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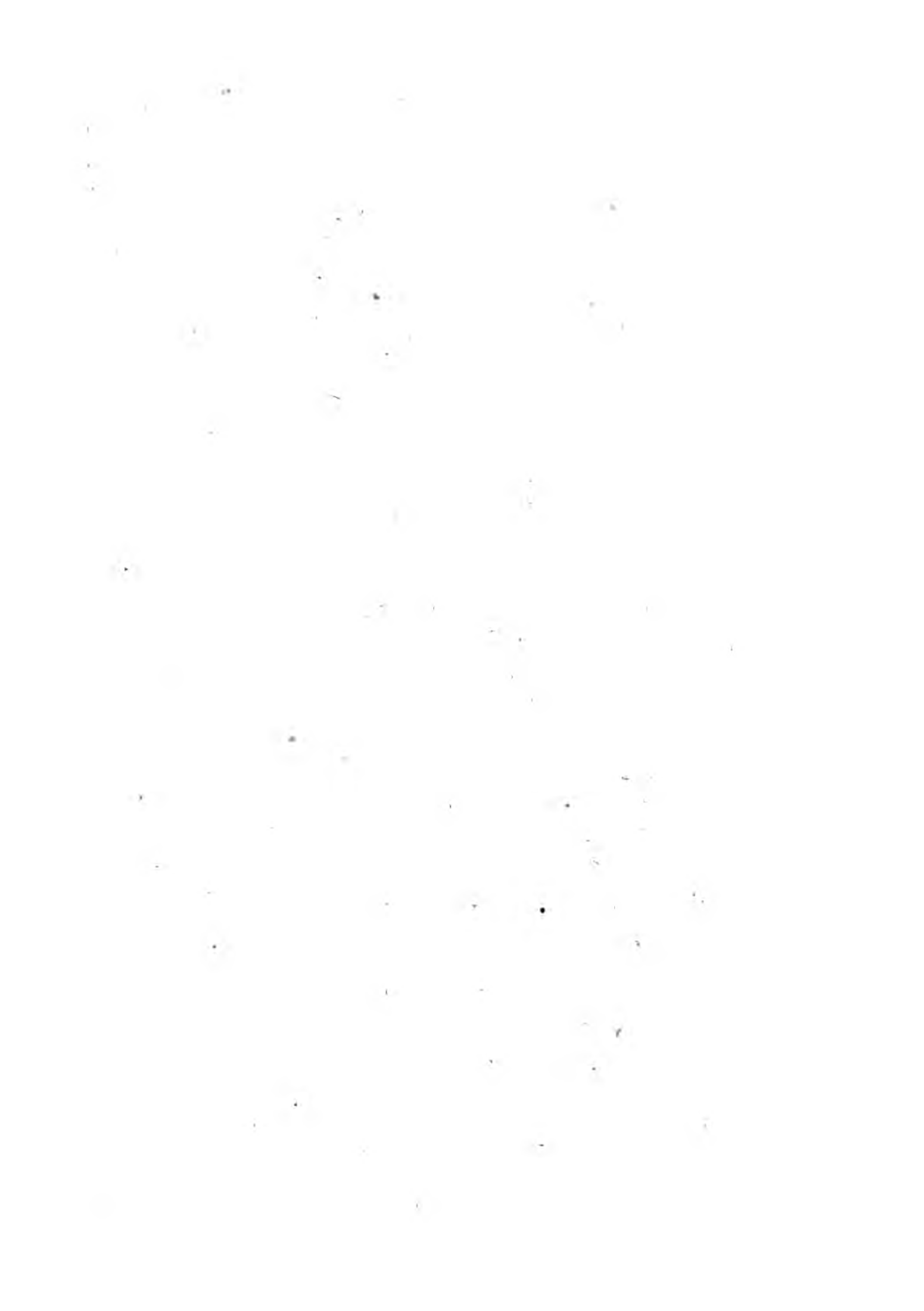
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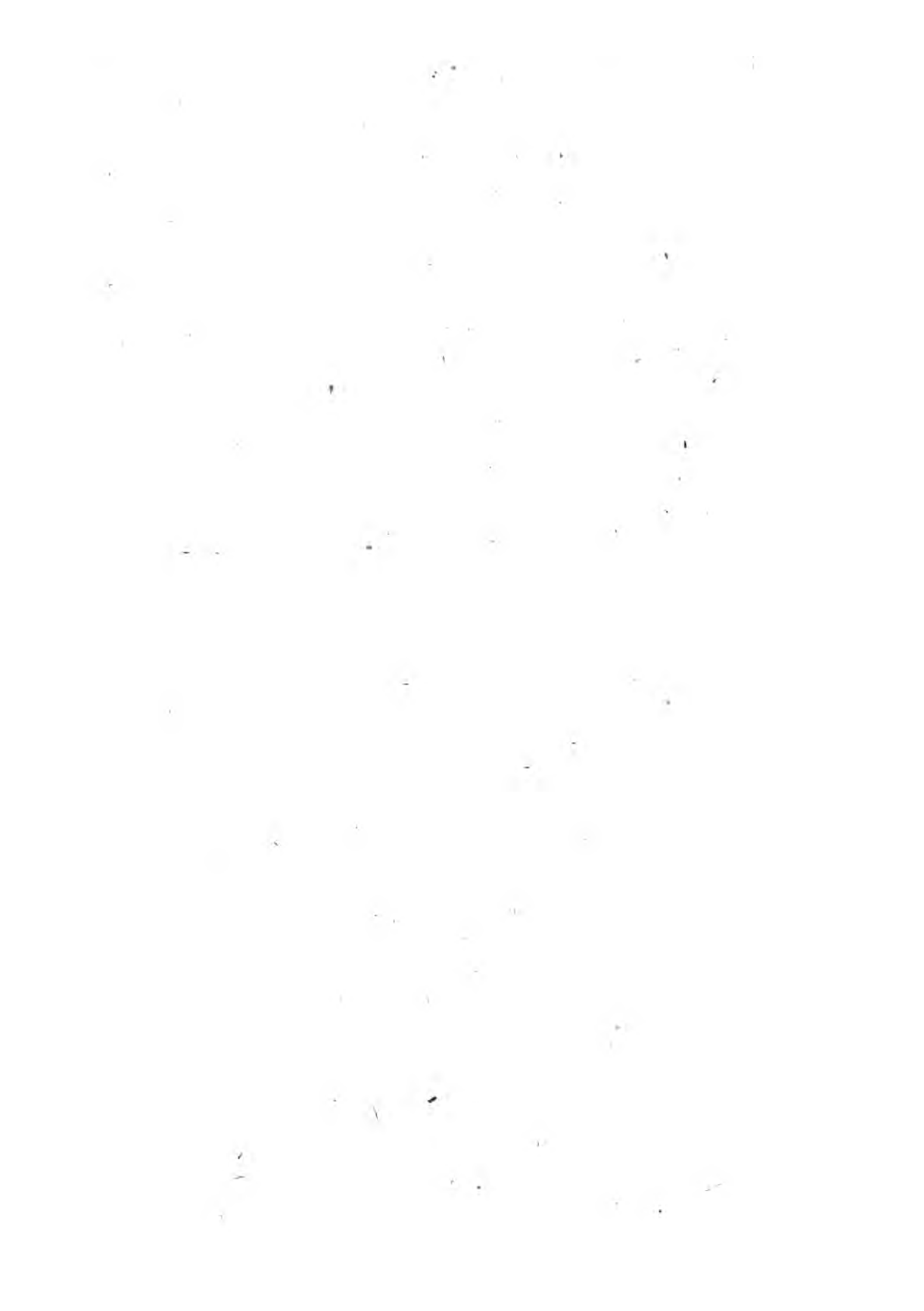


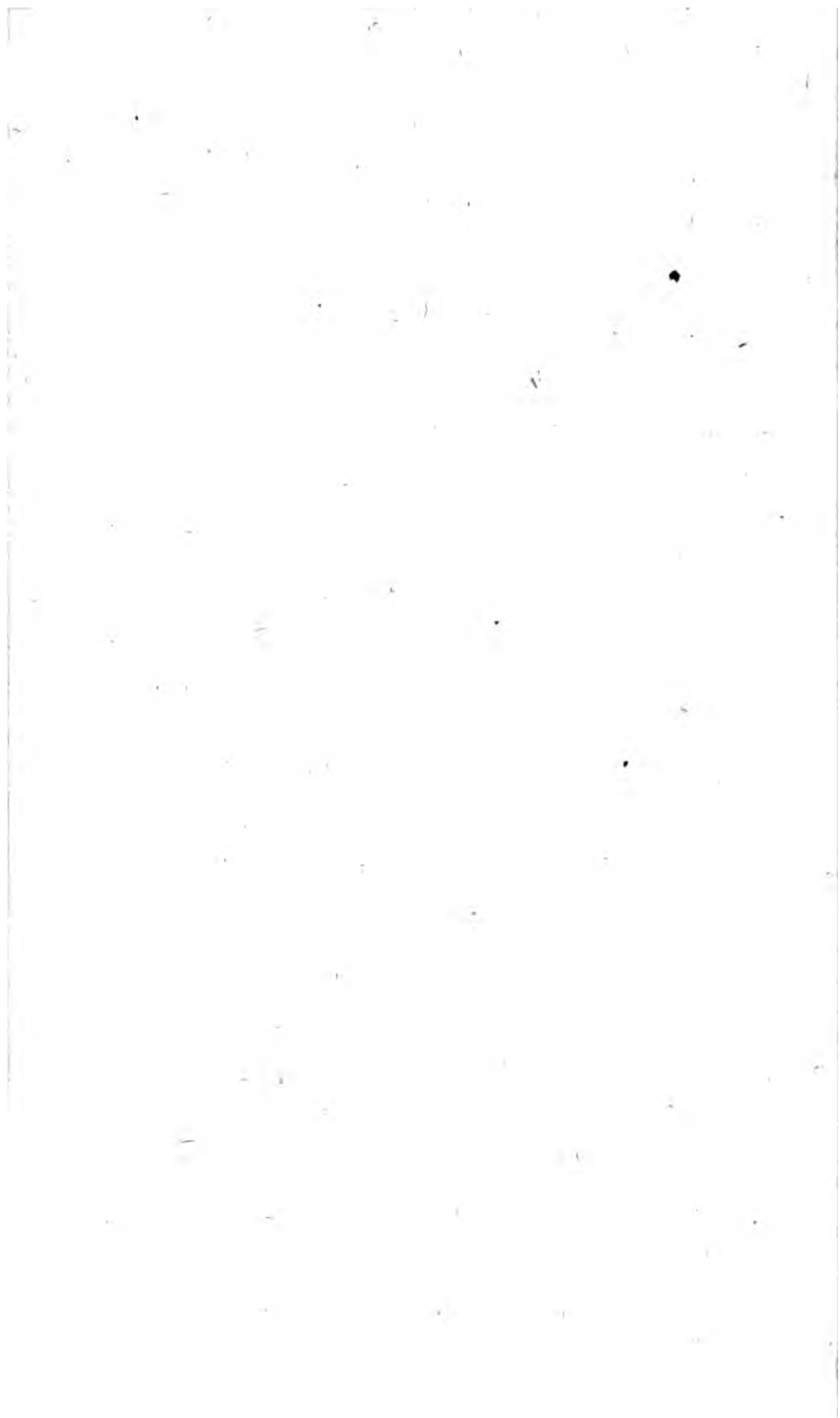
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIRST.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS ;

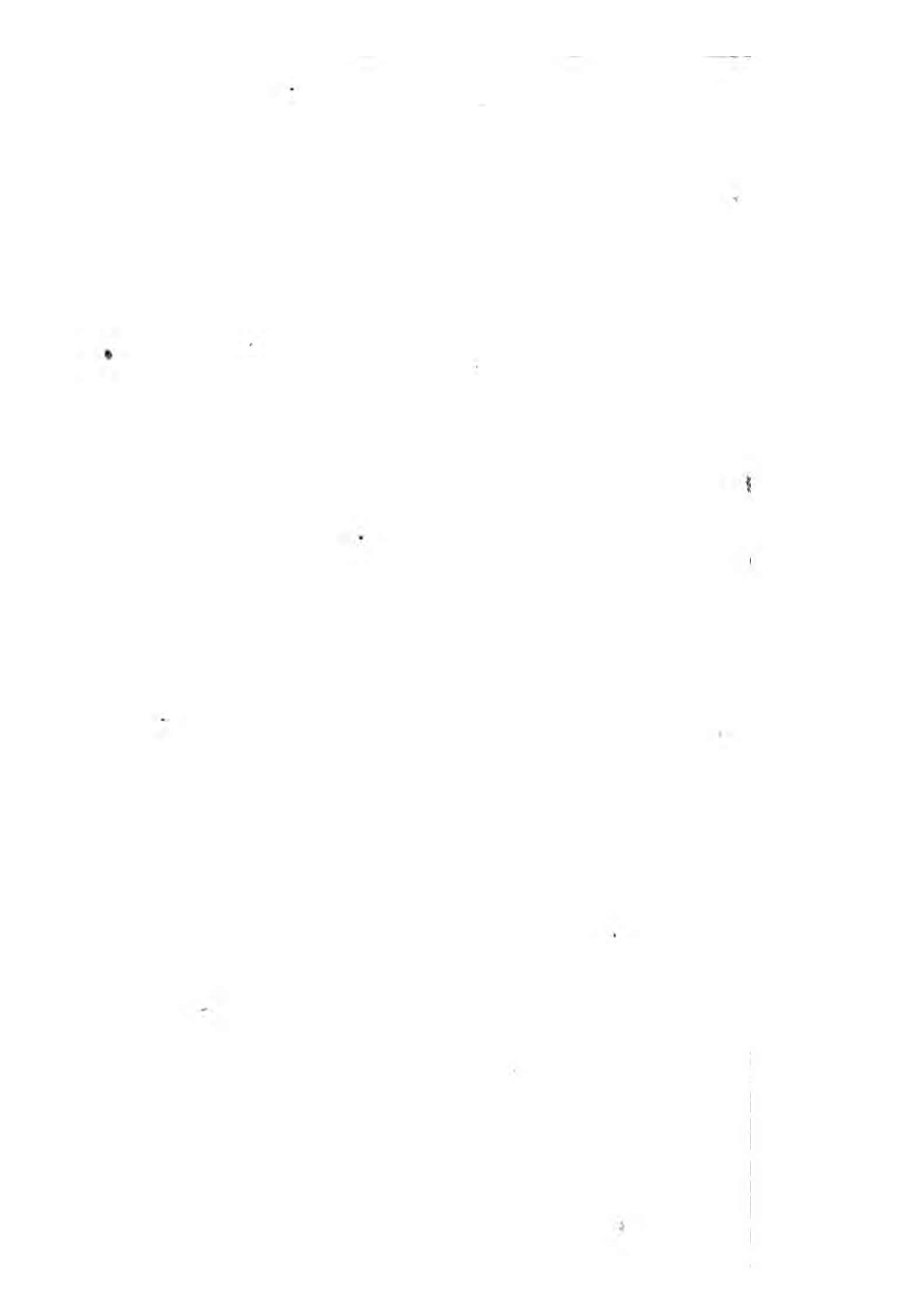
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M D C C L X X I X .



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

VOLUME II.



P O E M S

By MR. P R I O R.

To the Right Honourable Mr. HARLEY.

HORACE, 1 Ep. ix. imitated.

“ Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
 “ Quanti me facias, &c.”

DE A R Dick *, howe'er it comes into his head,
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
 That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
 Though I plain Mat, you Minister of State:
 One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
 Would fix his fortune in some little place.
 Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
 How far my interest with my patron goes;
 And, answering all objections I can make,
 Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

* Richard Shelton Esquire.

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

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
 One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread ;
 That I, in fact, a real interest have,
 Which to my own advantage I would save,
 And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
 To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by ;
 And make my reason with his will comply ;
 Hoping, for my excuse, 't will be confest,
 That of two evils I have chose the least.
 So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
 Receive the partner of my inmost soul :
 Him you will find in letters and in laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
 And, in one word, a good man and a true.

To Mr. HARLEY, wounded by GUISCARD, 1711.

“ Ab ipso
 “ Ducit opes animumque ferro.” HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of Nature's force we find :
 How heavenly Virtue can exalt ; or Rage
 Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II. While

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand ;
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence :
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives :
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The Patriot views ; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame :
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound :
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws ;
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe ;
 A stranger to her altars, and her land :
 No son of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care :
 Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing breath
 Softens thy anguish : in her powerful prayer
 She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewail'd by earth : preserv'd by Heaven!
 No higher can aspiring Virtue soar :
 Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE

Earl of OXFORD, Lord High Treasurer, 1712.

MY LORD,

O U R weekly friends to-morrow meet
 At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
 To try for once if they can dine
 On bacon-ham and mutton-chine :
 If, weary'd with the great affairs
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
 Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend,
 Thy mind one moment to unbend ;
 To see thy servant from his foul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl :
 Among the guests which e'er my house
 Receiv'd, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof —
 Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.
IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.

As guests fat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full quaint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t' oth' side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice:
They seem, God shield me, Mat and Charles.

Bad as Sir Topas, or squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee:
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.

Certes I have this many days,
 Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
 Ne armed knight ydrad in war
 With lion fierce will I compare :
 Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
 Harming in secret guise the flocks :
 Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
 To swine ydrunk, or filthy float.
 Elk simile farewell for aye,
 From elephant, I trow, to flea.

Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.
 Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
 With wit that falleth all so fair :
 Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
 Boweth to your commaundement.
 If by these creatures ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been ;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
 The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to St. Stephen's Court * :
 Therein is space enough, I trow,
 For elke comrade to come and goe :
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyne survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak and play ;

* The Exchequer.

Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t' other *tells*.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind,
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
 Now, as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I ferious pray?
 Let that be wrought which Mat doth say:
 Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

In the same Style.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
 But Topaz his own werke rehearseth;
 And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now, sure as priest did e'er thrive finner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner:

In the same Style.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
 Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine:
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
 Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
 Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
 Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde:
 That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer trial;
 Full marveillous, I wote, were filk denial.

A FLOWER painted by SIMON VARELST.

W H E N fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew;
 Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view :
 Finding the Painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
 And, finishing the piece, she smiling said :
 Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

To the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY,
 Afterwards Marchioness of CARMARTHEN.
 On a COLUMN of her Drawing.

W H E N future ages shall with wonder view
 These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter
 drew ;
 They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
 A fairer column to the Father's praise.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

W H E N poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view :
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece :
 And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastic chimes :

Ere

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

Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges, scot and lot ;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show.
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came ;
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend ;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
 His servants follow with the things :
 Appears the governante of th' house ;
 For such in Greece were much in use :
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does squire Protogenes live here ?
 Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
 And court'sey low, but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout ;
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church : 'tis Venus' day :
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,

To see our Venus : 'tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece ;
 So like th' original, they say :
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six, ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea :
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You 'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after ;
 Authors, before they write, should read.
 'Tis very true ; but we 'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present would you please
 To leave your name — Fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke,
 On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true ;
 And will you please, sweet heart, said he,
 To shew your master this from me ?
 By it he presently will know,
 How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and court'ying, Sir, she said,
 I shall not fail to tell my master :
 And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
 I 'll keep it my ownself : safe bind,
 Says the old proverb, and safe find.
 So, Sir, as sure as key or lock —
 Your servant, Sir, — at six o' clock.

Again

Again at six Apelles came ;
 Found the same prating civil dame,
 Sir, that my master has been here,
 Will by the board itself appear.
 If from the perfect line be found,
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay :
 'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
 Thus write the painters of this isle :
 Let those of Co remark the style.

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the missive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 Such obvious light, and easy shade ;
 That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast :
 Apelles view'd the finish'd piece :
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
 Howe'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie ;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd,
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best ;
 When he beheld my flowing line ;
 He found at least I could design :
 And from his artful round, I grant,
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale :
 That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,

Should

Should in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters which may proclaim,
 That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise;
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.

D E M O C R I T U S, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

On my BIRTH-DAY, July 21.

I.

I My dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly comrades say;
 They bring me musick, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth:
 Little, alas! my comrades know,
 That I was born to pain and woe;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn;
 Better I had ne'er been born,
 I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to-day.

II. I,

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
 Shall I salute the rising ray?
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
 Clotilda*, thou alone dost know:
 Shall the wreath surround my hair?
 Or shall the music please my ear?
 Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live?
 Then let me see great Venus chace
 Imperious anger from thy face;
 Then let me hear thee smiling say,
 Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

E P I T A P H, extempore.

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
 The son of Adam and of Eve,
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

For my own TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
 To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

For

For my own MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give physick by way of prevention,
 Mat, alive and in health, of his tomb-stone took
 care ;

For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid,
 That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye ;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
 His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
 High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
 In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
 In public employments industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he !

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
 Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust ;
 And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
 dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
 Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
 It says that his relicks collected lie here,
 And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
 So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
 False witnesses at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
 So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
 To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same.
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
 He cares not — yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS ad Amicos.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
 Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
 Vinaque Coelicolis media inter gaudia libo;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:

Fabula

Fabula fit terris agitur quæ vita relicta ;
 Quique superstes, Homo ; qui nihil, esto Deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
 His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
 Et Mors ; seu Divum, seu nihil, esse velit :
 Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
 Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
 The body only I give o'er to death ;
 The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn :
 What came from earth I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' æthereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death controul.
 Glad I release it from its partner's cares ;
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
 And offer to thee now, immortal friend.

But

But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
 On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
 And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou aught to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant memory of the blifs they gave.
 The present hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst; nor can by Fate's decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

The First HYMN of CALLIMACHUS.

To J U P I T E R.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
 Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
 The God for ever great, for ever king;
 Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures Right
 To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
 More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute

And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
 Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft'
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd;
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
 Holy retreat! thence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
 The ponderous birth; she sought a neighbouring spring
 To wash the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now adust and dry,
 Deny'd the Goddess water; where deep Melas
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoak'd,
 Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveler
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,

And

And cheer'd the vallies : there the heavenly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs : she wrapt them
 In purple bands : she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
 Careful and secret ; Neda, of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
 And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust :
 Not unrewarded ; since the river bore
 The favourite virgin's name ; fair Neda rolls
 By Leprión's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Arcas,
 Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge : and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnosus Neda brought ; the nymphs
 And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
 Receiv'd : Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle :
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distant
 With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy fore-knowing mother !) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and chang'd their sounding arms ;
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn :
 Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years : inventive wit,
 And perfect judgement, crown'd thy youthful act.

That Saturn's fons receiv'd the three-fold empire
 Of Heaven, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
 As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
 Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
 Well-nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
 By lot are parted : but high heaven, thy share,
 In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
 Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
 Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
 Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth ; impetuous strength
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant ; high the eagle flies before thee.
 And oh ! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant the glad omen ; let thy favourite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
 Their proper shares of power : thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal. Those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armour,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
 Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
 O'er hanging cliffs ; who spreads his net successful,
 And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
 The soldier, from successful camps returning
 With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,

To

To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.

And, as their actions tend subordinate
 To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
 Porportion'd to the work; thou see'st impartial
 How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
 His different realm, accountable to thee,
 Great ruler of the world: these only have
 To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
 Assistant days to ripen the design;
 To some whole months; revolving years to some:
 Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
 Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
 Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
 For, without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
 And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

The Second HYMN of CALLIMACHUS.
To APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulse: and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first, by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With silver hair, and fair descent of children!
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies increase!

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis

Longer

Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death :
 For Phoebus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
 Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother !
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
 Iö ! again repeat ye, Iö Pean !

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.

He, that resists the power of Ptolemy,
 Resists the power of heaven : for power from heaven
 Derives ; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
 The ditty still unfinish'd ; and the day
 Unequal to the Godhead's attributes

Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo fits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable : his harp, his quiver,
 And Lictian bow, are gold : with golden sandals
 His feet are shod ; how rich ! how beautiful !
 Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises ;
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheeks : from his fair head
 Perfumes distill their sweets ; and chearful Health,
 His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm by thee, great God, directed,
 Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
 Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.

Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn ; and chains or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore ; for that, from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk ; the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder ;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Blest the cattle,
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye !

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ft in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant deity
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
These with discerning hand thou knew'ft to range
(Young as thou wast), and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
Thou shew'ft, where towers or battlements should rise ;
Where gates should open ; or where walls should com-
pafs :

While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan strand ; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or

Or Boëdromian hear'ft thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
 Phœbus, great king ? for different are thy names,
 As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
 Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
 Carnean let me call thee ; for my country
 Calls thee Carnean : the fair colony
 Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
 Ere fettled in Cyrene ; there w' appointed
 Thy annual feasts, kind God, and blefs thy altars
 Smoaking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls ;
 As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
 Had erft ordain'd ; and with myfterious rites,
 Our great forefathers taught their fons to worship.
 Iö Carnean Phœbus ! Iö Pean !

