
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe  
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,

And



And the sad fate which she may one day prove,  
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.  
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,  
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;  
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear  
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;  
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone  
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,  
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

## HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;  
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;  
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move  
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.

O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!  
 At least excuse a trial too severe:  
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,  
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:  
 No perjurd knight desires to quit thy arms,  
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,  
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!  
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,  
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,  
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,  
 Illustrious earl: him terrible in war  
 Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,  
 And trembling fled before the British lord,  
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;  
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;  
And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought  
To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought  
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;  
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.  
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :  
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,  
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;  
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.  
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,  
And age unheeded by delight come on ;  
While yet superior Love shall mock his power :  
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,  
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold ;  
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast  
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)  
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move  
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,  
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

## E M M A .

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !  
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !  
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;  
O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,  
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.  
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,  
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?

Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?  
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?  
 None; none there is; the thought was rash and vain;  
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.  
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart;  
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;  
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,  
 But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care:  
 Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,  
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.  
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,  
 And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;  
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,  
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:  
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,  
 And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;  
 Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,  
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.  
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,  
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:  
 Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,  
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.  
 From the events which thy commands create  
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;  
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride  
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)  
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,  
 Exalted high as virtue can require;  
 With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;  
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;

Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,  
 Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore ;  
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ  
 My life subservient only to thy joy ;  
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown  
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,  
 Joyful above them and around them play'd  
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;  
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :  
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,  
 To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store ;  
 That, when their God should take his future darts,  
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,  
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,  
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :  
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate  
 These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of Beauty stopt her bridled doves ;  
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;  
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;  
 And to the triumph call'd the God of War :  
 Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice :  
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :  
 But, when she sings great Edward from the field  
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield  
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield ;  
 And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat  
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,

The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,  
 To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign ;  
 To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,  
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;  
 The British soldier from his high command  
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :  
 Let her at least perform what I desire ;  
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;  
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,  
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.  
 And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past ;  
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;  
 Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove :  
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear ;  
 And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian Deity  
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;  
 And thou, she smiling said, great God of days  
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,  
 As on the British earth, my favourite isle,  
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,  
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,  
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.  
 From every annual course let one great day  
 To celebrated sports and floral play  
 Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays  
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise  
 And everlasting marks of honour paid,  
 To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.



## A N O D E ,

Humbly inscribed to the QUEEN,

O N T H E

Glorious Success of her MAJESTY'S Arms, 1706.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

“ Te non paventis funera Gallia,

“ Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ :

“ Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri

“ Compositis venerantur armis.” HOR.

## P R E F A C E .

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.”

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of



that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have however retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Bēhest*, command; *band*, army; *pro-wess*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now mentioned,

“ Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio

“ Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.”

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England,

England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

“ From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood :”

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that Curiosa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have

reached : both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

## O D E.

## I.

**W**HEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,  
 And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;  
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,  
 He saw his fame increasing with his years;  
 Horace, great bard! (so Fate ordain'd) arose,  
 And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,  
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,  
 And set their battles in eternal light:  
 High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,  
 And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

## II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,  
 Widely distributing her high commands,  
 And boldly wise, and fortunately great,  
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;

An

An equal genius was in Spenser found;  
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:  
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,  
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:  
 Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,  
 He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

## III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue  
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,  
 Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;  
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?  
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,  
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?  
 O fairest model of imperial sway!  
 What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?  
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,  
 Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

## IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:  
 Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,  
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,  
 And cloath the verse in Spenser's native style.  
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,  
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,  
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,  
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise;  
 And latest times shall in my numbers read  
 Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

## V. As

## V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,  
 Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,  
 Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,  
 Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,  
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,  
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows ;  
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing,  
 And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,  
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,  
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire :

## VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough fate,  
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land,  
 Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,  
 And gives her second thunder to his hand.  
 Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,  
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe ;  
 Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,  
 He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.  
 Our thought flies slower than our General's fame :  
 Grasps he the bolt ? we ask—when he has hurl'd the  
 flame.

## VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain  
 Did from afar the British chief behold,  
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,  
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd :

He



He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,  
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore ;  
Too well, ' alas ! the man he knows the same,  
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,  
And sent them trembling through the frightened lands,  
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

## VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve ;  
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray  
It now would shine, and only give him leave  
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.  
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,  
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,  
Though deeply wounded, no-way yet dismay'd,  
Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;  
In fullen fury traverses the plain,  
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

## IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,  
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;  
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,  
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.  
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),  
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,  
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,  
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,  
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,  
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier  
head.

X. Yet



## X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,  
 And human faults with human grief confess,  
 'Tis thou art chang'd, while heaven is still the same;  
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success.  
 Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,  
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline:  
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,  
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.  
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;  
 For Jove's great handmaid Power must Jove's decrees  
 pursue.

## XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!  
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,  
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,  
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.  
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,  
 And all of William that was mortal died;  
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword  
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.  
 Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,  
 Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

## XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour  
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,  
 The master-sword, disposer of thy power:  
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.

He

He took the gift : Nor ever will I sheathe  
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),  
 The General said, unless by glorious death  
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.  
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,  
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

## XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,  
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands ;  
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,  
 Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.  
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide  
 (If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),  
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,  
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.  
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats ;  
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power retreats.

## XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,  
 With mingled anger and collected might,  
 To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,  
 How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.  
 On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,  
 Behold them rushing through the Gallic host :  
 Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,  
 Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.  
 They deal their terrors to the adverse nation :  
 Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV. But

## XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows ;  
 And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate ;  
 While Britain presses her afflicted foes ;  
 What horror damps the strong, and quells the great !  
 Whence look the soldier's cheeks dismay'd and pale ?  
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread ?  
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail ;  
 And the pursuers only not recede.  
 Alas ! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief !  
 For, anxious, lo ! they croud around their falling chief.

## XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar ;  
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound :  
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war : —  
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground. —  
 Vain wish ! short joy ! the hero mounts again  
 In greater glory, and with fuller light :  
 The evening-star so falls into the main,  
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.  
 He rises safe, but near, too near his side,  
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

## XVII.

Propitious Mars ! the battle is regain'd :  
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field :  
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd :  
 Freedom must live ; and lawless power must yield.  
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,  
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove !  
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell :  
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.

Again

Again France flies, again the duke pursues,  
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

## XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms ! receive  
From thy triumphant country's public voice :  
Thy country greater thanks can only give  
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.  
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,  
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat :  
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,  
And in those spoils we thought thy praise compleat.  
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,  
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

## XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies  
A pitch to old and modern times unknown :  
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize  
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.  
Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,  
And on the subject world look'd safely down,  
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were made,  
Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown :  
Still gaining more, still flighting what he gain'd,  
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone re-  
main'd.

## XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,  
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled ;  
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall ;  
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said :

And

And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,  
 Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?  
 Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe?  
 Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?  
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,  
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd  
 coast?

## XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,  
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:  
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,  
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.  
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,  
 To dare our British foes to open fight:  
 Our conquest we by stratagem should make:  
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.  
 'Tis ours, by craft and by surprize to gain:  
 'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

## XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,  
 Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods  
 From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,  
 And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes:  
 And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat  
 By heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:  
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate  
 Live, mindful of the author of your race,  
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,  
 Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII. Their



## XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow :  
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his fable shield,  
 Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,  
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field :  
 Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,  
 And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea :  
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,  
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny :  
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal :  
 For, oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to  
 tell ?

## XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,  
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,  
 Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke ;  
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.  
 And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,  
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies :  
 So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,  
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise ;  
 And every age she with a race is crown'd,  
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

## XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel ;  
 Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,  
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,  
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.



