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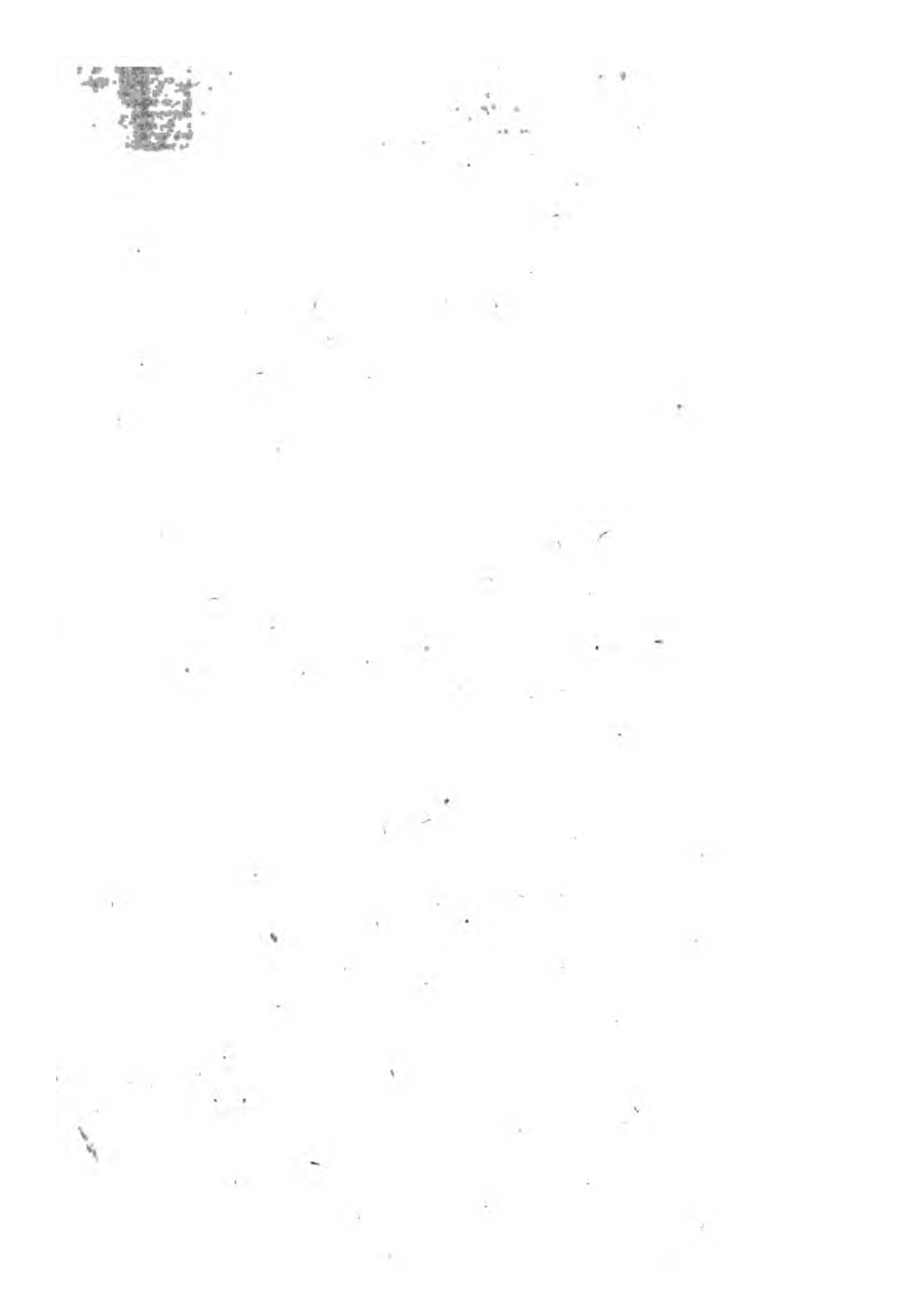
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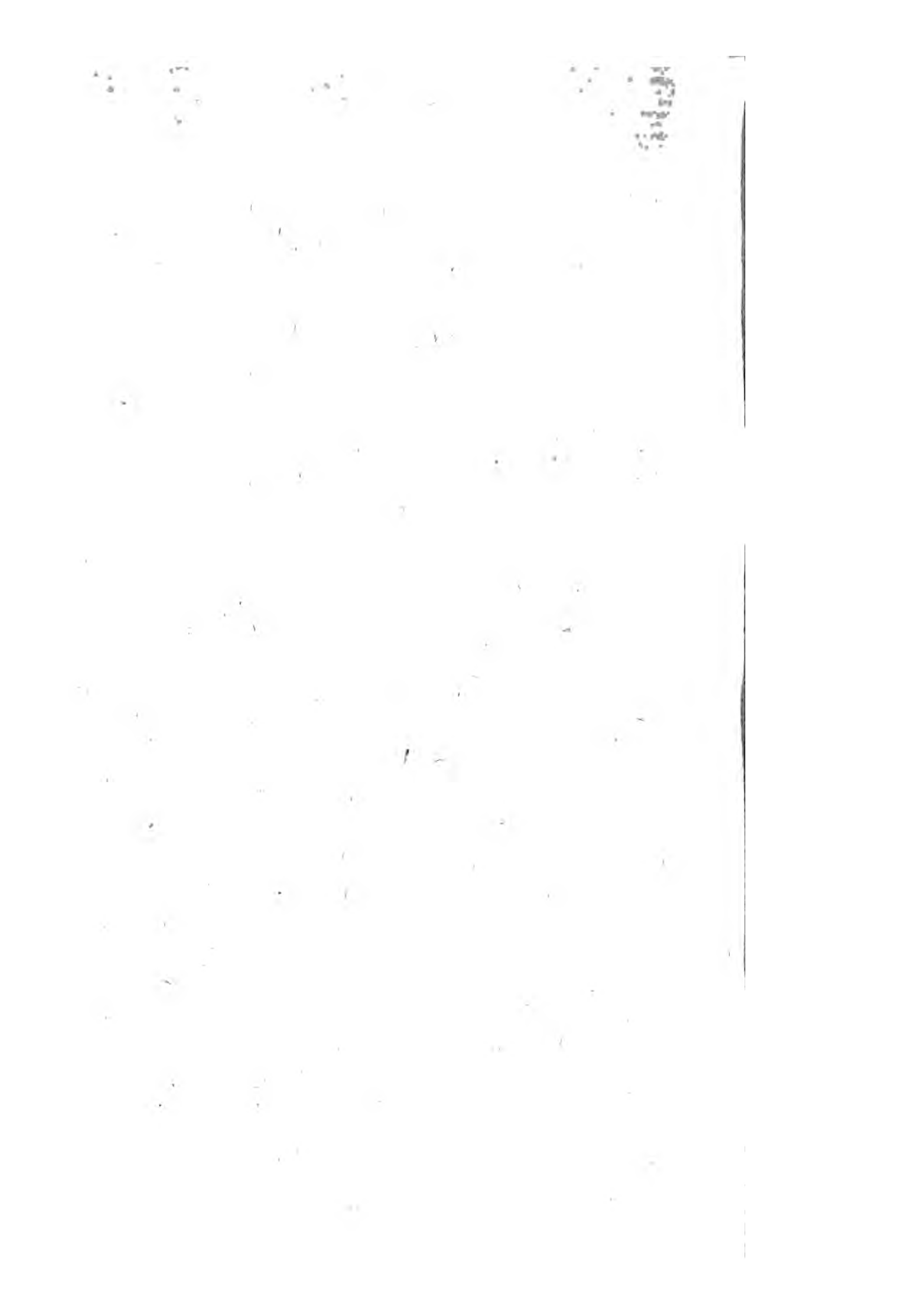


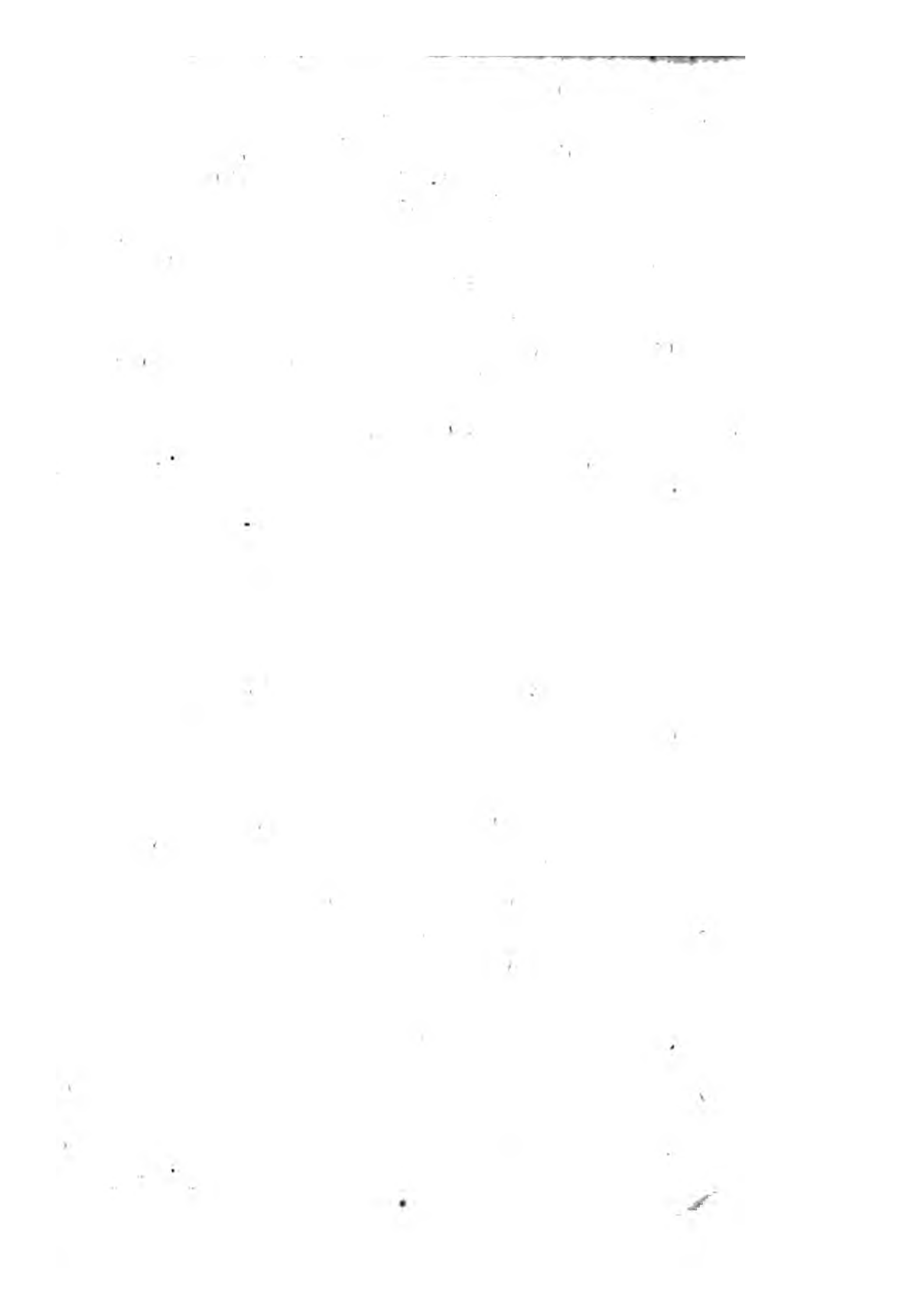
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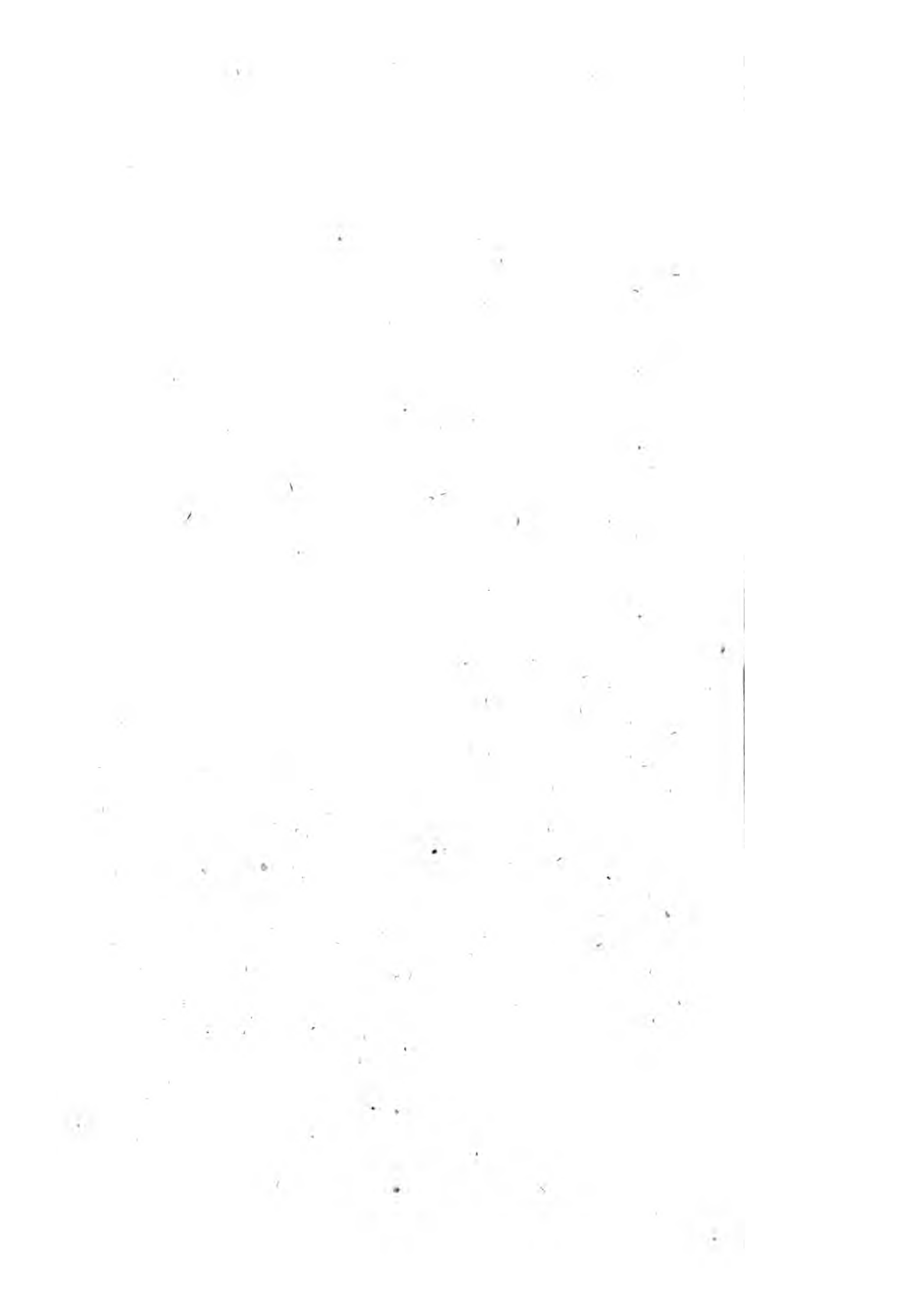


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DENHAM.

Collier sculp.