The yellow crocus there and fair narciffus
 Referve the honours of their winter-ftore,
 To deck thy temple ; till returning fpring
 Diffufes Nature's various pride ; and flowers
 Innumerable, by the foft fouth-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
 Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
 Perpetual fires fhine hallow'd on thy altars.
 When annual the Carnean feaft is held :
 The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
 The dance ; with clanging fwords and fhields they beat
 The dreadful meafure : in the chorus join
 Their women, brown but beautiful : fuch rites
 To thee well pleafing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece tranfplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lands determin'd for their laft abodes ;

But

But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispers'd; when from Myrtufa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'ft to let the fair-one view
 Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'ft her
 To draw the bow, to flay the snaggy lion,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy power! The monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
 To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
 Another, and another dart; the people
 Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
 Elance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
 And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
 Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
 To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
 Those poets who write little? Vast and great
 Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
 To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
 Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
 Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
 And carries forward with his stupid force
 Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
 His wave still more defil'd: mean while the nymphs
 Meliffan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,

Studious

Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
 And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
 Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
 Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake,
 Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
 Administers to my ambitious thirst
 The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
 Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

C H A R I T Y .

A. PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE
 First Epistle to the CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
 When Moses gave them miracles and law:
 Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast;

Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer ;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair :
 A tymbal's found were better than my voice :
 My faith were form : my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives ;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even ;
 And opens in each heart a little Heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power ;
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease ;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
 A little we discover, but allow,
 That more remains unseen, than art can show :
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above),

High

High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope :
 Yet we are able only to survey
 Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive —
 Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

C U P I D I N A M B U S H .

IT oft' to many has successful been,
 Upon his arm to let his mistress lean ;
 Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
 Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
 All public sports, to favour young desire,
 With opportunities like this conspire.
 Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
 With human blood where the Arena flows ;

There

There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
 Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy :
 While the spectator gazes on the fight,
 And sees them wound each other with delight ;
 While he his pretty mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the conquest gains ;
 Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
 And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN

In the Church of HALSTEAD in ESSEX ;
 The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was
 rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure given
 To buildings rais'd by common hands :
 That fabrick rises high as Heaven,
 Whose basis on devotion stands.
 While yet we draw this vital breath,
 We can our Faith and Hope declare :
 But Charity beyond our death
 Will ever in our works appear.
 Best be he call'd among good men,
 Who to his GOD this column rais'd :
 Though lightning strike the dome again ;
 The man, who built it, shall be prais'd,
 Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
 The weak efforts of human pains ;
 And Faith and Hope themselves shall die ;
 While deathless Charity remains.

A L M A :

A L M A :

O R

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλωσ, κὶ πάντα κόμισ, κὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων εἰς τὰ γιγνώμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

C A N T O I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or where

From story is not mighty clear :

Of many knotty points they spoke ;

And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.

Rats half the manuscript have eat :

5

Dire hunger ! which we still regret.

O ! may they ne'er again digest

The horrors of so sad a feast !

Yet less our grief, if what remains,

Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains

10

* Himself.

† Mr. Shelton.

‡ Tonson.

Shall

Shall be to future times convey'd.

It thus begins :

* * * * Here Matthew said :

Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd, 15

Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.

And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein :
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost : 20
While every where she rules the roast.

This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply. 25

They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain, 30
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;
And from that feat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.

'Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes ; 35

By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike ;
The duke they court ; the toast they like ;

And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place. 40

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious :
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin ;
And she not known what they were doing. 45
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wife Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :
Could Alma else with judgement tell, 50
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell ?

Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster* and an *onion* ?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow ; 55
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole ;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd, 60
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne* ;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters. 65

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear ;
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling 70
 (A thing she much delights to deal in),
 A thousand little nerves she sends
 Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
 And these in gratitude again
 Return their spirits to the brain ; 75
 In which their figure being printed
 (As just before, I think, I hinted),
 Alma inform'd can try the case,
 As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the Judge gives different journies 80
 To country counsel and attornies,
 He on the bench in quiet fits,
 Deciding, as they bring the writs.
 The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
 And very seldom stirs from home : 85
 Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
 And having heard what they advise,
 He rules the church's blest dominions,
 And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrice, 90
 Who for the old opinion fight,
 Would make their modern friends confess
 The difference but from more to less.
 The Mind, say they, while you sustain
 To hold her station in the brain ; 95
 You grant, at least, she is extended :
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
 For till to-morrow should you plead,
 From form and structure of the head ;

· The

The Mind as visibly is seen
 Extended through the whole *machine*.
 Why should all honour then be ta'en
 From lower parts to load the brain;
 When other limbs we plainly see,
 Each in his way, as brisk as he?
 For music, grant the head receive it;
 It is the artist's hand that gave it;
 And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
 The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
 Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
 Are not his parts, but his allies;
 Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
 Comes *ab origine* from them.
 What could the head perform alone,
 If all their friendly aids were gone?
 A foolish figure he must make;
 Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
 Nor matters it, that you can show
 How to the head the spirits go;
 Those spirits started from some goal,
 Before they through the veins could roll.
 Now, we should hold them much to blame,
 If they went back, before they came.
 If therefore, as we must suppose,
 They came from fingers, and from toes;
 Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
 Of *Num-scul's* self should take the place:
 Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
 That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water, 130
 Their correspondent teeth will chatter :
 And, strike the bottom of your feet,
 You set your head into a heat.
 The bully beat, and happy lover,
 Confess, that feeling lies all over. 135

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
 (As all our youth may learn from Creech)
 That eyes were made, but could not view;
 Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue :
 But heedless Nature did produce 140
 The members first, and then the use.
 What each must act was yet unknown,
 Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A man first builds a country-seat ;
 Then finds the walls not good to eat. 145
 Another plants, and wondering sees
 Nor books nor medals on his trees.
 Yet Poet and Philosopher
 Was he, who durst such whims aver.
 Blest, for his sake, be human reason, 150
 That came at all, though late in season.

But no man sure e'er left his house,
 And faddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
 To bring a midwife to his spouse,
 Before he knew she was with-child. 155

And no man ever reapt his corn,
 Or from the oven drew his bread,
 Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
 That taught them both to sow and knead.

Before

Before they 're ask'd, can maids refuse? 160

Can—Pray, says Dick, hold-in your Muse.

While you Pindaric truths rehearse,

She hobbles in *alternate* verse.

Verse! Mat reply'd; is that my care?

Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

165

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had

But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade;

As if she haply had set down,

And cut-out cloaths for all the town:

Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,

170

To try, what persons they would fit.

But every free and licens'd taylor

Would in this *thesis* find a failure.

Should whims like these his head perplex,

How could he work for either sex?

175

His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,

Might fit a pismire, or a whale.

No, no: he views with studious pleasure

Your shape, before he takes your measure.

For real Kate he made the boddice,

180

And not for an *ideal* goddess.

No error near his shop-board lurk'd:

He knew the folks for whom he work'd;

Still to their size he aim'd his skill:

Else, prythee, who would pay his bill?

185

Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,

Observe, how matters would miscarry:

Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes:

Your spectacles upon your toes:

Then you and Memmius shall agree, 190
 How nicely men would walk, or see.

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.
 And still your knowledge will increase,
 As you make other people's less. 195

In arms and science 'tis the same :
 Our rival's hurts create our fame.
 At Faubert's, if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize ;
 To prove who gave the fairer butt, 200

John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.
 So, for the honour of your book,
 It tells where other folks mistook :
 And, as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get farther ground. 205

The Commentators on old Ari-
 stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgement vary :
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought ;
 Just as the melancholic eye 210
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky ;

And to the poor apprentice ear
 The bells sound, "Whittington lord mayor."
 The conjurer thus explains his *scheme* ;
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream ; 215
 North Britons thus have *second-fight* ;
 And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

Theodoret and Origen,
 And fifty other learned men,

Attest,

Attest, that, if their comments find 220
 The traces of their master's mind,
 Alma can ne'er decay nor die :
 This flatly t' other sect deny ;
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
 Great names, but hard in verse to stand. 225
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The *tenets* of their master's book ;
 And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
 O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death.
 Now which were wise ? and which were fools ? 230
 Poor Alma sits between two stools :
 The more she reads, the more perplex ;
 The comment ruining the text :
 Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate :
 But, Richard, let her look to that— 235
 Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
 These different *systems*, old or new,
 A man with half an eye may see,
 Were only form'd to disagree.
 Now, to bring things to fair conclusion, 240
 And save much Christian ink's effusion ;
 Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
 And sail along the middle stream :
 For, Dick, if we could reconcile
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus ; 245
 How many would admire our toil !
 And yet how few would comprehend us !
 Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence :
 Oh ! may my words be lost in sense !

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write 250
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple *system* shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the toes ;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees; 255

Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs ;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist ;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter ; 260
As we shall shew at large hereafter.

Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb ;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage. 265

From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion :
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove 270
That feet were only made to move :
And legs desire to come and go ;
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl : 275
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close ;
Left Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,

Fearful

Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again. 280

Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass. }

Again; as she grows something stronger, 285
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his *loco-motive* tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-asleep, she overlays him. 290

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care 295
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will; 300
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run:
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies, 305
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With *sympathetic* power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;

While

While Betty dances on the green ;
 And Susan is at stool-ball seen ; 310
 While John for nine-pins does declare ;
 And Roger loves to pitch the bar :
 Both legs and arms spontaneous move ;
 Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes : 315
 O need I name the feat she takes ?
 His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds ;
 The sport and race no more he minds ;
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie ;
 And covies unmolested fly. 320

Sudden the jocund plain he leaves ;
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.
 In dying accents he complains
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
 The nymph too longs to be alone ; 325
 Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire ;
 And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
 They meet each evening in the grove :
 Their parley but augments their love ; 330
 So to the priest their case they tell :
 He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep ;
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months time the boddice loose, 335
 And petticoats too short, disclose,
 That at this age the active mind
 About the waist lies most confin'd ;

And

And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence. 340

So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
'Tis from that feat he darts those beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat, 345
Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board ;
And thus the youth put in his word.

Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher plate than you assign'd him. 350

Love's advocates ! Dick, who are those ?—
The Poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.

Prose-men alone for private ends, 355
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.

In cor stellarvit, cries Lucretius ;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case). 360

Horace's phrase is, *torret jacar* ;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.

What signifies too long quotation ?
In Ode and Epic, plain the case is, 365
That Love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll strait demolish this objection.

First,

First, Poets, all the world agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please. 370
 Matter and figure they produce ;
 For garnish this, and that for use ;
 And, in the structure of their feasts,
 They seek to feed and please their guests :
 But one may balk this good intent, 375
 And take things otherwise than meant.
 Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
 Roast-beef, and venison, is your fare ;
 Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
 And persevere in tart and custard : 380
 But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
 Help only to adorn the meal ;
 And painted flags, superb and neat,
 Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
 The man of sense his meat devours ; 385
 But only smells the peel and flowers ;
 And he must be an idle dreamer,
 Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.
 That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
 And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390
 Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
 The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
 Such images have sometimes shown
 A mystic sense, but oftener none.
 For who conceives, what bards devise, 395
 That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes ;
 Or where 's the sense, direct and moral,
 That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?

Your

A L M A, CANTO I. 45

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit : 400
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The sage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother 405
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother ;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that Winds and Seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes. 410

Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her Fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardleſs of this world below, 415
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real Seat of Love. 420
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe ;
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for 't,
Say, one was long, and t' other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe 425
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater :
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre ?

If Cupid throws a single dart,
 We make him wound the lover's *heart* ; 430
 But, if he takes his bow and quiver ;
 'Tis sure, he must transfix the *liver* ;
 For rhyme with reason may dispense ;
 And sound has right to govern sense.
 But let your friends in verse suppose, 435
 What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose ;
Anatomists can make it clear,
 The *liver* minds his own affair ;
 Kindly supplies our public uses ;
 And parts and strains the vital juices ; 440
 Still lays some useful bile aside,
 To tinge the chyle's insipid tide :
 Else we should want both gibe and fatyr ;
 And all be burst with pure good-nature.
 Now gall is bitter with a witness ; 445
 And Love is all delight and sweetness.
 My *logic* then has lost its aim,
 If sweet and bitter be the same :
 And, he, methinks, is no great scholar,
 Who can mistake desire for choler. 450
 The like may of the *heart* be said ;
 Courage and terror there are bred.
 All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
 Start, if they hear but the *tattoo* :
 And mighty physical their fear is ; 455
 For, soon as noise of combat near is,
 Their heart, descending to their breeches,
 Must give their stomach cruel twitches.

But

But Heroes, who o'ercome or die,
 Have their hearts hung extremely high; 460
 The strings of which, in battles heat,
 Against their very *carbets* beat;
 Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
 And yield them most excessive pleasure.

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart 465
 That courage does itself exert;
 'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
 That this is eke the throne of Love.
 Would Nature make one place the seat
 Of fond desire, and fell debate? 470

Must people only take delight in
 Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
 And has no man, but who has kill'd
 A father, right to get a child?
 These notions then I think but idle; 475
 And Love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
 Suppose your Hero were a Lover.
 Though he before had gall and rage,
 Which Death or Conquest must assuage! 480
 He grows dispirited and low;

He hates the fight, and shuns the foe,
 In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
 Nor would return to war and slaughter; 485
 Till they brought back the Parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
 His

His fails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world. 490
 Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd ;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir ;
 Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars, 495
 Only to dry one widow's tears.—

France's fourth Henry we may see
 A servant to the fair d'Estree ;
 When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
 And Fortune taught at length to yield, 500
 He from his guards and midnight tent
 Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame ;
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove 505
 These Heroes were no friends to Love ;
 And bolder he, who dares aver,
 That they were enemies to war.
 Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
 Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver* ; 510
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
 Which Love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more ;
 But be contented with these four :
 For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen, 515
 Four are as valid as four dozen.
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
 The other two grew nearer home.

For

A L M A, C A N T O I. 49

For some in ancient books delight ;
 Others prefer what moderns write : 520
 Now I should be extremely loth,
 Not to be thought expert in both.

C A N T O II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road ?
 And leave our subject in the middle ;
 As Butler did his bear and fiddle ?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew 5
 When to recede, and where pursue :
 His noble negligences teach
 What others toils despair to reach.
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
 And balances your fear and hope : 10
 If, after some distinguish'd leap,
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip ;
 Straight gathering all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length.
 With wonder you approve his slight ; 15
 And owe your pleasure to your fright.
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False *mimic* of my master's dance ;
 Around the cord a while I sprawl ;
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall. 20
 My preface tells you, I digress'd :
 He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your *simile* :
 And, in return, take two from me.
 As masters in the *clare obscure* 25
 With various light your eyes allure ;
 A flaming yellow here they spread ;
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;
 Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd : 30
 Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve, the stuffs they vary ;
 And things are best as most contrary ;
 The gown, with stiff embroidery shining, 35
 Looks charming with a slighter lining ;
 The out- if Indian figure stain,
 The in-side must be rich and plain.
 So you great authors have thought fit
 To make digression temper wit : 40
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm them with a milder air :
 To break their points, you turn their force ;
 And *furbelow* the plain discourse.
 Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine 45
 Speak something sly, and something fine :
 But I shall e'en resume my *theme* ;
 However thou may'st praise or blame.
 As people marry now, and settle ;
 Fierce Love abates his usual mettle : 50
 Worldly desires, and household cares,
 Disturb the Godhead's soft affairs :
 So



A L M A, CANTO II.

51

So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass Alma ranges,
 This day below, the next above ;
 As light or solid whimsies move.
 So merchant has his house in town,
 And country-seat near Bansted-down :
 From one he dates his foreign letters,
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
 In t' other, at his hours of leisure,
 He smoaks his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

55

60

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
 Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
 For story and experience tell us,
 That man grows old, and woman jealous.

65

Both would their little ends secure ;
 He fights for freedom, she for power.
 His wishes tend abroad to roam ;
 And her's, to domineer at home.

70

Thus passion flags by slow degrees ;
 And, ruffled more, delighted less,
 The busy mind does seldom go
 To those once-charming seats below ;
 But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
 For well-bred feints and future wars.

75

The man suspects his lady's crying
 (When he last autumn lay a-dying)
 Was but to gain him to appoint her
 By codicil a larger jointure.

80

The woman finds it all a trick,
 That he could swoon when she was sick ;

And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Sufan for his second.

Thus, having strove some tedious years 85
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station. 90

Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears;
And Gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat 95
In quiet governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atreides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife: 100
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope? 105
She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either. 110
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives :

One to Atrides I will send ;
 And t' other to my Trojan friend.
 Each prince shall thus with honour have : 115
 What both so warmly seem to crave :
 The wrath of Gods and man shall cease ;
 And Poltis live and die in peace.
 Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
 Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me. 120
 Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
 (Take this by way of *corollary*)
 Some limbs she finds the very same,
 In place, and dignity, and name :
 These dwell at such convenient distance, 125
 That each may give his friend assistance.
 Thus he who runs or dances begs
 The equal vigour of two legs ;
 So much to both does Alma trust,
 She ne'er regards which goes the first. 130
 Teague could make neither of them stay,
 When with himself he ran away.
 The man who struggles in the fight
 Fatigues left arm as well as right ;
 For, whilst one hand exalts the blow, 135
 And on the earth extends the foe ;
 T' other would take it wondrous ill,
 If in your pocket he lay still.
 And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
 You cannot think he would deny 140
 To lend the other friendly aid,
 Or wink as coward and afraid.

No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the furer aim.

One moment if his beams recede;

145

As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

Opening again, he lays his claim

To half the profit, half the fame,

And helps to pocket up the game.

}

'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,

150

To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature

Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,

In concert act, like modern friends;

Because one serves the other's ends.

155

The arm thus waits upon the heart,

So quick to take the bully's part,

That one, though warm, decides more slow

Than t' other executes the blow.

A stander-by may chance to have it,

160

Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

'The amorous eyes thus always go

A-strolling for their friends below:

For, long before the squire and dame

Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,

165

Ere visits yet are brought about,

The eye by sympathy looks out,

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,

And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,

Though at fash-window, on the stairs,

170

At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The

The funeral of some valiant knight
 May give this thing its proper light.
 View his two gauntlets; these declare
 That both his hands were us'd to war. 175
 And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,
 His feet were equally concern'd.
 But have you not with thought beheld
 The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
 Which shews the breast, that plate was us'd to, 180
 Had an ally right arm to trust to:
 And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
 Is it not virtually confest,
 That there his eyes took distant aim,
 And glanc'd respect to that bright dame, 185
 In whose delight his hope was center'd,
 And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *system*
 May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
 But I can call to my assistance 190
 Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
 Can prove, that all things on occasion
 Love union, and desire adhesion;
 That Alma merely is a scale;
 And motives, like the weights, prevail. 295
 If neither side turn down nor up,
 With loss or gain, with fear or hope;
 The balance always would hang even,
 Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.

This, Richard, is a curious case: 200
 Suppose your eyes sent equal rays

Upon two distant pots of ale,
 Not knowing which was mild or stale :
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice ; 205
 Which best or worst you could not think ;
 And die you must for want of drink ;
 Unless some chance inclines your sight,
 Setting one pot in fairer light ;
 Then you prefer or A, or B, 210
 As lines and angles best agree :
 Your sense resolv'd impells your will :
 She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Between two equal panniers sway'd ? 215
 Her tallies useles lie, and idle,
 If plac'd exactly in the middle ;
 But, forc'd from this unactive state
 By virtue of some casual weight,
 On either side you hear them clatter, 220
 And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
 Without your choice, must take its course ;
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the north. 225
 And thou and I, by power unseen,
 Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
 To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber ;
 As straw and paper are by amber.
 If we sit down to play or set 230
 (Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*),

Let

Let people call us cheats or fools,
 Our cards and we are equal tools.
 We sure in vain the cards condemn :
 Ourselves both cut and shuffled them. 235
 In vain on Fortune's aid rely :
 She only is a stander-by.

Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
 Do some impulsive force obey ;
 And are but play'd with—do not play. 240 }
 But space and matter we should blame ;
 They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus, to save further contradiction,
 Against what you may think but fiction ;
 I for attraction, Dick, declare : 245
 Deny it those bold men that dare.
 As well your motion, as your thought,
 Is all by hidden impulse wrought :
 Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
 How like a country squire you talk ! 250

Mark then ;—Where fancy, or desire,
 Collects the beams of vital fire ;
 Into that limb fair Alma slides,
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
 She dwells in Nicolini's tongue, 255
 When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly song.
 When Pedro does the lute command,
 She guides the cunning artist's hand.
 Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
 When the vile glutton dines alone. 260

And,

And, void of modesty and thought,
 She follows Bibo's endless draught.
 Through the soft sex again she ranges ;
 As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
 Fair Alma, careless and serene, 265
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;
 While they diffuse their infant beams,
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.
 Again fair Alma fits confest
 On Florimel's experter breast ; 270
 When she the rising sigh constrains,
 And by concealing speaks her pains.
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
 When the vain thing her jewels shows :
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275
 Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
 And when the swelling hoop sustains
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
 Into that lower space to enter,
 Of the large round herself the centre. 280
 Again : that single limb or feature
 (Such is the cogent force of nature),
 Which most did Alma's passion move
 In the first object of her love,
 For ever will be found confest, 285
 And printed on the amorous breast.
 O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth :
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
 Adorns a nobler poet's song. 290

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours; gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress: 295
 And Venus shall the texture bless.
 He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
 Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
 That love, with equal grief and pride,
 Shall see the crime he strives to hide; 300
 And, softly drawing back the veil,
 The God shall to his votaries tell
 Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
 That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
 Happy the poet, blest the lays, 305
 Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!
 Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
 A hundred gambols Alma plays.
 If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
 Fond of his hunting-horn and pole; 310
 Though gout and age his speed detain,
 Old John halloos his hounds again:
 By his fire-side he starts the hare;
 And turns her in his wicker-chair:
 His feet, however lame, you find, 315
 Have got the better of his mind.
 If, while the mind was in her leg,
 The dance affected nimble Peg;
 Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
 Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan. 320
 In

In public mask, or private ball,
 From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldsmith's-hall,
 All Christmas long away she trudges ;
 Trips it with prentices and judges :

In vain her children urge her stay ; 325
 And age or palsey bar the way.

But, if those images prevail
 Which whilom did affect the tail,
 She still renews the ancient scene,
 Forgets the forty years between : 330

Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry ;
 O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young, 335
 Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue :

Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.

On any point if you dispute ;
 Depend upon it, he 'll confute : 340

Change sides ; and you increase your pain ;
 For he 'll confute you back again.

For one may speak with Tully's tongue ;
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.

And 'tis remarkable that they 345
 Talk most, who have the least to say.

Your dainty speakers have the curse,
 To plead bad causes down to worse :
 As dames, who native beauty want,
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

350

Again :

Again : if in the female sex
 Alma should on this member fix
 (A cruel and a desperate case,
 From which heaven shield my lovely lass!);
 For evermore all care is vain,
 That would bring Alma down again. 355
 As, in habitual gout or stone,
 The only thing that can be done,
 Is to correct your drink and diet,
 And keep the inward foe in quiet; 360
 So, if for any sins of ours
 Or our forefathers, higher powers,
 Severe though just, afflict our life
 With that prime ill, a talking wife;
 Till death shall bring the kind relief, 365
 We must be patient, or be deaf.
 You know a certain lady, Dick,
 Who saw me when I last was sick :
 She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
 Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers ; 370
 Describ'd our pre-existing station
 Before this vile terrene creation ;
 And, lest I should be weary'd, madam,
 To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
 From whence, as fast as she was able, 375
 She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
 Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes ;
 And takes the Romans in the clofe.
 But we 'll descant on general nature :
 This is a system, not a satire. 380

Turn we this globe ; and let us see
 How different nations difagree
 In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
 Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
 In water as you smell and taste 385
 The foils through which it rose and past ;
 In Alma's manners you may read
 The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling bands
 Releas'd their infants' feet and hands : 390
 Here Alma to these limbs was brought ;
 And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
 Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
 There Alma fettled in the tongue : 395
 And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
 The different use of mouths and hands ;
 As men repos'd their various hopes,
 In battles these, and those in tropes. 400

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
 The ladies trip in petticoats ;
 Which, for the honour of their nation,
 They quit but on some great occasion.
 Men there in breeches clad you view : 405
 They claim that garment as their due.

In Turkey the reverse appears ;
 Long coats the haughty husband wears ;
 And greets his wife with angry speeches,
 If she be seen without her breeches. 410

In

In our fantastic climes, the fair
 With cleanly powder dry their hair :
 And round their lovely breast and head
 Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.