Nor France on univerfal fway intent,  
 Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars;  
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)  
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars:  
 Thofe feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,  
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

## XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,  
 What tidings fhall the meffenger convey?  
 Shall the loud herald our fucces relate,  
 Or mitred prieft appoint the folemn day?  
 Alas! my praifes they no more muft fing;  
 They to my ftatue now muft bow no more:  
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:  
 Fallen, fallen for ever, is the Gallic power. —  
 The Woman Chief is mafter of the war:  
 Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven by  
 prayer.

## XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's defpair commends  
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,  
 What fhall thy fubjects fay, and what thy friends?  
 How fhall thy triumphs in our joy be feen?  
 Oh! deign to let the eldeft of the Nine  
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:  
 Oh! with her fifter Sculpture let her join  
 To raife, great Anne, the monument to thee;  
 To thee, of all our good the facred fpring;  
 To thee, our deareft dread; to thee, our fofter King.

XXVIII. Let

## XXVIII.

Let Europe fav'd the column high erect,  
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's ;  
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect  
 And full atchievement of thy great designs.  
 In a calm heaven, and a serener air,  
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,  
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,  
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.  
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,  
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage below.

## XXIX.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,  
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,  
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,  
 Shall fix his foot : and this, be this the land,  
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,  
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here  
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie ; or, crown'd, I'll reign—  
 O virtue to thy British mother dear !  
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide ;  
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

## XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,  
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.  
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,  
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own :  
 Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,  
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,  
 Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,  
 Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war ;

Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne ;  
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

## XXXI.

There Iſther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,  
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare  
Germania fav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,  
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear ;  
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,  
Leading his iſlanders, renown'd in arms,  
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before  
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms ;  
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams  
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

## XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,  
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet ;  
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy powers,  
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.  
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,  
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd ;  
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,  
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword ;  
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,  
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

## XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,  
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie ;  
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,  
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry ;

And

And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,  
 Marks of high power and national command,  
 Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,  
 Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand :  
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,  
 From Cressy's battle fav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

## XXXIV.

And, as fine art the spaces may dispose,  
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see  
 Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British rose,  
 Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty :  
 The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand  
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;  
 Hibernia's harp, device of her command,  
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :  
 Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,  
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

## XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh ! very far beneath,  
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,  
 To save herself from darkness and from death,  
 That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;  
 Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,  
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,  
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing ;  
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,  
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease ;  
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

## HER RIGHT NAME.

**A**S Nancy at her toilet sat,  
 Admiring this, and blaming that;  
 Tell me, she said; but tell me true;  
 The Nymph who could your heart subdue.  
 What sort of charms does she possess?  
 Absolve me, fair-one: I'll confess;  
 With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair,  
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,  
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole.  
 In her high forehead's fair half round  
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd:  
 He in the dimple of her chin,  
 In private state, by friends is seen.  
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray;  
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;  
 Their dubious lustre seems to show  
 Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.  
 Her lips no living bard I weet,  
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet;  
 Old Homer only could indite  
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight:  
 They stand recorded in his book,  
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke—  
 The gipsy, turning to her glass,  
 Too plainly shew'd, she knew the face;  
 And which am I most like, she said,  
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA.

## C A N T A T A .

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

**B**ENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,  
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,  
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,  
 To Venus thus address'd the song :  
 Ten thousand little Loves around,  
 Listening, dwelt on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son  
 Sound no more his dire alarms.  
 Youth on silent wings is flown :  
 Graver years come rolling on.  
 Spare my age, unfit for arms :  
 Safe and humble let me rest,  
 From all amorous care releas'd.  
 Potent Venus, bid thy son  
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare  
 The fragrant wreath for Cloë's hair ?  
 Why do I all day lament and sigh,  
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?  
 And why all night pursue her in my dreams,  
 Through flowery meads and crystal streams ?

S 4

RECIT.



## R E C I T .

Thus fung the Bard ; and thus the Goddess spoke : .

Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke :

Every state, and every age,

Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :

Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove, .

That all the world was born to love.

## A R I E T .

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover

Soft desire and gentle pain :

Often praise, and always love her :

Through her ear, her heart obtain. .

Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her. .

Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

Lines written in an O V I D : .

A Translation from the F R E N C H .

O V I D is the surest guide,  
You can name, to shew the way

To any woman, maid or bride,

Who resolves to go astray.

## A T R U E M A I D .

N O, no ; for my virginity,  
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die :

Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,

Rose, were you not extremely sick ?

A N O T H E R .

## A N O T H E R .

**T**EN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,  
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed :  
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,  
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise.  
 But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,  
 Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin ;  
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,  
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once  
     squeal.  
 Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your  
     lives,  
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

## A R E A S O N A B L E A F F L I C T I O N .

**O**N his death-bed poor Lubin lies ;  
 His spouse is in despair :  
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,  
     They both express their care .  
  
 A different cause, says parson Sly,  
     The same effect may give :  
 Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die ;  
     His wife, that he may live .

Another

## Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

**F**ROM her own native France as old Alifon past,  
 She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with  
 malice,  
 That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haste,  
 Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

## A N O T H E R .

**H**ER eye-brow-box one morning loft,  
 (The best of folks are ofteneft croft),  
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said  
 (Her carelefs but afflicted maid),  
 Put me to bed then, wretched Jane ;  
 Alas ! when shall I rise again ?  
 I can behold no mortal now :  
 For what 's an eye without a brow ?

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

**I**N a dark corner of the house  
 Poor Helen fits, and sobs, and cries ;  
 She will not see her loving spouse,  
 Nor her more dear picquet allies :  
 Unless she find her eye-brows,  
 She 'll e'en weep out her eyes.

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

**H** E L E N was just flipt into bed :  
 Her eye-brows on the toilet lay :  
 Away the kitten with them fled,  
 As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune carelefs Jane,  
 Affure yourself, was loudly rated :  
 And madam, getting up again,  
 With her own hand the moufe-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,  
 Depends our human joy or forrow :  
 If we don't catch a moufe to-night,  
 Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

## P H Y L L I S ' S A G E .

**H** O W old may Phyllis be, you ask,  
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?  
 To answer is no easy task :  
 For ſhe has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in ſtays,  
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;  
 All day let Envy view her face,  
 And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,  
 At night Astronomers agree,  
 The evening has the day bely'd ;  
 And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is Beauty, says baron Le Cras,  
 Perceiving his Mistrefs had one eye of glafs :  
 And scarcely had he spoke it ;  
 When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,  
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true :  
 She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A N E P I G R A M.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you exprefs,  
 That uncall'd Alard will possess  
 Your house and coach, both day and night,  
 And that Macbeth was haunted less  
 By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,  
 Do you complain, you cannot bear  
 An ill, you may so soon retrieve ?  
 Good Alard, faith, is modefter  
 By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or ;  
 And you shall never see him more :  
 Take the advice ; *probatum est*.  
 Why do the Gods indulge our store,  
 But to secure our rest ?

EPILOGUE TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA and HIPPOLYTUS,  
 Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore  
 For one, who never troubled you before :  
 An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,  
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak ;  
 And comes to town to let us Moderns know,  
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play :  
 Egad ! we know all that as well as they :  
 Shew us the youthful, handsome charioteer,  
 Firm in his feat, and running his career ;  
 Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,  
 As e'er inspir'd the antient Grecian dames :  
 Every Ismena would resign her breast ;  
 And every dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares  
 Are e'en as good as any two of theirs :  
 And, if Hippolytus can but contrive  
 To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,  
 And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,

Something



Something at least in justice should be said ;  
 But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—  
 Well ! Phædra liv'd as chaftefy as ſhe cou'd ;  
 For ſhe was Father Jove's own fleſh and blood.  
 Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated ;  
 She and her Poly were too near related ;  
 And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,  
 If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly dy'd :  
 But when he came, what needed he to know,  
 But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo* ?  
 There was no harm, you ſee ; or, grant there were,  
 She might want conduct ; but he wanted care.  
 'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,  
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—  
 He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,  
 That he would come exact at ſuch an hour ;  
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt ;  
 Found every thing contribute to his reſt ;  
 The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,  
 And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.