THE
W O R K S
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

L O N D O N:

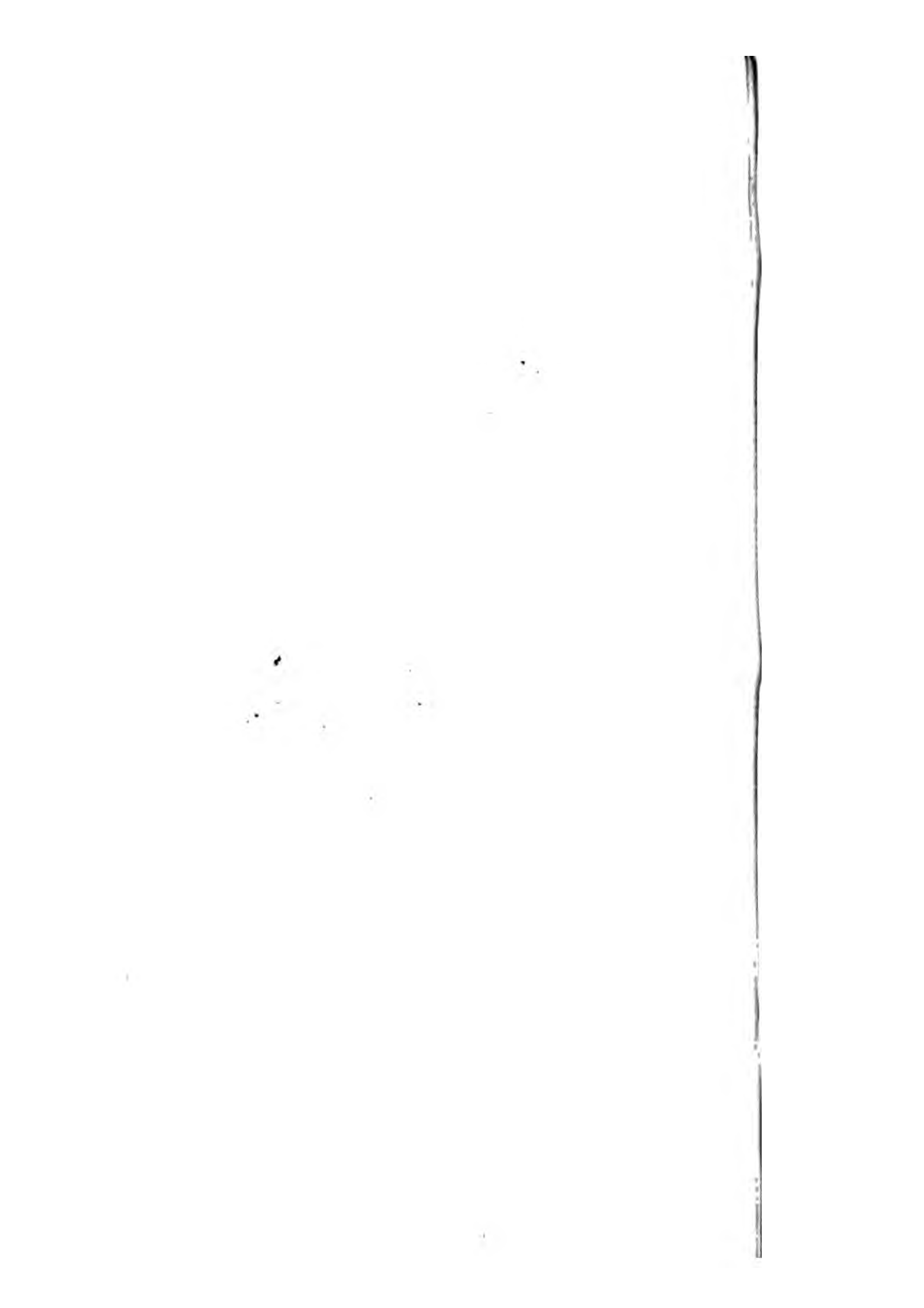
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J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X.



THE
P O E M S
OF
D E N H A M,
AND
S P R A T T.



P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE HONOURABLE
SIR JOHN DENHAM,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

B

Handwritten text, possibly a list or notes, consisting of several lines of faint, illegible characters.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a small note.

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T O T H E

K I N G.

S I R,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs: But, sir, I will not launch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (being those to Sir R. Fanshaw); and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if

they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton-Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germaines to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign

reign invasion and domestic discontent gave us : but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth ; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same ; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after ; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it ? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me : and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them ; and that this divorce was not *Frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice,

and not of necessity. Therefore, fir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being *Nimis Poëta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

“ Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

“ Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.”

Your majesty's most faithful

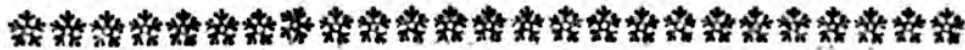
and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

J O. D E N H A M.

P O E M S

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.



C O O P E R ' S H I L L .

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye :
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,

8 DENHAM'S POEMS.

Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
 Paul's, the late theme of such a * Muse whose flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height :
 Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud :
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems :
 Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin, and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure, and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes :

* Mr. Waller.

But

But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance ;
Mark'd-out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Among that numerous, and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not

Not to recount those several kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
 But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
 (The lilies which his father wore, he won)
 And thy † Bellona, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
 She to thy triumph led one captive ‡ king,
 And brought that son, which did the second ‡ bring.
 Then didst thou found that order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design, has been the great success :
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as power to act her will,
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;
 That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

When

D E N H A M ' S P O E M S .

11

When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretel, and prophesy of him,
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
 That bound which to the world's extreamest ends,
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the foldier and the faint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
 But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
 Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
 Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
 Were these their crimes? They were his own much more:
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
 Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
 No crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good:
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:

Thus

Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
 But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
 And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
 Then did religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty, airy contemplations dwell ;
 And like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temperate region can be known,
 Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone ?
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure,
 But to be cast into a calenture ?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance ;
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than led by a false guide to err by day ?
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king ;
 When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs ;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such th' effects of our devotions are ?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
 My eye descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.

Thames,

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old fire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil :
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind ;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !

Though

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the * stars, and bathe the gods.
 Here nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight,
 To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
 Though these delights from several causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)
 Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides

* The Forest.

A shady

A shady mantle cloaths ; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows ;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat :
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd :
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames ?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece ; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour :
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,

To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound :
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but streight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset ;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met ;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet :
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;

Sadly

Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own ;
 And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame ;
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now every leaf, and every moving breath
 Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued :
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage, than his fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafe are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;
 Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst ; alas, they thirst for blood.
 So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly,
 From his unerring hand, then glad, to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent, and happy chace,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair liberty pursued, * and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same center move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.

* Runny Mead.

The

The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave :
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And even that power, that should deny, betray,
" Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
" Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects, by oppression, bold :
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow course;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells :
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

T H E
DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE
SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

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

The first Book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The

The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
 And the declining stars to rest invite ;
 Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
 Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
 By fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
 The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
 A fabrick like a moving mountain frame,
 Pretending vows for their return ; this fame
 Divulges, then within the beast's vast womb
 The choice and flower of all their troops entomb ;
 In view the isle of Tenedos, once high,
 In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
 (Now but an unsecure and open bay)
 Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
 We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ fail'd,
 And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd ;
 All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
 To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
 Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles ; here
 The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there ;
 But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
 Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
 And first Thymoetes moves (urg'd by the power
 Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower ;
 But Capys and the graver fort thought fit
 The Greeks suspected present to commit
 To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
 The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
 Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
 Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd

Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what desperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incens'd Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.

To

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counsels or affairs he knew :
Then fearless he replies, great king, to you
All truth I shall relate : nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny ;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support,
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft :
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece ; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date :
Old guilt fresh malice gives ; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue ;
Or why defer your rage ? on me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.

Ulyſſes this, th' Atridæ this deſire
 At any rate. We ſtrait are ſet on fire
 (Unpractis'd in ſuch mysteries) to enquire
 The manner and the cauſe, which thus he told,
 With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.
 Oft have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tir'd
 With tedious war, a ſtolen retreat deſir'd,
 And would to heaven they'd gone : but ſtill diſmay'd
 By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtay'd.
 Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd,
 Strange noiſes fill'd the air ; we, all amaz'd,
 Diſpatch Eurypylyus t' enquire our fates,
 Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates ;
 A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
 When firſt towards Troy the Grecians took the ſeas ;
 Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
 Muſt purchaſe. All at this confounded ſtood :
 Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
 Of what, the miſchief but on one can fall.
 Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inspir'd)
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd ;
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
 Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
 Ten days the prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
 Would no man's fate pronounce ; at laſt conſtrain'd
 By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
 Me for the ſacrifice ; the people join'd
 In glad conſent, and all their common fear
 Determine in my fate ; the day drew near,

The

The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths ; then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my bones I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did).
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men ; by these I beg, redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then spake the king, Be ours, whoe'er thou art ;
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This pile ? to a war-like, or religious end ?
Skilful in fraud (his native art), his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
I scap'd ; ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim ;
Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.

From

From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
 Counfels and actions took original,
 Till Diomed (for fuch attempts made fit
 By dire conjunction with Ulyffes' wit)
 Affails the facred tower, the guards they flay,
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
 The fatal image; ftraight with our fuccels
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies exprels
 Her juft difdain, her flaming eyes did throw
 Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
 A briny fweat, thrice brandifhing her fpear,
 Her ftatue from the ground itfelf did rear;
 Then, that we fhould our facrilege reftore,
 And reconvey their gods from Argos' fhore,
 Calchas perfuades, till then we urge in vain
 The fate of Troy. To meafure back the main
 They all confent, but to return again,
 When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
 Thus Calchas; then, inftead of that, this pile
 To Pallas was defign'd; to reconcile
 Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
 To this vaft height and monftrous ftature built,
 Left, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
 Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
 But if this facred gift you dif-eftem,
 Then cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them!)
 Shall fall on Priam's ftate: but if the horfe
 Your walls afcend, affifted by your force,
 A league 'gainft Greece all Afia fhall contract:
 Our fons then fuffering what their fires would act.

Thus

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
 A feigned tear destroys us, again whom
 Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.
 This seconded by a most sad portent,
 Which credit to the first imposture lent;
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
 Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
 When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
 Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
 Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
 And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
 Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
 And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
 Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came
 A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
 Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
 Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
 (Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
 Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
 They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
 His neck twice compassing, and twice his waste:
 Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
 While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
 Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
 From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
 Shakes the huge ax; the conquering serpents fly
 To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
 Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
 We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent

Justly

Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
 With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
 The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
 We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall
 Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall ;
 Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
 Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
 With rolls and levers : thus our works it climbs,
 Big with our fate, the youth with songs and rhimes,
 Some dance, some hale the rope ; at last let down
 It enters with a thundering noise the town.
 Oh Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd !
 Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
 Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
 Cassandra then foretels th' event, but she
 Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
 The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
 In feasts that day, which was (alas !) our last.
 Now by the revolution of the skies,
 Night's fable shadows from the ocean rise,
 Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
 The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
 When from the admiral's high poop appears
 A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
 Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
 When Sinon (fav'd by the gods' partial power)
 Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
 To the free air the armed freight restores :

Ulysses,

Ulyffes, Stheneleus, Tifander, flide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide ;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was :
The gates they feize ; the guards, with fleep and wine
Opprest, furprize, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of fleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care ;
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His afpect fuch when, foil'd with bloody duft,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruft
By his infulting foe ; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils ; when he, among
A thoufand fhips, (like Jove) his lightning flung !
His horrid beard and knotted trefles stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood :
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) faid, the joy,
The hope and ftay of thy declining Troy ;
What region held thee, whence, fo much defir'd,
Art thou reftor'd to us confum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths ; but what fad caufe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thofe wounds ?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddeffs-born, our walls
The Greeks poffefs, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories ; if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it fould.

What

What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
 Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
 With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
 Which, tost on seas, thou shalt at last erect :
 Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
 Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
 Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
 From far (for shady coverts did surround
 My father's house) ; approaching still more near
 The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear :
 Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
 The houses tops, and listening there attend.
 As flames roll'd by the winds conspiring force,
 O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging course
 Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
 And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd for noise
 From neighbouring hills th' amazed shepherd hears ;
 Such my surprize, and such their rage appears.
 First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
 Deiphobus, Sigæan seas did shine
 Bright with Troy's flames ; the trumpets dreadful found
 The louder groans of dying men confound ;
 Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
 Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe :
 Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
 That of all deaths, to die in arms was best.
 The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest,
 Who 'scaping with his gods and reliques fled,
 And towards the shore his little grandchild led ;

Pantheus,

Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place }
 Made good? but sighing, he replies, Alas! }
 Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was ;
 But the last period, and the fatal hour
 Of Troy is come : our glory and our power
 Incens'd Jove transfers to Grecian hands ;
 The foe within the burning town commands ;
 And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
 Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse :
 Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
 And thousands more than e'er from Argos came
 Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
 And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
 The guard nor fights nor flies ; their fate so near
 At once suspends their courage and their fear.
 Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
 Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords ;
 Where noises, tumults, out-cries and alarms,
 I heard ; first Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
 We meet, who knew us (for the moon did shine) ;
 Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
 Their force, and young Choræbus, Mygdon's son,
 Who, by the love of fair Cassandra won,
 Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid ;
 Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
 Of his prophetic spouse ;
 Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
 The fight, I said, Brave spirits (but in vain)
 Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
 Tempt all extremes? the state of our affairs

You

You see : the gods have left us, by whose aid
 Our empire stood ; nor can the flame be staid :
 Then let us fall amidst our foes ; this one
 Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
 Then re-inforc'd, as in a stormy night
 Wolves urged by their raging appetite
 Forage for prey, which their neglected young
 With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
 Foes, fire and swords, t' assured death we pass,
 Dark'ness our guide, despair our leader was.
 Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
 Or can his tears proportion to our toils ?
 The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls ;
 Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
 Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
 Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume ;
 And now the victors fall : on all sides fears,
 Groans and pale death in all her shapes appears :
 Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
 Upon us, with civility misplac'd ;
 Thus greeting us, You lose, by your delay,
 Your share, both of the honour and the prey ;
 Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
 Back to those ships, which you but now forsake.
 We making no return ; his sad mistake
 Too late he finds : as when an unseen snake
 A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
 Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest
 Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
 So from our view surpriz'd Androgeus flies.

But

But here an easy victory we meet :
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorcæbus said,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions bear ;
The same, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield he takes, and plumed crests,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire ;
But vain 's that hope, 'gainst which the gods conspire ;
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards heaven, in vain,
Her eyes ; for cords her tender hands did strain ;
Chorcæbus at the spectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidst the foes ; we thus engag'd,
To second him, among the thickest ran ;
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour :
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.

D

Then

Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
 And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men ;
 As winds, that meet from several coasts, contest,
 Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
 And Eurus on his winged courses born,
 Triumphant in their speed, the woods are torn,
 And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
 The billows from the bottom ; then all those
 Who in the dark our fury did escape,
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
 And differing dialect : then their numbers swell
 And grow upon us ; first Choræbus fell
 Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
 Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed. }
 Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
 Their friends ; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
 Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
 Ill fate could save ; my country's funeral flame
 And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
 To witness for myself, that in their fall
 No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
 Did, and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.
 Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
 Slowly retire ; the one retarded was
 By feeble age, the other by a wound ;
 To court the cry directs us, where we found
 Th' assault so hot, as if t'were only there,
 And all the rest secure from foes or fear :

The

The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads, some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king, her little son
She would present); through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium---both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed: meantime, nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,

Who fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
 Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
 And lifts his scaly breast against the sun ;
 With him his father's squire, Automedon,
 And Peripas who drove his winged steeds,
 Enter the court ; whom all the youth succeeds
 Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
 Up to the roof ; Pyrrhus himself among
 The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
 Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
 The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
 Where Priam and the ancient monarchs fate.
 At the first gate an armed guard appears ;
 But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
 Confus'dly fill'd, the womens shrieks and cries
 The arched vaults re-echo to the skies ;
 Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
 Embrace and kiss the posts : then Pyrrhus comes
 Full of his father, neither men nor walls
 His force sustain, the torn port-cullis falls,
 Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
 And where the way they cannot find, they force.
 Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
 Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
 Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
 Shepherds and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
 And now between two sad extremes I stood,
 Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,

There

There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid ;
Then they the secret cabinets invade,
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race ; the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey,
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire :
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
Arms long diffus'd his trembling limbs invest ;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own :
There stood an altar open to the view
Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd ;
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast,
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock ; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear those arms, and in them what defence ?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain ;
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life we shall in death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
 Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
 And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
 Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
 And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
 The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
 Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows;
 The gods requite thee (if within the care
 Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
 Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
 Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen:
 Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'ft to be
 Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
 He blusht, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
 To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd:
 This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering, rung.
 Then Pyrrhus; Go a messenger to hell
 Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
 The acts of his degenerate race. So through
 His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
 To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
 His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
 Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
 With such a signal and peculiar fate,
 Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
 Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:
 He whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
 To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

On the Earl of STAFFORD's Trial and Death.

GREAT Stafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate :
As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear ;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake ;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he ;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate :
Now they could him, if he could them forgive ;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live ;
Less seem those facts which treason's nick-name bore,
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.

Their legislative frenzy they repent :
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

On my Lord CROFT'S and my Journey into
 Poland, from whence we brought 10,000 l. for
 his Majesty, by the Decimation of his Scottish
 Subjects there.

TOLE, tole,
 Gentle bell, for the foul
 Of the pure ones in Pole,
 Which are damn'd in our scroul.

Who having felt a touch
 Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
 Which though it was not much,
 Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when we did arrive,
 'Gainst the stream we did strive ;
 They would neither lead nor drive :

Nor lend
 An ear to a friend,
 Nor an answer would send
 To our letter so well penn'd.

Nor

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the dyet was dismiss;
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The dyet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Molleffon
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischiefs in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And

DENHAM'S POEMS.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majesty.

