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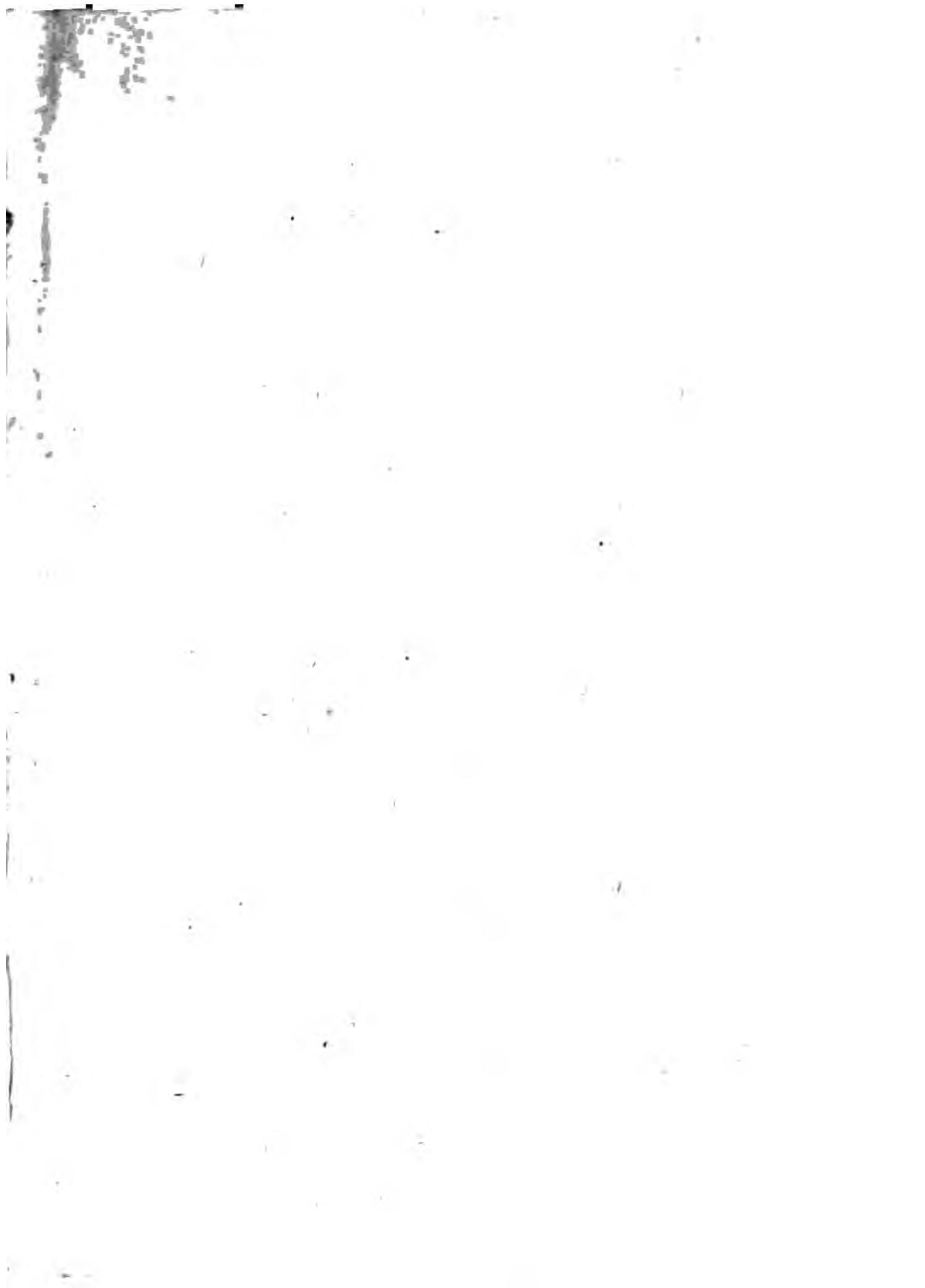
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