Your nicer Hottentots think meet

415

With guts and tripe to deck their feet ;
 With down-cast looks on Totta's legs,
 The ogling youth most humbly begs,
 She would not from his hopes remove
 At once his breakfast and his love :
 And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
 He in a double sense must die.

420

We simple toasters take delight
 To see our womens teeth look white.

And every saucy ill-bred fellow

425

Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
 In China none hold women sweet,
 Except their snaggs are black as jett.
 King Chihu put nine queens to death,
 Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.

430

At Tonquin, if a prince should die
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye),
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
 Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
 Prepare and light his funeral fire,
 And chearful on the pile expire.

435

In Europe 't would be hard to find,
 In each degree, one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
 And there observe the gentry drest.

440
Prince

Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
 The marks remaining on the skin,
 To tell the quality within.

Distinguish'd flashes deck the great: 445

As each excels in birth or state,
 His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
 The king's own body was a samplar.

Happy the climate, where the beau

Wears the same suit for use and show: 450

And at a small expence your wife,
 If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair

Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:

Before you see, you smell your roast; 455

And sweetest she who stinks the most.

The finest sparks and cleanest beaux

Drip from the shoulders to the toes:

How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!

There slovens only are not greasy. 460

I mention'd different ways of breeding:

Begin we in our childrens reading.

To master John the English maid

A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;

And, that the child may learn the better, 465

As he can name, he eats the letter.

Proceeding thus with vast delight,

He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.

But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son

Where we suppose the book begun, 470

The

The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.

Devour he learning ne'er so fast,

Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter 475
Is in the manners of a daughter.

In Europe, if a harmless maid,

By Nature and by Love betray'd,

Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,

Her friends would look on her the worse. 480

In China, Dampier's Travels tell' ye

(Look in his Index for Pagelli),

Soon as the British ships unmoor,

And jolly long-boat rows to shore;

Down come the nobles of the land: 485

Each brings his daughter in his hand,

Befeeching the imperious tar

To make her but one hour his care.

The tender mother stands affrighted,

Lest her dear daughter should be slighted: 490

And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame

Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels

The lady that in Europe dwells:

After her tea, she slips away; 495

And what to do, one need not say.

Now see how great Pomonque's queen

Behav'd herself amongst the men:

Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul

First drank, then water'd in the bowl; 500

And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace —

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain? 505
A little rising rocky chain.

Of men born south or north o' th' hill,
Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.

Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve. 510

If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.

Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay;
Nor westward curious take thy way:

Thy way unhappy should'st thou take 515
From Tyber's bank to Lemman lake;

Thou art an aged priest no more,

But a young flaring painted whore;

Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone,

No longer Rome, but Babylon. 520

That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?

Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,

All your philosophers agree, 525

And prove it plain, that one may be

A heretic, or true believer,

On this, or t' other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick — 530

The

The bard, on this extensive chapter
 Wound up into poetic rapture,
 Continued: Richard, cast your eye
 By night upon a winter-sky :
 Cast it by day-light on the strand, 535
 Which compasses fair Albion's land :
 If you can count the stars that glow
 Above, or sands that lie below ;
 Into those common-places look,
 Which from great authors I have took ; 540
 And count the proofs I have collected,
 To have my writings well protected.
 These I lay-by for time of need ;
 And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
 For, standing every critic's rage, 545
 I safely will to future age
 My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
 Victorious over spight and death.

C A N T O III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
 Rous'd ; nor would longer silence keep :
 And sense like this, in vocal breath,
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
 Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought ; 5
 Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leafing,
 Say things at first, because they 're pleasing ; 10
 Then prove what they have once asserted ;
 Nor care to have their lie deserted ;
 Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em ;
 And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em :
 Or as, again, those amorous blades, 15
 Who trifle with their mothers' maids ;
 Though at the first their wild desire
 Was but to quench a present fire ;
 Yet if the object of their love
 Chance by Lucina's aid to prove ; 20
 They seldom let the bantling roar
 In basket at a neighbour's door ;
 But, by the flattering glass of nature
 Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,
 With serious thought and care support 25
 What only was begun in sport :
 Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
 Who deal in philosophic wares.
 Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
 To gratify your private pleasure ; 30
 Till airy seeds of casual wit
 Do some fantastic birth beget ;
 And, pleas'd to find your system mended
 Beyond what you at first intended,
 The happy whimsey you pursue, 35
 Till you at length believe it true.
 Caught by your own delusive art,
 You fancy first, and then assert.

A L M A, · CANTO III. 69

Quoth Matthew : Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature cast my eye, 40
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t' other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought ;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand, 45
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres ; 50
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void ;
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter ; 55
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force ! 60
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philosophic* stone ;
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove, that there is no such thing ?
Your chiefs in sciences and arts 65
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find, she giddy is, or dull ;
She doubts, if things are void, or full :

And who should be presum'd to tell
 What she herself should see, or feel ? 70
 She doubts if two and two make four,
 Though she has told them ten times o'er.

It can't — it may be — and it must :
 To which of these must Alma trust ?
 Nay further yet they make her go 75
 In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
 Can *sylogism* set things right ?

No : *majors* soon with *minors* fight ;
 Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
 'The *consequence* limps false behind. 80

So to some cunning-man she goes,
 And asks of him, how much she knows.
 With patience grave he hears her speak ;
 And from his short notes gives her back
 What from her tale he comprehended : 85
 Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
 The Conjuror knows, who stole the things.
 'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
 Were you amongst these cunning-men ? 90

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
 Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
 I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
 Still asking, what some wise-man says,
 Who does his mind in words reveal, 95
 Which all must grant ; though few can spell.
 You tell your doctor, that y' are ill :
 And what does he, but write a bill,

Of which you need not read one letter :
 The worfe the scrawl, the dofe the better. 100
 For if you knew but what you take ;
 Though you recover, he muft break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
 Have furnish'd out three different fefts.
Subftance, or accident, divides. 105
 All Europe into adverfe fides.

Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
 You muft have friends to back your caufe ;
 In *philofophic* matters fo
 Your judgement muft with others' go : 110
 For as in fenates, fo in fchools,
 Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
 O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
 With panting hafte, and quick surprize, 115
 From every leaf that ftirs, ſhe flies ;
 Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
 She flights what erft ſhe ſingly fear'd :
 And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
 She dares purfue, if they dare lead ; 120
 As their example ftill prevails,
 She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
 Thinks for himfelf, becomes a fool ;
 As party-man, who leaves the reft, 125
 Is call'd but *whimſical** at beft.

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were
 diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.

Now, by your favour, master Mat,
 Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
 I must be lifted in your feet ;
 Who, though they teach not, can protect.
 Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd : 130
 So put off all mistrust and pride.
 And, while my principles I beg,
 Pray answer only with your leg.
 Believe what friendly I advise :
 Be first secure ; and then be wise. 135
 The man within the coach that fits,
 And to another's skill submits,
 Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
 And warmer too, than he that drives.
 So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair ; 140
 And I will pour into thy ear
 Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
 In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
 Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :
 And thou may'st prove as wise as I. 145
 When Alma now, in different ages,
 Has finish'd her ascending stages ;
 Into the head at length she gets,
 And there in public grandeur fits,
 To judge of things, and censure wits. 150 }
 Here, Richard, how could I explain.
 The various labyrinths of the brain !
 Surprize my readers, whilst I tell 'em
 Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum* !
 How could I play the commentator 155
 On *dura* and on *pia mater* !

Where

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get ;
 And, with incessant toil and strife,
 Would keep possession during life : 160
 I could demonstrate every pore,
 Where memory lays up all her store ;
 And to an inch compute the station
 'Twixt judgement and imagination :
 O friend ! I could display much learning, 165
 At least to men of small discerning.
 The brain contains ten thousand cells :
 In each some active fancy dwells ;
 Which always is at work, and framing
 The several follies I was naming. 170
 As in a hive's vimineous dome
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home ;
 Each does her studious actions vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry :
 Each still renews her little labour ; 175
 Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour :
 Each — whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
 I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
 O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
 Could I but see thy head dissected ! 180
 My head ! quoth Dick, to serve your whim !
 Spare that, and take some other limb.
 Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
 Wise men propose ; but fools assist 'em.
 Says Matthew : Richard, keep thy head, 185
 And hold thy peace ; and I 'll proceed.

Proceed !

Proceed ! quoth Dick : Sir, I aver,
 You have already gone to far.
 When people once are in the wrong,
 Each line they add is much too long. 190
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
 Is only furthest from his way.
 Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
 Howe'er absurd, what you conceive :
 And, for your friendship, live and die 195
 A papist in philosophy ?
 I say, whatever you maintain
 Of Alma in the heart or brain ;
 The plainest man alive may tell ye,
 Her seat of empire is the belly : 200
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which makes us either stout or wise ;
 The strength of every other member
 Is founded on your belly-timber ;
 The qualms or raptures of your blood 205
 Rise in proportion to your food ;
 And, if you would improve your thought,
 You must be fed, as well as taught.
 Your stomach makes your fabrick roll ;
 Just as the bias rules the bowl. 210
 That great Achilles might employ
 The strength, design'd to ruin Troy ;
 He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
 On toasts of ammunition-bread :
 But, by his mother sent away, 215
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
 Effe-

Effeminate he fat, and quiet :
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
 Now give my argument fair play,
 And take the thing the other way : 220
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads till twelve o' clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke ;
 He pays due visits after noon 225
 To cousin Alice and uncle John ;
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.
 But, give him port and potent sack,
 From *milkfop* he starts up *moback* ; 230
 Holds that the happy know no hours ;
 So through the street at midnight scowers,
 Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashes ;
 Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome, 235
 And first knock'd down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.
 Observe the various operations
 Of food and drink in several nations. 240
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare, 245
 'Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

And,

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.

Tokay and coffee cause this work,
 Between the German and the Turk; 250
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
 Give the same death in different words.

To push this argument no further; 255
 To starve a man, in law is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,

Though many artful springs are seen;
 The added movements, which declare
 How full the moon, how old the year, 260

Derive their secondary power
 From that which simply points the hour.
 For, though those gim-cracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
 However more reduc'd and plain, 265

The watch would still a watch remain:

But, if the *horal* orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
 Is now no longer what it was;

And you may e'en go sell the case. 270

So, if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-work, man,

You find a hundred movements made

By fine devices in his head;

But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke 275

'That tells his being, what 's o' clock.

If

If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure ;
 Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still ; 280
 Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.

Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on,
 But spoil the engine of digestion ; 285
 And you entirely change the question.

Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
 The jest, alas ! is at an end :
 Soon ceases all this worldly bustle ;
 And you consign the corpse to Ruffel. 290

Now make your Alma come or go
 From leg to hand, from top to toe,
 Your *system*, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition.

So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
 Fit for the war, or road, or course ; 295
 His mouth was soft ; his eye was good ;
 His foot was sure as ever trod :

One fault he had (a fault indeed !);
 And what was that ? the horse was dead. 300

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
 That Alma is a mere *machine* :

That, telling others what 's o' clock, 305
 She knows not what herself has struck ;

But

But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick. 310

Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love :
They much describe ; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravel'd
Toft up his nose, and would have cavil'd ; 315

But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came. 320

In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave : 325

The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.

We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain ; 330
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,

In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;
And, when no reason we can shew, 335

Why matters this or that way go,
The

The shortest way the thing we try,
 And what we know not, we deny ;
 True to our own o'erbearing pride,
 And false to all the world beside. 340

That old philosopher grew cross,
 Who could not tell what motion was :
 Because he walk'd against his will,
 He fac'd men down, that he stood still.

And he who, reading on the heart 345
 (When all his *quodlibets* of art
 Could not expound its pulse and heat),
 Swore, he had never felt it beat.

Chryfippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
 Makes bold (Jove blefs him !) to assure us, 350
 That all things, which our mind can view,
 May be at once both false and true.

And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate :
 Says he, so little can our mind 355
 Of matter or of spirit find,

That we by guesses at least may gather
 Something, which may be both, or neither.
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
 (But this is only *entre nous*), 360

That many knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few can clear.
 As nature sily had thought fit,
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit ;
 Circles to square, and cubes to double, 365
 Would give a man excessive trouble ;

The

The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
 What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
 The cause why woman has no beard? 370
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
 In points like these, we must agree,
 Our barbers know as much as we.
 Yet still, unable to explain, 375
 We must persist the best we can;
 With care our *systems* still renew;
 And prove things likely, though not true.
 I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,
 By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute; 380
 With learned skill, now push, now parry,
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,
 And never yield; or, what is worst,
 Never conclude the point discours'd.
 Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know, 385
 How much you to my candour owe,
 I'll from the disputant descend,
 To shew thee, I assume the friend:
 I'll take thy notion for my own —
 (So most philosophers have done); 390
 It makes my *system* more complete:
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
 Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
 But bring thy matters to an end.
 I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain: 395
 Who first offend will first complain.

Thou

Thou wishest I should make to shore;
 Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
 What I have told thee fifty times
 In prose, receive for once in rhymes : 400
 A huge fat man in country-fair,
 Or city-church (no matter where),
 Labour'd and push'd amidst the croud,
 Still bawling out extremely loud,
 Lord save us ! why do people prefs ! 405
 Another, marking his distress,
 Friendly reply'd, Plump gentleman,
 Get out as fast as e'er you can ;
 Or cease to push, or to exclaim :
 You make the very croud you blame. 410
 Says Dick, Your moral does not need
 The least return ; so e'en proceed :
 Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short :
 So far, at least, I thank you for 't.
 Mat took his thanks ; and, in a tone 415
 More magisterial, thus went on.
 Now, Alma settles in the head ;
 As has before been sung, or said :
 And here begins this farce of life ;
 Enter revenge, ambition, strife : 420
 Behold on both sides men advance,
 To form in earnest Bays's dance.
 L'Avare, not using half his store,
 Still grumbles that he has no more ;
 Strikes not the present tun, for fear 425
 The vintage should be bad next year ;

And eats to-day with inward forrow,
 And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
 Abroad if the *surtout* you wear
 Repels the rigour of the air; 430
 Would you be warmer, if at home
 You had the fabric and the loom?
 And, if two boots keep out the weather,
 What need you have two hides of leather?
 Could Pedro, think you, make no trial 435
 Of a *sonata* on his viol,
 Unless he had the total gut
 Whence every string at first was cut?
 When Rarus shews you his cartone,
 He always tells you, with a groan, 440
 Where two of that same hand were torn
 Long before you or he were born.
 Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
 For part of his Petronius lost,
 That he can never take the pains 445
 To understand what yet remains.
 What toil did honest Curio take,
 What strict enquiries did he make,
 To get one medal wanting yet,
 And perfect all his Roman set! 450
 'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
 Of these no more you hear him speak:
 He now begins upon the Greek.
 These, rang'd and shew'd, shall in their turns 455
 Remain obscure as in their urns.

My copper-lamps at any rate,
 For being true antique, I bought ;
 Yet wisely melted down my plate,
 On modern models to be wrought : 460
 And trifles I alike pursue,
 Because they 're old, because they 're new.
 Dick, I have seen you with delight
 For Georgy * make a paper kite.
 And simple odes too many show ye 465
 My servile complaisance to Chloe.
 Parents and lovers are decreed
 By Nature fools—That 's brave indeed !
 Quoth Dick : such truths are worth receiving.
 Yet still Dick look'd as not believing. 470
 Now, Alma, to divines and prose
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes ;
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
 But of thy follies, idle creature !
 The turns of thy uncertain wing, 475
 And not the malice of thy sting :
 Thy pride of being great and wise
 I do but mention, to despise ;
 I view with anger and disdain
 How little gives thee joy or pain ; 480
 A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
 A shell, a butterfly, can do 't ;
 Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time,

* Mr. Shelton's son.

Which else would on thy hand remain ; 485
 Though, floun, it ne'er looks back again ;
 And cards are dealt, and chefs-boards brought,
 To ease the pain of coward thought :
 Happy result of human wit !
 That Alma may herself forget. 490

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
 Or tofs'd by hope, or sunk by care.
 With endless pain this man pursues
 What, if he gain'd, he could not use :
 And t'other fondly hopes to see 495
 What never was, nor e'er shall be.

We err by use, go wrong by rules,
 In gesture grave, in action fools :
 We join hypocrisy to pride,
 Doubling the faults we strive to hide. 500
 Or grant that, with extreme surprize,
 We find ourselves at sixty wise ;

And twenty pretty things are known,
 Of which we can't accomplish one ;
 Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind 505
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd :

Should I, my friend, at large repeat
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
 The bead-roll of her vicious tricks ;
 My Poem will be too prolix. 510

For, could I my remarks sustain,
 Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne ;
 Who in these times would read my books,
 But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes ?

As

A L M A, CANTO III. 85

As Brentford kings, discreet and wife, 515
 After long thought and grave advice,
 Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
 Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :
 So Alma, now to joy or grief
 Superior, finds her late relief : 520
 Weary'd of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state ;
 Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that ;
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack, 525
 Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
 Through which she wings her destin'd way ;
 Upward she soars ; and down drops clay :
 While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies. 530
 O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would Fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us play-things for our age ;
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk, 535
 And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
 Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty ;
 And should we both in this condition
 Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition ; 540
 (Else those two passions, by the way,
 May chance to shew us scurvy play) ;
 Then, Richard, then should we fit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town ;

I fond of my well-chosen feat, 545
 My pictures, medals, books compleat.
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'er-shaded in that favourite walk,
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted : 550
 Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
 Thy son, and his, ere that, may die ;
 And Time some uncouth heir supply,
 Who shall for nothing else be known 555
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.
 Who set the twigs, shall he remember
 That is in haste to fell the timber ?
 And what shall of thy woods remain,
 Except the box that threw the main ? 560
 Nay, may not Time and Death remove
 The near relations whom I love ?
 And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
 (Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
 My favourite books and pictures sell 565
 To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell ?
 Kindly throw in a little figure,
 And set the price upon the bigger ?
 Those who could never read the grammar,
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer, 570
 May think books best, as richest bound ;
 My copper medals by the pound
 May be with learned justice weigh'd ;
 To turn the balance, Otho's head

Máý

May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—

575

Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
That people live and die; I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.

580

And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.

Yet, let the Goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;

585

And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne* or muddled *port*.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?

590

And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am;
I'll be all night at your devotion—

595

Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a groat—

For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato, in the play,
For any thing that he can say?

600

E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be fad is to be wise ; 605
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift *, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight ; 610
Burn Mat's Def-cart', and Aristotle :
Here ! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

S O L O M O N
ON THE
VANITY OF THE WORLD.
A
P O E M
IN THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πίλει.

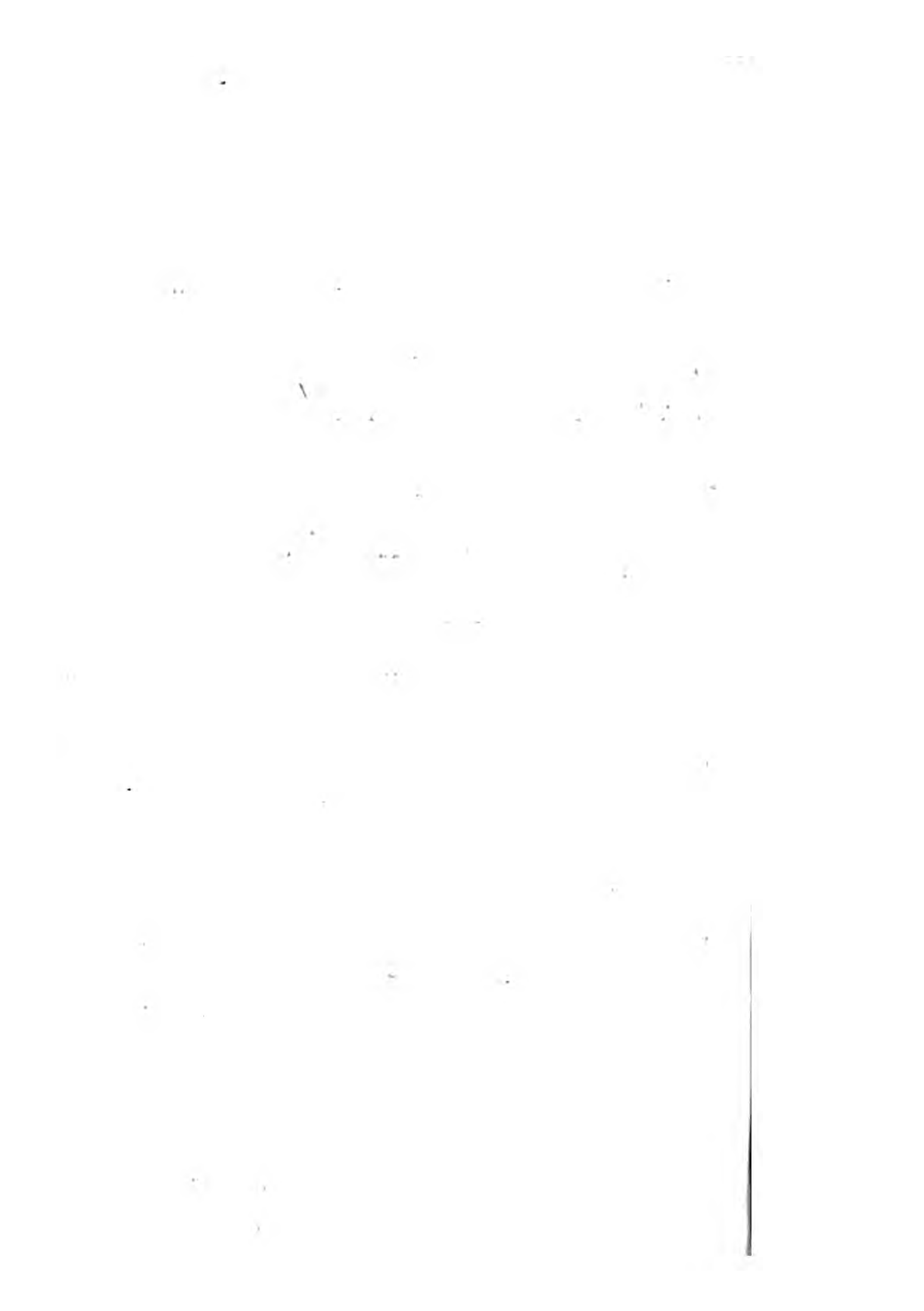
EURIP.

“Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repu-
“erascam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recussem.”

CIC. de Senect.

“The *be-wailing of man's miseries* hath been elegantly
“and copiously set forth by many in the writings as
“well of Philosophers as Divines; and is both a
“pleasant and a profitable contemplation.”

BACON.



P R E F A C E.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyrick, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the publick are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and, by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind,
 than

than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, **ALL IS VANITY.**

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the "simplex duntaxat & unum," which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long; I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalical or Heroic, I leave to the judgement of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The

The chief personage, or character, in the Epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to shew us, in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses, the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose; and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The Poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly *Troy Town Sacked*; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his *Godfrey and Rinaldo*: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronfard's *Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneis*. His Hero
comes

comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French Poets in the Epic. In our language, Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the account which every Knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another cast and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is observable, that every Hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the
truth

truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to Death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the Hero and the Author; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book; and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

“*Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus—*”

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an Historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of
the

the finest parts of his *Æneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwise have written, or we read, one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shewn their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most Poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it; it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following;
and

and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for Epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the judgement of others. And, while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living; who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain, in the First Book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best Poet, or the greatest Scholar, that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's "Nonum prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical Lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English Poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my scrittoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scrittoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgement. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure; I shall always think

myself

PREFACE TO SOLOMON. 99

myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book *; these two only ought to be angry with me: for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgement of their particular kindness.

* As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

- “ The words of the Preacher the Son of David King of
 “ Jerufalem.” Ecclesiastes, Chap. i. ver. 1.
- “ Vanity of vanities, fays the Preacher, vanity of
 “ vanities, all is vanity.” Ver. 2.
- “ I communed with mine own heart, faying, Lo, I am
 “ come to great eftate, and have gotten more wif-
 “ dom than all they that have been before me in
 “ Jerufalem : yea my heart had great experience of
 “ wifdom and knowledge.” Ver. 16.
- “ He fpake of trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in
 “ Lebanon, even unto the Hyffop that fpringeth out
 “ of the wall : he fpake alfo of beafts, and of fowl,
 “ and of creeping things, and of fifhes.” 1 Kings,
 chap. iv. ver. 33.
- “ I know, that whatfoever God doeth, it fhall be for
 “ ever : nothing can be put to it, nor any thing
 “ taken from it ; and God doeth it, that men fhould
 “ fear before him.” Ecclesiastes, chap. iii. ver. 14.
- “ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time :
 “ alfo he hath fet the world in their heart, fo that no
 “ man can find out the work that God maketh from
 “ the beginning to the end.” Ver. 11.
- “ For in much wifdom is much grief : and he that
 “ increafeth knowledge, increafeth forrow.” Chap i.
 ver. 18.
- “ And further, by thefe, my fon, be admonifhed : of
 “ making many books there is no end : and much
 “ ftudy is a wearinefs of the flefh.” Chap. xii. ver. 12.