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his tint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought,
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

On Mr. THO. KILLIGREW's Return from
Venice, and Mr. WILLIAM MURREY's
from Scotland.

OUR resident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him :
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich ;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation ;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle ;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,

* Mr. W. Murrey.

For

For he is one too, or would be ;
 But he drinks no wine,
 Which is a shrewd sign
 That all's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
 How little do they think
 Of banishment, debts, or dying :
 Not old with their years,
 Nor cold with their fears ;
 But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
 Nor sobriety sad ;
 But of that they are seldom in danger ;
 At Paris, at Rome,
 At the Hague they 're at home ;
 The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,
 Being invited from Calais to Bologne, to eat a Pig.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
 With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
 Little admiral John
 To Bologne is gone,
 Whom I think they call old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,
 Will Aubrey, count of Oxon.

When

When nose lay in breech,
 And breech made a speech,
 So often cry'd a pox on ?

A knight by land and water
 Esteem'd at such a high rate,
 When 'tis told in Kent,
 In a cart that he went,
 They'll say now, hang him pirate.

Thou might'st have ta'en example,
 From what thou read'st in story ;
 Being as worthy to fit
 On an ambling tit
 As thy predecessor Dory.

But oh ! the roof of linen,
 Intended for a shelter !
 But the rain made an ass
 Of tilt and canvas ;
 And the snow which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
 That tender stripling Aftcot,
 Who was soak'd to the skin,
 Through drugget so thin,
 Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
 Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
 Defy'd cart so base,
 For thief without grace,
 That goes to make a wry mouth.

Not

Nor did he like the omen,
 For fear it might be his doom
 One day for to sing,
 With gullet in string,
 ---A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this business?
 For sure it was important:
 For who rides i' th' wet
 When affairs are not great,
 The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
 O John, thou hadst a malice,
 The old driver of swine
 That day sure was thine,
 Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit,
 That all our judgment and our wit
 To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
 Of that foul legion we so detest,
 Are in their proper names exprest.

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
 Those necessary parts to name,
 From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires ;
 With love enflaming our desires,
 Finds engines fit to quench those fires :

Death she abhors ; yet when men die,
 We 're present ; but no stander-by
 Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear ;
 Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
 A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
 Only to raise, by that device,
 Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
 By tropes and figures led astray,
 From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S Speech to GLAUCUS,
 in the Twelfth Book of Homer.

THUS to Glaucus spake
 Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
 Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
 Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
 Our flock, our herds, and our possessions more ?

Why

Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards ?
Our chearful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst musick charms their ears.
Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore ?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first ; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders ! These are they
Deserve the greatness ; and unenvy'd stand :
Since what they act, transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend ?
Or if death sought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance ? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire ?
But since with fortune nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend ;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we 'll tread ;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PR'YTHEE die and fet me free,
 Or elfe be
 Kind and brisk, and gay like me ;
 I pretend not to the wife ones,
 To the grave, to the grave,
 Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
 That I prize,
 Quick conceits, or sharp replies,
 If wife thou wilt appear and knowing,
 Repartie, Repartie,
 To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room fo dark ?
 Not a spark
 Left to light me to the mark ;
 I love day-light and a candle,
 And to fee, and to fee,
 As well as handle.

Why fo many bolts and locks,
 Coats and smocks,
 And thofe drawers with a pox ?
 I could wifh, could nature make it,
 Nakednefs, nakednefs
 Itfelf were naked.

E

But

But if a mistress I must have,
 Wife and grave,
 Let her so herself behave
 All the day long Susan civil,
 Pap by night, pap by night,
 Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP and SINGLE LIFE,

AGAINST

LOVE and MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poison is thy dart
 Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
 None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
 And our corporeal eyes (we find)
 Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
 Through those deceitful fally-ports,
 Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
 To change his pleasure into pains,
 And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
 Like wedlock, honour's title have?
 That word makes free-born man a slave.

How



How happy he that loves not, lives !
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come !
If here uneasy ; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy ;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir ;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

* His father and son.

Love, making all things else his foes,
 Like a fierce torrent, overflows
 Whatever doth his course oppose

This was the cause the poets sung,
 Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
 But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou :
 From our desires our actions grow ;
 And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time ;
 'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
 Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe ;
 Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
 The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above ;
 Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
 His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
 Nor Mars (her champion) 's flaming shield
 Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
 Much higher than fruition is ;
 But less than nothing, if it miss.

When

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire 's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love 's of blindness dispossess't,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wife successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes ; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S Death,
and Burial amongst the ancient Poets.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd :
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;

The

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires ;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's out-shines :
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays :
But curst be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame out-live,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of flower Nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share :
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators :
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate !
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear :

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jafon, brought the golden fleece ;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe :
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear ;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear,
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.

Seeing

Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel :
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books :
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine ;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time :
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd ;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind :
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-spring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A S P E E C H

A S P E E C H against P E A
 A T T H E
 C L O S E C O M M I T T E E .

To the tune of, " I went from England.

BUT will you now to peace incline,
 And languish in the main design,
 And leave us in the lurch ?

I would not monarchy destroy,
 But as the only way t' enjoy
 The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishops' bill deny'd,
 And we still threaten'd to be try'd ?
 You see the king embraces
 Those counsels he approv'd before :
 Nor doth he promise, which is more,
 That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot ?
 (For 'tis no secret now) the plot
 Was Saye's and mine together :
 Did I for this return again,
 And spend a winter there in vain,
 Once more t' invite them hither ?

Though more our money than our cause
 Their brotherly assistance draws,
 My labour was not lost.

At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition ?
Though I the business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
In that Invisible Committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the king to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name ?
Though we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation :
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have

Have I so often past between
 Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
 And did myself divide :
 To keep his excellence in awe,
 And give the parliament the law ?
 For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
 Our zealous ignorants to preach,
 And did their lungs inspire ;
 Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
 And taught them all their little arts,
 To fling abroad the fire ?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
 And say the cavaliers are beaten,
 To stroke the people's ears ;
 Then straight when victory grows cheap,
 And will no more advance the heap,
 To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
 And now our act the preacher tells,
 To edify the people ;
 All our divinity is news,
 And we have made of equal use
 The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
 Only to put it out again,
 And must we now give o'er,

And

And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where 's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The faints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
 Till London is not worth a groat ;
 Oh 'tis a patient beast !
 When we have gaul'd and tir'd the mule,
 And can no longer have the rule,
 We'll have the spoil at least.

To the Five Members of the Honourable
 H O U S E O F C O M M O N S.

The humble Petition of the P O E T S.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
 From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
 We come in the rear to present our follies
 To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
 Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
 Set forms of petitions find great approbation :
 Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
 So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
 According unto the blest'd form you have taught us,
 We thank you first for the ills you have brought us :
 For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
 And you for the confidence only to crave it.
 Next in course, we complain of the great violation
 Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
 But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
 Which never had being until they were broken ;
 But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
 Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.

And

And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority ;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical license, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth ;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty ;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye :
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing :
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They 're tyrants and monsters ; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it :
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two ?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose ?
And between those and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense :
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it ;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell for it :
Although

Although the old maxim remains still in force,
 That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
 If poverty be a part of our trade,
 So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
 Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
 You have made king Charles himself a poet:
 But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
 Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
 How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
 When a hundred and ten slew five thousand men,
 With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was slain, again and again,
 Or else my author did lye;
 With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are living,
 To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
 I hope we at last are even;
 For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves,
 To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
 Of the gout three months together;
 But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
 For his heels were lighter than ever.

For

For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
 And leaves all his money behind him ;
 But they follow after ; unless he takes water,
 At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
 Goes deep in the sequestrations ;
 These wounds will not heal, with your new great seal,
 Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now, Peters and Cafe, in your prayer and grace,
 Remember the new Thanksgiving ;
 Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
 Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and
 Thunder,

Which made the lye so much the louder :
 Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
 Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp !
 But as for honest Sir Ralph,
 It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
 But at least three heads and a half.

F

When

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the first place, stood the Conqueror's face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Left Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER.

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsly, near Colchester, in Essex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambal?

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
 With any cates unhallow'd,
 Hadst thou sweetned thy gums
 With pottage of plums,
 Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd :

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
 The fiend might have crept into thee ;
 Then fullness of gut
 Might have caus'd thee to rut,
 And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas ! he had been feasted
 With a spiritual collation,
 By our frugal mayor,
 Who can dine on a prayer,
 And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
 Though he us'd the weapon carnal :
 Filly foal, quoth he,
 My bride thou shalt be :
 And how this is lawful, learn all

For if no respect of persons
 Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
 In a large extent,
 Thereby may be meant
 That a Mare's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
 Not bonnet vail'd, nor kifs'd her,

But

But took her by force,
 For better for worfe,
 And us'd her like a sifter.

Now when in such a faddle
 A faint will needs be riding,
 Though we dare not say
 'Tis a falling away,
 May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth James Naylor,
 'Twas but an infurrection
 Of the carnal part,
 For a quaker in heart
 Can never lose perfection.

For (as our * masters teach us)
 The intent being well directed,
 Though the devil trepan
 The Adamical man,
 The faint stands un-infected.

But, alas ! a Pagan jury
 Ne'er judges what 's intended ;
 Then say what we can,
 Brother Green's outward man
 I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sifter
 Will find no better quarter,

The Jesuits.

But when him we enrol
 For a Saint, Filly Foal
 Shall pass herself for a Martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
 No longer is thy debtor,
 O Colchester, now
 Who's Sodom but thou,
 Even according to the Letter?

A S O N G.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dw
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
 And though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipt in the Lethéan lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake,
 Left he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest foe?
 Sleep that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

SO shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
 Have turn'd to their own substances and forms :
 Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
 We shall behold more than at first entire ;
 As now we do, to see all thine thy own
 In this my Muse's resurrection,
 Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
 Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds ;
 Which first their brains, and then their belly fed,
 And from their excrements new poets bred.
 But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn
 Like ghosts of murder'd bodies does return
 T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
 And undeceive the long-abused age,
 Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
 Gives not more gold than they give dross to it :
 Who, not content like felons to purloin,
 Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
 But whither am I stray'd ? I need not raise
 Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise ;
 Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
 Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
 Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
 Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
 Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
 When labouring and sinking with its weight,

From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
 Like petty princes from the fall of Rome ;
 When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
 And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit---
 Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
 Or what more easy nature did bestow
 On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
 Their graces both appear, yet so that none
 Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins,
 But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
 So interwove, so like, so much the same,
 None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name :
 'Twas this the ancients meant ; Nature and Skill
 Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Translation of

P A S T O R F I D O .

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
 That few but such as cannot write, translate.
 But what in them is want of art or voice,
 In thee is either modesty or choice.
 While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
 Free from the blemish of an artless hand.
 Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
 Less honour to create, than to redeem.

Nor

Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That fervile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That

That master's hand which to the life can trace
 The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
 May with a free and bolder stroke express
 A vary'd posture, or a flattering dress;
 He could have made those like, who made the rest,
 But that he knew his own design was best.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. **T**O thee, dear Tom, myself addressing,
 Most queremoniously confessing,
 That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
 I perpetrated arts of pravity,
 In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
 For some venereal rejouissance,
 I got (as one may say) a nuyfance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
 And in plain English tell us truly
 Why under th' eyes you look so bluecly?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then coufin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so oeconomic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a---

But

But you that are a man of learning,
 So read in Virgil, so discerning,
 Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miscarry,
 That danger might have made one wary;
 This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
 Having now cur'd my inflammation,
 To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
 Yet it may raise an evil favour
 Upon all grave and staid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
 To find a rhyme to Gonorrhœia,
 And put it in my Litanìa.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into a quarry.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

O F

A MODERN AUTHOR upon the GAME
of CHESS.

A Tablet stood of that absterfivè tree,
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Africk's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field ;
Till one take th' other prisoner they contest ;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to exprefs ;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards pensivè Chèfs.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige ;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights ;
Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like knights.

The

The PASSION of DIDO for ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
 Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly ;
 He loth to disobey the God's command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave ;
 He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the God of Thieves*) to steal
 Himself away, and his escape conceal.
 He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
 That at the port they privately should meet ;
 And some dissembled colour to project,
 That Dido should not their design suspect :
 But all in vain he did his plot disguise ;
 No art a watchful lover can surprize.
 She the first motion finds ; Love though most sure,
 Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
 That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd,
 Fore-tells the end : the queen with rage inflam'd,
 Thus greets him : Thou dissembler, would'st thou fly
 Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously ?
 Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
 Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move ?
 And in the depth of winter in the night,
 Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,

* Mercury.

To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
 The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own !
 Were Troy restor'd, thou should'st mistrust a wind
 False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
 Fly'st thou from me ? By these dear drops of brine
 I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
 By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
 If all my kindness aught have merited ;
 If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
 From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
 Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find ?
 Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind ?
 My fame of chastity, by which the skies
 I reacht before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
 Into my borders now Iarbus falls,
 And my revengeful brother scales my walls ;
 The wild Numidians will advantage take,
 For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
 Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
 A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
 Might in my fight have sported, I had then
 Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been ;
 By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
 Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death 's the least.

With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
 By Jove's command, his struggling care suppress.
 Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
 Though numberless, I never shall forget ;
 No time, until myself I have forgot,
 Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot :

But

But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,
 And that must justify our sad divorce.
 Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
 To my desires I might my fortune fit;
 Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
 And where I first began, would end my days.
 But since the Lycian Lots, and Delphic God
 Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
 Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
 Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
 As for my son, my father's angry ghost
 Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost,
 And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
 With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
 We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
 But much the more when all complaints are vain;
 I call to witness all the Gods, and thy
 Beloved head, the coast of Italy
 Against my will I seek.

Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling eyes,
 Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
 Thy mother was no Goddess, nor thy stock
 From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
 Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
 And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
 Diffimulation I shall now forget,
 And my reserves of rage in order set.
 Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
 Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.

Where

Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
 Or Juno such impieties approve?
 The just Astræa sure is fled to hell;
 Nor more in earth, nor heaven itself will dwell.
 Oh Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
 Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
 His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
 I rescued: Now the Lycian Lots conspire
 With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
 Brings dismal tidings; as if such low care
 Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
 Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe;
 Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
 I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,
 Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
 Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke:
 I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
 My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
 And when the Gods on thee their vengeance show,
 That welcome news shall comfort me below.

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
 Conducted by her damsels to her bed;
 Yet restless she arose, and looking out,
 Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout:
 When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
 To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
 Ah cruel Love! to what dost thou inforce
 Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse
 To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
 Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.

That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd :
Dear sister, my resentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen ;
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find
Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks ; his father's ghost
I never did disturb : ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear ; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd ;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve ;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay.
Thus she intreats ; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him bears :
But him no prayers, no arguments can move ;
The Fates resist, his ears are stopt by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descent
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the grove

Is over-laid ; yet he stands fixt, as high
 As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
 So low towards hell his roots descend. With prayers
 And tears the Hero thus assail'd, great cares
 He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,
 All their addresses and their labour lost.
 Then she deceives her sister with a smile ;
 Anne in the inner court erect a pile ;
 Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
 Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey ;
 All curst monuments of him with fire
 We must abolish (so the Gods require.)
 She gives her credit for no worse effect
 Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
 And her commands obeys.
 Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
 And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread ;
 The Queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
 The navy under sail, the haven clear'd ;
 Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
 And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
 O Jove, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude
 Me and my realm ! why is he not pursued ?
 Arm, arm, she cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
 With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword ;
 Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
 That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
 What if th' event of war uncertain were ?
 Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.

But oh too late ! this thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
His honour'd household Gods, his aged fire
His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear ;
Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the sea ? why not destroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Ascanius ? and his tender limbs have drest,
And made the father on the son to feast ?
Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
Surveys ; and Juno, conscious of my woe ;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer ? If he the sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand ;
When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd
By his rebelling people, be distress'd
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
By violent and undeserved ends !
When to conditions of unequal peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess,
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall !
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Pursue this race, this service dedicate
To my deplored ashes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.

ay from my bones a new Achilles rise,
 That shall infect the Trojan Colonies
 With fire and sword, and famine, when at length
 Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
 Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
 And may our children be for ever foes!
 Her ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
 Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends;
 Viewing the Trojan reliques, she unsheath'd
 Eneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd:
 Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
 Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays;
 Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
 Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
 That date which Fortune gave, I now must end,
 And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
 Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
 I have reveng'd, and a proud city built;
 Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
 Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
 But shall I die without revenge? yet die
 Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
 My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
 From sea, and may that omen him pursue!
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
 Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
 As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
 The foe had entered, and had set on fire.

Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
And in her arms her dying sister rears :
Did you for this, yourself, and me beguile ?
For such an end did I erect this pile ?
Did you so much despise me, in this fate
Myself with you not to associate ?
Yourself and me, alas ! this fatal wound
The senate, and the people, doth confound.
I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death,
My lips from hers shall draw her parting breath.
Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries ;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to rise,
But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound ;
Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering sight
Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
(Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris descends ; this fatal lock (says she)
To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free ;
Then clips her hair : Cold numbness straight bereaves
Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this last Summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before : when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation ; which were Ben Jonson and Sir Kenelm Digby ; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more ; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead ; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine ; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before

Torquato Taffo ; which fhews that the age they lived in was not fo unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues ; but I have tranſlated only the two firſt, not to turn the kindneſs I intended to him into an injury ; for the two laſt are little more than repetitions and recitals of the firſt ; and (to make a juſt excuſe for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince the two laſt virtues are but deſcendants from the firſt ; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Juſtice.

WISDOM's firſt progreſs is, to take a view
 What's decent or indecent, falſe or true.
 He 's truly prudent, who can ſeparate
 Honelt from vile, and ſtill adhere to that ;
 Their difference to meaſure, and to reach,
 Reaſon well rectify'd muſt nature teach.
 And theſe high ſcrutinies are ſubjects fit
 For man's all-ſearching and enquiring wit ;
 That ſearch of knowledge did from Adam flow ;
 Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to ſhow.
 Wiſdom of what herſelf approves, makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.
 Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdom's judgment leads,
 And Senſe, her vaſſal, in her footſteps treads.
 That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know,
 To thee all her ſpecific forms I'll ſhow ;

He

He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie ;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent ;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth weigh ;
'Tis not secure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd ;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith, who could such ill events expect ?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act, believe ;
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self admiring) slight ;

Then

Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
 And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
 They that so highly think themselves above
 All other men, themselves can only love ;
 Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
 O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
 Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
 Thou to thyself contributing too much)
 Those who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
 Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize ;
 To form thyself by their example learn
 (For many eyes can more than one discern) ;
 But yet beware of counsels when too full,
 Number makes long disputes and graveness dull ;
 Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
 Yet length still loses opportunities :
 Debate destroys dispatch ; as fruits we see
 Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree ;
 In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
 If he his crop not in due season mow.
 A general sets his army in array
 In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.
 'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
 Without which slow advice is little worth.
 Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
 Though in the active part they cannot serve :
 In action, learned counsellors their age,
 Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
 Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
 Whose wise instructions after-ages guide ;

Yet

Yet vainly most their age in study spend ;
No end of writing books, and to no end :
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge, nor delight, nor profit brings ;
Themselves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled sky ?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry ?
To describe every city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill ?
What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads ?
If we were wise, these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too ;
To live and die is all we have to do :
The way (if no digression 's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them, lock them in thy breast ;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these enquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they 've past ;
'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do ;
And standing still themselves, make others go.

In vain on study time away we throw,
 When we forbear to act the things we know.
 The soldier that philosopher well blam'd,
 Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
 Tell (said the soldier) venerable sir,
 Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
 Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
 Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay.
 Oh, said the doctor, we for wisdom toil'd,
 For which none toils too much: the soldier smil'd;
 You 're grey and old, and to some pious use
 This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
 But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
 For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank.
 Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
 'Tis said that wisdom's children make her known.
 What's good doth open to th' enquirer stand,
 And itself offers to th' accepting hand;
 All things by order and true measures done,
 Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
 Let early care thy main concerns secure,
 Things of less moment may delays endure:
 Men do not for their servants first prepare,
 And of their wives and children quit the care;
 Yet when we 're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
 Leaving our great concernment to the last.
 When we are well, our hearts are only set
 (Which way we care not) to be rich, or great;
 What shall become of all that we have got;
 We only know that us it follows not;

And

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death !
What 's time, when on eternity we think ?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink ;
Time 's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay,
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day ;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
He 's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin ?
What thoughts man's reason better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home ?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that to (if the lesser please) must cease.
Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds ;
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
Christ's blood 's our balsam ; if that cure us here,
Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe ;
His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
Be just in all thy actions ; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind :
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill ;

To

To the same end men several paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead ;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows :
Justice and faith never forsake the wife,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise ;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate ;
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd ;
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd :
For many truths have often past for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's disguise :
As flattery too oft like friendship shows,
So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make,
Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end :
All great concernments must delays endure ;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure ;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty ;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive :
Instruct the ignorant ; to those that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give ;

Nor

Nor is 't the least of virtues, to relieve
Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love :
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve ;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue :
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee ; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less :
Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's past,
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd :
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success ;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent :
When our minds eyes are disengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see ;
They quicken sloth, perplexities unty,
Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify ;
And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glass thy own offences mend ;
Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions, others judgments learn ;
Often by small, great matters we discern :
Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show ;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.

Let

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;
Let not the pleasing many thee delight.
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no safe descent is found:
In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:
They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
When well at ease, and happy, live content,
And then consider why that life was lent;
When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
The highest hill is the most slippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face.
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost,
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side winds into safe harbours steer;
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.

Who

Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,
 Time for resistance and defence he gives ;
 But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
 And poison in high-tasted meats conveys ;
 So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprize,
 But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

O F J U S T I C E.

'TIS the first sanction nature gave to man,
 Each other to assist in what they can ;
 Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
 All things are good by law which she commands ;
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
 Who t' us himself, and all we have, did give ;
 In vain doth man the name of just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect ;
 So must we reverence God, as first to know
 Justice from him, not from ourselves doth flow ;
 God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
 Whose justice far as their own power extends ;
 In that they imitate the power divine,
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine ;
 And he that doth no good, although no ill,
 Does not the office of the just fulfill.
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear ;
 We live not only for ourselves to care,
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.

Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But several parts to several men consign'd;
He that of his own stores no part can give,
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way:
First to our God we must with reverence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate:
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our justice more compassion should extend;
To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid:
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be, to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine;
That liberality 's but cast away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjust, to be a king.

Justice

Justice must be from violence exempt,
 But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
 Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells ;
 But justice both from human hearts expels ;
 But he 's the greatest monster (without doubt)
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
 Nor only ill injurious actions are,
 But evil words and slanders bear their share.
 Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
 Truth above all things a just man reveres :
 Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all ;
 And yet our attestations we may wrest,
 Sometimes to make the truth more manifest ;
 If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
 He pardon, leave, and absolution hath ;
 Or if I break my promise, which to thee
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
 All things committed to thy trust conceal,
 Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
 Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords :
 Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue ;
 Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
 When thou art called into public power,
 And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
 Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms ;
 Small praise from lenity and remissness comes :
 Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
 Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright :

When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt ;
Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
One criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make ;
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown ;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
T' unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed :
Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,
Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad ;
Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent :
Rather than all must suffer, some must die ;
Yet nature must condole their misery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn, and those absolve.
Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind ;
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives ;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape ;
So like a fly the poor offender dies ;
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.



Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend ;
Or after warning the offence forget ;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust ;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made ;
If his offence be great, let that suffice ;
If light, forgive, for no man 's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistrefs, now my antient Muse,
 That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
 Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
 Now stoop with dis-enchanted wings to truth;
 As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
 May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
 Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
 To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
 He his own image on the clay imprest;
 As subjects then the whole creation came,
 And from their natures Adam them did name;
 Not from experience (for the world was new),
 He only from their cause their natures knew.
 Had memory been lost with innocence,
 We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence;
 'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
 The sad remembrance what he was before;
 And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
 Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
 After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
 The father of the faithful there did dwell,
 Who both their parent and instructor was;
 From thence did learning into Ægypt pass:

Moses

Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th' eternal cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue shews,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.

Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
 And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
 Till both their nation and their arts did come
 A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
 Then wheresoever her conquering eagles fled,
 Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
 And as in this our microcosm, the heart
 Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;
 So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
 All her own virtues through the universe.
 Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
 Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse:
 Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
 And not to thy great ancestor do right?
 I can no more believe old Homer blind,
 Than those, who say the sun hath never shin'd;
 The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
 Could not want sight, who taught the world to see:
 They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
 Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive;
 And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
 Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
 When great Augustus made wars tempests cease,
 His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace;
 He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
 By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.

'Twas

'Twas certainly mysterious that the * name
 Of prophets and of poets is the same ;
 What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
 Declares was inspiration, and not guess :
 As dark a truth that author did unfold,
 As oracles or prophets e'er foretold :
 " At last the ocean shall unlock ‡ the bound
 " Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
 " Then ages far remote shall understand
 " The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
 Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
 That his clear light through all the world should shine,
 But the obstruction from that discord springs
 The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings ;
 That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
 From heaven the prince of peace himself came down ;
 Then the true sun of knowledge first appear'd,
 And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
 The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
 Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
 His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd ;
 Once more to paradise restor'd we seem'd ;
 Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
 Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
 Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
 To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man ;
 Then hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
 Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

Though

Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
 The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd ;
 Though the apostles these events foretold,
 Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold :
 The fisher to convert the world began,
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man ;
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys chang'd for Peter's sword,
 Which still maintains for his adopted son
 Vast patrimonies, though himself had none ;
 Wrestling the text to the old giant's sense,
 That heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
 Then subtle doctors, scriptures made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes,
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
 Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds encreast,
 Blasted the learn'd remainders of the east :
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
 Made mother ignorance devotion's dame ;
 Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
 His faithful emissary, rose from hell
 To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
 And before that exalted idol, all
 (Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
 Then darkness Europe's face did over-spread,
 From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
 Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
 That the whole world, some ages, they oppress ;

Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge brake,
 And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
 That they their churches nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance
 His works on the false ground of ignorance,
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well study'd master-piece he plays;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
 Sends their fore-runner (conscious of th' event)
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt;
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst every man's his own interpreter;
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 Lay elders, from their ends create their God,
 But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know seven who think themselves not so.
 When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
 We were commanded to be all as one;
 Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
 Almost as many minds as men we find,
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,
 Thence *fatuus* fires, and meteors take their birth,
 Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
 So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
 Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;

And

And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
 Lions before, and dragons were behind.
 Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
 Debate, like sparks from flints collision, springs :
 As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
 The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat ;
 All the rich mines of learning ranfack'd are,
 To furnish ammunition for this war :
 Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
 And double-edges on our passions sets ;
 'Tis the most certain sign, the world's accurst,
 That the best things corrupted, are the worst ;
 'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
 Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world ;
 That sun like this (from which our fight we have)
 Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave ;
 And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
 Our guide is error, and our visions dreams ;
 'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew ;
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
 Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils ;
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line :
 True piety, without cessation tost
 By theories, the practic part is lost,
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit ;
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.

Through

Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they 're sure, yet all dissent;
With their new light our bold inspectors press
Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
By whose example, after-ages may
Discover, we more naked are than they;
All human wisdom, to divine, is folly;
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate;
If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the east, the sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

O F O L D A G E.

C A T O, S C I P I O, L Æ L I U S.

S C I P I O T O C A T O.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
 With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,
 Than that those years, which others think extreme,
 Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem;
 Under which weight, most like th' old giants, groan,
 When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason flows;
 All parts of age seem burthensome to those
 Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
 Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
 In what 's impos'd by nature find no grief,
 Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
 Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
 Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
 Such our inconstancies and follies are,
 We say it steals upon us unaware:
 Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
 Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
 How much more grievous would our lives appear,
 To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?
 Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
 To foolish age will no remembrance last.
 My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
 (Which that it may deserve, I much desire)

'Tis

'Tis my first rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot, or fall.
And this from nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the Gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose chearful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see,

In its true colours, this complaint appears
 The ill effect of manners, not of years;
 For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
 Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
 But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
 Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
 Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
 Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet,
 Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Someweight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
 But not so much as at first sight appears.
 This answer by Themistocles was made,
 (When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
 You those great honours to your country owe,
 Not to yourself)—Had I at Seripho
 Been born, such honour I had never seen,
 Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:
 So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
 To the most prudent cannot easy be;
 But to a fool, the greater his estate,
 The more uneasy is his age's weight.
 Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
 Virtue to know, and known to exercise;
 All just returns to age then virtue makes,
 Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
 The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
 Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
 I (when a youth) with reverence did look
 On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;

Yet

Yet in his age such chearfulness was seen,
 As if his years and mine had equal been ;
 His gravity was mixt with gentleness,
 Nor had his age made his good-humour less ;
 Then was he well in years (the same that he
 Was consul, that of my nativity)
 (A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
 On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
 I five years after at Tarentum wan
 The quæstorship, and then our love began ;
 And four years after, when I prætor was,
 He pleaded, and the Cincian law did pass.
 With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
 Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
 He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats ;
 Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats,
 He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
 Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

" When I reflect on age, I find there are
 " Four causes, which its misery declare.
 " 1. Because our body's strength it much impairs :
 " 2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs :
 " 3. Next, that our sense of pleasure it deprives :
 " 4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.
 " Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
 " And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,
 Which vigorous youth, and strength of body need;
 But to more high affairs our age is lent,
 Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
 Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
 (Whose daughter my son married), nothing do?
 Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;
 Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
 The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
 Nor Appius, with whose strength his fight was lost,
 Who when the senate was to peace inclin'd
 With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
 Whither 's our courage and our wisdom come?
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome.
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill
 He spake (for his oration 's extant still.)
 'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
 The second time, and there were ten between?
 Therefore their argument 's of little force,
 Who age from great employments would divorce,
 As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold;
 Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his skill,
 And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands proceed;

Those

Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
Not heat, but cold experience makes us strong.
A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what 's fit.
I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the Gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
With age, if he an hundred years had seen,
He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their highest Magistrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct, when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
Who to the castle fled, the town being 'lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait,
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.

When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
 The Tribune of the people would divide
 To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
 Against the senate's will, he will not yield ;
 When being angry, boldly he declares
 Those things were acted under happy stars,
 From which the commonwealth found good effects,
 But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
 Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
 But his son's death did all the rest excel ;
 (His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
 His funeral oration I have seen
 Often ; and when on that I turn my eyes,
 I all the old philosophers despise.
 Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat ;
 When feasting with his private friends at home,
 Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,
 Such science in his art of augury,
 No Roman ever was more learn'd than he ;
 Knowledge of all things present and to come,
 Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
 Nor only there, but all the world's beside :
 Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
 That which is come to pass, and did discern
 From his survivors I could nothing learn.
 'This long discourse was but to let you see,
 That his long life could not uneasy be.
 Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
 Takers of cities, conquerors in war.

Yet

Yet others to like happy age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live :
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more ;
His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
And seventh, not his studies did forbear :
And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have been.
When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand ?
'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew ;
Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispence,
But with cold prudence age doth recompence ;
But age, 'tis said, will memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may ;
Or, if by nature it be dull and slow :
Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians ; and none grow so old,
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age such art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our concern ;
Their interest no priest nor forcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher ;

No understanding memory can want,
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative ;
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his sons before the judges brought,
Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect ;
Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus :
The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
Freed him, and said, no fool such lines had penn'd.
What poets and what orators can I
Recount ? what princes in philosophy ?
Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
Nor did they those, though those did them survive.
Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow.
For never any man was yet so old,
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
Discovers something, which must needs offend ;
But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends : He should have told
This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we :
That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth ;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.

What

What to the old can greater pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in strait paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
Of idleness, who all our powers engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold;
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Those great examples, which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wise,
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Though many of the ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our second grievance I must break,
 "That loss of strength makes understanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.

When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
 Old Milo wept, to see his naked arm ;
 And cry'd, 'twas dead : Trifler, thine heart, and head
 And all that 's in them (not thy arm) are dead ;
 This folly every looker-on derides,
 To glory only in thy arms and sides.
 Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
 Their strength decreasing by increasing years ;
 But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
 And made the commonwealth advance in power.
 But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
 Rather than heads, their faculty abides ;
 Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
 And still my own sometimes the senate hear.
 When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
 They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead :
 Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
 I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
 What 's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
 And to the maxims of good life conduct.
 Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
 Of men) your grandfire the great African,
 Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
 Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
 Like oracles their counsels to receive,
 How in their progress they should act, and live.
 And they whose high examples youth obeys,
 Are not despis'd, though their strength decays,
 And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
 Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.

Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
 Ends in an age imperfect and unbound.
 Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon say true);
 Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
 Who held (after his second consulate)
 Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
 Neither of these, in body or in mind,
 Before their death the least decay did find.
 I speak not of myself, though none deny
 To age, to praise their youth, the liberty:
 Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
 Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
 And though from what it was my strength is far,
 Both in the first and second Punick war,
 Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
 Nor when I consul into Spain did go;
 But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
 Of winters quite enervated my strength;
 And I, my guest, my client, or my friend,
 Still in the courts of justice can defend:
 Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
 "Who would be antient, must be early so."
 I would be youthful still, and find no need
 To appear old, till I was so indeed.
 And yet you see my hours not idle are,
 Though with your strength I cannot mine compare;
 Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount,
 Not therefore him the better man I count.
 Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
 With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.

Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind ?
The force which nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain ;
In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
As she sets forth the seasons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth ;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity she gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Maffiniffa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years ;
When marching with his foot, he walks till night ;
When with his horse, he never will alight ;
Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare ;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance,
Our law (because from age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires.
But age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake ;
Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio, who adopted you did fall
Into such pains, he had no health at all ;
Who else had equal'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts :

Why

Why should those errors then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth's not free?
Every disease of age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;
And if our body thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:
Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
He represents the follies on the stage;
They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
In bodies, but where nature sows the seeds.
There are five daughters, and four gallant sons,
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a most numerous family beside;
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his business like a bow stood bent:
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.

All his relations his admirers were,
 His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear :
 The order and the ancient discipline
 Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
 Authority kept-up old age secures,
 Whose dignity as long as life endures.
 Something of youth I in old age approve,
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.
 Who this observes, may in his body find
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
 The seven volumes of my own reports,
 Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts ;
 All noble monuments of Greece are come
 Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
 The pontifical, and the civil law,
 I study still, and thence orations draw.
 And to confirm my memory, at night,
 What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
 These exercises for my thoughts I find,
 These labours are the chariots of my mind.
 To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
 And there, what I before digested, vent.
 Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
 Not any outward force of body needs :
 Which, if I could not do, I should delight
 On what I would to ruminatè at night.
 Who in such practices their minds engage,
 Nor fear nor think of their approaching age ;
 Which by degrees invisibly doth creep :
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

THE THIRD PART.

NOW must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
O thou most high transcendent gift of age!
Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
And now receive from me that most divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine,
Which at Tarentum I long since did hear;
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?
Which he, with all designs of art or power,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound.
Lust, murder, treason, avarice, and hell
Itself broke loose, in reason's palace dwell:
Truth, honour, justice, temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkness led.
But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprize
Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;

And

And, join'd in league with strong necessity,
 Pleasure must flie, or else by famine die.
 Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
 (Then censor) from the senate I displac'd ;
 When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
 A beauteous courtezan did him request
 To see the cutting off a prisoner's head ;
 This crime I could not leave unpunished,
 Since by a private villainy he stain'd
 That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
 Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
 This seems an honour, not disparagement.
 We, not all pleasures like the Stoicks hate ;
 But love and seek those which are moderate.
 (Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,
 They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
 When quæstor, to the gods, in public halls
 I was the first, who set up festivals.
 Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
 But fill'd with conversation and discourse ;
 Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name :
 Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their shame,
 Call'd it a Comotation, not a feast ;
 Declaring the worst part of it the best.
 Those entertainments I did then frequent
 Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment :
 But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
 From those excesses ; yet myself I please
 With chearful talk to entertain my guests,
 (Discourses are to age continual feasts)

The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And cheer the mind, as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young ;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in age, some natural motions are.
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
Which youth at full possesses, this I grant ;
But age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free.
But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand :
Though this stands more remote from age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight :
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd ;
So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.
No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed,
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease ;
But those of age ev'n with our years increase.

We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
 But free from surfeits our repose is found.
 When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
 Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
 He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
 That all the actions of our life were vain,
 Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd ;
 Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
 That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
 And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach ;
 Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
 Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
 Now into rustic matters I must fall,
 Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
 Age no impediment to those can give,
 Who wisely by the rules of nature live.
 Earth (though our mother) chearfully obeys
 All the commands her race upon her lays.
 For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
 Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
 Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
 But with her ways, her method, and her force,
 The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
 Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
 Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
 Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
 Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
 Which from the root through nerves and veins are sent,
 Streight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
 And, form receiving, doth itself disclose :

Drawn

Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd ;
At nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can cloath a mountain, and o'ershade a plain :
But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong,
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb ;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine.
Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands :
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortals springs.
But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee (sweet as thy blood) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench :
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is rais'd (call'd a gem),
Whence, in short space, itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams grows.

I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
But summer doth, like age, the founness waste ;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell ;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the several natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth :
And with what arts to enrich every mold,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate ;
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came :
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule ;
Nature herself doth from herself depart,
(Strange transmigration) by the power of art.
How little things give law to great ! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For age, of what delights it, speaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,

Great

Great Curius, his remaining days did spend,
 And in this happy life his triumphs end.
 My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
 His and that age's temper I admire :
 The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he fate.
 With a vast sum of gold on him did wait ;
 Return, said he, your gold I nothing weigh,
 When those, who can command it, me obey :
 This my assertion proves, he may be old,
 And yet not fordid, who refuses gold.
 In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
 Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
 What can in winter render more delight,
 Than the high sun at noon, and fire at night ?
 While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
 And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
 Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
 And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
 That honour and authority which dwells
 With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
 Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
 Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
 And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
 As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.
 That most unhappy age great pity needs,
 Which to defend itself new matter pleads ;
 Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
 Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
 But our past life, when virtuously spent,
 Must to our age those happy fruits present.

Those things to age most honourable are,
 Which easy, common, and but light appear,
 Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
 Crouding attendance to, and from the court:
 And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
 But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
 Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,
 From thence his strongest argument did raise,
 That Sparta did with honour age support,
 Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
 But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
 Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
 When an Athenian stranger of great age
 Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
 To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
 To place and ease this old and reverend man,
 Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
 What's to be done; but what they know, not do.
 Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
 The first in age is still the first in vote.
 Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
 In competition with great years may stand.
 Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
 With age's lasting honours to compare?
 On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
 For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
 The lookers-on will say we act not well,
 Unless the last the former scenes excel:
 But age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
 Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious;

But

But all those errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect since jealousy belongs
To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW against (that which terrifies our age)
 The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
 To her, grim death appears in all her shapes,
 The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
 Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpriz'd,
 Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
 This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
 That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
 What else is to be fear'd; when we shall gain
 Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
 The youngest in the morning are not sure,
 That till the night their life they can secure,
 Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
 Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
 Death's force (with terror) against nature strives,
 Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
 From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
 For if all men were old they would be wise;
 Years and experience our forefathers taught,
 Them under laws, and into cities brought:
 Why only should the fear of death belong
 To age, which is as common to the young?
 Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
 (Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
 But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
 To many years, which age must not expect;

But

But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
 With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
 We happier are than they, who but desir'd
 To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
 What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
 'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
 And when 'tis past, not any part remains
 Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
 Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
 Nor what is past, nor what 's to come, we know:
 Our date, how short soe'er, must us content;
 When a good actor doth his part present,
 In every act he our attention draws,
 That at the last he may find just applause;
 So (though but short) yet we must learn the art
 Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
 True wisdom must our actions so direct,
 Not only the last plaudit to expect:
 Yet grieve no more, though long that part should last,
 Than husbandmen, because the spring is past.
 The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
 But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
 So age a mature mellowness doth set
 On the green promises of youthful heat.
 All things which nature did ordain are good,
 And so must be receiv'd and understood.
 Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
 While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
 The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
 As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;

But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent;
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port.
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we shall contemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age seems cold,
Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage;
He said, he took his courage from his age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which strait in immortality shall end.

In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate :
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know ;
Nor whether it may be this night, or no :
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain ? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee, Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulph of flame :
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave ;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach ? whence no return they knew :
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear ?
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite ;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.

And

And when the last delights of age shall die,
 Life in itself will find satiety.
 Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
 Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
 Your father Lælius, and your's Scipio,
 My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
 As certainly as we must die, they live
 That life which justly may that name receive:
 Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
 Our souls with heavy burdens lie oppress'd;
 Which part of man from heaven falling down,
 Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
 A place so dark to the celestial light,
 And pure eternal fire's quite opposite,
 The Gods through human bodies did disperse
 An heavenly soul, to guide this universe;
 That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
 The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
 Not this to me did my own dictates show,
 But to the old philosophers I owe.
 I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
 With him, and from our country took their name;
 Who never doubted but the beams divine,
 Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
 Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
 What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
 He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
 (Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd)
 Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
 Finds demonstration from experience?

Our

Our minds are here, and there, below, above ;
 Nothing that 's mortal can so swiftly move.
 Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
 And in an instant all that 's past collect.
 Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
 No nature, but immortal, can impart.
 Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
 And to no outward cause that motion owes ;
 And therefore that, no end can overtake,
 Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
 And since the matter of our soul is pure,
 And simple, which no mixture can endure
 Of parts, which not among themselves agree ;
 Therefore it never can divided be.
 And nature shews (without philosophy)
 What cannot be divided, cannot die.
 We ev'n in early infancy discern,
 Knowledge is born with babes before they learn ;
 Ere they can speak, they find so many ways
 To serve their turn, and see more arts than days :
 Before their thoughts they plainly can express,
 The words and things they know are numberless,
 Which nature only, and no art could find,
 But what she taught before, she call'd to mind,
 These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
 Of the great Cyrus were the dying words ;
 " Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
 " I shall be no where, or to nothing turn :
 " That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
 " Yet by the actions it design'd, was known ;
 " And

- " And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
 " Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
 " That soul, which can immortal glory give,
 " To her own virtues must for ever live.
 " Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
 " Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
 " Though a foul foolish prison her immure
 " On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise, and pure,
 " Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
 " With beasts, and must return from whence it came;
 " But whence into our bodies reason flows,
 " None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
 " Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
 " Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
 " When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
 " Then what divine and future things they see!
 " Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
 " And what they shall hereafter be, declare."

This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.

Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,
 Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
 Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their name,
 Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
 Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;
 Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
 To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
 In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
 That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
 'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
 Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:

Some

Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unless our souls from the immortals came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame ?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see ;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me ;
But such as before ours did end their days ;
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe : for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return, or stay :
Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I would scorn ;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd :
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before ;
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see :

Not

Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
 But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
 Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
 Where his fixt hopes our interview attend :
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
 From age, which is of my delights the chief.
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
 And if I err, no power shall dispossess
 My thoughts of that expected happiness.
 Though some minute philosophers pretend,
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
 If it be so, I hold the safer side,
 For none of them my error shall deride.
 And if hereafter no rewards appear,
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here,
 If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
 Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
 If souls no immortality obtain,
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
 The same uneasiness which every thing
 Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious ; so is age,
 Acting too long upon this earth her stage.
 Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
 That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

O N

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?

One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines :
And yet I hope to see this noble heat 5
Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite, 10
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome, 15
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind :
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd. 20
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;

DENHAM

* K 8

And

And, that his hero might accomplish'd be,
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
 From that great judge your judgment takes its law, 25
 And by the best original does draw
 Bonduca's honour, with those heroes Time
 Had in oblivion wrapt, his saucy crime;
 To them and to your nation you are just,
 In raising up their glories from the dust; 30
 And to Old England you that right have done,
 To shew, no story nobler than her own.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH
 O F
 HENRY LORD HASTINGS.
 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
 When every line they add improves thy loss,
 Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief, 5
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
 Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption, from just sense, doth shew
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe. 10
 Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here,

Upon

ON THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS. 145

Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins :
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies 15
 That which compleats the age's tyrannies :
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
 What sin unexpiated, in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand? 20
 The late great victim * that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright ;
 By whose example good, condemn'd we 25
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.
 But, as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes ; for none
 But this white-fatted youngling could atone, 30
 By his untimely fate, that impious smoke,
 That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choak.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
 In him, more than the widow'd world can boast
 In any lump of her remaining clay. 35
 Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was ; the day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts ;
 Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
 Was seen, as full of comfort, and as bright. 40

* King Charles the First.

Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
 That only wanted immortality
 To make him perfect, now submits to night,
 In the black bosom of whose fable spite,
 He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies, 45
 Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.

Great faint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
 And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
 That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS dead,
 Their anger and our ugly faults are read; 50
 The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
 Their love and majesty epitomize.

Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
 The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws;
 Though sin search nature, to provide her here 55
 A second entertainment half so dear,
 She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
 Till Time present her with the Universe.

C O N T E N T S
O F
D E N H A M ' S P O E M S .

COOPER's Hill	Page 7
The Destruction of Troy, an Essay on the second Book of Virgil's <i>Æneis</i>	20
On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death	39
On my Lord Crofts and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000 <i>l.</i> for his Majesty, by the Decimation of his Scottish Subjects there	40
On Mr. Thomas Killigrew's Return from his Em- bassy from Venice, and Mr. William Murray's from Scotland	43
To Sir John Mennis, being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a Pig	44
Natura Naturata	46
Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th of Homer	47
Epigram from Martial	49
Friendship and single Life, against Love and Mar- riage	50
On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets	54
A Speech against Peace at the Close Committee	58
To the five Members of the Honourable House of Commons. The humble Petition of the Poets	62
A Western Wonder	64
	A Sc-

A Second Western Wonder	65
News from Colchester; or, a proper new Ballad	67
A Song	70
On Mr. John Fletcher's Works	71
To Sir Richard Fanshaw, upon his Translation of Pastor Fido	72
A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley and Mr. Thomas Killigrew	74
An occasional Imitation of a modern Author upon the Game of Chefs	77
The Passion of Dido for <i>Æneas</i>	78
Of Prudence	87
Of Justice	97
The Progress of Learning	102
Cato Major of Old Age. A Poem	110

P O E M S

B Y

D R. T H O M A S S P R A T,

B I S H O P O F R O C H E S T E R.

L

TO THE REVEREND

D R. W I L K I N S,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

S I R,

SEEING you are pleased to think fit that these papers should come into the public, which were at first designed to live only in a desk, or some private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security which your name and protection will give them with the most knowing part of the world. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are so little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince, on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deserving rather to be the subjects of the noblest pens and divine fancies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in poetry as myself. Against these dangerous prejudices, there remains no other shield, than the universal esteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great person, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly

larly by reason of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myself to your service: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege: so that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your most devoted,

and obliged servant,

T H O. S P R A T.

P O E M S

BY BISHOP SPRAT.

T O T H E

HAPPY MEMORY OF THE LATE

L O R D P R O T E C T O R.

I.

'TIS true, great name, thou art secure
From the forgetfulness and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age ;
Thou canst the force and teeth of time endure :
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too,
Without what needless art can do ;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearse,
Though it were never heard or sung in verse.
Without our help, thy memory is safe ;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inscription,
Remember'd only on the brass, or marble-stone,

'Tis all in vain what we can do :
 All our roses and perfumes
 Will but officious folly show,
 And pious nothings to such mighty tombs.
 All our incense, gums and balm,
 Are but unnecessary duties here :
 The poets may their spices spare,
 Their costly numbers, and their tuneful feet :
 That need not be embalm'd, which of itself is sweet :

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
 Of our obedience and our love :
 For when the sun and fire meet,
 The one's extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright.
 So they that write of thee, and join
 Their feeble names with thine ;
 Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought ;
 And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
 We know, blest'st spirit, thy mighty name
 Wants no addition of another's beam ;
 It's for our pens too high, and full of theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them,
 Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred urn survive,
 Without the food of oil, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our duty calls our songs ;
 Duty commands our tongues :

Though

Though thou want not our praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so men from religion are not freed,
 But from the altars clouds must rise,
 Though heaven itself doth nothing need,
 And though the gods don't want an earthly sacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whose each year
 Full of new miracles did appear !
 Whose every month might be
 Alone a chronicle, or history !
 Others great actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single star ;
 But thine the milky-way,
 All one continued light, of undistinguish'd day ;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common sky did come between :
 What shall I say, or where begin ?
 Thou may'st in double shapes be shown,
 Or in thy arms, or in thy gown ;
 Like Jove, sometimes with warlike thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful sceptre in his hand ;
 Or in the field, or on the throne.
 In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
 So pure, so weighty gold,

That the least grain of it,
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publish'd, and whilst yet
 Thou only to thyself wert great,
 Whilst yet the happy bud
 Was not quite seen or understood,
 It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd :
 Then thy domestic worth
 Did tell the world what it would be,
 When it should fit occasion see,
 When a full spring should call it forth :
 As bodies in the dark and night
 Have the same colours, the same red and white,
 As in the open day and light ;
 The sun doth only shew
 That they are bright, not make them so.
 So whilst but private walls did know
 What we to such a mighty mind should owe,
 Then the same virtues did appear,
 Though in a less and more contracted sphere,
 As full, though not as large as since they were :
 And, like great rivers' fountains, though
 At first so deep thou didst not go :
 Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood ;
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
 Thy sceptre's not thy father's, but thy own :

Thy

Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 But after many other colours past,
 It took the deepest princely dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser cares,
 And private thoughts took up thy private years :
 Those hands which were ordain'd by fates
 To change the world and alter states,
 Practis'd at first that vast design
 On meaner things with equal mien.
 That soul which should so many sceptres sway,
 To whom so many kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestic way :
 So government itself began
 From family, and single man,
 Was by the small relation first
 Of husband and of father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread itself o'er all the world at last.