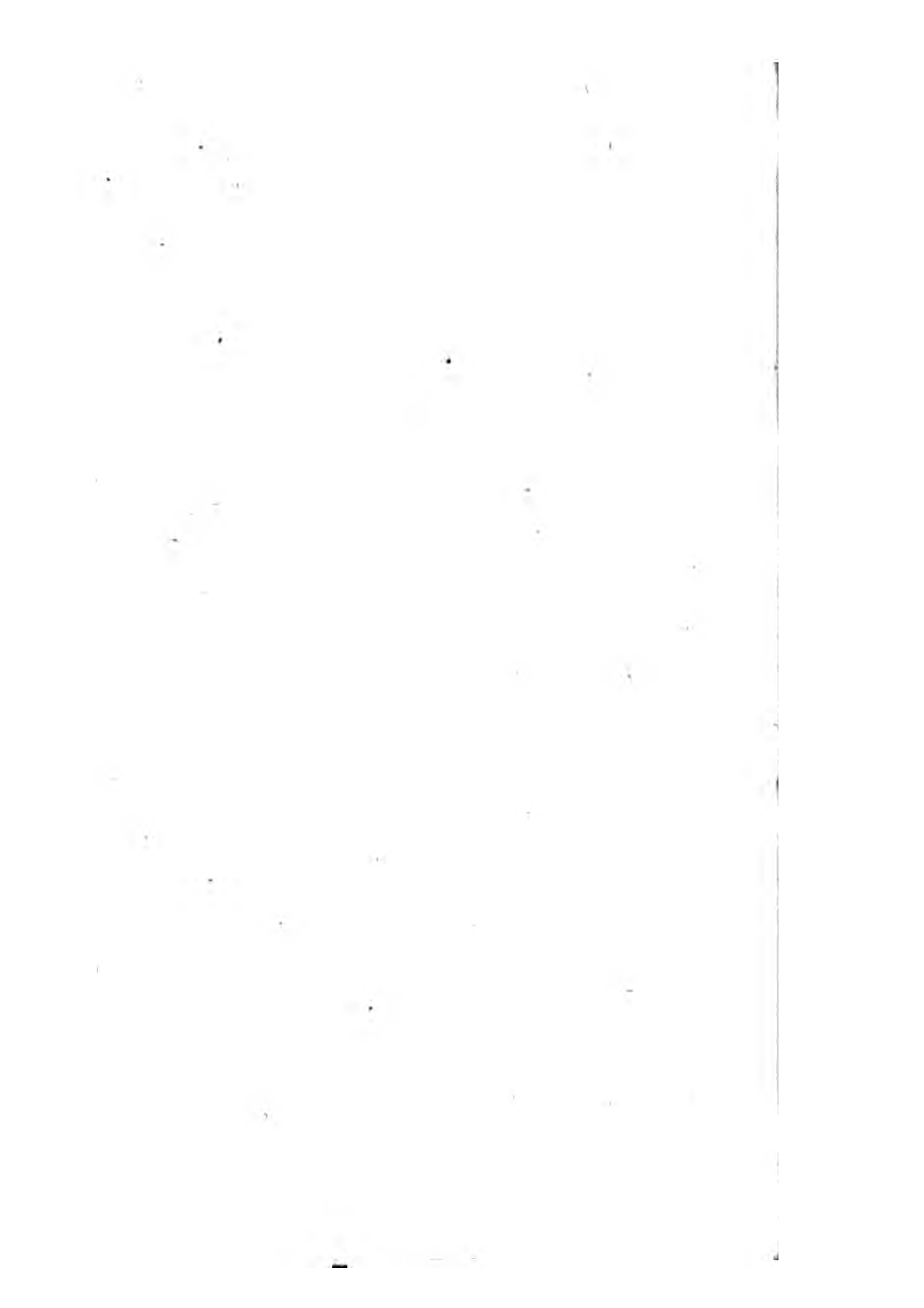
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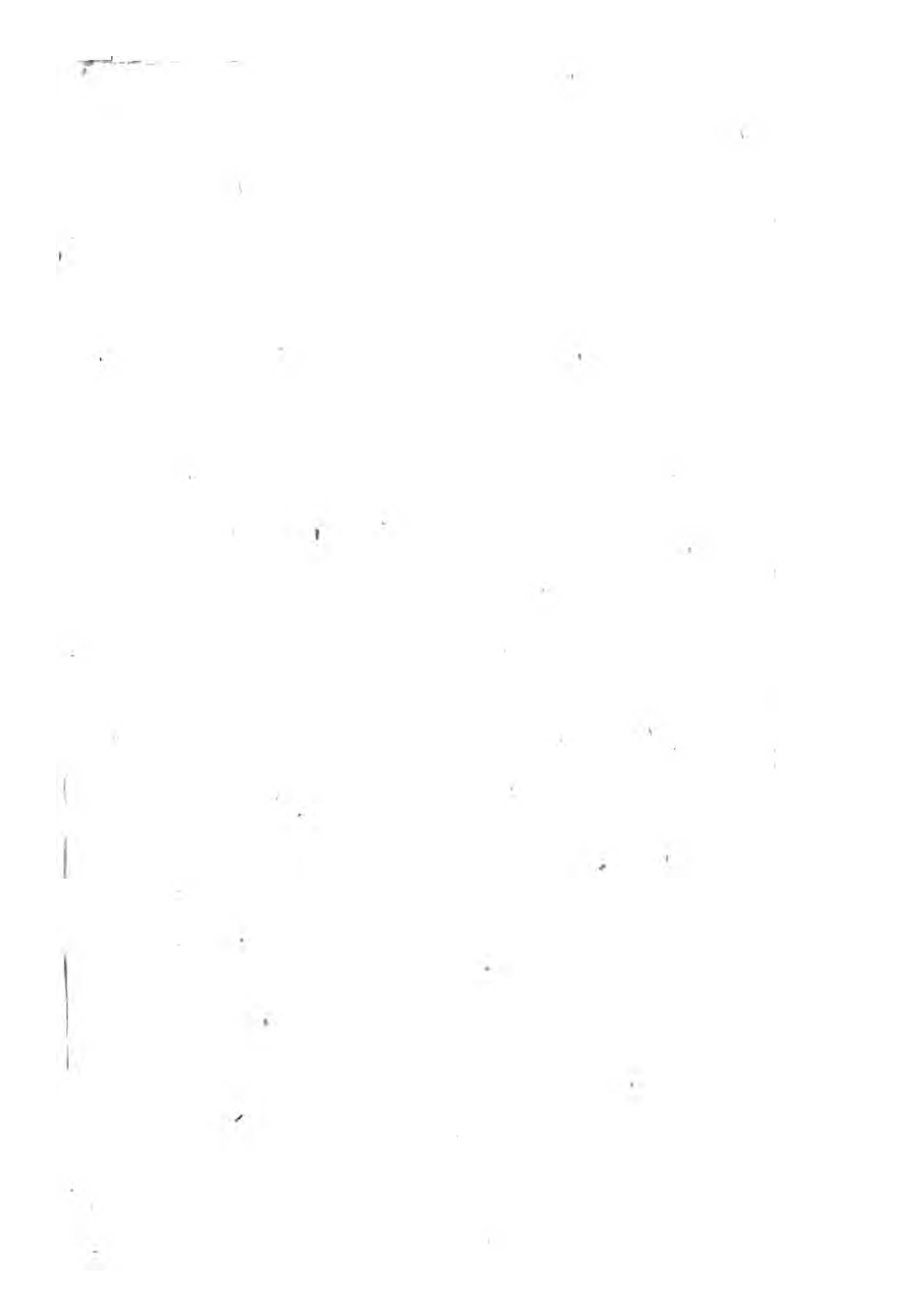