KNOW-



K N O W L E D G E :

T H E F I R S T B O O K .

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

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of Men, with just regard attend,
 Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
 Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
 That all we act, and all we think, is vain.
 That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years, 5
 O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
H 3' Destin'd

Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
 Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end.
 That from the womb we take our fatal shares
 Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares : 10
 And, at approach of death, shall only know
 The truth, which from these pensivè numbers flow, }
 That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
 Which we call life, mistaking : fugitive theme 15
 Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
 Notional good, by fancy only made,
 And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
 Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
 Cause of our care, and error of our mind : 20
 Oh ! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
 To Adam, and his mortal race ; the boon
 Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :
 On me the partial lot had been bestow'd ;
 And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But O ! ere yet original man was made ;
 Ere the foundations of this earth were laid ;
 It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd,
 That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
 This sad experience cites me to reveal ; 30
 And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's favourite son,
 Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
 Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
 My name extended to the farthest east, 35
 My

My body cloath'd with every outward grace;
 Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
 My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
 Quick my invention, and my judgement sound:
 Arise (I commun'd with myself) arise; 40
 Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
 Content of spirit must from science flow;
 For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.

I said; and sent my edict through the land:
 Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand, 45
 Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
 The old discoursing as the younger read.
 Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said: }

The Vegetable World, each plant and tree,
 Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree, 50
 I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
 From the fair Cedar on the craggy brow
 Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
 To creeping Moss and Hyssop on the wall:
 Yet, just and conscous to myself, I find 55
 A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the Beach delights the glade
 With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
 Whilst towering Firs in *conic* forms arise,
 And with a pointed spear dividè the skies: 60
 Nor why again the changing Oak should shed
 The yearly honour of his stately head;
 Whilst the distinguish'd Yew is ever seen,
 Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the sun, why does the Caltha fade ? 65
 Why does the Cypress flourish in the shade ?
 The Fig and Date, why love they to remain
 In middle station, and an even plain ;
 While in the lower marsh the Gourd is found ;
 And while the hill with Olive-shade is crown'd ? 70
 Why does one climate and one soil endue
 The blushing Poppy with a crimson hue ;
 Yet leave the Lily pale, and tinge the Violet blue ? }
 Why does the fond Carnation love to shoot
 A various colour from one parent root ; 75
 While the fantastic Tulip strives to break
 In two-fold beauty, and a parted streak ?
 The twining Jasmine and the blushing Rose
 With lavish grace their morning scents disclose :
 The smelling Tuberoſe and Junquil declare 80
 The stronger impulse of an evening air.
 Whence has the tree (reſolve me) or the flower
 A various inſtinct, or a different power ?
 Why ſhould one earth, one clime, one ſtream, one breath,
 Raiſe this to ſtrength, and ſicken that to death ? 85
 Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
 We name the Senſitive, ſhould move and feel ?
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
 And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand ?
 Along the ſunny bank, or watery mead, 90
 Ten thouſand ſtalks the various bloſſoms ſpread :
 Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
 They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil ;
 Yet

B O O K I. K N O W L E D G E. 105

Yet with confefs'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95

The Cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow drefs'd
Than that which veils the nubile Virgin's breast :
A fairer red stands blushing in the Rose
Than that which on the Bridegroom's vestment flows.

Take but the humblest Lily of the field ; 100

And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by fure comparifon be shewn,
That on the regal feat great David's fon,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower. 105

Of Fishes next, my friends, I would enquire,

How the mute race engender, or respire :
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,

To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas 110 }
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays.

How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career, 115
Their station changing with th' inverted year.

How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food :
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood

Of Birds, how each according to her kind 120
Proper materials for her nest can find ;
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain.

How

106 P R I O R ' S S O L O M O N .

How in small flights they know to try their young,
 And teach the callow child her parent's song. 125

Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood;
 Why every land has her specific brood:
 Where the tall Crane, or winding Swallow, goes,
 Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
 If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep, 130
 In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
 Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
 To milder regions, and a southern sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace
 The wondrous nature, and the various race; 135
 Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
 Of us what they, or what of them, we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's bosom, whence the Bee
 Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer 140
 Through tractless paths, and an abyss of air.
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
 And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose: }
 How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun, 145
 Finds she the labour of her day is done:
 Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 To bring her burden to the certain hive;
 And through the liquid fields again to pass
 Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass. 150

And, O thou Sluggard, tell me why the Ant,
 'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want:

By

By constant journies careful to prepare
 Her stores ; and, bringing home the corny ear,
 By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155
 Left, hid in earth, and taking root again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care.

Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear. }

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye 160

On the young Gnat, or new-engender'd Fly ;
 On the vile Worm that yesterday began
 To crawl ; thy fellow-creatures, abject Man !
 Like thee, they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
 They shew their passions by their acts, like thee : 165

Darting their stings, they previously declare
 Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war :

Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 The genial power and full effect of love.

Each then has organs to digest his food, 170

One to beget, and one receive the brood ;
 Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
 Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 Though the whole fabrick smaller than a grain. }

What more can our penurious reason grant 175

To the large Whale, or castled Elephant ;
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested Snake, and long-tail'd Crocodile ;
 Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 Each destin'd to a less or larger frame ? 180

For potent Nature loves a various act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract ;

Now

Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
 The object spread too far, or rais'd too high, 185
 Denies its real image to the eye ;
 Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
 Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
 Water and air the varied form confound ;
 The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.

Thus while, with fruitless hope and weary pain,
 We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain ;
 Safe fits the Goddess in her dark retreat ;
 Around her myriads of ideas wait,
 And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen 195
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
 As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide
 Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the Tiger still remains ;
 He tires his life in biting on his chains : 200
 For the kind gifts of water and of food,
 Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
 He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood : }
 While the strong Camel, and the generous Horse,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior force, 205
 Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
 And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
 Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
 Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again : the lonely Fox roams far abroad, 210
 On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud ;

Now

Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn ;
 And flies the hated neighbourhood of Man :
 While the kind Spaniel, and the faithful Hound,
 Likest that Fox in shape and species found, 215
 Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam ;
 Pursues the noted path, and covets home ;
 Does with kind joy domestic faces meet ;
 Takes what the glutton child denies to eat ;
 And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet. 220 }

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
 In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their principles and ours agree.
 Evil like us they shun, and covet good : 225

Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
 Like us they love or hate ; like us they know,
 To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
 With seeming thought their action they intend,
 And use the means proportion'd to the end. 230

Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
 That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
 How can we justly different causes frame,
 When the effects intirely are the same ?
 Instinct and Reason how can we divide ? 235
 'Tis the Fool's ignorance, and the Pedant's pride.

With the same folly, sure, Man vaunts his sway,
 If the brute Beast refuses to obey.
 For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
 Proclaims himself the universal lord, 240

Does

Does he not tremble, lest the Lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce Hyæna, or the foaming Bear?

245

The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the Sailor views the land behind.

And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

250

Consider with me this ætherial space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask you, how the pensile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?

255

When I reflect, how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain

260

Or herd of beast, or colony of man;
If any nation pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring sun's directer rays;
If any suffer, on the Polar coast,
The rage of Arctos, and eternal frost.

265

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;

See

BOOK I. KNOWLEDGE. III

See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth, 270
 And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
 May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;
 While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
 They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighbouring sun, whose constant flame
 Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
 And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
 North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
 Where through the plains of one continual day 280
 Six shining months pursue their even way;
 And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
 Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
 May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
 (As annals may inform succeeding times) 285
 To our quotidian change of Heaven prefer
 Their own vicissitude, and equal share
 Of day and night, disparted through the year?
 May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space, 290
 Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
 Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our climes upbraid
 Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
 That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295
 With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
 Another sun demands return of care,
 The remnant toil of yesterday to bear;

Whilst

Whilst, when the solar beams salute their fight,
 Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
 Uninterrupted voyages they take
 To the remotest wood, and farthest lake ;
 Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
 With more extended nerves, and more continued force ?
 And, when declining day forsakes their sky, 305
 When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter night ;
 With plenty for the coming season blest,
 Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
 From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
 Which our sad scenes of daily action know : 310
 They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
 And with full mirth receive the welcome guest ;
 Or tell their tender loves (the only care
 Which now they suffer) to the listening fair ;
 And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease 315
 (Grateful alternate of substantial peace),
 They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
 On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
 Far from this length of continent disjoin'd, 320
 The rugged Bear's, or spotted Lynx's brood,
 Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood ;
 The hungry Crocodile, and hissing Snake,
 Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake ;
 And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast, 325
 Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest ;
 Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
 From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth ?

Whence

BOOK I. KNOWLEDGE. 113

Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man? 330

Or, grant this progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?
Would they on board or Bears or Lynxes take, 335
Feed the She Adder, and the brooding Snake?
Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant Crocodile?

And, since the Savage Lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race; 340
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;
While the great Sire's unhappy sons are found, 345
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view; 350
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth 355
To grafs and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air;

Those finer parts of air again aspire,
 Move into warmth, and brighten into fire : 360
 That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
 Alters its particles ; is fire no more,
 But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore ;
 Or, running through the mighty mother's veins, 365
 Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ;
 With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
 Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
 And deep furcharg'd by fandy mountains lie, 370
 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain,
 And furious wind, down to the distant plain
 The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
 Shall fall ; the plain by slow degrees shall rise
 Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill ; 375
 For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
 All things are light or heavy, small or great :
 Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear ;
 And Egypt's pyramids refine to air : 380
 Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood ;
 And travelers enquire, where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,
 Sedate we pass them by as natural ;
 Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385
 The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
 Let active thought these close mæanders trace ;
 Let human wit their dubious boundaries place :

Are

Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
 And prove we not too little, or too much? 390

For that, a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
 Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
 Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
 Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
 Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds, 395
 And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?

That each successive night from opening Heaven
 The food of angels should to man be given;
 Is this more strange, than that with common bread
 Our fainting bodies every day are fed? 400

Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
 Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
 And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
 The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?

Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce, 405
 Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
 The thoughtful soul this general influence draws,
 That an effect must pre-suppose a cause: }

And, while she does her upward flight sustain, 410
 Touching each link of the continued chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity; }

What has for ever been, and must for ever be. 415

This great Existence thus by Reason found,
 Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
 How can we bind or limit his decree,
 By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?

Say then : is all in heaps of water lost,
 Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast? 420
 Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
 Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
 Countries by future plow-shares to be torn,
 And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn !
 Ere the progressive course of restless age 425
 Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
 May not our power and learning be suppress'd,
 And arts and empire learn to travel west ?

Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd,
 Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd, 430
 Ascends my soul ? what sees she white and great
 Amidst subjected seas ? An *isle*, the seat
 Of power and plenty ; her imperial throne,
 For justice and for mercy fought and known ;
 Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven, 435
 From thence to this distinguish'd nation given.
 Yet farther west the western *isle* extends
 Her happy fame ; her armed fleet she sends
 To climates folded yet from human eye ;
 And lands, which we imagine wave and sky. 440
 From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
 And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
 Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
 In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name) 445
 Be first in conquest, and preside in fame :
 Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
 The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age :

Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
 Of human things least changeable, least vain. 450
 Yet all must with the general doom comply ;
 And this great glorious power, though last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon' azure sky :
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455
 Now streak'd and glowing with the morning-red ;
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
 And chusing fable for the peaceful night.
 Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were given,
 And whence this great variety of Heaven. 460

Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky ;
 Than that night rises from his absent ray,
 And his returning lustre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning-red in vain : 465
 'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
 The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
 Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears : 470
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
 With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.

Send forth, ye wife, send forth your labouring thought :
 Let it return with empty notions fraught,
 Of airy columns every moment broke, 475
 Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
 Yet this solution but once more affords
 New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :

118 P R I O R ' S S O L O M O N .

In other garb my question I receive ;
 And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480

Lo! as a giant strong, the lusty sun
 Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run ;
 Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
 Changing the day, and finishing the year.

Again, when his descending orb retires, 485
 And earth perceives the absence of his fires ;

The moon affords us her alternate ray,
 And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
 Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
 Various her beams, and changeable her face. 490

Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
 Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;
 Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd ;
 Each knows his course with different periods bound ;

And, in his passage through the liquid space, 495
 Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.

Now, shine these planets with substantial rays ?
 Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?

Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shewn)
 Dart furtive beams and glory not their own, 500

All servants to that source of light, the sun ? }
 Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,

Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares
 (Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build); 505
 But shining with such vast, such various light,

As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.
 How

How mean the order and perfection fought,
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns 510
 In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
 How small a portion of his power is given
 To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven? 515

And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
 Each, by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 (Itself a sun) and with transmissive light 520
 Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight.

Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise.
 And other stars may to those suns be earths;
 Give their own elements their proper births; 525

Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll:
 Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,

May each to other (as their different sphere
 Makes or their distance or their height appear) } 530
 Be seen a nobler or inferior star.

And, in that space which we call air and sky,
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie }
 Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its centre here or there;

Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
 Ev'n into fancy'd space, alludes our vanquish'd thought.

Where then are all the radiant *monsters* driven, 540
 With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heaven?
 Where will their fictitious images remain?
 In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
 Let us for once a child of truth confess; 545
 That these fair stars, these objects of delight
 And terror, to our searching dazzled sight,
 Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite. }

But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride? 550
 Thyself but dust; thy stature but a span,
 A moment thy duration; foolish man!

As well may the minutest emmet say,
 That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way:
 The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555
 Was destin'd only for his walk and food:
 The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
 That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy rock projects above the sky,
 That he in safety at its foot may lie; 560

And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
 Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
 Leaving material worlds and local skies;
 Enquires, what are the beings, where the space, 565
 That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.

For

For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
 (I offer only what tradition taught);
 Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
 Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose: 510 }
 Heaven rung with triumph; hell was fill'd with woes. }
 What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell:
 These bound to bear an everlasting load,
 Durance of chain, and banishment of God; 575
 By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire;
 To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:
 While those exalted to primæval light,
 Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
 Only perceive some little pause of joys 580
 In those great moments when their God employs
 Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
 On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
 Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
 And speak the thunder falling from his hand, 585
 When to his duty the proud king returns,
 And the rebellious state in ashes mourns?
 How can good angels be in Heaven confin'd;
 Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
 Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here? 590
 He who made all, is he not every where?
 Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
 So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
 Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of fight? }
 What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595
 Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?

Spirits

Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external eye be ever seen. 600

Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
 That these had appetite, and limb, and bone ?
 Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd feet ?
 Or Sarah please their taste with favoury meat ?
 Whence should they fear ? or why did Lot engage 605
 To save their bodies from abusive rage ?
 And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might ?
 How could a form in strength with matter try ?
 Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh ? 610

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays ?
 How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
 By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
 By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost ?
 Have they again (as sacred song proclaims) 615
 Substances real, and existing frames ?

How comes it, since with them we jointly share
 The great effect of one Creator's care,
 That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
 Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay ? 620
 Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
 Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
 On fongs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy ?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd, 625
 And found, that nothing by itself was made ;

When

When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
 From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
 From smoaking mineral, and from rising streams;
 From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630
 From all the living, that four-footed move
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
 From all that can with fins or feathers fly
 Through the aërial or the watery sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul, 635
 That miserable master of the whole;
 From this great object of the body's eye,
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light; 640
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
 Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
 Lift we our Reason to that Sovereign Cause, 645
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
 laws;
 Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
 His will and act, his word and work the same;
 To whom a thousand years are but a day;
 Who had the light her genial beams display; 650 }
 And set the moon, and taught the sun its way;
 Who, waking Time, his creature from the source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd course;
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command, 655

The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes
 pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
 This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
 Who like the potter in a mould has caſt 660
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee ;
 Yet, if he wills, may change or ſpoil the whole ; }
 May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
 And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll ; 665 }
 May from its baſis in one moment pour
 This melted earth —
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore :
 Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made; 670
 And it was ſo: — and, when he ſhall ordain
 In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
 And they ſhall be no more : Of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
 This GOD, I would diſcourſe. — 675
 The learned elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd ;
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd ;
 Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor answer frame
 (Too plain, alas ! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame) ;
 Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd, 680
 And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
 Began ; that human learning's furtheſt reach
 Was but to note the doctrine I could teach ;

That

BOOK I. KNOWLEDGE. 125

That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey ;
For I in knowledge more than power did sway ; 685
And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word ;
Forefaw my name by future age ador'd :
O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise ; 690
As none has equal'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee. —

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flattery ! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700
Echoed the word : whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know :
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see !

My prophets and my sophists finish'd here 705
The civil efforts of the verbal war :
Not so my rabbins and logicians yield ;
Retiring still the combat, from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art. 710
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join ;
Divide the simple, and the plain define ;

Fix

Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
 Ill-grounded maxims by false gloss enlarg'd, 715
 And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
 The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720

O wretched impotence of human mind!
 We erring still excuse for error find;
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first thy blushing fire essay'd
 His folly with connected leaves to shade; 725
 How does the crime of thy resembling race
 With like attempt that pristine error trace!
 Too plain thy nakedness of foul espy'd,
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
 By masks of eloquence and veils of pride? 730

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd;
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
 But, bent and inward to myself again,
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd, 735
 At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
 Impartial; both in equal balance laid;
 Light flew the knowing scale; the doubtful heavy
 weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
 That human science is uncertain guess. 740
 Alas!

Alas ! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb ?
 Or who shall tell me, what is space or time ?

In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes 745 }
 To what our Maker to their ken denies : }
 The searcher follows fast ; the object faster flies. }
 The little which imperfectly we find, }
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind }
 To fruitless search of something yet behind. 750 }
 Various discussions tear our heated brain ; }
 Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ; }
 And who indulges thought, increases pain. }

How narrow limits were to wisdom given !
 Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure Heaven :
 Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way ;
 Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day ;
 And from the summit of a pathless coast
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know, 760
 Offspring of Adam ! was thy source of woe.
 Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit ;
 With empty labour and eluded strife
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life ; 765
 For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard ?

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

- “ I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee
“ with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure.” Eccl. ii. 1.
- “ I made me great works, I builded me houses, I
“ planted me vineyards.” Ver. 4.
- “ I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees
“ in them of all kind of fruits.” Ver. 5.
- “ I made me pools of water, to water therewith the
“ wood that bringeth forth trees.” Ver. 6.
- “ Then I looked on all the works that my hands had
“ wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do:
“ And behold all was vanity, and vexation of spirit;
“ and there was no profit under the sun.” Ver. 11.
- “ I gat me men-fingers and women-fingers, and the de-
“ lights of the sons of men, as musical instruments,
“ and that of all sorts.” Ver. 8.
- “ I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet
“ acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay
“ hold on folly, till I might see what was that good
“ for the sons of men, which they should do under
“ Heaven, all the days of their life.” Ver. 3.
- “ Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto the
“ fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and why was
“ I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that
“ this also is vanity.” Ver. 15.
- “ Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought
“ under the sun is grievous unto me.” Ch. ii. ver. 27.
- “ Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking
“ favour: so doth the little folly him that is in repu-
“ tation for wisdom and honour.” Chap. x. ver. 1.
- “ The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of
“ the wicked shall rot.” Proverbs, ch. x. ver. 7.

P L E A S U R E :

T H E S E C O N D B O O K.

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

Solomon, again seeking happiness, enquires if wealth and greatness can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of Love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of Libertinism and Idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes, that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TR Y then, O man, the moments to deceive,
 That from the womb attend thee to the grave :
 For weary'd nature find some apter scheme :
 Health be thy hope ; and Pleasure be thy theme.
 From the perplexing and unequal ways, 5
 Where study brings thee ; from the endless maze,
 Which doubt persuades to run ; forewarn'd, recede
 To the gay field and flowery path, that lead

To jocund mirth, soft joy, and carelefs ease :
 Forfake what may instruct, for what may please ; 10
 Essay amusing art, and proud expence ;
 And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus : the power of wealth I try'd,
 And all the various luxe of costly pride ;
 Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours ; 15
 I founded palaces, and planted bowers ;
 Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
 I to the limits of my court confin'd ;
 To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth ;
 And bad a foreign shade grace Judah's earth ; 20
 Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew ;
 And hills were level'd, to extend the view ;
 Rivers diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force,
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, 25
 Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold ;
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
 Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
 On which the planted grove, the pensile garden, grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
 To gild the turret, and to paint the wall ;
 To mark the pavement there with various stone ;
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne :
 The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
 Cut down and earv'd, my shining roof adorns,
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thou-

B O O K II. P L E A S U R E. 131

A thousand artists shew their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower. 40

A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex * is no more;
Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast, 45
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.

My full design with vast expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on silken beds I fought repose; 55
And restless oft' from purple couches rose;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways, }
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze. }

Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add Music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony may grief control;
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul. 65

* The Murex is a shell-fish; of the liquor whereof
a purple colour is made.

Often our seers and poets have confest,
 That Music's force can tame the furious beast ;
 Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar, restrain
 His rage ; the Lion drop his crested main,
 Attentive to the song ; the Lynx forget 70
 His wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's feet.
 Are we, alas ! less savage yet than these ?
 Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose ; and the chearful choir
 Parted their shares of harmony : the Lyre 75
 Soften'd the Timbrel's noise ; the Trumpet's sound
 Provok'd the Dorian Flute (both sweeter found
 When mix'd) ; the Fife the Viol's notes refin'd,
 And every strength with every grace was join'd.
 Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay ; 80
 Of opening Heaven they sung, and gladsome day.
 Each evening their repeated skill express'd
 Scenes of repose, and images of rest :
 Yet still in vain ; for music gather'd thought :
 But how unequal the effects it brought ! 85
 The soft ideas of the chearful note,
 Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot ;
 The solemn violence of the graver sound
 Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90
 The sickly lust of the fantastick eye ;
 How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
 Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
 And now (unhappy search of thought !) I found
 The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95

Condemn'd

Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.
In vain ! too low the mimic-motions seem ; 100
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
And, vex'd, I found that the Musician's hand
Had o'er the Dancer's mind too great command. 105

I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas rage ; 'twas noise ;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast, 110
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest ;
And, as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done ;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun ?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120
Offence and torture to the sober ear :
Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault ;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
 In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
 Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,
 Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate ; 130
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
 Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy Man ! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
 To different ills alternately engage ; 135
 Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor fees,
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
 Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
 Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught ;
 And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl, 140
 Fell Adders hiss, and poisonous Serpents roll.

Remains there aught untry'd, that may remove
 Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom ?—Love.

Love yet remains : indulge his genial fire,
 Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire, 145
 And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
 This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast ?

Why ceases it one moment to be blest ?
 Fly swift, my friends ; my servants, fly ; employ 150
 Your instant pains to bring your Master joy.
 Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd ;
 Let them to-night attend the royal feast ;
 All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair ;
 The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war :

Before their Monarch they shall singly pass;
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd; the bowl was crown'd;
To the King's pleasure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as custom wills, they pass: 160
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.

Mature the Virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shap'd her limbs; and Beauty deck'd her face;
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd;
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd. }

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head 175
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair Nymph! draw nigh;
Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye, 180
Thy Master's joy long-sought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O favourite Virgin! that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!

I said; and sudden from the golden throne, 185
With a submissive step, I hasted down.

The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, Obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite Virgin! (yet again I said) 190
Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my Love, my fair-one, come away.

What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart, 195
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart;
When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowfiness, and wish of rest: 200 }
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our Eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour. 205

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread);
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;
By turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord; 210
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse

Averse to all her amorous King desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd : 215

And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the Wise ?

This wretched body trembles at your power :
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains ; 220
Nor fears the Victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of Seers ! of Angel, Man, and Brute ;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of Passion's folly, and of Reason's force ; 225

That, to the Tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow ;
That thou in science as in power art great ;
And Truth and Honour on thy edicts wait.

Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought, 230
With just advice and timely counsel fraught ?
Where now, O Judge of Israel ! does it rove ?—

What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love—
Love ! why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife ;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life : 235

And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.

Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave ? 240 }

Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void ;
Yea

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
 His flames and torments only are exprest;
 His rage can in my smiles alone relent; 245
 And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft Love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
 Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
 Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
 The pleasing ecstasy which each receives: 250
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows:
 Its chearful buds their opening bloom disclose;
 And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
 If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies; 255
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:
 The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
 Thy useless strength, mistaken King, employ:
 Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
 Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
 Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
 But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease; 265
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
 And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove;
 For I am destin'd to another's love.
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, 270
 To my dear equal in my native land,

My

My plighted vow I gave : I his receiv'd :
 Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
 The mutual contract was to Heaven convey'd :
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd 275
 Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
 The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd ;
 Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;
 End, in a dying Virgin's wretched fate, 280
 Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate :
 For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
 Or fleeting breath its latest power retains ;
 Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
 Hate is my part ; be thine, O King, despair. 285

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast ;
 Stand it in Judah's chronicles confess,
 That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
 Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd !
 Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed ; 290
 And to my soul, yet uncollected, said :
 Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;
 Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
 When I through number'd years have Pleasure fought,
 And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught ; 295
 To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
 'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.