VI.

But when thy country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy virtue and thy courage call'd ;
 When England did thy arms intreat,
 And 't had been sin in thee not to be great :
 When every stream, and every flood,
 Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood :
 When unus'd arms, and 'unknown war,
 Fill'd every place, and every ear ;
 When the great storms and dismal night
 Did all the land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.

Thou

Thou left'st thy more delightful peace,
 Thy private life, and better ease ;
 Then down thy steel and armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the hook :
 When death had got a large commission out,
 Throwing the arrows and her sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thyself but us.

VII.

Thy country wounded was, and sick, before
 Thy wars and arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the disease did lie,
 And like the cure of sympathy,
 The strong and certain remedy
 Unto the weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the sword, and so
 Away the scabbard throw,
 As if thy country shou'd
 Be the inheritance of Mars and blood :
 But that, when the great work was spun,
 War in itself should be undone :
 That peace might land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The husbandmen no steel shall know,
 None but the useful iron of the plow ;
 That bays might creep on every spear :
 And though our sky was overspread
 With a destructive red,
 'Twas but till thou our sun didst in full light appear.

VIII

VIII.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph :
So from that crimfon flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to fhed,
Letters and learning rofe, and arts renew'd :
Thou fought'ft, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and ftate ;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didft mow,
Was, that a holy ifland hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raifed by a ſhower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at firft may feem
To carry all away with an enraged ſtream ;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy :
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another flime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in battles and in arms excel ;
That ſteely arms themſelves might be
Worn out in war as ſoon as thee ;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd fate ;

As

As if uncertain victory
 Had been first o'ercome by thee ;
 As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve,
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'dst thyself, and mad'st them triumph too ;
 Though they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher sphere :
 Thou, the great Sun, gav'st light to every star :
 Thyself an army wert alone,
 And mighty troops contain'd in one.
 Thy only sword did guard the land,
 Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
 From men God's garden did defend ;
 But yet thy sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradise.

X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
 Nor for a sceptre or a crown,
 Or ermin, purple, or the throne ;
 But as the vestal heat,
 Thy fire was kindled from above alone :
 Religion putting on thy shield
 Brought thee victorious to the field.
 Thy arms, like those which ancient heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou didst adore :
 And all the swords thy armies had,
 Were on an heavenly anvil made ;

Not

Not interest, or any weak desire
 Of rule or empire, did thy mind inspire :
 Thy valour like the holy fire,
 Which did before the Persian armies go,
 Liv'd in the camp, and yet was sacred too :
 Thy mighty sword anticipates,
 What was deserv'd by heaven and those blest seats,
 And makes the church triumphant here below.

XI.

Though fortune did hang on thy sword,
 And did obey thy mighty word ;
 Though fortune, for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd inconstancy ;
 Amidst thy arms and trophies thou
 Were valiant and gentle too ;
 Wound'st thyself, when thou didst kill thy foe.
 Like steel, when it much work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last,
 Thy arms by being oftener us'd did smoother grow.
 Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
 Thy conquest rais'd the state, not thee :
 Thou overcam'st thyself in every victory.
 As when the sun in a directer line
 Upon a polish'd golden shield doth shine,
 The shield reflects unto the sun again his light :
 So when the heavens smil'd on thee in fight ;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success and victory to thy tent ;
 To heaven again the victory was sent.

XII.

XII.

England, till thou didst come,
 Confin'd her valour home ;
 Then our own rocks did stand
 Bounds to our fame as well as land,
 And were to us as well
 As to our enemies unpassable :
 We were asham'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the dead.
 The British lion hung his main, and droop'd,
 To slavery and burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate sleep and fear
 Lay in his den, and languish'd there ;
 At whose least voice before,
 A trembling echo ran through every shore,
 And shook the world at every roar :
 Thou his subdued courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring floods,
 His mighty thunder sounds through all the woods :
 Thou hast our military fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay, more, heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an iron age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'st, that azure chain of waves,
 Which nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every pirate slaves,
 Was rather burden than an ornament ;

Those

Those fields of sea, that wash'd our shores,
 Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours :
 To us, the liquid mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the sun,
 Only a bed to sleep on was :
 And not as now a powerful throne,
 To shake and sway the world thereon.
 Our princes in their hand a globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of earth and water too.
 But thy commands the floods obey'd,
 Thou all the wilderness of water sway'd :
 Thou didst not only wed the sea,
 Not make her equal, but a slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke :
 He that ruled all the main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his sovereign :
 And now the conquer'd sea doth pay
 More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the sea.

XIV.

'Till now our valour did ourselves more hurt ;
 Our wounds to other nations were a sport ;
 And as the earth, our land produc'd
 Iron and steel, which should to tear ourselves be us'd :
 Our strength within itself did break,
 Like thundering cannons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,
 While th' enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.

But

But now our trumpets thou hast made to found
 Against their enemies walls in foreign ground ;
 And yet no echo back to us returning found.
 England is now the happy peaceful isle,
 And all the world the while
 Is exercising arms and wars
 With foreign or intestine jars.
 The torch extinguish'd here, we lent to others oil.
 We give to all, yet know ourselves no fear ;
 We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
 Where'er we please our swords t' unsheath,
 Whilst we in calm and temperate regions breathe :
 Like to the sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every corner of the world ;
 Whose flame through all the air doth go,
 And yet the sun himself the while no fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the glories of thy peace
 Are not in number nor in value less.
 Thy hand did cure, and close the scars
 Of our bloody civil wars ;
 Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
 Made us again as healthy and as found :
 When now the ship was well nigh lost,
 After the storm upon the coast,
 By its mariners endanger'd most ;
 When they their ropes and helms had left,
 When the planks afunder cleft,

And

And floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
 Thou a safe land and harbour for us found,
 And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd;
 A work which none but heaven and thou could do;
 Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no: I
 Thy judgment, mercy, temperance so great,
 As if those virtues only in thy mind had seat:
 Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
 When heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
 Thy temples not like Janus only were
 Open in time of war,
 When thou hadst greater cause to fear:
 Religion and the awe of heaven possesst
 All places and all times alike thy breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
 But for the years to come beside;
 Our after-times and late posterity
 Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
 They too are made by thee.
 When fate did call thee too a higher throne,
 And when thy mortal work was done,
 When heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
 Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,
 Had he not been
 Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
 Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:

'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
 And with a finer thread weave out thy loom :
 So one did bring the chosen people from
 Their slavery and fears,
 Led them through their pathless road ;
 Guided himself by God,
 H 'as brought them to the borders ; but a second hand
 Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

To a Person of Honour (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD)
 upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem,
 intituled The BRITISH PRINCES.

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
 Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
 All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
 All rumours skill your verses far out-do :
 To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
 Since to their leeks you do your laurel join :
 Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
 Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
 Bonduca, were she such as here we see
 (In British paint), none could more dreadful be :
 With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
 Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome.
 Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
 That in king Arthur's time she here is seen :

You

You that can make immortal by your song,
 May well one life four hundred years prolong.
 Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
 The settled course of time and years to move,
 Though him you imitate in this alone,
 In all things else you borrow help from none :
 No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
 Their fables and examples you forsake.
 With true heroic glory you display
 A subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great author, for the world's delight ;
 Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write ;
 They talk strange things that ancient poets did ;
 How trees and stones they into buildings lead :
 For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard,
 But yours, at least, will build half Paul's churchyard.

On his MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace
 Both thyself fly and thyself chace,
 Forbear awhile to flow,
 And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
 Is fresh, compar'd to mine :
 Inform it that the gentler dame,
 Who was the life of all my flame,

I' th' glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love :
Alas, alas ! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast ;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

Which happened in the second Year of the
PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

First described in Greek by THUCYDIDES;
Then in Latin by LUCRETIUS.

To my worthy and learned Friend,
Dr. WALTER POPE,
Late Proctor of the University of Oxford.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolished copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by some cele-

brated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a poem, his description or that of Lucretius. Though it must be said, that the historian had a vast advantage over the poet; he, having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the shapes of the misery still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footsteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: for being so far removed from the place whereon the disease acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumstances, customs of the country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thrust himself into the midst of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, sir, by emboldening me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the comparison,

son, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent person (the present ornament and honour of our nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of thunder, by the sound of brass and horses hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow his notes, destroyed itself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself, Sir,

Your most humble and

affectionate servant,

T H O. S P R A T.

THUCYDIDES, Lib. II.

As it is excellently translated by Mr. HOBBS.

IN the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable, insomuch as, subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians

loponnesians had cast poison into their wells ; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, phyfician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge ; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this ; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ache in their heads, redness and inflammation in the eyes ; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisome and unfavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast. And when once it was settled in the stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyexe, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little pimples and wheals ;
but

but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the wells ; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever.

As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength ; or if they escaped that, then, the disease falling down in their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness : for the disease (which first took the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body : and he that overcame the worst of it was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts ; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expression of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred among us, and that especially
by

by this: for all, both birds and beasts, that use to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting perished. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, either about the carcases, or any where else; but by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual sicknesses at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physic that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but carried all away, what physic soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind, in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance); as also their dying thus like sheep, infected by mutual visitation: for if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men: for out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially
after

after it was come to that pass, that even their domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like danger; for this disease never took a man the second time so as to be mortal. And these men were both by others counted happy; and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other sickness hereafter. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the country people and of their substance into the city, oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in: for, having no houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets, and men half dead about every conduit through desire of water. The temples also where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly used touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral
pile,

pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the city began at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; inso-much as they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives.

T H E
P L A G U E O F A T H E N S.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to sway,
 And yet is every creature's prey,
 Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.
 Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
 Flattering ourselves with mighty words;
 Of all things we the monarchs are,
 And so we rule, and so we domineer;
 All creatures else about us stand
 Like some prætorian band,
 To guard, to help, and to defend;
 Yet they sometimes prove enemies,
 Sometimes against us rise;
 Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
 Thousand diseases sent by fate
 (Unhappy servants!) on us wait;
 A thousand treacheries within
 Are laid, weak life to win;
 Huge troops of maladies without
 (A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
 Some formal sieges make,
 And with sure flowness do our bodies take;
 Some with quick violence storm the town,
 And throw all in a moment down:
 Some one peculiar fort assail,
 Some by general attempts prevail.

Small

Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
 And small is the assistance they can give :
 How can the fading offspring of the field
 Sure health and succour yield ?
 What strong and certain remedy,
 What firm and lasting life can ours be,
 When that which makes us live doth every winter die ?

II.

Nor is this all : we do not only breed
 Within ourselves the fatal seed
 Of change, and of decrease in every part,
 Head, belly, stomach, and root of life, the heart ;
 Not only have our autumn, when we must
 Of our own nature turn to dust,
 When leaves and fruit must fall ;
 But are expos'd to mighty tempests too,
 Which do at once what they would slowly do,
 Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
 From ruin we in vain
 Our bodies by repair maintain,
 Bodies compos'd of stuff
 Mouldering and frail enough ;
 Yet from without as well we fear
 A dangerous and destructive war.
 From heaven, from earth, from sea, from air,
 We like the Roman empire shall decay,
 And our own force would melt away
 By the intestine jar
 Of elements, which on each other prey,
 The Cæsars and the Pompeys which within we bear :

Yet

Yet are (like that) in danger too
 Of foreign armies, and external foe.
 Sometimes the Gothish and the barbarous rage
 Of plague or pestilence attends man's age,
 Which neither force nor arts assuage ;
 Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
 But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the southern sands,
 The unfrequented coasts, and parched lands,
 Whither the sun too kind a heat doth send,
 (The sun, which the worst neighbour is, and the best
 friend)

Hither a mortal influence came,
 A fatal and unhappy flame,
 Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
 With dreadful frowns, the heavens scatter'd here
 Cruel infectious heats into the air :
 Now all the stores of poison sent,
 Threatening at once a general doom,
 Lavish'd out all their hate, and meant
 In future ages to be innocent,
 Not to disturb the world for many years to come.
 Hold, heavens ! hold ; why should your sacred fire,
 Which doth to all things life inspire,
 By whose kind beams you bring
 Forth yearly every thing,
 Which doth th' original seed
 Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
 With vital heat and quickening feed ;

Why

Why should you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy?

IV.

Those Africk desarts straight were double desarts
 grown,
 The ravenous beasts were left alone,
 The ravenous beasts then first began
 To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themselves
 have done.
 Nor staid the cruel evil there,
 Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
 Plagues presently forsake
 The wilderness which they themselves do make.
 Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
 Driven by a mighty wind,
 They a new booty and fresh forage find?
 The loaded wind went swiftly on,
 And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan.
 On Egypt next it seiz'd,
 Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
 Egypt, in rage, back on the south did look,
 And wonder'd thence should come th' unhappy stroke,
 From whence before her fruitfulness she took.
 Egypt did now curse and revile
 Those very lands from whence she has her Nile;
 Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
 Another Angel's hand, a second Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred land
 Its angry forces did command ;
 But God did place an angel there
 Its violence to withstand,
 And turn into another road the putrid air.
 To Tyre it came, and there did all devour ;
 Though that by seas might think itself secure.
 Nor staid, as the great conqueror did,
 Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the tide,
 Which did it from the shore divide,
 But pass'd the waters, and did all possess,
 And quickly all was wilderness.
 Thence it did Persia over-run,
 And all that sacrifice unto the sun :
 In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
 Tortur'd with secret coals they melt ;
 The Persians call'd their sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd the pain.
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the beams they worshiped before,
 And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the east,
 She took her wings, and down to Athens past ;
 Just Plague ! which dost no parties take,
 But Greece as well as Persia sack,
 While in unnatural quarrels they
 (Like frogs and mice) each other slay ;
 Thou in thy ravenous claws took'st both away,
 Thither

Thither it came, and did destroy the town,
 Whilst all its ships and soldiers looked on ;
 And now the Asian plague did more
 Than all the Asian force could do before.
 Without the wall the Spartan army fate,
 The Spartan army came too late :
 For now there was no farther work for Fate,
 They saw the city open lay,
 An easy and a bootless prey ;
 They saw the rampires empty stand,
 The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
 No need of cruelty or slaughters now,
 The plague had finish'd what they came to do ;
 They might now unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very air
 More than the Athenians fear.
 The air itself to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens ! it is true thou wert
 The proudest work of nature and of art :
 Learning and strength did thee compose,
 As soul and body us :
 But yet thou only thence art made
 A nobler prey for fates t' invade ;
 Those mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
 Do only serve to make a fatter feast for death.
 Death in the most frequented places lives ;
 Most tribute from the crowd receives ;

And though it bears a scythe, and seems to own
 A rustic life alone,
 It loves no wilderness,
 No scatter'd villages,
 But mighty populous palaces,
 The throng, the tumult, and the town.
 What strange unheard-of conqueror is this,
 Which by the forces that resist it doth increase!
 When other conquerors are
 Oblig'd to make a slower war,
 Nay sometimes for themselves may fear
 And must proceed with watchful care,
 When thicker troops of enemies appear;
 This stronger still, and more successful grows,
 Down sooner all before it throws,
 If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

VIII.

The tyrant first the haven did subdue;
 Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
 Themselves by wooden walls did save,
 And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
 Lest they new succour thence receive.
 Cruel Pyræus! now thou hast undone
 The honour thou before hadst won;
 Not all thy merchandize,
 Thy wealth, thy treasuries,
 Which from all coasts thy fleet supplies,
 Can to atone this crime suffice.
 Next o'er the upper town it spread,
 With mad and undiscerned speed;

In every corner, every street,
 Without a guide did set its feet,
 And too familiar every house did greet.
 Unhappy queen of Greece ! great Theseus now
 Did thee a mortal injury do,
 When first in walls he did thee close,
 When first he did thy citizens reduce,
 Houses and government, and laws to use.
 It had been better if thy people still
 Dispersed in some field or hill,
 Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
 Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
 Than by their numbers thus to be subdued,
 To be by their own swarms annoy'd,
 And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
 And dying men's confused voice.
 From heaven in haste she came, to see
 What was the mighty prodigy.
 Upon the castle pinnacles she sat,
 And dar'd not nearer fly,
 Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very deity.
 With pitying look she saw at every gate
 Death and destruction wait ;
 She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
 And all th' immortal powers above ;
 But though a goddess now did pray,
 The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.