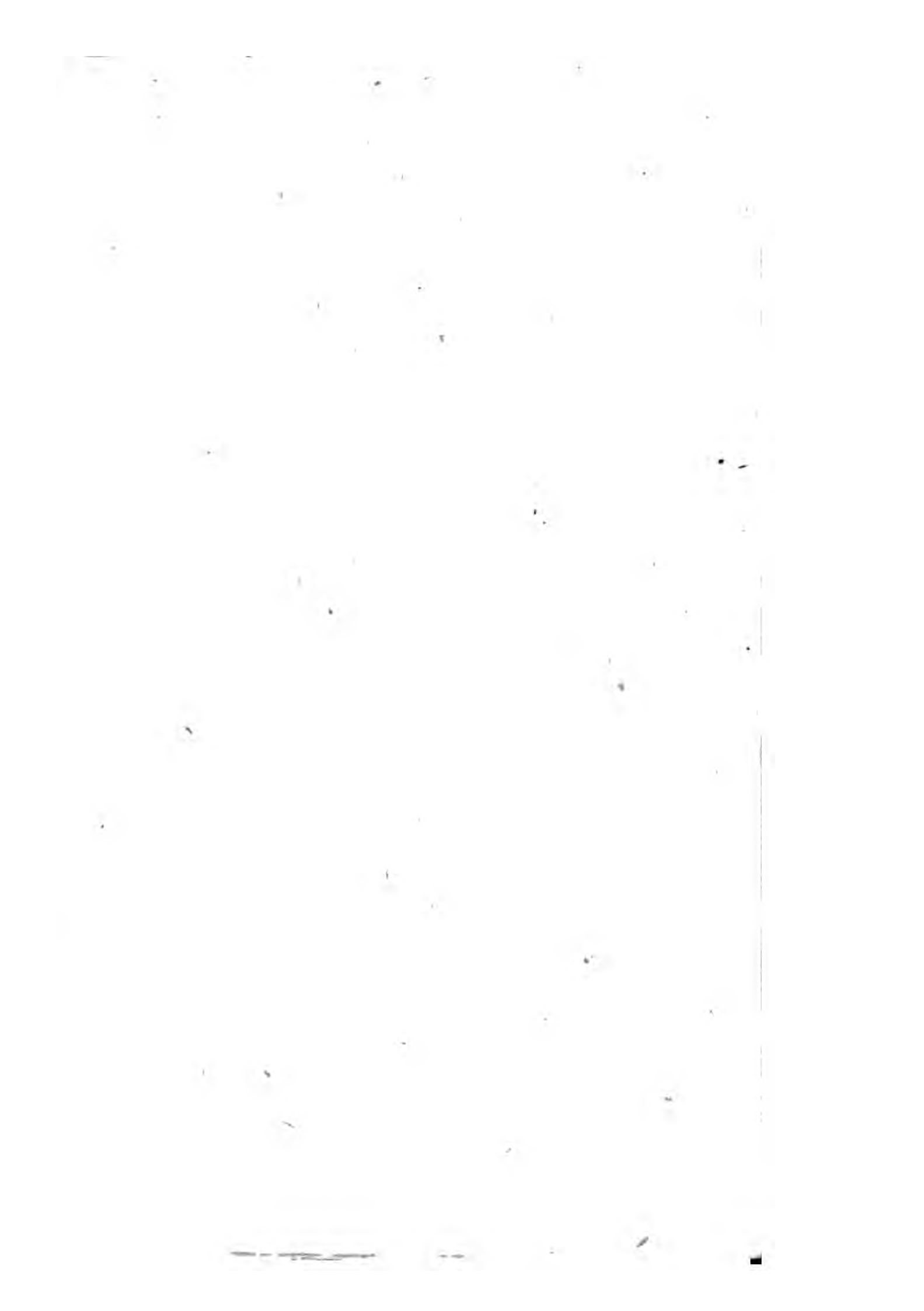
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BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL



...BY VOLU...
 ...the best of Heav'n...
 ...by both Poets & Poets share.
 Book 1. Introduction to his Book of Plants.

Strand Lon
 ...and Lon

Marlow del.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London J

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BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



COWLEY VOLUME IV.
Assist me Phæbus' wit of Heav'n, whose care
So bounteously both Plants & Poets share.
Book I. In preface to his Book of Plants.

Marking del.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan^y 14th 177



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance.
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My Musick's voice shall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my song. —
The Muses did young COWLEY raise,
They stole thee from thy nurse's arms,
Fed thee with sacred love of praise,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's self had been thy sire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. IV.

Bell's second edition.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

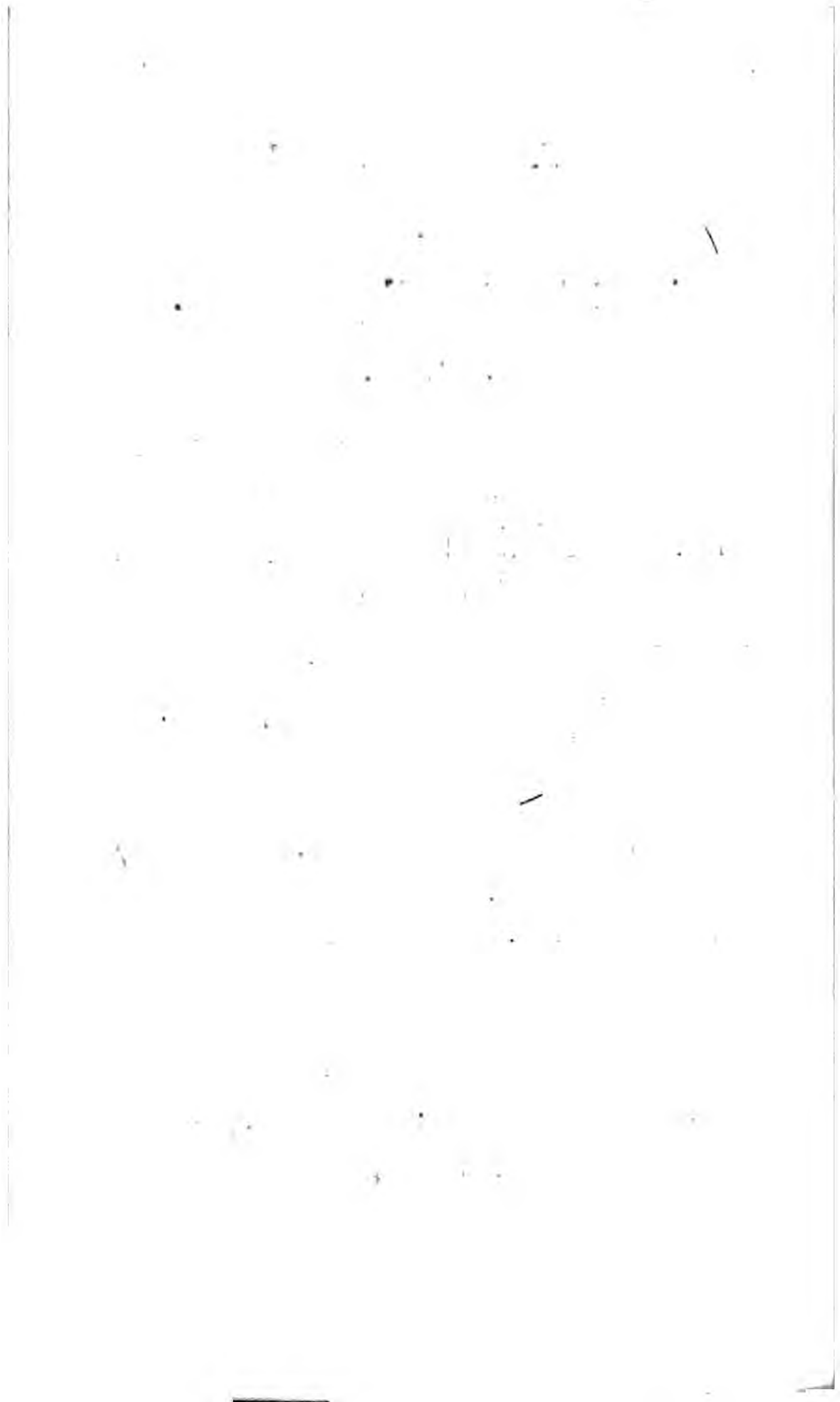
SIXTH BOOK OF PLANTS,		DAVIDEIS. BOOK THIRD,
DAVIDEIS. BOOK FIRST,		DITTO. BOOK FOURTH,
DITTO. BOOK SECOND,		IMITATIONS, FRAGMENTS,
<i>Ec. Ec. Ec.</i>		

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'ful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradise.—

}

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.