Am I a King, great Heaven ! does life or death
 Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath ;
 While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore ; 300
 And one mad Damsel dares dispute my power ?

To

To ravish her ! that thought was soon deprest'd,
 Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.
 To send her back ! O whither, and to whom ?
 To lands where Solomon must never come ? 305

To that insulting rival's happy arms,
 For whom, disdain'ing me, she keeps her charms ?
 Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
 How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
 Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway ; 310
 And those are punish'd most, who most obey.

See Judah's King revere thy greater power :
 What canst thou covet, or how triumph more ?
 Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
 Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's prayer ? 315
 Why to some simple Shepherd does she run
 From the fond arms of David's favourite son ?
 Why flies she from the glories of a court,
 Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
 To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow ;
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires ?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
 Thy force, while they erect the shrines of Love ; 325
 His mystic form the artizans of Greece
 In wounded stone, or molten gold, express :
 And Cyprus to his Godhead pays her vow :
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow :
 A quiver by his side sustains his store 330
 Of pointed darts ; sad emblems of his power :

A pair

A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone ; which now again he bends
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends. }
 Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd, 335

Since first, alas ! I saw the beauteous maid :
 I felt him strike ; and now I see him fly :
 Curs'd Dæmon ! O ! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed !
 O ! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed ! 340

Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing ; }
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The Damsel back, and save the love-sick King ! }

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget ; 345

I reason'd much, alas ! but more I lov'd ;
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd ;
 Till, hopeless, plung'd into an abyss of grief,
 I from necessity receiv'd relief :

Time gently aided to assuage my pain ; 350
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O, how short my interval of woe !
 Our griefs how swift ! our remedies how slow !
 Another Nymph (for so did Heaven ordain,
 To change the manner, but renew the pain) ; 365

Another Nymph, amongst the many fair,
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand ;
 And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.

Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste 370
 To grace my presence ; Abra went the last :

Abra

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name ;

And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal ;

And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well. 365

To me her actions did unheeded die,

Or were remark'd but with a common eye ;

Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour said,

More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had shot his western ray ; 370

When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,

I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,

And banquet private in the women's bowers.

I call'd before I sat to wash my hands

(For so the precept of the law commands) : 375

Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn

To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread,

The Maid approach'd, on my declining head

To pour the oils : she trembled as she pour'd ; 380

With an unguarded look she now devour'd

My nearer face ; and now recall'd her eye,

And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain ?

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean ? 385

Secluded from the world and all its care,

Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?

For sure, I added, sure thy little heart

Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke : 390

Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great Master will descend to hear
 The humble series of his hand-maid's care ;
 O ! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look that awes the nations from the throne ! 395
 O ! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the King's frown, and terror of his eye !

Mine to obey ; thy part is to ordain ;
 And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
 If the King smile whilst I my woe recite, 400 }
 If weeping I find favour in his sight,
 Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.

O ! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above !
 For can I hide it ? I am sick of Love :
 If madness may the name of passion bear ; 405
 Or Love be call'd what is indeed Despair.

Thou Sovereign Power ! whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls !
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease ? 410

The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
 Had he been born some simple Shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care ;
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run, 415 }
 Scornful of winter's frost and summer's fun,
 Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.

For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast ;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the Swain ;

Wavering,

Wavering, impatient, tofs'd by hope and fear,
 Till he and joy together should appear,
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near.

}

On my declining neck and open breast
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest ;
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stol'n my arm away ;
 To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

425

430

Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
 (For sure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
 Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
 With height of title, and extent of power ;
 Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
 Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.

435

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's Queen,
 To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men ;
 To hear the charming Poet's amorous song,
 And gather honey falling from his tongue ;
 To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
 Sweeter than breezes of her native South ;
 Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
 To all that great or beauteous I had seen.

440

Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
 Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams ;
 Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair
 As silver ; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
 Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red,
 Than Eastern coral, or the scarlet thread ;

445

450

Even

Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 Recent, and branching on the funny rock. }
 Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins. 455

Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
 His stature all majestic, all divine,
 Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
 Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed : 460
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.

What utter I ! where am I ! wretched Maid !
 Die, Abra, die : too plainly hast thou said
 Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race ; 465
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
 With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 O foolish Maid ! and O unhappy Tale !
 My suffering heart for ever shall defy 47
 New wounds and danger from a future eye.

O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched memory of my former pain,
 The dire affront and my Egyptian chain. }

As Time, I said, may happily efface 475
 That cruel image of the King's disgrace ;
 Imperial Reason shall resume her seat ;
 And Solomon, once fallen, again be great.
 Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care, 480 }
 Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then—

I saw her; 'twas Humanity; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true; 485
 And generous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
 I call'd her often; for she always serv'd.
 Use made her person easy to my sight;
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490

Whene'er I revel'd in the womens bowers
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours),
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet;
 The cake she kneaded was the favoury meat:
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste, 495
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
 And, when the Virgins form'd the evening choir,
 Raising their voices to the master lyre, 500
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
 One shew'd too much, and one too little skill,
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone;
 Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
 Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest, 505
 And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
 A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
 To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
 The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
 Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd; 510

Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
 And every gem augmented every charm.
 Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd;
 And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame, 515
 The several follies of my former flame;
 Willing my heart for recompence to prove
 The certain joys that lie in prosperous Love.

For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe? 520
 The Damsel's sole ambition is to please:
 With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
 She sooths, but never can enthrall my mind:
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heaven! how frail thy creature Man is made!
 How by himself insensibly betray'd!

In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse power,
 And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. 530

On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way;
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:

Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade, 535
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll;

Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise;
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies; 540

And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn ;
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat ;
 And from our troubled view the less'n'd lands retreat.

O mighty Love ! from thy unbounded power 545
 How shall the human bosom rest secure ?
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare ?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ? 550

The haughty Nymph, in open beauty drest,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast :
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state ;
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate. 555 }

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade, 560
 To-day lov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.

We think we see through Reason's optics right ;
 Nor find how Beauty's rays elude our sight :
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind ;
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind. 565

To-morrow, cruel power ! thou arm'st the fair
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevel'd hair ;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.

Here

Here generous softness warms the honest breast; 570

We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.

And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,

Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,

We sicken soon from her contagious care,

Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair; 575

And against Love too late those bosoms arm,

Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruelest of foes,

What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?

Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid, 580

If by our pity and our pride betray'd?

External remedy shall we hope to find,

When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;

Insulting there does Reason's power deride,

And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide? 585

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held

My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd

With her, with her alone; in her alone

It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone,

It sigh'd, and griev'd impatient of her stay; 590

Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:

Her absence made the night: her presence brought
the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:

For her I make the song; the dance with her I lead.

I court her various in each shape and dress, 595

That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,

In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:

The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow ;
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow. 600

The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand ;
As she had slain the foe, and fav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forfakes the pomp and pageantry of war ;
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes, 605

And from the village with the present comes :
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms ;
Whilst I assume my Father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future Queen. 610

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind ;
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.

In lessen'd royalty, and humble state, 615
Thy King, Jerusalein, descends to wait,

Till Abra comes : she comes ; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use), 620

And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right,

And from the golden quiver at her side 625
Ruffles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.

Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana,

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves. 630

Her, as the present goddess, I obey :

Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.

The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame :

Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim

Her mystic praise ; the vocal triumphs bound 635

Against the hills ; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,

To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,

Her mind to-morrow points : a thousand hands,

To-night employ'd, obey the King's commands. 640

Upon the watery beach an artful pile

Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle :

A golden chariot in the midst is set ;

And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.

Abra, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy throne, 645

In semblance of the Grecian Venus known :

Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,

And sing in moving strains the force of Love ;

Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,

And echoing crouds speak mighty Venus near, 650

I, her adorer, too devoutly stand

Fast on the utmost margin of the land,

With arms and hopes extended, to receive

The fancy'd Goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason ! O imperious Love ! 655

Whither yet further would my folly rove ?

Is it enough, that Abra should be great

In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat ?

That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame ? 660

No, no : Jerufalem combin'd must fee
 My open fault, and regal infamy.

Solemn a month is destin'd for the feaft :

Abra invites : the nation is the gueft.

To have the honour of each day fustain'd, 665

The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd :

Arabia's wilds, and Ægypt's, are explor'd :

The edible creation decks the board :

Hardly the phoenix 'fcapes —

The men their lyres, the maids their voices raife, 670

To fing my happinefs, and Abra's praife :

And flavish bards our mutual loves rehearfe

In lying ftrains and ignominious verfe :

While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,

Whom prudent Love from public eyes fhould hide ; 675

I fhew her to the world, confefs'd and known

Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the court ;

From Dan and from Beerſheba they refort :

They barter places, and difpoſe of grants, 680

Whole provinces unequal to their wants ;

They teach her to recede, or to debate ;

With toys of love to mix affairs of ſtate ;

By practis'd rules her empire to ſecure ;

And in my pleaſure make my ruin ſure. 685

They gave, and ſhe transferr'd the curs'd advice,

That Monarchs ſhould their inward ſoul diſguiſe,

Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe ;

}
 }
 By

By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
 Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends. 690
 And now I leave the true and just supports
 Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
 Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
 Whose fires, great partners in my Father's cares,
 Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd, 695
 Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
 And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
 Those whom my follies only made me fear,
 Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
 Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace;
 Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him
 to his face. }

Still Abra's power my scandal still increas'd;
 Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
 Her will alone could settle or revoke;
 And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke. 705

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
 Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
 O! had I now review'd the famous cause, 710
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause;
 In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
 Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung;
 And real care in vain, and native love,
 In the true parent's panting breast had strove; 715
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
 Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd, or smil'd.

Unknow-

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A lifeless King, a royal shade, I lay.
 Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain : 720
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file ;
 And sleeping laws the King's neglect revile.
 No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
 To hear my maxims, and reform their own. 725
 No more the young nobility were taught,
 How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay ;
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
 Porches and schools, design'd for public good, 730
 Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threatening ruin. —
 Half pillars wanted their expected height ;
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve ; the labouring people droop : 735
 My Father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple, lies unfinish'd. —
 The wise and grave deplor'd their Monarch's fate,
 And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man, 740
 Whose active soul through every science ran ?
 Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill ?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large phylacteries expressive writ, 745
 Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride ?

Could

Could not the wife his wild desires restrain ?
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain !
 What from his life and letters were we taught, 750
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault !

In lighter mood the humourous and the gay
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame. 755

Laughing, some praise the King, who let them see
 How aptly luxe and empire might agree :
 Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife ;
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.

However, friend, here 's to the King, one cries : 760
 To him who *was* the King, the friend replies.
 The King, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields : could I or thou do worse ?

Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err. 765
 Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air :

Let us the blifs without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow : 770
 Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the King convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy power express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast ! 775
 And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give ;
 And more to think be only more to grieve :

}
 IF

If Judah's King, at thy tribunal try'd,
 Forfakes his joy, to vindicate his pride ; 780
 And, changing sorrows, I am only found .
 Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more strictly
 bound !

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign !
 While thou, alas ! art but an empty name, 785
 To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same ;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought ;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade ;
 A chain which man to fether man has made ; 790 }
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd !

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing, }
 Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring, }
 I own thy influence ; for I feel thy sting.
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul, 795
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
 Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward :
 Yes ; rebel Israel ! this unhappy Maid
 Shall be dismiss'd : the croud shall be obey'd : 800
 The King his passion and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ;
 I will, alas ! be wretched, to be great, }
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state. 805 }

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once so far, as to expect relief

From my despair alone —
 I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
 To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake. 810

The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
 How inconsistent Majesty and Love.
 I always should, it said, esteem her well;
 But never see her more: it bid her feel
 No future pain for me; but instant wed 815
 A lover more proportion'd to her bed;
 And quiet dedicate her remnant life
 To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read; and forth to me she wildly ran,
 To me, the ease of all her former pain. 820
 She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
 And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:
 Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
 And by rude fury from my presence torn,
 This only object of my real care, 825
 Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
 In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
 From wealth, from power, from love, and from the
 world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
 What different sorrows did within thee roll? 830
 What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
 What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
 How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
 To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
 How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms, 835
 Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?

How

858 P R I O R ' S S O L O M O N .

How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
 Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace ?
 How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
 And live in shades with her and Love alone ? 840
 How oft', all night, pursued her in my dreams,
 O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams ?
 And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone ?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched Love, 845
 In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove ;
 At length they broke their bounds ; at length their force
 Bore down whatever met its stronger course ;
 Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste ;
 And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past. 850

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
 The congregated snow and swelling rain, }
 Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
 Precipitate the furious torrent flows :
 In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose ; 855
 Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,
 With one great death deform the dreary ground : }
 The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.

And now, what impious ways my wishes took,
 How they the monarch and the man forsook ; 860
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
 Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill ;
 How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
 By turns my prostituted bed receives ;
 Through tribes of women how I loofely rang'd 865
 Impatient ; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd ;

And,

And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust :
 O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
 In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd ! 870
 O, be the wanton images convey'd
 To black oblivion, and eternal shade !

Or let their sad epitome alone,
 And outward lines, to future age be known,
 Enough to propagate the sure belief, 875
 That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief!

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay ;
 The night I revel'd ; and I slept the day.
 New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires ;
 And daily change extinguish'd young desires. 880

By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd ;
 And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
 No longer now does my neglected mind
 Its wonted stores and old ideas find.

Fix'd judgement there no longer does abide, 885
 To take the true, or set the false aside.

No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
 Where springing wit, or young invention, dwells.
 Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ;
 Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails. 890

By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies ;
 Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway ;
 They ask ; I grant ; they threaten ; I obey.
 In regal garments now I gravely stride, 895
 Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride :

Now

Now with the looser Syrian dance and fmg,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire, 900
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame ;
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail ;
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress ; 905
And serve her god, whose person I care.

Where, my deluded sense, was Reason flown,
Where the high majesty of David's throne,
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living GOD inform'd my youth ; 910
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods ;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud, 915
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food ;
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invoc'd its aid ;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell ; 920
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid ;
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd ;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven ?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul, 925
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.

The

The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now, one moment able to reflect,
 I found the King abandon'd to neglect, 930 }
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.

I found my subjects amicably join,
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race;
 And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace. 935

The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
 The sad examples which he ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon. }
 Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
 A wise child better than a foolish King. 940

Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd;
 And, as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A mighty King I am, an earthly God;
 Nations obey my word, and wait my nod;
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free; 945

And life or death depends on my decree:
 Fond the idea, and the thought is vain.
 O'er Judah's King ten thousand tyrants reign;
 Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
 Insult the master's tributary will: 950

And he, from whom the nations should receive
 Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
 Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
 Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call; 955
 Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,
 Her beams transmitted to the subject earth :
 Yet this great empress of the human soul
 Does only with imagin'd power control ; 960
 If restless Passion by rebellious sway
 Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art ;
 Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
 To worse extremes with swifter steps would run, 965
 Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, the praise of doing well
 Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.
 Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
 Into the alabaster urn should fall, 970
 The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
 And stench corrupt (sad change !) their place supply.
 So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
 Of future ill become the fatal feed ;
 Into the balm of purest virtue cast, 975
 Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Loft Solomon ! pursue this thought no more ;
 Of thy past errors recollect the store ;
 And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse
 Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse 980
 Perfumes with lavish hand ; she shall proclaim
 Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
 Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
 Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
 Much of my women and their gods asham'd ; 985

From this abyſs of exemplary vice
 Reſolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to riſe ;
 Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
 The fond purſuit of fugitive delight ;
 Bid her exalt her melancholy wing, 999
 And, rais'd from earth, and fav'd from paſſion, ſing
 Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
 Of uſeleſs wealth and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
 Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train,
 Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks, deceitful all, and vain.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

- “ Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
“ be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
“ or the wheel broken at the cistern.” Eccl. xii. 6.
- “ The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth
“ to his place where he arose.” Ch. i. 5.
- “ The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about
“ unto the north. It whirleth about continually;
“ and the wind returneth again, according to his cir-
“ cuit.” Ver. 6.
- “ All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full.
“ Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thi-
“ ther they return again.” Ver. 7.
- “ Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and
“ the spirit shall return unto GOD who gave it.”
Ch. xii. 7.
- “ Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the
“ fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the
“ burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of
“ the LORD filled the house.” 2 Chron. vii. 1.
- “ By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea
“ we wept, when we remembered Sion,” &c. Psalm
cxxxvii. 1.
- “ I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what
“ doth it?” Eccles. ii. 2.
- “ No man can find out the work that GOD maketh,
“ from the beginning to the end.” Ch. iii. 11.
- “ Whatsoever GOD doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing
“ can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and GOD
“ doeth it, that men should fear before him.” Ver. 14.
- “ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear
“ GOD, and keep his commandments; for this is the
“ whole duty of man.” Ch. xii. 13.

P O W E R :

T H E T H I R D B O O K .

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

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is Vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to Religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his enquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my Soul : I call thee by that name,
 Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am :
 For, knowing what I am, I know thou art ;
 Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
 But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring? 5
 For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
 Some separate particles of finer earth,
 A plain effect which nature must beget,
 As motion orders, and as atoms meet ; 10
 Companion of the body's good or ill,
 From force of instinct, more than choice of will ;
 Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
 As the wild courses of the blood ordain ;
 Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15
 In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail ;
 Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
 Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death ?

Or, if thy great existence would aspire
 To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire 20
 Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay ?
 With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;
 To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame ; 25
 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame ;
 To guide its actions with informing care,
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war ;
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various course of human age ; 30
 Till, as the earthly part decays and falls,
 The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls ;
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 Which now the pile or sepulchre contains ;
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35
 Impatient to regain her native skies ?

What-

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
 (Points which we rather may dispute than know!)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest, 40
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade:
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear, 45 }
 Guided to what may great or good appear;
 And try if life be worth the liver's care. }
 Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
 What through the whole creation has excell'd:
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense, 50
 The angel's forecast and intelligence:
 Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows;
 Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
 In its true light let clearest reason see
 The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be; 55
 Helpless and naked on a woman's knees, }
 To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please; }
 Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease;
 His tender eye by too direct a ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day; 60
 His heart assaulted by invading air,
 And beating fervent to the vital war;
 To his young sense how various forms appear,
 That strike his wonder, and excite his fear.
 By his distortions he reveals his pains; 65
 He by his tears and by his sighs complains;

Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
 By broken words and rudiments of speech,
 His wants in plainer characters to show,
 And paint more perfect figures of his woe ; 70
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
 To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears ;
 To pass the riper period of his age,
 Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
 To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75
 To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
 To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
 And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
 His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill ; 80
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
 Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
 Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate. }
 Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene ;
 And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men ; 85
 In the remotest wood and lonely grot
 Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought ; }
 Different ideas to his memory brought,
 Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
 Impetuous some as the descending floods ; 90
 With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
 No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn ;
 He hears the echoing rock return his sighs ;
 And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.
 Thus, through what path so'er of life we rove, 95
 Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.

Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
 Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap, 100
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake;
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
 But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
 Of woes a-new, which were we to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the path again; 105 }
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first;
 Judging the latest evils still the worst;
 And, sadly finding each progressive hour,
 Heighten their number, and augment their power,
 Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd, 110
 Hoary-with cares, and ignorant of rest,
 We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
 Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
 Thus through the round of age to childhood we return; }
 Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115
 We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
 Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
 Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
 The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads; 120
 The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
 The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
 The noisome pestilence, that in open war 125
 Terrible marches through the mid-day air,

170 P R I O R ' S S O L O M O N .

And scatters death; the arrow that by night
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
 The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store, 130 }
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest;
 Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
 The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
 And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 135

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
 Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel stone with congregated war
 Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
 With frequent impulse, and continued strife, 140
 Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
 The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
 The sad experience of decay; and Age,
 Herself the forest ill; while Death and Ease,
 Oft' and in vain invoc'd, or to appease 145
 Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
 From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
 Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
 To the cold shaking paralytic hand, 150
 Senseless of Beauty's touch, or Love's command;
 Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
 The dictates of its feeble Master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
 The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale; 155
 When

When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamel'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore, 160
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more ;
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.

Day follows night ; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain : 165

But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude : he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where Age's wretched victim lies ; 170
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes ;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves ;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives ; }
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time, the silver cord 175
Dissever'd lies ; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by ;
And apter utensils their place supply.

These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ; 180

While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place :
From earth all came, to earth must all return ;
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd; 185
 And view we Man with health and vigour blest.
 Home he returns with the declining sun,
 His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 Again his travel for his bread to pay, 190 }
 And find the ill sufficient to the day.
 Haply at night he does with horror shun
 A widow'd daughter, or a dying son:
 His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees;
 And doubly feels his want in their increase: 195
 The next day, and the next, he must attend
 His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
 In every act and turn of life he feels
 Public calamities, or household ills;
 The due reward to just desert refus'd; 200
 The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
 The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
 And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;
 The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 And violent will of the wrong-doing great; 205
 The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
 Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
 Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210
 From destin'd order and eternal law?
 Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
 Spring they, I say, from accident, or fate?

Yet

Yet such we find they are as can control
 The servile actions of our wavering soul : 215
 Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will ;
 Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search ! in which the labouring mind,
 Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220
 From years of pain one moment of release ;
 Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve. }

Happy the mortal man, who now at last 225
 Has through this doleful vale of misery past ;
 Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
 The tedious load, and laid his burden down ;
 Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shews
 Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes. 230

He happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
 But O ! beyond description happiest he, 235
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous sea ;
 Who, with blest'd freedom, from the general doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb ! }

Who breathes, must suffer ; and who thinks, must
 mourn ; 240

And he alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

“ Yes]

174 PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear :
 " Are not these general maxims too severe ?
 " Say : cannot Power secure its owner's bliss ?
 " And is not Wealth the potent fire of Peace ? 245 }
 " Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with ease ?"
 I tell thee, Life is but one common care ;
 And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.
 " But is no rank, no station, no degree,
 " From this contagious taint of sorrow free ?" 250
 None, mortal ! none ! Yet in a bolder strain
 Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
 But hence, ye worldly and prophane, retire :
 For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,
 To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd : 255
 Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd :
 Your very fear of death shall make you try
 To catch the shade of immortality ;
 Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
 Part of its prey from the devouring grave ; 260
 To those who may survive you to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of Time and Death ;
 A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
 And in a book, or from a building, live.
 False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly : 265
 The dome shall moulder, and the volume die :
 Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
 That all the parts of this great fabric change,
 Quit their old station and primæval frame,
 And lose their shape, their essence, and their name ? 270
 Reduce

Reduce the song : our hopes, our joys, are vain ;
Our lot is sorrow ; and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?
What is a king ?—a man condemn'd to bear 275
The public burden of the nation's care ;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease ;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease ;
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth ; 280
At home furrounded by a fervile croud,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears ;
His very state acknowledging his fears ;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shews 285
His secret terror of a thousand foes ;
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;
Seeking to settle what for ever flies ;
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow ;
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :
The captive generals to his car were ty'd ;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295 }
What is this triumph ? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate ;

The

The spoils and trophies, borne before him, shew 300 }
 National loss, and epidemic woe,
 Various distress, which he and his may know. }
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain ;
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
 Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305
 Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey ?
 Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
 Wet with the soldiers blood, and widows tears ?
 See, where he comes, the darling of the war !
 See millions crowding round the gilded car ! 310
 In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
 And full fruition of successful power,
 One moment and one thought might let him scan
 The various turns of Life, and fickle state of Man.
 Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315
 And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel ?
 Can the loud clarion or shrill pipe repel
 The inward cries of care ? can Nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise ; 320
 Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the ivory chair ?
 Yon' croud (he might reflect) yon' joyful croud,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go, 325
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
 At the high palace, or the croud'd gate ;

With

With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass anew to his renown. 330

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these, 335

Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war; 340

Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise;
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes;
To know with more distinction to complain, 345
And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from Time distinguish'd actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain. 350

Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse, 355
What did these golden promises produce?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;

Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
 Where wounding thorns and curst thistles grew. 360
 Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 Inclin'd to earth, his labouring sweat must flow ;
 His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd,
 Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve, 365
 He for her follies and his own must grieve ;
 Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice ;
 His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
 Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd ; oft' his view
 Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew, 370
 And the stern Cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
 His younger son on the polluted ground,
 First-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Given by a brother's hand : his eldest birth 375
 Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
 Becomes nor Man, nor Angel, to enquire.

Each age finn'd on ; and Guilt advanc'd with Time :
 The son still added to the father's crime ; 380
 Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
 Lo ! it repenteth me, that Man was made !
 Withdraw thy light, thou Sun ! be dark, ye Skies !
 And from your deep abyfs, ye Waters, rise !

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord ;
 And o'er the earth from wrathful viols pour'd
 Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.