She brought her olive and her shield,
 Neither of these, alas ! assistance yield.
 She lookt upon Medusa's face,
 Was angry that she was
 Herself of an immortal race,
 Was angry that her Gorgon's head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead :
 She sat and wept a while, and then away she fled.

X.

Now Death began her sword to whet,
 Not all the Cyclops sweat,
 Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
 Weapons enough for her.
 No weapons large enough, but all the age
 Men felt the heat within them rage
 And hop'd the air would it assuage,
 Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the ills it should relieve ;
 The air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal poison grow :
 The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
 Only now serv'd to fire each part ;
 What should refresh, increas'd the smart :
 And now their very breath,
 The chiefest sign of life, was turn'd the cause of death.

XI.

Upon the head first the disease,
 As a bold conqueror, doth seize,
 Begins with man's metropolis,

Secur'd

Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
 Blood started through each eye ;
 The redness of that sky
 Foretold a tempest nigh.
 The tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted filth and gore ;
 As doth a lion's when some innocent prey
 He hath devour'd and brought away :
 Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
And stopt the passages of speech and life ;
 No room was left for groans or grief ;
 Too cruel and imperious ill !
 Which, not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Dost take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breast,
 There all the seats and shops of life possess'd.
 Such noisome smells from thence did come,
 As if the stomach were a tomb ;
 No food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's side,
 The very meat new poisons to the plague supply'd.
 Next, to the heart the fires came,
 The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
 What unknown furnace, should
 On its more natural heat intrude ;
 Straight call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
 It was too late now to rebel.

The tainted blood its course began
 And carried death where'er it ran ;
 That which before was nature's noblest art,
 The circulation from the heart,
 Was most destructful now,
 And nature speedier did undo,
 For that the sooner did impart
 The poison and the smart,
 Th' infectious blood to every distant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at last its share,
 And all the subtile labyrinths there
 Of winding bowels did new monsters bear.
 Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
 And oftner kill'd because it death so long delay'd.
 But if through strength and heat of age
 The body overcame its rage,
 The plague departed as the devil doth,
 When driven by prayers away he goeth.
 If prayers and heaven do him controul,
 And if he cannot have the foul,
 Himself out of the roof or window throws,
 And will not all his labour lose,
 But takes away with him part of the house :
 So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb.
 Some lost the use of hands and eyes,
 Some arms, some legs, some thighs ;
 Some all their lives before forgot,
 Their minds were but one darker blot ;

Those

Those various pictures in the head,
 And all the numerous shapes were fled ;
 And now the ranfack'd memory
 Languish'd in naked poverty,
 Had lost its mighty treasury ;
They past the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leffer maladies men had,
 They all gave place and vanished ;
 Those petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror shrunk their head.
 Fevers, agues, palsies, stone,
 Gout, colic, and consumption,
 And all the milder generation,
 By which mankind is by degrees undone,
 Quickly were rooted out and gone ;
 Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
 Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain :
 'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worse and
 sooner die.

XV.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
 They the first spoils to the proud victor fall.
 Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first :
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
 First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke,
 The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
 Should

Should soonest disobey,
 Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way.
 No aid of herbs, or juices power,
 None of Apollo's art could cure,
 But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
 Physic itself was a disease,
 Physic the fatal tortures did encrease,
 Prescriptions did the pains renew,
 And Æsculapius to the sick did come,
 As afterwards to Rome,
 In form of serpent, brought new poisons with him too.

XVI.

The streams did wonder that, so soon
 As they were from their native mountains gone,
 They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
 Another Xerxes' army near.
 Some cast into the pit the urn,
 And drink it dry at its return :
 Again they drew, again they drank ;
 At first the coolness of the stream did thank,
 But straight the more were scorch'd, the more did burn ;
 And, drunk with water, in their drinking sank :
 That urn which now to quench their thirst they use,
 Shortly their ashes shall inclose :
 Others into the crystal brook
 With faint and wondering eyes did look,
 Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
 Away they would have fled, but them their legs forsook.
 Some snatch the waters up,
 Their hands, their mouths the cup.

They

They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.

So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
 Straight all was to a ferment grown,
 And hidden seeds of fire together run :
 The heap was calm and temperate before,
 Such as the finger could endure ;
 But, when the moistures it provoke,
 Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to ashes
 broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
 They like some mighty burden bear
 The lightest covering of air.
All sexes and all ages do invade
 The bounds which nature laid,
 The laws of modesty which nature made ;
The virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
 Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
 The pain and the disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce men to
 That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before,
 No sleep, no peace, no rest,
 Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd ;
 Upon their souls and eyes
 Hell and eternal horror lies,
 Unusual shapes and images,
 Dark pictures and resemblances

Of things to come, and of the world below,
 O'er their distemper'd fancies go :
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
 The gods above, the gods beneath ;
 Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
 Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
 The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh away.
 In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
 Nor would their food with their own ruin buy :
 But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
 The vulturs afar off did see the feast,
 Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
 They rally'd up their troops in haste ;
 Along came mighty droves,
 Forsook their young ones and their groves,
 Each one his native mountain and his nest ;
 They come, but all their carcases abhor,
 And now avoid the dead men more
 Than weaker birds did living men before.
 But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,
 They were destroy'd by their own prey.
 The dog no longer bark'd at coming guest,
 Repents its being a domestic beast,
 Did to the woods and mountains haste :
 The very owls at Athens are
 But seldom seen and rare,
 The owls depart in open day,
 Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

XIX.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threatening to raise a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,
But straight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children last,
Here parting lovers last embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here prisoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty ;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poison'd by the scent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give ;
Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's last cries,
Parteth his grief for him and dies,
Lives not enough to close his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath ;

In the same hour the son doth take
His father's will and his own make.

The servant need not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again ;
They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together fly ;
The husband gaspeth, and his wife lies by,
It must be her turn next to die :

The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain ;
No fates in death could them divide,
They must without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe :
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms :
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years ;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if ashamed of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too ;
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in store :
But

But Fate, ere they had finish'd their account, them slew.

The wretched usurer died,

And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid ;

The merchant did behold

His ships return with spice and gold ;

He saw 't, and turn'd aside his head,

Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and assemblies cease ; no more

The people throng about the orator,

No course of justice did appear,

No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,

The senate cast away

The robe of honour, and obey

Death's more resistless sway,

Whilst that with dictatorial power

Doth all the great and lesser officers devour,

No magistrates did walk about ;

No purple aw'd the rout :

The common people too

A purple of their own did shew :

And all their bodies o'er

The ruling colours bore.

No judge, no legislators sit,

Since this new Draco came,

And harsher laws did frame,

Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.

The benches and the pleading-place they leave,

About the streets they run and rave ;

The

The madnefs which great Solon did of late
 But only counterfeit
 For the advantage of the ftate,
 Now his fucceffors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ftarts the foldier from his bed,
 He, though death's fervant, is not freed.
 Death him cashier'd, 'caufe now his help ſhe did not need.
 He that ne'er knew before to yield,
 Or to give back, or leave the field,
 Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
 He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
 Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
 And thus in open ſtreets did roar ;
 How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
 That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me ?
 Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd ?
 Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood ?
 Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain ?
 And muſt I now thy prey remain ?
 Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
 Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
 Send, gods, the Perſian troops again :
 No, they 're a baſe and a degenerate train ;
 They by our women may be ſlain.
 Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
 Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
 Let me ſurvive to dye at Syracuſe,
 Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſe.
 For you, great Gods ! into my mind infuſe,

What

What miseries, what doom,
 Must on my Athens shortly come !
 My thoughts inspir'd presage,
 Slaughters and battles to the coming age :
 Oh ! might I dye upon that glorious stage :
 'Oh ! that ! but then he grasp'd his sword, and death
 concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate !
 Lest thou repent when 'tis too late.
 Lest, by thy making now so great a waste,
 By spending all mankind upon one feast,
 Thou starve thyself at last :
 What men wilt thou reserve in store,
 Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
 When thou shalt have destroyed all before ?
 But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
 If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
 If more remain whom thou must kill,
 And if thy jaws are craving still,
 Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
 The northern wilderness and eternal frosts !
 Against those barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
 Where arts and laws are strangers yet ;
 Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great.
 There rage, there spread, and there infect the air,
 Murder whole towns and families there,
 Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
 Those whom mankind can spare,
 Those whom mankind itself doth fear ;

O

Amidst

Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
 There let thy flames their empire hold.
 Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
 Where never summer's sun its beams extends,
 Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
 Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
 Where never ray or heat did come,
 They will rejoice at such a doom,
 They 'll bless thy pestilential fire,
 Though by it they expire,
 They 'll thank the very flames with which they do
 consume.

XXV.

Then, if that banquet will not thee suffice,
 Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyrannize ;
 Search every forest, every hill,
 And all that in the hollow mountains dwell ;
 Those wild and untame troops devour,
 Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
 And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
 Let all those human beasts be slain,
 Till scarce their memory remain ;
 Thyself with that ignoble slaughter fill,
 Twill be permitted thee that blood to spill.
 Measure the ruder world throughout,
 March all the ocean shores about,
 Only pass by and spare the British isle.

Go on, and (what Columbus once shall do
 When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
 Find out new lands and unknown countries too :
 Attempt those lands which yet are hid
 From all mortality beside :
 There thou may'st steal a victory,
 And none of this world hear the cry
 Of those that by thy wounds shall die ;
 No Greek shall know thy cruelty
 And tell it to posterity.
 Go, and unpeople all those mighty lands,
 Destroy with unrelenting hands ;
 Go, and the Spaniard's sword prevent,
 Go make the Spaniard innocent ;
 Go, and root out all mankind there,
 That when the European armies shall appear,
 Their sin may be the less,
 They may find all a wilderness,
 And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant ;
 Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
 (We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
 Ransack Lycurgus' flocks throughout,
 They 've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
 On wanton and proud Corinth seize,
 Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
 Let Cyprus feel more fires than those of Love :
 Let Delos, which at first did give the Sun,
 See unknown flames in her begun,

Now let her wish she might unconstant prove,
 And from her place might truly move :
 Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
 And think that a new Vulcan fell,
 And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
 Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
 All that thou find'st in field, or camp, or shop :
 Make havock there without controul
 Of every ignorant and common soul.
 But then, kind Plague, thy conquests stop ;
 Let arts, and let the learned, there escape,
 Upon Minerva's self commit no rape ;
 Touch not the sacred throng,
 And let Apollo's priests be, like him, young,
 Like him, be healthful too, and strong.
 But ah ! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
 Strive to keep off the misery,
 The learned too, as fast as others, round me die ;
 They from corruption are not free,
 Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
 What help, what cure, what remedy,
 All Nature's stores against this plague supply ;
 And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
 They search'd it in their books, and fain would meet
 it there ;
 They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
 And chiefly those that were made famous by their crimes,
 To

To find if men were punish'd so before ;
 But found not the disease nor cure,
 Nature, alas ! was now surpriz'd,
 And all her forces seiz'd,
 Before she was how to resist advis'd.
 So when the elephants did first affright
 The Romans with unusual fight,
 They many battles lose,
 Before they knew their foes,
 Before they understood such dreadful troops t' oppose.

XXVIII.

Now every different sect agrees
 Against their common adversary, the disease,
 And all their little wranglings cease ;
 The Pythagoreans from their precepts swerve,
 No more their silence they observe,
 Out of their schools they run,
 Lament, and cry, and groan ;
 They now desir'd their metempsychosis ;
 Not only to dispute, but wish
 That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish.
 If the Platonicks had been here,
 They would have curs'd their master's year,
 When all things shall be as they were,
 When they again the same disease shall bear :
 All the philosophers would now,
 What the great Stagyrite shall do,
 Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly stroke,
 At first assault their courage was not broke,
 They call'd in all the cobweb aid
 Of rules and precepts, which in store they had,
 They bid their hearts stand out,
 Bid them be calm and stout,
 But all the strength of precept will not do 't.
 They can't the storms of passion now assuage ;
 As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
 The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
 The Gods gave no release unto their pain,
 The Gods to fear ev'n for themselves began.
 For now the sick unto their temples came,
 And brought more than an holy flame,
 There at the altars made their prayer,
 They sacrific'd, and died there,
 A sacrifice not seen before ;
 That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
 Of lambs or bulls, should now
 Loaded with priests see its own altars too !

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
 The dead the very fire devour,
 And that almighty conqueror o'er-power.
 The noble and the common dust
 Into each other's graves are thrust.
 No place is sacred, and no tomb ;
 'Tis now a privilege to consume ;

Their

Their ashes no distinction had ;
 Too truly all by death are equal made.
 The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled
 From Athens, long since banished,
 Now o'er the city hovered ;
 Their anger yielded to their love,
 They left th' immortal joys above,
 So much their Athens' danger did them move.
 They came to pity, and to aid,
 But now, alas ! were quite dismay'd,
 When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
 And poor men's bones the noble urns invade ;
 Back to the blessed seats they went,
 And now did thank their banishment,
 By which they were to die, in foreign countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods ! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
 Nor would it be content
 With the thick troops of souls were thither sent ;
 Into the upper world it went.
 Such guilt, such wickedness,
 Such irreligion did increase,
 That the few good which did survive
 Were angry with the plague for suffering them to live :
 More for the living than the dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very dead,
 Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
 Though in the very air sure to be punished.

Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
 Though such example of their power appear'd.
 Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
 And Honesty the foolish voice of fame ;
 For, having past those torturing flames before,
 They thought the punishment already o'er,
 Thought heaven no worse torments had in store ;
 Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Upon the Poems of the English Ovid, Anacreon,
 Pindar, and Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY,
 in Imitation of his own Pindaric Odes.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books stand by
 The common people of our library ;
 Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
 And be hung up within this sacred room :
 Let no prophane hands break the chain,
 Or give them unwish'd liberty again,
 But let his holy relick be laid here,
 With the same religious care
 As Numa once the target kept,
 Which down from heaven leapt ;
 Just such another is this book,
 Which its original from divine hands took,
 And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
 But



But yet in this they differ. That could be
 Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand ;
 But this which here doth stand
 Will never any of its own fort see,
 But must still live without such company.
 For never yet was writ,
 In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
 Nor in this ever shall we find,
 Nor any one like to it,
 Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley ! what God did fill thy breast,
 And taught thy hand t' indite
 (For God 's a poet too,
 He doth create, and so do you ?)
 Or else at least
 What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write ?
 There he sat, and mov'd thy hand,
 As proud of his command,
 As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel
 And spins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
 Thy hand too, like a better sphere,
 Gives us more ravishing music made for men to hear.
 Thy hand too, like the sun which angels move,
 Has the same influence from above,
 Produces gold and silver of a nobler kind ;
 Of greater price, and more refin'd.
 Yet in this it exceeds the sun, 't has no degenerate race,
 Brings forth no lead, nor any thing so base.

III.

III.

What holy vestal hearth,
 What immortal breath,
 Did give so pure poetic flame its birth ?
 Just such a fire as thine,
 Of such an unmix'd glorious shine,
 Was Prometheus's flame,
 Which from no less than heaven came.
 Along he brought the sparkling coal,
 From some cœlestial chimney stole ;
 Quickly the plunder'd stars he left,
 And as he hasten'd down
 With the robb'd flames his hands still shone,
 And seem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
 Thy poetry's compounded of the same,
 Such a bright immortal flame ;
 Just so temper'd is thy rage,
 Thy fires as light and pure as they,
 And go as high as his did, if not higher,
 That thou may'st seem to us
 A true Prometheus,
 But that thou didst not steal the least spark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verse,
 Which he did to the listening fish rehearse ;
 Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
 They first curst nature that she made them mute.
 So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
 Strive to turn his slaves,

Lay

Lay down their boisterous noise,
 And dance to his harmonious voice,
 Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
 And from his sweeter tunes some treachery fear;
 Which made the dolphin proud,
 That he was allow'd
 With Atlas, the great porter of the skies, to take
 Such heavenly music up, and carry 't on his back.
 So full and graceful thy words go,
 And with the same majestic sweetness flow.
 Yet his verse only carried him o'er the seas;
 But there's a very sea of wit in these,
 As salt and boundless as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's song,
 Which brought the wondering stones along;
 The wondering stones skipt from their mother earth,
 And left their father cold as his first birth;
 They rose, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
 So were his words, so plac'd his sounds,
 Which forc'd the marbles rise from out their grounds,
 Which cut and carved, made them shine,
 A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
 Th' amazed poet saw the building rise,
 And knew not how to trust his eyes:
 The willing mortar came, and all the trees
 Leap into beams he sees.
 He saw the streets appear,
 Streets, that must needs be harmonious there:

He

He saw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
 The glorious temple shew its head,
 He saw the infant city ripe,
 And all like the creation by a word was bred.
 So great a verse is thine, which though it will not raise
 Marble monuments to thy praise ;
 Yet 'tis no matter, cities they must fall,
 And houses, by the greatest glutton Time be eaten all :
 But thy verse builds a fame for thee,
 Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
 Which sword and thunder doth defy,
 As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the English tongue doth owe,
 That it need not seek
 For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek ;
 To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
 In their own Latium, their head :
 To thee, that our enlarged speech can shew,
 Far more than the three western daughters born
 Out of the ashes of the Roman urn :
 Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
 The adulterate seed of several tongues with it ;
 More than the smooth Italian, though nature gave
 That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
 And that she might the better fit it to 't,
 Made the very land a foot.
 More than the Spanish, though that in one mass
 The Moorish, Jewish, Gothish treasures has,

And

And just as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Most quarters of the earth together throng.