OF PLANTS.

BOOK VI. OF TREES.

Translated by Mrs. A. Behn.

S Y L V A.

CEASE, O my Muse! the soft delights to sing
Of Flow'ry Gardens in their fragrant spring,
And trace the rougher paths of obscure woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'ergrown with shrubs,
Where Phœbus, once thy guide, can dart no ray 5
T' inspire thy flight and make the scene look gay.

Courage, my Huntress! let us range the glades,
And search the inmost grottos of the shades;
Ev'n to the lone recesses let us pass,
Where the green goddess rests on beds of moss: 10
Let loose my Fancy, swift of foot to trace,
With a sagacious scent, the noble chase,
And with a joyful cry pursue the prey;
'Tis hidden Nature we must rouse to-day:
Set all your gins, let ev'ry toil be plac'd, 15
Thro' all her tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And seize her panting with her eager haste. }
Nor yet disdain, my Muse! in groves to range,
Or humbler woods for nobler orchards change:

Here deities of old have made abode, 20
 And once secur'd great Charles, our earthly god.
 The royal youth, born to outbrave his fate,
 Within a neighb'ring Oak maintain'd his state :
 The faithful boughs in kind allegiance spread
 Their shelt'ring branches round his awful head, 25
 Twin'd their rough arms, and thicken'd all the
 shade. }

To thee, belov'd of Heav'n! to thee we sing
 Of sacred groves, blooming perpetual spring :
 May'st thou be to my rural verse and me
 A present and assisting deity: 30
 Disdain not in this leafy court to dwell,
 Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.
 Th' eternal Oak, now consecrate to thee,
 No more thy refuge, but thy throne, shall be.
 We'll place the conqu'ror now, and crown thy brows
 With garlands made of its young gayest boughs, 36
 While from our oaten pipes the world shall know
 How much they to this sacred shelter owe.

And you, the soft inhabitants of the groves!
 You Woodnymphs! Hamadryades, and Loves! 40
 Satyrs and Fauns! who in these arbours play,
 Permit my song, and give my Muse her way :
 She tells of ancient woods the wondrous things,
 Of groves, long veil'd in sacred darkness, sings, }
 And a new light into your gloom she brings. 45
 Let it be lawful for me to unfold
 Divine decrees that never yet were told;

The harangues of the wood-gods to rehearse,
 And sing of flow'ry senates in my verse:
 Voices unknown to man he now shall hear, 50 }
 Who, always ignorant of what they were,
 Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless ear;
 Thought 'em the murm'rings of the ruffled Trees,
 That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting breeze.
 But Daphne knew the mysteries of the wood, 55
 And made discov'ries to her am'rous god;
 Apollo me inform'd, and did inspire
 My soul with his divine prophetick fire;
 And I, the priest of Plants, their sense expound;
 Hear, O ye Worlds! and listen all around. 60
 'Twas now when royal Charles, that prince of
 (That pious offspring of the olive-race) [Peace,
 Sway'd England's sceptre with a godlike hand,
 Scattering soft ease and plenty o'er the land;
 Happy 'bove all the neighb'ring kings, while yet 65
 Unruffled by the rudest storms of Fate;
 More fortunate the people, till their pride
 Disdain'd obedience to the sov'reign guide,
 And to a base plebeian Senate gave
 The arbitrary priv'lege to enslave; 70
 Who thro' a sea of noblest blood did wade,
 To tear the diadem from the sacred head.
 Now above envy, far above the clouds,
 The Martyr sits, triumphing with the gods.
 While Peace before did o'er the ocean fly, 75
 On our bless'd shore to find security,

In British groves she built her downy nest,
 No other climate could afford her rest;
 For warring winds o'er wretched Europe range,
 Threat'ning destruction, universal change: 80

The raging tempest tore the aged woods,
 Shook the vast earth, and troubled all the floods.
 Nor did the fruitful goddess brood in vain,
 But here in safety hatch'd her golden train:
 Justice and Faith one cornucopiæ fill. 85

Of useful med'cines known to many an ill.
 Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's sway;
 Easy and innocent it pass'd away;
 But too much lux'ry and good fortune cloy,
 And virtues she should cherish she destroys. 90

What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,
 Enjoyment palls, and turns the bliss to pain.
 Possession makes us shift our happiness
 From peaceful wives to noisy mistresses.
 The repetition makes the pleasure dull; 95

'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
 O notion false! O appetite deprav'd!
 That has the nobler part of man enslav'd:
 Man! born to reason, does that safety quit,
 To split upon the dang'rous rock of wit. 100

Physicians say there's no such danger near
 As when, tho' no signs manifest appear,
 Self-tir'd, and dull, man knows not what he ails,
 And without toil his strength and vigour fails.