But, if theſe gay reflections come too late,  
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate ;  
 If your more ſerious judgement muſt condemn  
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame :  
 Yet, ye chafte matrons, and ye tender fair,  
 Let Love and Innocence engage your care :  
 My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take ;  
 And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

## A CRITICAL MOMENT.

**H**OW capricious were Nature and Art to poor  
Nell!

She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

## EPILOGUE TO Mrs. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

**T**HE Female Author who recites to-day,  
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.  
Like Father Bayes securely she sits down :  
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad ! all's our own.  
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,  
By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,  
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string ;  
Though they could all do something more than sing.  
But one exception to this fact we find ;  
That booby Phaon only was unkind,  
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind. }  
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,  
And now on French or on Italian stages,  
Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,  
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.  
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man  
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.  
The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets  
Scorns to attack the female that he meets :  
Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns :  
The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.

The

The many-colour'd gentry there above,  
 By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love :  
 And, while their sweethearts their attention fix,  
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.  
 Now, Sirs——

To you our author makes her soft request,  
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,  
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,  
 From tender friendship, and endearing love.  
 If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse ;  
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse ;  
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears !  
 I plead her sex's claim ; what matters hers ?  
 By our full power of beauty we think fit,  
 To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit :  
 We'll try the empire who so long have boasted ;  
 And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.  
 Approve what one of us presents to-night ;  
 Or every mortal woman here shall write :  
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,  
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ;  
 Female remarks shall take up all your time. }  
 Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;  
 Female third-days shall come so thick upon you,  
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,  
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.  
 Unless you yield for better and for worse :  
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the course ;  
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse. }

The THIEF and the CORDELIER,  
 a BALLAD; to the Tune of,  
 King JOHN and the Abbot of CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the  
 Greve,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;  
 Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute,  
 To ease Hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down,

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had put on ;  
 And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun ;  
 There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,  
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no  
 more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known ;  
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own ;  
 But my hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail ?  
 Cut off thy reflections ; and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
 And for want of false witnesses to back a bad cause,  
 A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear :  
 And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,  
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin :  
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;  
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the Priest;  
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.  
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon :  
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such  
fancies :  
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :  
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,  
You have only to die: let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?  
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :  
Courage, friend ; for to-day is your period of sorrow ;  
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero replied in a fright :  
He that 's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-  
night.  
Tell your beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly trufs'd up,  
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas!

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,  
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;  
 I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,  
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;  
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.  
 The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;  
 For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,  
 Dispatch me, I prythee, this troublesome blade:  
 For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;  
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, &c.

## T O C H L O E .

**W**HILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,  
 In vain cold friendship you return;  
 Your drops of pity on my fire,  
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress'd,  
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,  
 Take half my passion to your breast;  
 The rest in mine shall ever last.



## A N E P I T A P H.

“ Stet quicumque volet potens

“ Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.”

SENEC.

**I**NTERR'D beneath this marble stone  
 Lie fauntering Jack and idle Joan.  
 While rolling threescore years and one  
 Did round this globe their courses run ;  
 If human things went ill or well ;  
 If changing empires rose or fell ;  
 The morning past, the evening came,  
 And found this couple still the same.  
 They walk'd, and eat, good folks : what then ?  
 Why then they walk'd and eat again :  
 They soundly slept the night away :  
 They did just nothing all the day :  
 And, having bury'd children four,  
 Would not take pains to try for more :  
 Nor sister either had nor brother ;  
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.  
 Their moral and œconomy  
 Most perfectly they made agree :  
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.  
 Nor fame nor censure they regarded :  
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.  
 He car'd not what the footmen did :  
 Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid :

So

So every servant took his course ;  
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.  
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;  
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.  
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port :  
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.  
They gave the poor the remnant meat,  
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;  
And took, but read not, the receipt :  
For which they claim their Sunday's due,  
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;  
So never made themselves a foe.  
No man's good deeds did they commend ;  
So never rais'd themselves a friend.  
Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;  
That might decrease their present store :  
Nor barn nor house did they repair ;  
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;  
They neither wanted nor abounded.  
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,  
And wound their bottom round the year.  
Nor tear nor smile did they employ  
At news of public grief or joy.  
When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;  
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :  
Their jug was to the ringers carried ;  
Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found ;  
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wife ;  
They would not learn, nor could advise :  
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
They led—a kind of—as it were :  
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried :  
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

Written in MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY in FRANCE,  
after the Peace, 1713.

**D**ICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen  
Of cities and of courts, of books and men ;  
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live ;  
And from the transcript of thy prose receive  
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile  
Accept the work ; and the instructed isle,  
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,  
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard ;  
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

## An EPISTLE, desiring the QUEEN's Picture.

Written at PARIS, 1714.

But left unfinished, by the sudden News  
of her MAJESTY's Death.

**T**HE train of equipage and pomp of state,  
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,  
Let other ministers, great Anne, require;  
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.  
To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,  
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight;  
If ever I found favour in thy fight;  
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake  
My past has took, or future life may take,  
Be grateful to my Queen: permit my prayer,  
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow  
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?  
That, in despite of age, of impious flame,  
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame  
Entire may last; that, as their eyes survey  
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,  
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen;  
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;  
When to a low, but to a loyal hand  
The mighty Empress gave her high command,  
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,  
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;

To say, she wills detested wars to cease;  
 She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease;  
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

}

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,  
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have power  
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign;  
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,  
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,  
 Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,  
 The votive tablet I suspend \* \* \* \*

To the Right Honourable  
 The COUNTESS Dowager of DEVONSHIRE;  
 On a Piece of WIESSEN'S,  
 whereon were all her GRANDSONS painted.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest,  
 If She created, or He painted best;  
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,  
 She, still form'd fairer; He, still liker drew.  
 In these seven brethren, they contended last,  
 With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,  
 And, both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,  
 The Goddess triumph'd, and the Painter dy'd.  
 That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,  
 Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:  
 For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd  
 Only yourself thus often multiply'd.

When

When Heaven had You and gracious Anna \* made,  
 What more exalted beauty could it add ?  
 Having no nobler images in store,  
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more  
 Than copy well what it had fram'd before. }  
 If in dear Burghley's generous face we see  
 Obliging truth and handsome honesty :  
 With all that world of charms, which soon will move  
 Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love :  
 His every grace, his fair descent assures,  
 He has his mother's beauty, she has yours :  
 If every Cecil's face had every charm,  
 That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form ;  
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due,  
 They are all fair, because they 're all like you.  
 If every Ca'ndish great and charming look ;  
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.  
 In their each limb, your image is exprest ;  
 But on their brow firm courage stands confest ;  
 There, their great father, by a strong increase,  
 Adds strength to beauty, and compleats the piece :  
 Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view, }  
 Wieffen seven times one great perfection drew ;  
 Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent-sun, with genial beams,  
 Has animated many goodly gems,  
 He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,  
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

\* Eldest daughter of the Countess.



So when great Rhea many births had given,  
 Such as might govern earth, and people heaven ;  
 Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,  
 She saw the Deity in every son :  
 And to what God foe'er men altars rais'd,  
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys.  
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys :  
 Your stronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,  
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah ! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd,  
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind :  
 Through circling years thy labours would survive,  
 And living rules to fairest virtue give,  
 To men unborn and ages yet to live :  
 'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,  
 Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do ;  
 Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,  
 And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

### A FABLE, from PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the MEDLEY, 1710.

**T**HE Fox an actor's vizard found,  
 And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round :  
 Then threw it in contempt away,  
 And thus old Phædrus heard him say :  
 " What noble part canst thou sustain,  
 " Thou specious head without a brain ?"

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