More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race :

That has not any thing, so elaborate wit ;
Though it by its sliding seems to have more oil in it.
Thy soul hath gone through all the Muses' track ;
Where never poets feet were seen before,
Hath pass'd those sands where others left their wrecks,
And sail'd an ocean through, which some thought had
no shore.

Thy spirit has discover'd all poetry ;
Thou found'st no tropics in the poets sky.

More than the sun can do, hast brought a sacred flower
To Mount Parnassus ; and hast open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,

Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie,

Thou hast sail'd the Muses' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndish did, to rob,
Thou hast brought home the treasure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due :

Thou hast search'd through every creek,
From the East-Indies of the poets' world, the Greek,
To the America of wit,

Which was last known, and has most gold in it.

That mother-tongue which we do speak,
This world thy greater spirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,

And

And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deserv'd excuse, not praise,
Till now the Muses liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did shew,
Because by sucking liquor they did only grow.
Verses were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could speak least truth :
Sober and grave men scorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greatest fame.
Poets had nought else of Apollo, but his youth :
Few ever spake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of some liberal man might meet.
Or else they did some rotten mistress paint,
Call her their goddess, or their saint.
Though contrary in this they to their master run,
For the great god of wit, the sun,
When he doth shew his mistress, the white moon,
He makes her spots, as well as beauty, to be shewn.
Till now the sisters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too :
Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd ;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get ;
And though they had a font so long, yet never were
baptis'd.

VIII.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
 By bringing in more store of it :
 Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
 Reign, without dissembling too.
 You've shewn a poet must not needs be bad ;
 That one may be Apollo's priest,
 And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad ;
 Till now, wit was a curse-(as to Lot's wife
 'Twas to be turn'd to salt)
 Because it made men lead a life,
 Which was nought else but one continual fault.]
 You first the Muses to the Christians brought,
 And you then first the holy language taught :
 In you good poetry and divinity meet,
 You are the first bird of paradise with feet.

IX.

Your Miscellanies do appear
 Just such another glorious indigested heap
 As the first mass was, where
 All heavens and stars inclosed were,
 Before they each one to their place did leap.
 Before God the great censor them bestow'd,
 According to their ranks, in several tribes abroad ;
 Whilst yet sun and moon
 Were in perpetual conjunction :
 Whilst all the stars were but one milky way,
 And in natural embraces lay.

Whilst yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light.

So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemistry may separate, but not refine:
So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A chain of sand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Mistress shews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.

Such songs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtship to some sister-mind above
(For angels need not scorn such soft desires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the same fires).

So when they clothe themselves in flesh,
And their light in some human shapes do dress
(For which they fetch'd stuff from the neighbouring air):

So when they stoop, to like some mortal fair,
Such words, such odes as thine they use,
With such soft strains, love into her heart infuse,
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;

Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity shall be;
Which shall remain unspotted there,
Only to shew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's shafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the salt, but not the froth o' th' sea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics soar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;
And

And yet thy wit
 Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
 Thou stand'st on Pindar's back ;
 And therefore thou a higher flight dost take :
 Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
 Thou hast brought him from the dust,
 And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it just
 To be led by thee to the English shore ;
An honour to him : Alexander did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save his house before,
 When his word did assuage
 A warlike army's violent rage :
 Thou hast given to his name,
Than that great conqueror sav'd him from, a brighter
 flame.
He only left some walls where Pindar's name might stay,
 Which with time and age decay :
But thou hast made him once again to live ;
 Thou didst to him new life and breathing give.
 And as in the last resurrection,
Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
More majesty ; a greater soul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could shew.

XII.

Thy David too---
 But hold thy headlong pace, my Muse ;
 None but the priest himself doth use
 Into the holiest place to go.

P

Check

Check thy young Pindaric heat,
 Which makes thy pen too much to sweat;
 'Tis but an infant yet,
 And just now left the teat,
 By Cowley's matchless pattern nurs'd :
 Therefore it is not fit

That it should dare to speak so much at first.

No more, no more for shame.

Let not thy verse be, as his worth is, infinite :

It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy
 father's name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praise you,
 Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

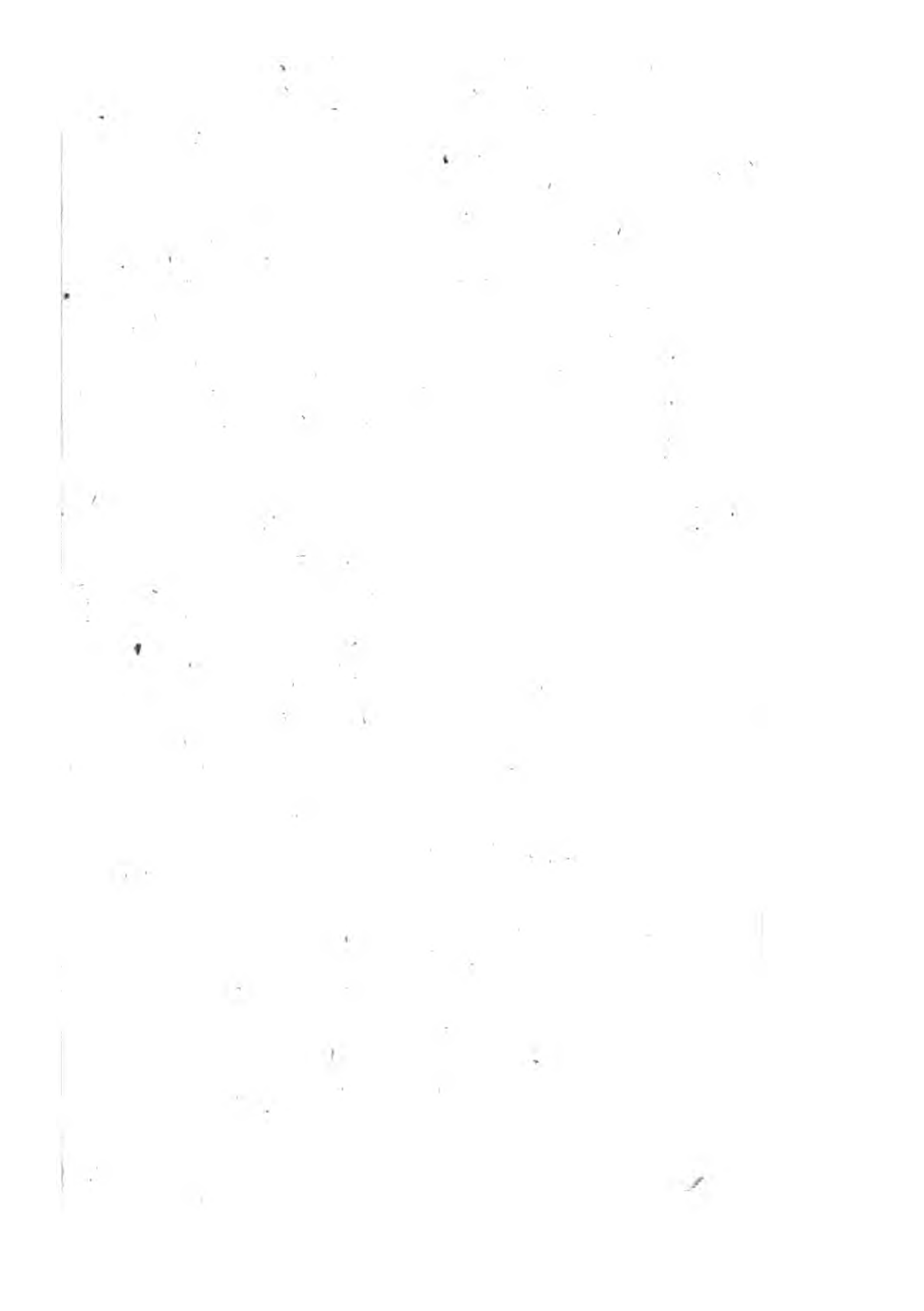
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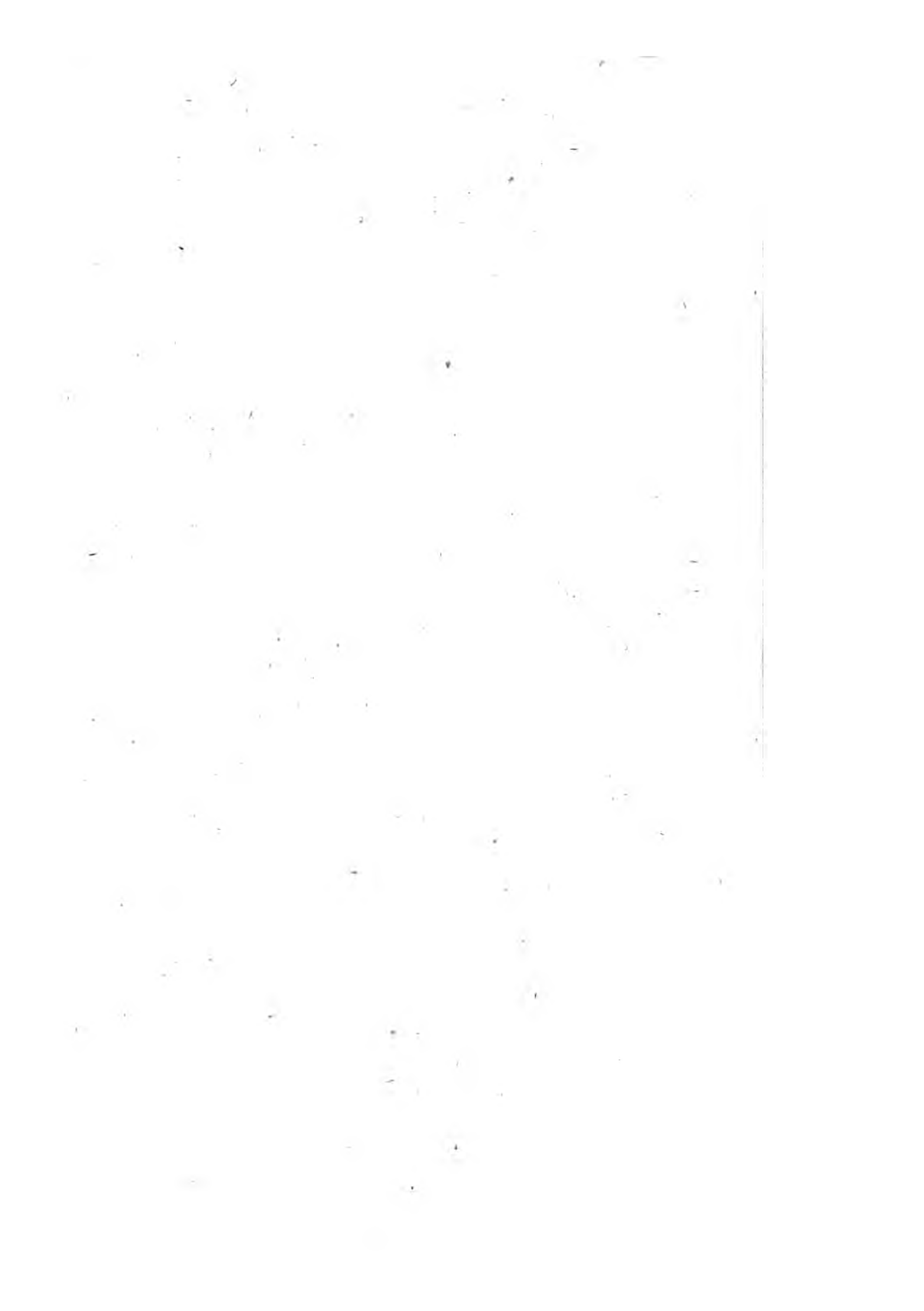
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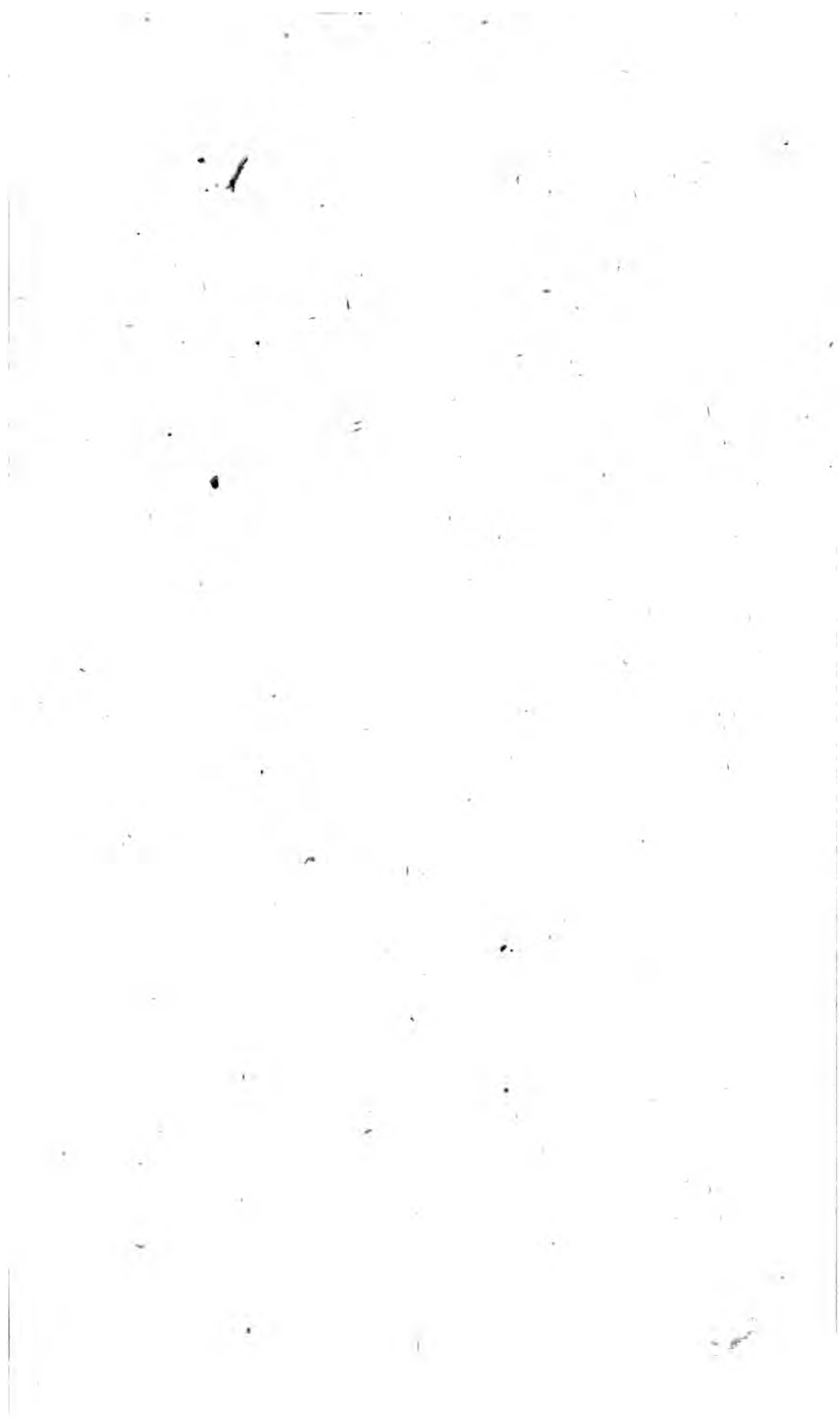
S P R A T ' S P O E M S .

On the Death of Oliver Cromwell	Page 149
To Mr. Howard on his British Princes	162
On his Mistress drown'd	163
The Plague of Athens	165
On the Poems of Mr. Cowley	200









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