Such was the state of England, sick with ease, 105
 Too happy, if she knew her happiness.
 Their crime no ign'rance for excuse can plead,
 That wretched refuge for ingratitude.
 'Twas then that from the pitying gods there came }
 A kind admonishing anger to reclaim, 110 }
 In dreadful prodigies *; but, alas! in vain.
 So rapid thunderbolts, before the flame,
 Fly the consuming vengeance to proclaim.
 I, then a boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
 And still those horrid images I bear; 115
 The mournful figs are present to my eyes:
 I saw o'er all the region of the skies
 The history of our approaching wars,
 Writ in the heav'ns in wondrous characters:
 The vaulted firmament with lightning burns, 120
 And all the clouds were kindled into storms,
 And form'd an image of th' infernal hell;
 (I shake with the portentous things I tell)
 Like sulph'rous waves the horrid flames did roll,
 Whose raging tides were hurl'd from pole to pole; 125
 Then suddenly the bursting clouds divide,
 A fire like burning mounts on either side,
 Discovering (to th' astonish'd world) within
 At once a dreadful and a beauteous scene:
 Two mighty armies clad in battle-array, 130
 Ready by combat to dispute the day;

* This relation of prodigies Mr. Cowley assures to be true.
Veram esse in me recipio, in the margin of the original.

Their waving plumes and glitt'ring armour shone,
 Mov'd by the winds, and gilded by the sun :
 So well in order seem'd each fearless rank,
 As they 'd been marshall'd by our hero Monk; 135
 Monk ! born for mighty things and great command,
 The glorious pillar of our falling land :
 Perhaps his Genius on the royal side
 One of those heav'nly figures did describe,
 Here pointed out to us his noble force, 140
 And form'd him conqu'ror on a flaming horse.
 We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
 The signal giv'n by drum and trumpet sound ;
 We saw the fire-wing'd horses fiercely meet,
 And with their fatal spears each other greet : 145
 Here shining brandish'd pikes like lightning shook,
 While from ethereal guns true thunder broke :
 With gloomy mists they' involv'd the plains of heav'n,
 And to the cloud-begotten men was given
 A memorable fate—— 150
 By the dire splendour which their arms display'd,
 And dreadful lightning that from cannons play'd,
 We saw extended o'er the aërial plain
 The wounded bodies of the numerous slain,
 (Their faces fierce with anger understood) 155
 Turning the sky red with their gushing blood :
 At last that army we the just esteem'd,
 And which adorn'd by noblest figures seem'd

Of arms and men, alas! was put to flight;
 The rest was veil'd in the deep shades of night, 160 }
 And fates to come secur'd from human sight.

But stupid England, touch'd with no remorse,
 Beholds these prodigies as things of course :
 (With many more, which to the just appear'd
 As ominous presages) then who fear'd 165

The monsters of the Caledonian woods,
 Or the hid ferments of schismatick crowds?
 Nor had the impious Cromwell then a name,
 For England's ruin, and for England's shame:
 Nor were the gods pleas'd only to exhort 170
 By signs the restive City and the Court :

'Th' impending fates o'er all the thickets reign'd,
 And ruin to the English wood proclaim'd.
 We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous growth,
 Whose spreading roots, fix'd in their native earth,
 Where for a thousand years in peace they grew, 176
 Torn from the soil, tho' none but Zeph'rus blew.

But who such violent outrages could find
 To be th' effects of the soft Western wind?
 The Dryads saw the right-hand of the gods 180

O'erturn the noblest shelters of the woods;
 Others their arms with baneful leaves were clad,
 That new unusual forms and colours had,
 Whence now no aromatick moisture flows,
 Or noble Mistletoe enrich the boughs; 185

But, how'd with galls, within those boding hulls
 Lurk'd flies, diviners of ensuing ills,

Whose fatal buzz did future slaughters threat,
 And confus'd murmurs full of dread repeat.
 When no rude winds disturb'd the ambient air, 190
 The Trees, as weary of repose, made war;
 With horrid noise grappling their knotty arms,
 Like meeting tides they ruffle into storms :
 But when the winds to rattling tempests rise,
 Instead of warring Trees, we heard the cries 195
 Of warring men, whose dying groans around
 The woods and mournful echoes did resound.