}
Mean

Mean time, his Providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from general doom the Patriarch stood; 390
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.

The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease;
 The Dove brings quiet, and the Olive peace:
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which Faith alone forbids him to reveal. 395

If on the backward world his views are cast;
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the antient fabric lost, 400

In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
 While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of God's image only eight he found
 Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from nations
 drown'd; 405

And of three sons, the future hopes of Earth,
 The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
 One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God, 410
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
 By blood and battles must his power maintain,
 And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
 Must deal just portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife; 415

Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan ;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood, 420
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God ; but how beheld ?
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyfs of light ;
 While present, too severe for human sight, 425 }
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
 The following days, and months, and years, decreed
 To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.

His youth with wants and hardships must engage ;
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age : 430
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save :
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the Godhead wrote, the Prophet broke.
 His voice scarce heard, his dictate scarce believ'd. 435
 In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd ;
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.

My Father's life was one long line of care,
 A scene of danger, and a state of war. 440
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
 The Bear's rough gripe, and foaming Lion's rage.
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
 Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.

Forlorn

Forlorn he must and persecuted fly, 445
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie;
 And often ask, and be refus'd, to die. }

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
 The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless Monarch's woes;
 When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
 When every object his offence revil'd,
 The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
 What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd 455
 When the King's crime brought vengeance on the land;
 And the inexorable Prophet's voice
 Gave famine, plague, or war; and bid him fix his
 choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
 Its poisonous venom on the royal dead! 460
 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
 Dying, he added to my weight of care;
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
 Left his unfinish'd murder to his son, 465
 And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took;
 But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look; 470
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his reverence to the laws:

But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ;
 Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good,
 And cite his sad example ; whilst I trod
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood. }
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill ;
 Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
 In vain for life he to the altar fled :
 Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
 Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell ;
 But that my interest did my rage conceal. 485
 Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive ;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain :
 With a mean lye curs'd vengeance I sustain ;
 Join fraud to force, and policy to power ; 490
 Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
 In solemn state to parricide I rise ;
 And, as God lives, this day my Brother dies.
 Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse !
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse, 495
 Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
 In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :
 The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;
 The sword was pointed by the King's command.
 Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone : 500
 Years of contrition must the crime atone ;

Nor

Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art, 505

Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensivè Goddess has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing childhood to declining age, 510
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.

This course of vanity almost compleat,
Tir'd in the field of Life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of Death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain, 515
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520
And end of motion which with Life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost; 525
So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the Miser's wish, and Coward's fear, 530
Death only shews us, what we knew was near.

With courage therefore view the pointed hour ;
 Dread not Death's anger ; but expect his power ;
 Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn ;
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born. 535

Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wife,
 To such advice the Reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
 Every successive day's repeated race,
 Since Time first started from his pristine goal, 540

Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb ; I was,
 (At least I think so) nothing : must I pass
 Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
 Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ? 545

Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn ?

And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual He ?

But, sever'd, must they join the general mass, 550 }
 Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass ;
 Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ?

Does the great word, that gave him sense, ordain,
 That life shall never wake that sense again ?

And will no power his sinking spirits save 555
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the
 grave ?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run :
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers ; 560
 Starts

Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds ;
 These neither seasons guide, nor order binds ;
 They now dilate, and now contract their force ; 565
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows :
 Though fundry drops or leave or swell the stream ;
 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same ; 570
 Still other waves supply the rising urns ;
 And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must Man obey the sad decree,
 Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise, 575
 And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
 A winged Eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
 A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly ;
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky ; 580
 A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
 A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
 Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
 Our earthly course : but, O my soul ! so fast 585
 Must Life run off, and Death for ever last ?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd :
 Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind ?
 Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or punishment, delight or pain ? 590

Say :

Say : shall our relicks second birth receive ?

Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?

When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,

And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries ;

Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead, 595

The spirit only from the body fled ;

The grosser part of heat and motion void,

To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd ;

The soul, immortal substance, to remain,

Conscious of joy, and capable of pain ? 600

And, if her acts have been directed well,

While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,

Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat ?

Find her rest endless, and her bliss compleat ?

And, while the bury'd Man we idly mourn, 605

Do Angels joy to see his better half return ?

But, if she has deform'd this earthly life

With murderous rapine, and seditious strife ;

Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driven

From the æthereal seat and blissful Heaven, 610

In everlasting darkness must she lie,

Still more unhappy, that she cannot die ?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,

Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand ;

On either side our thoughts incessant turn ; 615

Forward we dread ; and looking back we mourn ;

Losing the present in this dubious haste,

And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,

My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd, 620

Once

Once more, I said, once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind ?
 How does she act ? and where is she confin'd ?
 Have we the power to guide her as we please ? 625
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease ?
 We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain :
 And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest ; 630
 Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
 Dashing our rising hope with certain ill ;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Power superior then, which rules our mind,
 Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd ?
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease ?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees ?
 Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails ;
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales ; 640
 And let the silent sanctuary show,
 What from the babbling schools we may not know,
 How Man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe. }

What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate ?
 Anxious we hover in a mediate state, 645
 Betwixt infinity and nothing ; bounds,
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
 Unequal thought ! whilst all we apprehend
 Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end ;
 As our Creator deigns to be our friend. 650 }

I said ;

I said;—and instant had the Priests prepare
 The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
 Select from vulgar heads, with garlands gay,
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir; 655
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
 The maids in comely order next advance;
 They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
 Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
 Chaunting, by just return, the holy song. 660
 Along the choir in solemn state they pass:
 —The anxious King came last.

The sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
 I paid: and, bowing at the altar low,
 Father of Heaven! (I said) and Judge of Earth!
 Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
 By whose kind power and influencing care
 The various creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
 They move (alas!) and live, and are no more: 670
 Omniscient Master, omni-present King,
 To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
 Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease!
 Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gulfs 675
 Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:
 From storms of rage and dangerous rocks of pride,
 Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
 (It was thy hand that made it) through the tide }
 Impetuous

Impetuous of this life : let thy command 680

Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,

It haply be thy will, that I should know

Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe; 685

From Now, from instant Now, great Sire! dispel

The clouds that press my soul; from Now reveal

A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire

My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;

My open thought to joyous prospects raise; 690

And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.

Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait

Some new Hereafter, and a future state;

Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear;

And raise my mind superior to my care. 695

Let me, howe'er unable to explain

The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,

With humble zeal confess thy awful power;

Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.

So in my conquest be thy might declar'd : 700

And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom

Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome.

To the beginning miracle succeed

An awful silence and religious dread. 705

Sudden breaks forth a more than common day

The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,

Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—

Ambrosial odour, such as never flows

From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose, 710
 Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
 The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews :
 Celestial music (such Jethides' lyre,
 Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
 Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear, 715
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
 And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
 My wondering soul ? An opening cloud reveals
 An heavenly form embody'd, and array'd
 With robes of light. I heard. The Angel said : 720
 Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief,
 From daily trouble and continued grief ;
 Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind ;
 Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind ;
 Free and familiar with misfortune grow ; 725
 Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe ;
 By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
 See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb ;
 Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
 Portions of toil, and legacies of care ; 730
 Send the successive ills through ages down ;
 And let each weeping father tell his son,
 That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
 The child, to whose success thy hope is bound, 735
 Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
 To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
 (That cursed poison to the prince's mind !)

Shall from thy dictate and his duty rove,
 And lose his great defence, his people's love ; 749
 Ill-counsel'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd ;
 Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the crown
 With lessen'd rays descending to his son ;
 Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap 745
 By active toil and military sweat,
 Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
 Their falling honours from his giddy head ;
 By arms or prayer unable to assuage
 Domestic horror; and intestine rage 750
 Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
 From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;
 Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
 By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred-
 blood.

Hence labouring years shall weep their destin'd race,
 Charg'd with ill omens, fully'd with disgrace.
 Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
 Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
 The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,
 Shall lose its course— 760

Indulge thy tears : the Heathen shall blaspheme :
 Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame ;
 And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypts yet and second bonds remain,
 A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765
 Again, obedient to a dire command,
 Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.

Their :

192 P R I O R ' S S O L O M O N .

Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
 Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires, that wound the ambient sky, 770

(Inglorious change !) shall in destruction lie
 Low, level'd with the dust ; their heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
 For lasting glory built, design'd the feat
 Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775

Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
 Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
 The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
 Of gold, and vessels set apart to GOD,
 Then, by vile hands to common use debas'd, 780 }
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
 With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest. }

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete ;
 Empires by various turns shall rise and set ;
 While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785
 A different master, and a change of woe,
 With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
 Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
 Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run ; 790
 Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
 Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
 Nor chearful dance their feet ; with toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.

In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795
 Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide

Her penfive head ; and in her languid face
 The bridegroom fhall forefee his fickly race ;
 While ponderous fetters vex their clofe embrace.
 With irkfome anguish then your priests fhall mourn 800
 Their long-neglected feafts despair'd return,
 And fad oblivion of their folemn days.
 Thenceforth their voices they fhall only raife,
 Louder to weep. By day, your frightened feers
 Shall call for fountains to exprefs their tears, 805
 And wifh their eyes were floods ; by night, from
 dreams
 Of opening gulphs, black ftorms, and raging flames,
 Starting amaz'd, fhall to the people fhew
 Emblems of heavenly wrath, and myftic types of woe.
 The captives, as their tyrant fhall require 810
 That they fhould breathe the fong, and touch the lyre,
 Shall fay : Can Jacob's fervile race rejoice,
 Untun'd the mufick, and difus'd the voice ?
 What can we play (they fhall difcourfe), how fing
 In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king ? 815
 We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
 To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
 The arbitrary lafh, to bend, to grieve,
 (Out-caft of mortal race !) can we conceive
 Image of aught delightful, foft, or gay ? 820
 Alas ! when we have toil'd the longfome day,
 The fulleft blifs our hearts aspire to know
 Is but fome interval from active woe,
 In broken reft and ftartling fleep to mourn,
 Till morn, the tyrant, and the fcourge, return. 825

Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
 Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
 Reason and sorrow are to us the same.

}

Alas! with wild amazement we require,
 If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire?

830

Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
 To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
 Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.

Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
 View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's eye.
 Too bright the object is: the distance is too high.

835 }

The man, who would resolve the work of Fate,
 May limit number, and make crooked straight:
 Stop thy enquiry then; and curb thy sense;

840

Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
 'Tis GOD who must dispose; and man sustain,
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
 What derogates from his command, is ill;
 And that alone is good which centres in his will.

845 }

Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope;
 Remark what I, GOD's messenger, aver
 From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
 The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
 Shall from her sad captivity return.

850

Sion shall raise her long-dejected head;
 And in her courts the law again be read.

BOOK III. *P O W E R.* 195

Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855

And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.

The promis'd seat of empire shall again

Cover the mountain, and command the plain ;

And, from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,

Greater in act than victor, more than king 860

In dignity and power ; sent down from Heaven,

To succour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis given,

Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.

Through Him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,

Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow ; 865

No more may Man enquire, nor Angel know.

Now, Solomon ! remembering who thou art,

Act through thy remnant life the decent part.

Go forth : be strong : with patience and with care

Perform, and suffer : to thyself severe, 870

Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,

Diffus'd thy virtues ; first of men ! be best.

Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;

(O may they graven in thy heart remain !)

Be humble, and be just. The angel said. — 875

With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;

Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,

By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,

Or to object : at length (my mournful look

Heaven-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke : 880

Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate !

Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !

Enthron'd in light, and immortality !

Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !

Original of Beings ! Power Divine ! 815
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine ; —
 Benign Creator ! let thy plastic hand
 Dispose its own effect ! Let thy command
 Restore, Great Father ! thy instructed son ;
 And in my act may Thy great Will be done ! 890

Engraven on Three Sides of an ANTIQUE LAMP,
 given by me to Lord HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
 è Museo Colbertino allatam,
 Domino Harleo inter *Κειμήλια* sua
 Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
 Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
 Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
 Before the Muse to burn with purer flame !

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
 Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno ;
 I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
 Igne Camœnas.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE;

Occasioned by the Death of Prince GEORGE, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
 Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
 A widow Turtle pensive sat,
 And wept her murder'd Lover's fate.
 The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk 5
 (A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
 Be sure he did the Turtle greet;
 She answer'd him as she thought meet.
 Sparrows and Turtles, by the bye,
 Can think as well as you or I: 10
 But how they did their thoughts express,
 The margin shews by T and S.
 T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
 Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
 Come, all ye winged lovers, come, 15
 Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
 Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
 Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his hearse:
 Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
 Columbo's death requires your notes: 20
 "For him, my friends, for him I moan,
 "My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies ;
 Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes ;
 Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay ; 25
 Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
 Ah ! cruel Fate, alas ! how soon
 That beauty and those joys are flown !

Columbo is no more : ye Floods,
 Bear the sad sound to distant Woods ; 30
 The sound let Echo's voice restore,
 And say, Columbo is no more.

“ Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
 “ My dear Columbo, dead and gone.”

The Dryads all forsook the wood, 35
 And mournful Naiads round me stood,
 The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
 All conscious of our mutual flame,
 “ To sigh for him, with me to moan
 “ My dear Columbo, dead and gone.” 40

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
 To lend my grief a friendly ear ;
 But what avails her kindness now ?
 She ne'er shall hear my second vow :
 The Loves, that round their Mother flew, 45
 Did in her face her sorrows view ;
 Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
 Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung ;
 They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept, with me, Columbo dead : 50

“ For him I sigh, for him I moan,
 “ My dear Columbo, dead and gone.”

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;
 " 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd :
 " Nor birds nor goddeffes can move 55
 " The juſt becheſts of fatal Jove :
 " I ſaw thy mate with ſad regret,
 " And curs'd the Fowler's cruel net :
 " Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
 " Whom Turturella lov'd ſo well ! 60
 " I ſaw him bleeding on the ground,
 " The fight tore-up my ancient wound ;
 " And, whilſt you wept, alas! I cry'd,
 " Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
 " Weep, all ye ſtreams; ye mountains, groan; 65
 " I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;
 " Still let my tender grief complain,
 " Nor day nor night that grief refrain :"
 I ſaid ; and Venus ſtill reply'd,
 " Columbo and Adonis dy'd." 70
 S. Poor Turturella, hard thy caſe,
 And juſt thy tears, alas, alas !
 T. And haſt thou lov'd; and canſt thou hear
 With piteous heart a lover's care ?
 Come then, with me thy ſorrows join, 75
 And eaſe my woes by telling thine :
 " For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
 " Some Paſſerella dead and gone."
 S. Dame Turtle, this runs ſoft in rhyme,
 But neither ſuits the place nor time ; 80
 'The Fowler's hand, whoſe cruel care
 For dear Columbo ſet the ſnare,

The snare again for thee may set ;
 Two birds may perish in one net :
 Thou should'st avoid this cruel field, 85
 And sorrow should to prudence yield.
 'Tis sad to die ! —

T. — It may be so ;

'Tis sadder yet, to live in woe.
 S. When widows use this canting strain, 90
 They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth disprove,
 They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
 His efforts all depend on life : 95

When he has thrown two golden darts,
 And struck the lovers' mutual hearts ;
 Of his black shafts let Death send one,
 Alas ! the pleasing game is done ;
 Ill is the poor survivor sped, 100
 A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.

Venus said right — “ nor tears can move,
 “ Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.”

All must obey the general doom,
 Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb. 105

Grim Pluto will not be withstood
 By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
 As well as Little John, is dead
 (You see how deeply I am read) ;
 With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge, 110
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.

Ajax,



Ajax, to shun his general power,
 In vain absconded in a flower ;
 An idle scene Tythonus acted,
 When to a grasshopper contracted ; 115
 Death struck them in those shapes again,
 As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay ;
 Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay ;
 And hay to dung, and dung to clay. 120 }

Thus heads extremely nice discover,
 That folks may die some ten times over ;
 But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
 To prove things plain, they prove too much.
 Whate'er Pythagoras may say 125

(For each, you know, will have his way),
 With great submission I pronounce,
 That people die no more than once :
 But once is sure ; and death is common
 To Bird and Man, including Woman ; 130
 From the Spread Eagle to the Wren,

Alas ! no mortal fowl knows when ;
 All that wear feathers first or last
 Must one day perch on Charon's mast ;
 Must lie beneath the cypress shade, 135
 Where Strada's Nightingale was laid ;

Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
 Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
 In prose have slept three hundred years,
 Exempt from worldly hopes and fears, 140

And, laid in state upon their hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in verse ;
 As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
 Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
 And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
 Return to Adige, or to Thames. 145

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
 My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled ;
 " I therefore must for ever moan
 " My dear Columbo dead and gone." 150

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
 Your cries Columbo never hears ;
 A wall of brass, and one of lead,
 Divide the living from the dead.
 Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
 Of tears beats back to earth again ;
 In t' other the collected sound
 Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve,
 What Time itself can ne'er retrieve. 160
 By nature soft, I know a Dove
 Can never live without her Love ;
 Then quit this flame, and light another ;
 Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice ! 165
 In other nuptials to rejoice !

S. Why not, my bird ? —

T. — No, Sparrow, no !
 Let me indulge my pleasing woe :

Thus

Thus fighting, cooing, ease my pain, 170
 But never wish, nor love, again :
 Distress'd for ever, let me moan
 " My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Our winged friends through all the grove
 Contemn thy mad excess of love : 175
 I tell thee, Dame, the other day
 I met a Parrot and a Jay,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
 And " wept Columbo, dead and gone."

T. Whate'er the Jay or Parrot said, 180
 My hopes are lost, my joys are fled ;
 And I for ever must deplore

" Columbo dead and gone." — S. *Encore!*
 For shame ! forsake this Bion-stile,
 We 'll talk an hour, and walk a mile. 185

Does it with sense or health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a tree ?
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife ?

Come on ! I 'll tell you my amours ; 190
 Who knows but they may influence yours ;
 " Example draws where Precept fails,
 " And Sermons are less read than Tales."

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
 As such will hear thee : I descend ; 195
 Hop on, and talk ; but, honest bird,
 Take care that no immodest word
 May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too faint-like Turtle, never fear :

By method things are best discours'd, 200
 Begin we then with Wife the *first* :
 A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
 Who would not yield, and could not rule :
 Her actions did her charms disgrace,
 And still her tongue talk'd of her face : 205
 Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she,
 And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
 Those wills were chang'd with every wind :
 She courted the *beau-monde* to-night, 210
L'assemblée, her supreme delight ;
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full health enjoy'd the spleen ;
 She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
 And with great care set all amiss ; 215
 She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pout, all *God knows why* :
 Short was her reign, she cough'd, and dy'd.
 Proceed we to my *second* bride ;
 Well-born she was, genteelly bred, 220
 And buxom both at board and bed ;
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
 " No other fault had she in life,
 " But only that she was my wife *."*
 O widow Turtle ! every she
 (So Nature's pleasure does decree) 225

* See "The Wife's Excuse, a comedy."

Appears a goddeſs till enjoy'd ;
 But Birds, and Men, and Gods, are cloy'd.
 Was Hercules one Woman's Man ?
 Or Jove for ever Leda's Swan ?
 Ah ! madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken, 230
 Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
 Variety alone gives joy,
 The ſweeteſt meats the ſoonest cloy.
 What Sparrow-dame, what Dove alive,
 Though Venus ſhould the chariot drive, 235
 But would accuſe the harneſs weight,
 If always coupled to *one* mate ;
 And often wiſh the fetter broke ?
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
 T. Impious ! to wiſh to wed again, 240
 Ere death diſſolv'd the former chain !
 S. Spare your remark, and hear the reſt ;
 She brought me ſons ; but (Jove be bleſt !)
 She dy'd in child-bed on the neſt. }
 Well, reſt her bones ! quoth I, ſhe 's gone ; 245
 But muſt I therefore lie alone ?
 What ! am I to her memory ty'd ?
 Muſt I not live, becauſe ſhe dy'd ?
 And thus I logically ſaid
 ('Tis good to have a reaſoning head !)
250
 Is this my Wife ? *Probatu*r, not ;
 For death diſſolv'd the marriage-knot :
 She was, *concedo*, during life ;
 But, is a piece of *clay* a Wife ?

Again,

Again ; if not, a Wife, d'ye see, 255
Why then no kin at all to me :

And he, who general tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born. 260

T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove :
But Logick is no friend to Love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd :
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother ; 265
So left that brood, to get another :
And, as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cocksbones ! I now again do stand
The jollyest bachelor i' th' land. 270

T. Ah me ! my joys, my hopes, are fled ;
My *first*, my *only Love*, is dead :
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's losfs ! —

S. — Let me go on. 275
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my coufin Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease 280
She liv'd, extremely at her ease :
But, when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercaft ;

She

P R I O R ' S P O E M S. 207

She kept her own, could plead the law,
 And quarrel for a barley-straw : 285
 Both, you may judge, became less kind,
 As more we knew each other's mind :
 She soon grew fullen ; I, hard-hearted ;
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To London, blessed town ! I went ; 290
 She boarded at a farm in Kent.

A Magpye from the country fled,
 And kindly told me she was dead :
 I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
 And set my heart again to sale. 295

My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or such
 I thought her ; nor avails it much,
 If true or false ; our troubles spring
 More from the fancy than the thing.
 Two staring horns, I often said, 300
 But ill become a Sparrow's head ;
 But then, to set that balance even,
 Your cuckold Sparrow goes to Heaven.

The thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you enquire, you make it known. 305
 Whilst at the root your horns are fore,
 The more you scratch, they ache the more.

But turn the tables, and reflect,
 All may not be, that you suspect :
 By the mind's eye, the horns we mean 310
 Are only in ideas seen ;

'Tis from the inside of the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;

Fruitful

Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel them from the time you fear 'em. 315
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echoed word,
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;
 But those of finer taste have found,
 There 's nothing in 't beside the found ;
 Preferment always waits on horns, 320
 And household peace the gift adorns ;
 This way, or that, let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend ;
 This way, or that, let madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home. 325
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
 And what La Fontaine laughing says,
 Is serious truth, in such a case ;
 " Who flights the evil, finds it least ; 330
 " And who does nothing, does the best."
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast :
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet ; 335
 We neither much carefs'd nor strove,
 But good dissembling pass'd for love.
 T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
 'Tis only light itself can show :
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel, 340
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
 S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
 A moment's patience ! in one word,

The

The Three kind Sisters broke the chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again. 345

T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more ;
Let me with constant tears bewail —

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My *first*, she prov'd a jealous wife, 350
Lord shield us all from such a life !

'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to-day ; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a Miss ; an honest Rook 355
Told it a Snipe, who told a Steer,
Who told it *those* who told it *her*.

One day a Linnet and a Lark
Had met me strolling in the dark ;
The next a Woodcock and an Owl, 360
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath alledge,
I kiss'd a Hen behind the hedge.

Well ; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief) 365

As once she watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor soul !) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip ;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip* :
Death did the only cure apply ; 370

She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view ?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
 Alluding to our present case, 375
 " We 're here to-day, and gone to-morrow :"
 Then what avails superfluous sorrow !
 Another, full as wise as he,
 Adds ; that " a marry'd man may see
 " Two happy hours ;" and which are they ? 380
 The *first* and *last*, perhaps you 'll say.
 'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
 And when she peaceably lies dead,
 " Women 'twixt sheets are best, 'tis said,
 " Be they of holland, or of lead." 385
 Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
 And sliding down the vale of years,
 I hop'd to fix my future rest,
 And took a Widow to my nest.
 (Ah, Turtle ! had she been like thee, 390
 Sober, yet gentle ; wife, yet free !)
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A witch ingrafted on a scold.
 Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
 A hundred ills, to vex mankind : 395
 To vex one bird, in her bandore,
 He had at least a hundred more.
 And, soon as Time that veil withdrew,
 The plagues o'er all the parish flew ;
 Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry, 400
 And native tempests arm'd her eye ;
 Black clouds around her forehead hung,
 And thunder rattled on her tongue.

We,

We, young or old, or Cock or Hen,
 All liv'd in Æolus's den ; 405
 The nearest her, the more accurst,
 Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
 But Jove amidst his anger spares,
 Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
 In short, she dy'd. Why then she 's dead, 410
 Quoth I, and once again I 'll wed.
 Would heaven, this mourning year were past !
 One may have better luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The Devil's Wife was but a fiend. 415
 T. Thy Tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen,
 Uxorious inmate ! bird obscene !
 Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
 These silent seats of faithful loves ?
 Be gone, with flagging wings sit down 420
 On some old pent-house near the town ;
 In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled rain ;
 And hear thy dirty offspring squall
 From bottles on a suburb-wall. 425
 Where thou hast been, return again,
 Vile Bird ! thou hast convers'd with Men ;
 Notions like these from Men are given,
 Those vilest creatures under Heaven.
 To Cities and to Courts repair, 430
 Flattery and Falschood flourish there ;
 There all thy wretched arts employ,
 Where riches triumph over joy ;

Where Passion does with Interest barter,
 And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
 Where Truth by point of Law is parry'd,
 And Knaves and Prudes are fix times marry'd.