The dismal shade with birds obscene were fill'd,
 Which, spite of Phœbus, he himself beheld.
 On the wild Ashes' tops the bats and owls, 200
 With all night ominous and baneful fowls,
 Sat brooding, while the screeches of these droves
 Profan'd and violated all the groves.
 If ought that poets do relate be true,
 The strange Spinturnix † led the feather'd crew : 205
 Of all the monsters of the earth and air,
 Spinturnix bears the cruellest character.
 The barbarous bird, to mortal eyes unknown,
 Is seen but by the goddesses alone,
 And then they tremble; for she always bodes 210
 Some fatal discord ev'n among the gods.
 But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
 Within an Ash a serpent built her nest ‡,

† What this bird truly was is not known, but it was much
 dreaded by the Aruspices. *Plin. Servius, &c.*

‡ For the truth hereof take Pliny's word, l. 16. 17.

And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath
 The very shadow of an Ash was death; 215
 Rather, if chance should force, she thro' the fire
 From its fall'n leaves, so baneful, would retire.
 But none of all the sylvan prodigies
 Did more surprize the rural deities,
 Than when the lightning did the Laurel blast; 220
 The lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
 The Laurel! which, by Jove's divine decree,
 Since ancient time from injuring tempests free,
 No angry threats from the celestial powers
 Could make her fear the ruin of her bowers; 225
 But always she enjoy'd a certain fate,
 Which she could ne'er secure the victor yet.
 In vain these signs and monsters were not sent
 From angry Heav'n; the wise knew what they meant:
 Their coming by conjectures understood, 230
 As did the Dryads of the British wood.

There is an ancient forest * known to Fame,
 On this side sep'rate from the Cambrian plain
 By wand'ring Wye, whose winding current glides,
 And murm'ring leaves behind its flow'ry sides; 235
 On that 't is wash'd by nobler Severn's streams,
 Whose beauties scarce will yield to famous Thames:
 Of yore 't was Arden call'd, but that great name,
 As like herself, diminish'd into Dean:

* The Forest of Dean.

The curſed weapons of deſtructive war 240
 In all their cruelties have made her ſhare;
 The iron has its nobleſt ſhades deſtroy'd,
 Then to melt iron is its wood employ'd;
 And ſo unhappy 't is, as it preſents
 Of its own death the fatal inſtruments; 245
 With induſtry its ruin to improve,
 Bears minerals below and Trees above.
 Oh, Poverty! thou happineſs extreme,
 (When no afflicting want can intervene)
 And, oh! thou ſubtle treaſure of the earth, 250
 From whence all rapes and miſchiefs take their birth.
 And you, triumphing Woods! ſecur'd from ſpoil,
 By the ſafe bleſſing of your barren ſoil,
 Here, unconſum'd, how ſmall a part remains
 Of that rich ſtore that once adorn'd the plains! 255
 Yet that ſmall part that has eſcap'd the ire
 Of lawleſs ſteel, and avaricious fire,
 By many nymphs and deities poſſeſs'd,
 Of all the Britiſh ſhades continues ſtill the beſt.
 Here the long reverend Dryas (who had been 260
 Of all thoſe ſhady verdant regions queen,
 To which by conqueſt ſhe had forc'd the ſea
 His conſtant tributary waves to pay)
 Proclaim'd a gen'ral council thro' her court,
 To which the ſylvan nymphs ſhould all reſort. 265
 All the wood-goddeſſes do ſtraight appear,
 At leaſt who could the Britiſh climate bear,

And on a soft ascent of rising ground
 Their queen, their charming Dryas! they surround,
 Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd, 270
 And by a thousand awful beauties grac'd.

These goddesses alike were dress'd in green,
 The ornaments and liv'ries of their queen.
 Had travellers at any distance view'd
 The beauteous order of this stately crowd, 275
 They would not guess they 'ad been divinities,
 But groves all sacred to the deities.
 Such was the image of this leafy scene,
 On one side water'd by a cooling stream,
 Upon whose brink the Poplar took her place, 280
 The Poplar! whom Alcides once did grace,
 Whose double colour'd shadow'd leaves express
 The labours of our Hero Hercules,
 Whose upper sides are black, the under white,
 To represent his toil and his delight. 285

The Phaetonian Alder next took place,
 Still sensible of the burnt youth's disgrace;
 She loves the purling streams, and often laves
 Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves.

Close by her side the pensive Willows join'd, 290
 Chaste sisters all, to lovers most unkind,
 Oleiscarpian* call'd, in youth severe,
 Before the winter-age had snow'd their hair;

* That is, a tribe which early drops its seed; or which is an enemy to veneray.

In rivers take delight, whose chilling streams
 Mix'd with the native coldness of their veins, 295
 Like salamanders, can all heat remove,
 And quite extinguish the quick fire of love:
 Firm lasting bonds they yield to all beside,
 But take delight the lovers to divide.

The Elders next, who, tho' they waters love, 300
 The same from human bodies yet remove,
 And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,
 And parley with the dropsy in this sense:
 "Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood!
 "This soil belongs to rivulets of blood. 305
 "Why do you men torment, when many a shade,
 "And honest Trees and Plants, do want your aid?
 "Begone, from human bodies quick begone,
 "And back into your native channels run
 "By every pore, by all the ways you can." 310 }
 The moisture, frighten'd, flies at the command,
 And awful terrour of her pow'rful wand.