A P P L I C A T I O N,

Written long after the T A L E.

O dearest Daughter * of two dearest Friends,
 To thee my Muse this little Tale commends.
 Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate, 440
 Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
 Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
 For constant Virtue has immortal charms.
 And, when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
 And the glad year returns thy day of birth, 445
 Vouchsafe to say, " Ere I could write or spell,
 " The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
 " Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
 " And bad me imitate the Turtle's flame."

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of Edward earl of Oxford, and afterwards Duchess of Portland.

D O W N - H A L L : A B A L L A D .

To the Tune of, King JOHN and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY, 1715.

I SING not old Jason, who travel'd through Greece,
To kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich Fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one Wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek,
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British Heroes, call'd Matthew and John*:
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

* Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halstead.

Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
 How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose ;
 For, before this great journey was throughly concerted,
 Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my friend John,
 I fairly have travel'd years thirty-and-one ;
 And, though I still carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
 I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
 A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave ;
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
 Gadzooks ! I have just such a place in my eye.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
 A portal of stone, and a fabrick of brick :
 The matter next week shall be all in your power ;
 But the money, gadzooks ! must be paid in an hour.

For things in this world must by law be made certain :
 We both must repair unto Oliver Martin ;
 For he is a Lawyer of worthy renown
 I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
 You've sold all our premisses over and over :
 And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
 You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpose : to-morrow, dear friend,
 We'll see, what to-night you so highly commend ;
 And, if with a garden and house I am blest,
 Let the Devil and Coningsby go with the rest.

Then

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley; Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.

But Matthew thought better: for Matthew thought
right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass:
For one window was canvass, the other was glass.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth
friend John,
We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull,
Near a Nymph with an urn, that divides the high-way,
And into a puddle throws Mother of Tea.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your Sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to her Maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! she replies, you grow younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
 If I know to which question to answer you first :
 Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
 The Hostler is hang'd, and the Widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse ;
 And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse ;
 And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
 She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her ashes ! what signifies grief ?
 She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beef :
 Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish ;
 For tough were her Pullets, and tender her Fish.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'Squire, Knight, or Lord,
 I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford :
 I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
 Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead.

Of Mutton a delicate neck and a breast
 Shall swim in the water in which they were drest :
 And, because you great folks are with rarities taken,
 Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank Bacon.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid ;
 And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.
 The Maid ! was she handsome ? why truly so-so.
 But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Then up rose these Heroes as brisk as the sun,
 And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
 Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
 John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
 The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
 The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
 But oh! all in vain; for no Down could be found.

O thou Popish Guide, thou hast led us astray.
 Says he, How the Devil should I know the way?
 I never yet travel'd this road in my life:
 But Down lies on the left, I was told by my Wife.

Thy Wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
 Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
 Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy house,
 But thou shalt go home without ever a souse.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
 We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.
 Have patience, soft Morley in anger reply'd:
 To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

O here I spy Down, cast your eye to the West,
 Where a Wind-mill so stately stands plainly confest.
 On the West, reply'd Matthew, no Windmill I find:
 As well thou may'st tell me, I see the West-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the Wind-mill I spy,
 But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.
 Look again, says mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
 The Mill stands before; and the house lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,
 Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a Barn.
 A Barn! why you rave: 'tis a House for a Squire,
 A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House should be built, or with brick, or with stone.
 Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all one;
 And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
 Been called a Hall, and has given its name
 To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a Hall,
 The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
 With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree;
 My business is land; and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a duce your head ails:
 I shew'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Versailles?
 Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let you,
 For better for worse, as I took my Dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your old stuff:
 And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow simple!
 Are you young and rich, like the Master of Wimple*?

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
 From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings:
 And in your's I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
 Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your estate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
 Here, John, is my thumb. And, here, Mat, is my Heart.
 To Halstead I speed; and you go back to town.
 Thus ends the First Part of the Ballad of Down.

De: ry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward Earl of Oxford.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Spoken to

Lady HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,
Countess of OXFORD.

In the LIBRARY of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge.

November 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' feat
(Around her tomb let weeping Angels wait!)
Hail Thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour*, and most welcome guest.
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not He such present honour shall receive,
As to his Consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by Heaven.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;

* The Family Seat was then at Wimble.

For, when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of some bounteous King;
With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
To some good Knight's * or holy Prelate's † praise :
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim, }
Saint John's was founded in a Woman's name. }
Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow ; }
In spite of time, we keep our antient vow ; }
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now. }

P R O L O G U E † to the O R P H A N ,

Represented by some of the *Westminster* Scholars,
at HICKFORD'S Dancing-room, February 2,
1720. Spoken by Lord DUPPLIN, who acted
CORDELIO the Page.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play ?
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown.

* Sir T. White, Founder of St. John's College, Oxon.

† Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.

‡ A few lines of this Prologue occur in another ;
which is printed in vol. I. p. 74.

Our

Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat ;
 And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.
 Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder ;
 We may be ask'd " whose Patent we act under ?"
 How shall we gain you, *à la mode de France* ?
 We hir'd this room ; but none of us can dance.
 In cutting capers we shall never please :
 Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and found ?
 Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.
 There we should fail too, as to point of voice :
 Mistake us not ; we're no Italian Boys.
 True Britons born ; from Westminster we come ;
 And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
 We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause ;
 And stand or fall by Freund's and Busby's laws.

For the distress'd, your pity we implore :
 If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

}

H U S B A N D A N D W I F E .

H. OH! with what woes am I oppress'd!

W. Be still, you senseless calf!

What if the Gods should make you blest?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:

But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.

W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

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

A T A L E .

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they pass,
And at a brook arriv'd at last.
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itinerant maid,
To rest a while beneath the shade.
Under a spreading beech they sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd;
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falsehood, Sister Truth,
(For so she call'd her from her youth),
What if, to shun yon' sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near?—
With all my heart, the Nymph reply'd,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Stript herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And, laying by her taudry vest,
Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame
 Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
 And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
 Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits, still appears most wise,
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
 While rising stock * her conscience pricks;
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravel'd,
 She secrets op'd, and all unravel'd.
 But on the will, and secrets tell
 Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
 Reviling every one she knows,
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
 Her tongue so voluble and kind,
 It always runs before her mind;
 As times do serve, she sily pleads,
 And copious tears still shew her needs.
 With promises as thick as weeds—
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
 To-day a Saint, to-morrow Devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since;
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

* South-Sea, 1720.

THE

T H E C O N V E R S A T I O N .

A T A L E .

IT always has been thought discreet,
 To know the company you meet ;
 And sure there may be secret danger,
 In talking much before a stranger.
 " Agreed : What then ? " Then drink your ale ;
 I 'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the scene is fixt :
 The persons were but oddly mixt ;
 When sober Damon thus began
 (And Damon is a clever man) :
 " I now grow old ; but still, from youth,
 " Have held for Modesty and Truth.
 " The men, who by these sea-marks steer,
 " In life's great voyage never err :
 " Upon this point I dare defy
 " The world. I pause for a reply."
 " Sir, either is a good assistant,"
 Said one who sat a little distant :
 " Truth decks our speeches and our books ;
 " And Modesty adorns our looks :
 " But farther progress we must take ;
 " Not only born to look and speak :
 " The man must act. The Stagyrice
 " Says thus, and says extremely right :

" Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
 " That o'er our actions should preside :
 " This Queen of Virtues is confest
 " To regulate and bind the rest.
 " Thrice happy, if you once can find
 " Her equal balance poise your mind :
 " All different graces soon will enter,
 " Like lines concurrent to their center."

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
 With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
 Through many points divinely dark,
 And Waterland assaulting Clarke ;
 Till, in theology half lost,
 Damon took up the Evening-Post ;
 Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
 And deep in politicks held forth.

" Methinks we 're in the like condition,
 " As at the Treaty of Partition :
 " That stroke, for all King William's care,
 " Begat another tedious war.
 " Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
 " Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league :
 " In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
 " Poor man ! he found enough to do.
 " Sometimes to me he did apply ;
 " But down-right Dunstable was I,
 " And told him where they were mistaken,
 " And counsel'd him to save his bacon :
 " But (pass his politicks and prose)
 " I never herded with his foes ;

" Nay,

" Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
 " I still found something to commend.
 " Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid ;
 " Whate'er severer critics said :
 " Too far, I own, the girl was try'd :
 " The women all were on my side.
 " For Alma I return'd him thanks ;
 " I lik'd her with her little pranks :
 " Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
 " Was much too grave to be sublime."
 Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division ;
 Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit ;
 (Chance often helps us more than wit).
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.
 " Of all the gifts the gods afford
 " (If we may take old Tully's word),
 " The greatest is a friend ; whose love
 " Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
 " From such a treasure never part,
 " But hang the jewel on your heart :
 " And, pray, Sir, (it delights me) tell ;
 " You know this Author mighty well ?"
 " Know him ! d'ye question it ? Ods-fish !
 " Sir, does a beggar know his dish ?
 " I lov'd him ; as I told you, I
 " Advis'd him —" Here a stander-by
 Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke ;

“ Damon, 'tis time we should retire :

“ The man you talk with is Mat Prior.

Patron through life, and from thy birth *my* friend,
Dorset ! to thee, this Fable let me fend :
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth :
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :
Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorsets, live !

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty *, beautiful and young,

And wild as colt untam'd,

Bespoke the Fair from whence she sprung,

With little rage inflam'd :

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,

Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;

And sorely vex't to play the Saint,

Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd :

“ Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd

With Abigails, forsaken ?

Kitty 's for other things design'd,

Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,

And visit with her cousins ?

At balls must *she* make all the rout,

And bring home hearts by dozens ?

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now duchess of Queenberry.

What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die ;
 Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

Dearest Mamma ! for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I 'll have my Earl as well as She *,
 Or know the reason why.

I 'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall :
 They 'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;
 She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way ;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And *set the world on fire.*

THE JUDGEMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
 Were to fair Venus shown ;
 The Goddess spy'd in every face
 Some features of her own.
 Just so ! (and pointing with her hand)
 So shone, says she, my eyes †,
 When from two Goddesses I gain'd
 An apple for a prize.

* The Earl of Effex married Lady Jane Hyde.

† Lady Ranelagh.

When in the glafs, and river too,
 My face I lately view'd,
 Such was I, if the glafs be true,
 If true the cryftal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind *
 Apelles painted me ;
 My hair thus flowing with the wind,
 Sprung from my native Sea.
 Like this †, diforder'd, wild, forlorn,
 Big with ten thoufand fears,
 Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
 Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But, viewing Myra plac'd apart,
 I fear, fays ſhe, I fear,
 Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
 Has far furpafs'd thine here.

Or I, a Goddeſs of the ſkies,
 By Myra am undone,
 And muſt reſign to *her* the prize,
 The apple, which I won.

But, foon as ſhe had Myra ſeen,
 Majeſtically fair,
 The ſparkling eye, the look ſerene,
 The gay and eaſy air;

With fiery emulation fill'd,
 The wondering Goddeſs cry'd,
 Apelles muſt to Kneller yield,
 Or Venus muſt to Hyde.

* Lady Salifbury. † Lady Jane, fiſter to the duke
 of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

Imitated, from the first Book of OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

“Nympha, precor, Penei, mane.” —

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head ;
With kind regard a panting lover view ;
Lefs swiftly fly, lefs swiftly I 'll pursue :
Pathless, alas ! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (*afide*).

This care is for himself, as sure as death !
One mile has put the fellow out of breath ;
He 'll never do, I 'll lead him t' other round ;
Washy he is, perhaps not over-found.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas ! not knowing whom you fly ;
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown, am I :
I Claros isle and Tenedos command —

DAPHNE.

Thank you : I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Fish ! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

Q 4

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks —

DAPHNE.

— A fig ! —

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig.
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare ?

APOLLO.

I sing —

DAPHNE.

— That never shall be Daphne's choice :
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power ;
To certain health the patient I restore ;
Sent for, carefs'd —

DAPHNE.

— Ours is a wholesome air ;
You 'd better go to town, and practise there :
For me, I 've no obstructions to remove :
I 'm pretty well ; I thank your father Jove :
And Physick is a weak ally to Love. }

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose. }

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux.
Memorials only, and Reviews, write prose. }

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed. —

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not kill !
 In yonder thicket exercise your skill :
 Shoot there at beasts ; but for the human heart,
 Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid ! yet deign to hear,
 A love-sick Deity's impetuous prayer ;
 O let me woo thee as thou would'ft be woo'd !

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.
 Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
 Like an hobgoblin, rather than a Lover.
 Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come ;
 At ebbing-tide he always is at home.
 Read the Courant with him, and let him know
 A little politicks, how matters go
 Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po. }
 As any maid or footman comes or goes,
 Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does :
 These sort of folks will to each other tell,
 That you respect me ; that, you know, looks well.
 Then, if you are, as you pretend, the God
 That rules the day, and much upon the road,
 You 'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
 That you may bring one home from Africa ;
 Some little rarity, some bird, or beast ;
 And now and then a jewel from the East ;
 A lacquer'd cabinet, some china-ware,
 You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair !

Next,

Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
 Nor take example by your father Jove.
 Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
 Make me your (Lord ! what startles you ?) your wife.
 I 'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more ;
 We mortals seldom live above fourscore :
 Fourscore ; you 're good at numbers, let us see,
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three ;
 Aye, in that span of time, you 'll bury me. }
 Mean time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
 (Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life !)
 They 'll quickly end, you see ; what signify
 A few odd years to you that never die ?
 And, after all, you 're half your time away,
 You know your business takes you up all day ;
 And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
 Whatever noise I make, you 'll sleep, my dear :
 Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
 Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.
 Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
 May take up any honest Godhead's time.
 Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
 And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear ; retreat, or follow :
 I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
 And may I split into ten thousand trees,
 If I give up on other terms than these !

She said ; but what the amorous God reply'd
 (So Fate ordain'd) is to our search deny'd ;

By

By rats, alas ! the manuscript is eat,
 O cruel banquet ! which we all regret.
 Bavius, thy labours must this work restore ;
 May thy good-will be equal to thy power !

T H E M I C E .

To Mr. A D R I A N D R I F T, 1708.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
 And (what is more) good education,
 Frolic and gay, in infant years,
 Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
 The fire of these two babes (poor creature !)
 Paid his last debt to human nature ;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three males, one female kind.
 The fire being under-ground and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd ;
 Matches propos'd, and numerous suitors,
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refus'd ; and shew'd
 She 'd be a mother to her brood.
 Mother ! dear mother ! that endearing thought,
 Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
 Tell me, oh ! tell me, (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal love,
 Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
 Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,

Thy

Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
 Cloyster'd from common joys and just delights :
 How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn ;
 How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
 That your young offspring might to honour climb ;
 How your first care, by numerous griefs oppress'd,
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest ;
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
 Breath'd her last piety into your breast ;
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
 Though not inspir'd, oh ! may I never be
 Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee !
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, may n't I forget
 To pay this small, yet tributary debt !
 And when we meet at GOD's tribunal throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this ? Is this your fable ?

Believe me, Mat, it seems a babble ;
 If you will let me know th' intent on't,
 Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear brother, —

As sure as Hudi's * sword could fwaddle,
 Two Mice were brought up in one cradle ;
 Well bred, I think, of equal port,
 One for the gown, one for the court :
 They parted (did they so, an't please you ?)
 Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you.

* Hudibras.

One

One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vend his wares in Suffolk.

(That Mice have travel'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the fages !)

Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's fight ;
At last, in weather cold, not sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.

After much bufs and great grimace
(Usual you know in such a case),
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's fun ;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle :

Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in sense ;
All 's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity ;
Marry you, brother ; I 'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone ;
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table !
Somewhat I 'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it ;
Or may I perish, by this claret !

The dice are thrown, chuse this or that
('Tis all alike to honest Mat) ;

I 'll take then the contrary part,

And propagate with all my heart.

After some thought, some Portugese *,

Some wine, the younger thus replies :

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,

Let me be free, drudge you in marriage ;

Get me a boy call'd Adrian,

Trust me, I 'll do for 't what I can.

Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,

Heart free from care, as purse from money ;

He got a lusty squalling boy,

(Doubtless the dad's and mamma's joy).

In short, to make things square and even,

Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.

Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,

And sends you in a bill of charges,

A cradle, brother, and a basket,

(Granted as soon as e'er I ask it);

A coat not of the smallest scantling,

Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling ;

These too were sent (or I 'm no drubber)

Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber ;

Yet these won't do, send t' other coat,

For, faith, the first's not worth a groat,

Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,

Suppos'd originally rotten.

* Snuff.

Pray

Pray let the next be each way longer,
 Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
 Send it next week, if you are able.
 By this time, Sir, you know the Fable.
 From this, and letters of the same make,
 You 'll find what 'tis to have a name-fake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it).
 I 've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
 At Easter, for what I can see,
 (A time of ease and vacancy)
 If things but alter, and not undone,
 I 'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
 Molly sends greeting; so do I, Sir;
 Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

T W O R I D D L E S .

First printed in the EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
 Whatever stranger she could get;
 Unless his ready wit disclos'd
 The subtle Riddle she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go,
 And try what strength of parts would do.
 Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;
 Tell me what animal is that,
 Which has four feet at morning bright,
 Has two at noon, and three at night?
 'Tis Man, said he, who, weak by nature,
 At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,

Upon

Upon all four ; as years accrue,
 With sturdy steps he walks on two ;
 In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
 For his third leg adopts a stick.

Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
 You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx.
 What greater stranger yet is he,
 Who has four legs, then two, then three ;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four ?

E P I G R A M, Extempore,

To the Master of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE*, 1712.

I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow-chair ;
 But make a bishop's throne your seat,
 I 'll kneel before you there.
 One only thing can keep you down,
 For your great soul too mean ;
 You 'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
 Pay *homage* † to the Queen.

* See the history of this epigram, *Gent. Mag.* 1774, p. 16.

† Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Master of St. John's as a Fellow of that College, thought some respect was due to the public character which he had just before sustained in France.

NELLY AND JOHN.

WHEN Nelly, given o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
 And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
 'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
 For to our long home we must all of us go!

True, Nelly, reply'd John; but, what yet is the worst
 For us that remain, the best always go first:
 Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
 When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd:
 You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES by the Dozen.

DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best project of life!
 Said Gabriel, who still, as he bury'd one wife,
 For the sake of her family, marry'd her cousin;
 And thus, in an honest collateral line,
 He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
 Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

POOOR Hal caught his death, standing under a spout,
 Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out;
 But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
 And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's
 flame.

Whoe'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
 Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wifely at Nelly,
 Methinks, child, you seem something round in
 the belly!

Nell answer'd him snappishly, How can that be,
 When my husband has been more than two years at sea?
 Thy husband! quoth Dick: why that matter was carry'd
 Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

On a FART, let in the House of Commons.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
 I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
 Like Julius Cæsar's was *my* death,
 Who in the Senate lost his breath.
 Much alike entomb'd does lie
 The noble Romulus and I:
 And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
 I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
 First writes a *billet-doux*, then says her prayers;
 Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
 Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
 Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
 At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
 Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
 She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
 Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
 An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
 Carv'd something like a man in clay.
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;
 HE, that does Heaven and earth control,
 Alone has power to form a soul,
 His hand is evident in Harry.
 Since one is but a moving clod,
 T' other the lively form of God;
 Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able,
 To prove all poetry but fable.

T O A Y O U N G L A D Y,
Who was fond of F O R T U N E - T E L L I N G .

Y O U, Madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know ;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd :
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of Heaven.

But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate ;
For I would only know from art,
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come ;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern :
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree ;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains ;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease :
But, should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove ?

To gratify what low desire,
 Should I with needless haste enquire,
 How great, how wealthy, I shall be ?
 Oh ! what is wealth or power to me !
 If I am happy, or undone,
 It must proceed from you alone.

A G R E E K E P I G R A M imitated.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told ;
 " Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest ;
 " Give him one half, and he 'll secure the rest."
 No ! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my flock, to ruin me ;
 To their commands I willingly resign,
 Power is their character, and patience mine ;
 Though, troth ! to me there seems but little odds,
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods !

To a F R I E N D on his N U P T I A L S .

WHEN Jove lay blest in his Alcæna's charms,
 Three nights, in one, he prest her in his arms ;
 The sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
 To shade her God, and to prolong his love.

From that auspicious night Alcides came,
 What less could rise from Jove, and such a Dame ?

May this auspicious night with that compare,
 Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir ;
 He strong as Jove, she like Alcæna fair !

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

Humbly addressed to Sir THO. FRANKLAND, Bart.

Post-Master, and Pay-Master-General to Queen ANNE.

WILL Piggot * must to Coxwold † go,
 To live, alas ! in want,
 Unless Sir Thomas say, No, no ;
 Th' allowance is too scant.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
 Ten farthings ne'er will do
 To keep a man each day in meat,
 Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
 And drink of Adam's ale,
 Pure element no life can give,
 Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
 Physicians hold are good ;
 Who diets thus, need never fear
 A fever in the blood.

But pass — The Æsculapian crew,
 Who eat and quaff the best,
 They seldom miss to bake and brew,
 Or lin to break their fast.

* This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.

† Twelve miles north, beyond the city of York.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive ;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel Dame !
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old Master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be blest !
What need of speaking in his praise ?
His goodness stands confest.

At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array ;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be :
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the Pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan ;
O Frankland ! it is Thee.

Oh ! save him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he must hye,
Bereft of thee, he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.

Oh ! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command,
Thus William's wishes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian Dame ;
 " Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
 " My Son shall else assume his potent darts,
 " Twang goes the bow, my girls ; have at your hearts !"
 The Muses answer'd, " Venus, we deride
 " The Vagrant's malice, and his Mother's pride ;
 " Send him to Nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
 " To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade ;
 " Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
 " On the instructive verse, and moral book ;
 " On Female idleness his power relies ;
 " But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

From Moschus.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
 A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd ;
 Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
 To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went ;
 Like any Ploughman toil'd the little God,
 His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd ;
 Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
 Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove :
 Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
 And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.

Elfe

Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
 Feel the sharp goad, and draw the fertile plow;
 What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

}

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know a joke,
 Much better than he loves his life)

Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
 The patience of a well-bred Wife.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,

Two of the greatest wits in town,
 One ask'd, if that high furze of hair
 Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

Her own! most certain, t'other said;

For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
 The hair was bought, the money paid,
 And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,

Who values wit much less than sense,
 And never darts a repartee,
 But purely in her own defence)

Reply'd, these friends of yours, my dear,

Are given extremely much to satire!

But pr'ythee, Husband, let one hear

Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,

That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit;
 Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
 Pray bring your Brother Wits to see't.

CUPID

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
 And strong Boötes turns the Bear;
 When mortals sleep their cares away,
 Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
 Cupid was knocking at my gate;
 Who's there! says I, who knocks so late,
 Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
 O fear not me, a harmless guest,
 He said, but open, open pray;
 A foolish child, I've lost my way,
 And wander here this moon-light night,
 All wet and cold, and wanting light.
 With due regard his voice I heard,
 Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
 And saw a naked Boy below,
 With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
 In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
 Secure and thoughtless of my fate;
 I set the child an easy chair
 Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;
 Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
 And warm'd his little hands with mine.
 All this did I with kind intent;
 But he, on wanton mischief bent,
 Said, Dearest friend, this bow you see,
 This pretty bow belongs to me:

Observe,

Observe, I pray, if all be right;
 I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite.
 He drew it then, and strait I found
 Within my breast a secret wound.
 This done, the rogue no longer staid,
 But leapt away, and laughing said,
 " Kind Host, adieu! we now must part;
 " Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

Praising the **LADY HINCHINBROKE.**

OF thy judicious Muse's sense,
 Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
 That Sacharissa and Hortense
 She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
 Yet she to one must still submit,
 To dear Mamma must pay her duty,
 She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
 Thou should'st forget his daughter's beauty.

T H E P E D A N T .

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
 On any subject let him dwell,
 His tropes and figures will content ye:
 He should possess to all degrees
 The art of talk; he practises
 Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth Lissy make,
 That from all company she flieth;
 Such virtuous courfes doth she take,
 That she all evil tongues defieth;
 And, for her dearest Spoufe's fake,
 She with his Brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain:
 That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
 And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns!
 O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
 Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
 But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
 Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
 No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
 I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis Age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in prison or in court look down,
 Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
 In vain, malicious Fortune, hast thou try'd,
 By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
 Insulting girl! thy present rage abate;
 And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me great.

NON-

N O N P A R E I L .

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight;
My Phillis does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.
In her alone I find what'er
Beauties a country landſchape grace :
No ſhade ſo lovely as her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as in her face.
Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Transparent is her ſkin ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt lead.
Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Though ſung by nightingale or lark ;
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the ſun is dark.
Both light and vital heat they give ;
Cheriſh'd by them, my love takes root ;
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.
Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind ;
And made tranſgreſs our mother Eve :
Poison its core, though fair its rind.
Yet ſo delicious is its taſte,
I cannot from the bait abſtain,
But to th' enchanting pleaſure haſte,
Though I were ſure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE

C H A S T E F L O R I M E L .

NO—I 'll endure ten thousand deaths,
 Ere any farther I 'll comply;
 Oh! Sir, no man on earth that breathes
 Had ever yet his hand so high!
 Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
 Undaunted see me meet the wound,
 Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
 A second Lucrece you have found.
 Thus to the pressing Corydon,
 Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
 Fearing by Love to be undone,
 In broken dying accents said.
 Delia, who held the conscious door,
 Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
 Knowing that, sixteen months before,
 Our Lucrece had her second child.
 And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the Bawd,
 None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
 Be civil here, or march abroad;
 Oblige the Squire, or quit the lodging.
 Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
 Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
 Where shall forsaken virtue run,
 If by her friend she is betray'd?
 Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
 Lord, what is all our future view!
 Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
 Let my last succour be to you!

From

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
 A wretched love-sick maid deliver !
 Oh ! tip me but another crown,
 Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

D O C T O R S D I F F E R .

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rochester †
 preach,

Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
 How lik'ft thou this Sermon ? 'tis out of my reach.

His is one way, said Willis, and our's is another.
 I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
 We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

E P I G R A M †.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
 As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
 Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
 If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
 And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
 That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
 He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
 And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
 That you without right on his premisses tread,
 On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

* Bishop of Gloucester.

† Bp. Atterbury.

‡ See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.

On

On Bishop ATTERBURY'S burying the Duke of
BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies ;
" In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries :
Of these two learned Peers, I prythee, say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman ?
The Duke he stands an Infidel confess,
" He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke though Knave, still " Brother-dear," he
cries ;
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies ?

U P O N H O N O U R.

A F R A G M E N T.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name ;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit fought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought ;
The shade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Ashmole's † books :)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And Kings can neither take nor give.

* Titles of Honor.

† Order of the Garter.

E N I G M A .

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
 I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
 I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
 Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
 When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
 And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
 Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
 And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er so well set.
 For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
 Then presently take off your lands from your hands.
 But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
 'That you love me much more than you do your own
 hearts.

A N O T H E R .

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
 We sisters owe to art our second birth:
 The Smith's and Carpenter's adopted daughters,
 Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
 Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
 Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
 They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

T H E O L D G E N T R Y .

THAT all from Adam first began,
 None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
 And that his son, and his son's son,
 Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his rustic pains began,
 To merit pleaded equal right ;
 'Twas only who left off at noon,
 Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
 And favour to a court's affection ;
 By Nature we are Adam's fons,
 And fons of Anstis * by election.

Kingfale ! eight hundred years have roll'd,
 Since thy forefathers held the plow ;
 When this in story fhall be told,
 Add, that my kindred do fo now.

The man who by his labour gets
 His bread, in independent state,
 Who never begs, and feldom eats,
 Himfelf can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE Preach-ill admires what we Laymen can mean,
 That thus by our profit and pleasure are fway'd,
 He has but three livings, and would be a Dean ;
 His Wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his Maid.
 To fuppress all his carnal defires in their birth,
 At all hours a lufly young huffy is near :
 And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this
 earth,
 He can be content with two thoufand a year.

* Garter King at Arms.

A FRENCH

A F R E N C H S O N G I M I T A T E D .

WH Y thus from the plain does my shepherdes rove,
 Forsaking her swain, and neglecting his love ?
 You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
 Oh ! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
 Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray ?
 Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone !
 When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for One.

A C A S E S T A T E D .

NO W how shall I do with my love and my pride,
 Dear Dick *, give me counsel, if Friendship has any ;
 Pry'thee purge, or let blood ! furly Richard reply'd,
 And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny †.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
 For the pains and the torments of more than a year ;
 She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
 That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'l'mew-fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
 While my negligent judge only hears with her eye !
 In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
 Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

* Mr. Shelton.

† Mrs. Durham.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE
WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted fight,
And therefore pardon'd when she did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear;
I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose,
A thing she does not commonly refuse!
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck 's the same:
Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives success in every suit—but Hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG, paraphras'd.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.
Oh! raise thy voice! one Song I ask;
Touch then thy harmonious string:
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
 Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;
 None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
 Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
 That brightest Chloe rules my breast,
 I'll sing the Two instead of One,
 If thou 'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kifs from Chloe's lips, no more,
 I crave : He promis'd me success ;
 I play'd with all my skill and power,
 My glowing passion to express.

But, oh ! my Chloe, beauteous maid !
 Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ?
 Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
 And, by thy grant, his power show ?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Written extempore, in Lady OXFORD'S Study, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, send
 To the kind wife, the lovely friend :
 Smiling, bid her freely write
 What her happy thoughts indite ;
 Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
 Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER to the Honourable Lady MARGARET
CAVENDISH HARLEY, when a Child.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
 Let this my first epistle beg you,
 At dawn of morn and close of even,
 To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
 In double beauty say your prayer :
 Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere* :
 And, dearest child, along the day,
 In every thing you do and say,
 Obey and please my lord and lady,
 So God shall love, and Angels aid ye.
 If to these precepts you attend,
 No second letter need I send,
 And so I rest your constant friend.

}

LINES written under the Print of TOM BRITTON
the Small-coal-man, painted by Mr. WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
 Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
 Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
 Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train :
 In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
 So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere :
 More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
 Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH

T R U T H T O L D A T L A S T.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
 " You never yet told me one truth in your life."
 Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
 " You're a Cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now?"

Written in Lady HOWE's Ovid's Epistles.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
 However great the dying lover's care,
 Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
 Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief;
 Taught him what accents had the power to move,
 And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
 But, oh! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
 That feels the wound, yet dares not shew the dart!
 What care could Ovid to his sorrows give,
 Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live?

A N E P I S T L E, 1716.

I Pray, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
 How long you intend to live incognito.

Your humble servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

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

I Pray, Lady Harriot, the time to assign
 When she shall receive a turkey and chine;
 That a body may come to St. James's, to dine. }

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honesty could save
 Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
 This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
 I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
 But envious Fate has claim'd its due,
 Here lies the mortal part of True;
 His deathless virtues must survive,
 To better us that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
 In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
 He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.
 By long obedience he confess'd
 That serving her was to be blest.—

Ye murmurers, let True evince
 That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
 He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
 Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
 Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
 Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
 Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
 And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
 And thought they were safe in the hands of his
 betters.

How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
 These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the
 Post.

THE VICEROY, A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Lady ISABELLA'S Tragedy.

O F Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
 Who heretofore did reign
 In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
 And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
 For reasons you shall hear;
 So ill he exercis'd his power,
 That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
 And covetous withal;
 The guilty he would still set free,
 But guiltless men enthrall.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
 Would curse and dogmatize;
 Not fearing either man or God:
 Gold he did idolize.

A patriot † of high degree,
 Who could no longer bear
 This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
 Against him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
 Of his enormous crimes,
 Which I'll unfold to you anon,
 In low, but faithful rhymes.

* Lord Coningsby, one of the lords justices of Ireland.

† The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.

The articles recorded stand,
 Against this peerless peer,
 Search but the archives of the land *,
 You 'll find them written there.
 Attend, and justly I 'll recite
 His treasons to you all,
 The heads fet in their native light
 (And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).
 That traiterously he did abuse
 The power in him repos'd ;
 And wickedly the same did use,
 On all mankind impos'd.
 That he, contrary to all law,
 An oath did frame and make,
 Compelling the militia
 Th' illegal oath to take.
 Free-quarters for the army too
 He did exact and force
 On Protestants ; his love to show,
 Than Papist us'd them worse.
 On all provisions destin'd for
 The camp at Limerick,
 He laid a tax full hard and sore,
 Though many men were sick.
 The sutlers too he did ordain
 For licences should pay,
 Which they refus'd with just disdain,
 And fled the camp away.

* Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die,
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.
He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see ;
'They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief, *pardie*.
That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The Farmer's fate decree :
That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straitway should hanged be ;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.
No sooner said, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worst ;
Gaphny, alas ! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.
In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.
Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say 't.

Besides,

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him profecute ;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile :
With Satan who dispute ?

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on ;
Had any other done 't, I trow
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewise traiterously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly ;
O thief without compare !

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin ;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Mean while the foldiers figh'd and fobb'd,
For not one fouse had they ;
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had funk their pay.

Nero,

Nero, without the least disguise,
The papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Protestants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy ;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I 've told,
How this Viceroy did reign ;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The Best of Queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on ;
Hear what Britannia says with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

“ Oh !

- “ Oh ! facred be her memory,
“ For ever dear her name !
“ There never was, nor ere can be,
“ A brighter, jufter dame.
“ Bleft be my fons, and eke all thofe
“ Who on her praifes dwell !
“ She conquer'd Britain's fierceft foes,
“ She did all queens excel.
“ All princes, kings, and potentates,
“ Ambaffadors did fend :
“ All nations, provinces, and ftates,
“ Sought Anna for their friend.
“ In Anna they did all confide,
“ For Anna they could trust :
“ Her royal faith they all had try'd,
“ For Anna ftill was juft.
“ Truth, mercy, juftice, did furround
“ Her awful judgement-feat,
“ In her the Graces all were found,
“ In Anna all compleat.
“ She held the fword and balance right,
“ And fought her people's good :
“ In clemency ſhe did delight,
“ Her reign not ftain'd with blood.
“ Her gracious goodnefs, piety,
“ In all her deeds did ſhine,
“ And bounteous was her charity ;
“ All attributes divine.

“ Confum-

- “ Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
 “ Adorn’d the words she spoke ;
 “ When they from her fair lips did fall ;
 “ And sweet her lovely look.
 “ Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
 “ She caus’d dire war to cease :
 “ A greater Empress ne’er was known,
 “ She fix’d the world in peace.
 “ This last and godlike act achiev’d,
 “ To Heaven she wing’d her flight :
 “ Her loss with tears all Europe griev’d ;
 “ Their strength, and dear delight.
 “ Leave we in bliss this heavenly Saint,
 “ Revere, ye just, her urn ;
 “ Her virtues high and excellent,
 “ Astrea gone we mourn.
 “ Commemorate, my sons, the day
 “ Which gave great Anna birth :
 “ Keep it for ever and for aye,
 “ And annual be your mirth !”

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
 Our wise benign good King :
 Who can his wondrous deeds make known ?
 Or his bright actions sing ?
 Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign’d
 To raise to high degree !
 Well thou thy honours hast sustain’d,
 Well vouch’d thy ancestry.

But

But pass — These honours on thee laid,
 Can they e'er make thee white ?
 Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
 Thy guilty soul affright ?

Oh ! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
 Places of blifs and woe ?

Oh ! is there not a heaven, a hell ;
 But whither wilt thou go ?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind ?
 Wilt thou for ever rail ?

The prophet on thee well refin'd,
 And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame,
 Three countries witness be :

Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine !

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
 Her sword is brandish'd high :
 Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
 Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
 The glittering steel is sure :
 Sooner or later, all agree,
 She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer !
 Think on thy crimes committed :
 Repent, and be for once sincere,
 Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

S O N G S ,

S E T T O M U S I C K

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. A B E L.

READING ends in melancholy;
 Wine breeds vices and diseases;
 Wealth is but care, and Love but folly;
 Only Friendship truly pleases.
 My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
 Farewell all, if Friendship ceases.

II. Set by Mr. P U R C E L L.

WHITHER would my passion run?
 Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
 Lofing her, I am undone;
 Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
 Love and Reason ! cease your war,
 And order Death to give me rest;
 So each will equal triumph share.

III. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d' ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes ?
 Oh ! 'tis cruel to deny me,
 Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
 Why in vain I you pursued ;
 Her to gain 'twas out of season,
 Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. Set by Mr. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain ;
 Torment not thus your pretty heart :
 Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
 As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep ; the Gods neglect
 That precious dew your eyes let fall :
 Our joy and grief with like respect
 They mind ; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our state :
 They hear ; and the return we find
 Is, that no prayers can alter Fate.

Then

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign ;
Who knows but that those powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join ?

But, since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever ;
I dare not trust, lest, now they 're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score ;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet, should our fun shine out at last ;
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet ;

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd ;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd !

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
Suppose our fun should never rise :
Why then what 's due to such a grief,
We 've paid already with our eyes.

V. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her, the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
 For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. Set by Mr. SMITH.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill;
 Tell me what pleasure you can find,
 In forcing nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
 Keep in some glowings of desire;
 But still those glowings which remain
 Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
 And laugh at the dull constant fool,
 Who would Love's liberty control,
 And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impositions set,
 Or clogs upon each other's heart ;
 But, as for pleasure first we met,
 So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
 So consequently should be free ;
 'Thyrsis expects you in yon' grove ;
 And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
 And modestly pretend no more ;
 It is too plain an art :
 Surely you take me for a fool,
 And would by this prove me so dull,
 As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
 For truly I can ne'er believe
 But this is all a sham :
 Since any one may plainly see,
 You 'd only save yourself with me,
 And with another damn.

VIII. Set by Mr. SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore ;
 Think I mean not to deceive you :
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And, alas ! now love you more,
 Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail ;
 Virtue yields, as love grows stronger ;
 Fierce desires will sure prevail ;
 You are fair ; and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,
 But I cannot promise too
 What my love may make me do,
 While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magick lies,
 And my heart is too, too tender ;
 Nothing 's proof against those eyes,
 Best resolves and strictest ties
 To their force must soon surrender.

But,

But, Dorinda, you 're fevere,
 I most doating, thus to fever;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever.

IX. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
 Or by the Fates decreed,
 That hearts so seldom sympathize,
 Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'st make two youthful hearts
 One amorous shaft obey;
 'T would save thee the expence of darts,
 And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
 Thyself, thy growing power;
 For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
 Despair will soon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
 For thy own sake and mine;
 That boundless bliss may be my share,
 And double glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. S M I T H .

WH Y, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
 To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark-mad.
 'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
 Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
 But wine of the three 's the most cordial brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. Set by Mr. S M I T H .

SI N C E my words, though ne'er so tender,
 With sincerest truth exprest,
 Cannot make your heart surrender,
 Nor so much as warm your breast:

What will move the springs of nature?
 What will make you think me true?
 Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
 Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
 Thus, by seeming not to know
 What so plainly all discover,
 What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair-one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
 'Tis against your Reason's law:
 Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)
 Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII. Set

XII. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

MORELLA, charming without art,
 And kind without design,
 Can never lose the smallest part
 Of such a heart as mine.
 Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
 It ne'er can break her chains ;
 While passion, which her beauties raise,
 My gratitude maintains.

XIII. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair-one's heart ;
 Must it be by truth of nature ?
 Or by poor dissembling art ?
 Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
 How we both may gain our ends ;
 I am lost if we're asunder,
 Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
 Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing
 A song which shall immortal be ;
 Since she I sing's a deity ;
 A Leonora, whose blest birth
 Has no relation to this earth.

XV. Set

XV. Set by Mr. SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfi'd and free,
 Would I had been so still!
 Enjoying sweetest liberty,
 And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
 Cupid does so decide,
 That two she-tyrants shall it part,
 And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
 She acts without control:
 Phillis has such a taking way,
 She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
 Into her snares I run:
 Victoria shews me all her wiles,
 Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
 Has something in't divine;
 And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
 That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
 Though she be not a queen,
 Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
 To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
 But I, mean while, the fool :
 Each in it has an equal part,
 But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
 To either wholly yield :
 I find the time approaches fast,
 When both must quit the field.

XVI. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

FAREWEL, Amynta, we must part;
 The charm has lost its power,
 Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
 Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
 And us'd me ne'er so ill,
 Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
 And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my foul disdain'd thy sway,
 And scorns thy charms and thee,
 To which each fluttering coxcomb may
 As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
 How lov'd before thy fall ;
 And now, alas ! how much disdain'd
 By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
 Which I with thee have spent,
 So robs my rage of all its power,
 That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
 No more thy charms can move :
 Yet thou art worth my pity now,
 Because thou hadst my love.

XVII. Set by Mr. S M I T H .

A CCEPT, my love, as true a heart
 As ever lover gave :
 'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
 And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
 And let the giver live :
 Who, with it, would the world have sent,
 Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
 I e'er will prove untrue,
 My vows shall, ending with the year,
 With it begin anew.

XVIII. Set

XVIII. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
 And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
 Faintly says, I shall undo her,
 Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
 While to her's my lips I join,
 Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
 And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
 Innocence with nature charms;
 One bids, gently push me from her,
 T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. Set by Mr. S M I T H .

SINCE we your husband daily see
 So jealous out of season,
 Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
 A fot, within thy arms,
 Tasting the most divine delight,
 Should fully all your charms.

While

While fretting I must lie alone,
 Cursing the powers divine,
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
 My burning passion cool ;
 Let me at least in thee have part
 With thy insipid fool.

XX. Set by C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
 We too long have time abus'd ;
 I shall turn an errant rover,
 If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith ! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
 Without ending thus to see
 Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
 Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
 We were made but to enjoy ;
 Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
 E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy Time's before you,
 Youth, believe me, will away ;
 Then, alas ! who will adore you,
 Or to wrinkles tribute pay ?

All the swains on you attending
 Show how much your charms deserve ;
 But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
 You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
 Who their youth and charms employ,
 Though your beauty their's surpasses,
 Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid !
 Haste to the bower thy swain has made ;
 For thee alone I made the bower,
 And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
 None but my sheep shall near us come :
 Venus be prais'd ! my sheep are dumb.
 Great God of Love ! take thou my crook,
 To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
 Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear ;
 My own, alas ! are less my care.
 But, of the wolf if thou 'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for aid ;
 For with her swain my love shall stay,
 Though the wolf stroll, and the sheep stray.

XXII. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

SINCE by ill fate I 'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms ;
 Against my will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet

Yet still love on; and never fear,
 But you and constancy will prove
 Enough my present flame to bear,
 And make me, though in absence, love.
 For, though your presence fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing smart;
 And can, with undiscerned eyes,
 Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
 To ease his tortur'd breast;
 Since Amoret the cure denies,
 And makes his pain a jest.
 Ah! fair-one, why to me so coy?
 And why to him so true,
 Who with more coldness flights the joy,
 Than I with love pursue?
 Die then, unhappy lover! die;
 For, once she gives thee death,
 The world has nothing that can buy
 A minute more of breath.
 Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
 'Twere folly; since to me
 Not love itself a joy can give,
 But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. Set

XXIV. Set by Mr. D E F E S C H .

WELL! I will never more complain,
 Or call the Fates unkind;
 Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
 But self-conceitedness does reign
 In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
 Nor would permit a fight;
 I rag'd; for I could not espy,
 Or think that any harm could lie
 Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
 They did their power resign;
 I saw her; but I wish I still
 Had been obedient to their will,
 And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
 Never to grieve or fret:
 Contentedly I will submit,
 And think that best which they think fit,
 Without the least regret.

XXV. Set by Mr. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
 And an air that is not common;
 Every charm in her does meet,
 Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find
 Here a lovely face or feature ;
 For she 's merciful and kind,
 Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
 Of her favours never sparing,
 And, as all good Christians should,
 Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
 And that no man could endure them,
 So, providing 'gainst all harms,
 Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
 When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
 Should she not her bucket bring,
 And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
 How can I help despairing ?
 Let cruel fate us still pursue,
 There 's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
 When racking thoughts did grieve me ;
 Her eyes my trouble could control,
 And into joys deceive me.

Farewel,

Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
 Your banks mun I be walking:
 No more you 'll hear my pipe or song,
 Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
 To grief, since we mun sever;
 For who can after parting live,
 Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
 Mov'd with pity at my pain,
 Tell Corinna, I am dying,
 Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
 I have never known delight:
 And shall soon be broken-hearted,
 If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
 Thinks each lazy day a year;
 Curfing every morn returning,
 Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
 Will she be but true and kind,
 Join'd with time and change of paces,
 E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. N E L L Y .

WHILST others proclaim
 This nymph, or that swain,
 Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
 She shall grace every verse,
 I'll her beauties rehearse,
 Which lovers can't think an ill thing.
 Her eyes shine as bright
 As stars in the night,
 Her complexion divinely is fair;
 Her lips, red as a cherry,
 Would a hermit make merry,
 And black as a coal is her hair.
 Her breath, like a rose,
 Its sweets does disclose,
 Whenever you ravish a kiss;
 Like ivory inches'd,
 Her teeth are well-plac'd,
 An exquisite beauty she is.
 Her plump breasts are white,
 Delighting the sight,
 There Cupid discovers her charms;
 Oh! spare then the rest,
 And think of the best:
 'Tis Heaven to die in her arms.
 She's blooming as May,
 Brisk, lively, and gay,
 The Graces play all round about her;
 She's prudent and witty,
 Sings wondrously pretty,
 And there is no living without her.

M I S C E L L A N E A.

A D C O M I T E M D O R C E S T R I Æ,

In Annum ineuntem 1684.

A D J A N U M.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
 Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
 Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora fertis,
 Nestoreos poscant fœmina virque dies;
 Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
 Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
 Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
 Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
 Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
 Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
 Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
 Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;
 Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
 O! bene carminibus confule, Dive, meis,
 Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
 O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:
 Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
 Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
 Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
 Artificique Deo pœne dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,
EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent : at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solùm ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces ;
Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu ;
Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa famas !
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda fitim.
Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe !
Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.

Jejuni

Jejuni depresso jacet vel Musa Maronis,
 Flet culicem esuriens qui fatur arma canit.
 O si ! Mæcenas major mihi riferit, O si
 Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
 Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
 Inciperet præful grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

“ — *Dum bibimus* —
 “ *Obrepat non intellecta senectus.* ”

SISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
 Hesternumve minax coge redire diem ;
 Nil facis ; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
 Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.
 Brevis, & properans in funus nocte corollas,
 Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
 Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
 Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.
 Dum loquor, ecce ! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
 Dat rosa de fertis lapsa, Memento mori.
 Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
 Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
 Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
 Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor.

M. P.

Reverendo in Christo Patri THOMÆ SPRAT
Episcopo ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαμοειῶν.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos ;
Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis ?
Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem ?
Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
Impatensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas :
Sic tibi major honos veteres protudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est :
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma vira decuit tempora, mitra senis. M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia infulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in ecclesiâ honores & ecclesiæ, à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

A D

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.

Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.

O si te canerem, præful venerabilis, O si
Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.

Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota supersunt ?
Imbellès humeros nobile lassat onus.

Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præful
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores
gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua be-
nignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo
tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum
adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benign-
issimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus
beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus,

M. P.

“ Quicquid vult, valde vult.”

DUM tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet.

Nil facit instantis mortis bellique tumultus ;

Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.

Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ ;

Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

Tritici Fascem Leonibus sustentatum. 1689.

Lemma, "Sustentare et Debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
 Flavaque collectas addit Eleufis opes :
 Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
 I decus, I nostra Ceciliana domus.
 Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem ;
 Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
 Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
 Atque homines superes, atque imitère Deos.

E P I T A P H I U M.

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,
 Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantonienfi
 Filius natu sextus,
 Henrici Comitis de Manchester nepos,
 Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis Alumnus,
 Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis Socius.
 Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
 Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
 Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit :
 Magna ingenii indole ;
 Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
 Ex Academiæ umbraculis
 In conspectum hominum prodiit,
 Literatorum

Literatorum decus & præfidium.

Omni dehinc cogitatione

Communi bono promovendo incubuit :

Brevique hunc virum,

Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,

In utroque, justitia, fides, auctoritas,

Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit :

Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,

Simul monetam argenteam

Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam

De novo cudi fecit ;

Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,

Flagrante etiam bello,

Impressis chartulis

Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.

His meritis et patriæ & principis gratiam consecutus,

Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit ;

Baro scilicet, deinde comes de Halifax creatus,

Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus accessit.

Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,

Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,

Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,

Quod desideravit, & meruit, vix tandem affectus ;

(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam !)

Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,

XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis M D C C X V.

Ætatis suæ LIV.

Patruo de se optimè merenti,

Et bonorum & honorum hæres,

Georgius comes de Halifax

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight :

As to his Profession,

In accusing, cautious; in defending, vehement;

In all his pleadings, sedate, clear, and strong;

In all his decisions, unprejudic'd and equitable.

He studied, practis'd, and governed the Law

In such a manner, that

Nothing equaled his knowledge, except his eloquence;

Nothing excelled both, except his justice.

As to his Life,

He possessed, by a natural happiness,

All those civil virtues which form the gentleman :

And to these, by divine goodness, were added

That fervent zeal and extensive charity,

Which distinguish the perfect Christian!

The tree is known by his fruit.

He was a loving husband and an indulgent father,

A constant friend and a charitable patron;

Frequenting the devotions of the church;

Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities,

of the poor.

What by example he taught throughout his life,

At his death he recommended to his family and friends :

“To fear God, and live uprightly.”

Let whoever reads this stone,

Be wise, and be instructed.



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