The hospitable Birch does next appear,
 Joyful and gay in hot or frigid air;
 Flowing her hair, her garments soft and white, 315
 And yet in cruelty she takes delight;
 No wild inhabitant o' th' woods can be
 So quick in wrath, and in revenge, as she;
 In houses great authority assumes,
 And is the sole punisher of petty crimes; 320
 But most of all her malice she employs
 In schools, to terrify and awe young boys:

If she chastise 't is for the patient's good,
Tho' oft' she blushes with her tender blood.

Not so the gen'rous Maples; they present 325
Whate'er the city lux'ry can invent,
Who with industrious management and pains
Divide the labyrinth of their curious grains,
And many necessary things produce,
That serve at once for ornament and use. 330

But thou, O Pteleas *! to the swain allows
Shades to his cattle, timber for his ploughs;
Ennobled thou above the leafy race,
In that an amorous god † does thee embrace.

Next thee the Oxias ‡, of herself a grove, 335
Whose wide-spread shade the flocks and shepherds
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite, [love;
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural pipe,
Alike thou 'rt grateful, and canst always charm,
In summer cooling, and in winter warm: 340
Tityrus, of yore, the nymph with garlands hung,
And all his love-lays in her shadow sung.

When first the Infant-world her reign began,
Ere pride and lux'ry had corrupted man,
Before for gold the earth they did invade, 345
The useful household-stuff of Beech was made;
No other plate the humble sideboard dress'd,
No other bowls adorn'd the wholesome feast,

* The Elm.

† Bacchus; or, the Vine.

‡ The Beech.

Which no voluptuous cookery could boast,
 The homebred kid or lamb was all the cost; 350
 The mirth, the innocence, and little care,
 Surpass'd the loaded boards of high-priz'd fare;
 There came no guest for int'rest or design,
 For guilty love, fine eating, or rich wine:
 The Beechen bowl without debauch went round, 355
 And was with harmless mirth and roses crown'd:
 In these—the Ancients in their happy state
 Their feasts and banquets us'd to celebrate:
 Fill'd to the brim with uncorrupted wine,
 They made libations to the powers divine, 360
 To keep 'em still benign; no sacrifice
 They need perform the angry gods t' appease;
 They knew no crimes the deities t' offend,
 But all their care was still to keep 'em kind:
 No poison ever did those bowls infect, 365
 Securely here the shepherd quench'd his thirst;
 'Twas not that any virtue in the wood
 Against the baneful liquor was thought good,
 But poverty and innocence were here
 The antidotes against all ills and fear. 370

Such was the Ash, the nymph was Melias nam'd
 For peaceful use and lib'ral virtues fam'd;
 But when Achilles' spear was of her wood
 Fatally form'd, and drank of Hector's blood,
 O wretched glory! O unhappy power! 375
 She loves the rain and neighb'ring floods no more;

No more the falling showers delight her now,
She only thirsts to drink of bloody dew.

Philyra *, not inferiour to her race,
For her bel-taille, good mien, and handsome grace,
For pious use and noblest studies fit, 381

Minerva here might exercise her wit,
And on the lasting vellum which she brings,
May in small volumes write seraphick things;
'Mongst all the nymphs and hamadryades, 385
None are so fair and so adorn'd as this:

All soft her body, innocent and white,
In her green flowing hair she takes delight;
Proud of her perfum'd blossoms, far she spreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous, shades: 390

Her native beauties even excelling art,
Her virtues many med'cines still impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does rest,
And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the best.

Next her Orcimelis and Achras † stood, 395
Whose offspring is a sharp and rigid brood;
A fruit no season e'er could work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening sun.

Hither the fair amphibious nymphs resort,
Who both in woods and gardens keep their court;
The Ouas ‡, but of no ignoble fame, 401
Altho' she bears a base and servile name;

* The Lime Tree. † Wood Pear and Crab Apple.
‡ Service Tree.

Sharp Oxyacantha* next the Mulberry stood,
The Mulberry, dy'd in hapless lovers' † blood.

Craneia ‡, a nymph too lean to be admir'd, 405

But hard-gain'd Carya || is by all desir'd;

The pretty Corylus**, so neat and trim,

And Castanis, with rough ungrateful skin.

These nymphs, of all their race, live rich and high, }
They taste the city golden luxury, 410 }

And woods their country villas do supply.

Nor was the Hawthorn absent from this place,

All soils are native to her harden'd race;

Tho' her the fields and gardens do reject,

She with a thorny hedge does both protect: 415

Helvetia ††, rough with cold and stones, first bred

The nymph, who thence to other climates fled;

Of her a warlike sturdy race was born,

Whose dress, nor court, nor city, can adorn,

But with a faithful hand they both defend, 420

While they upon no garrison depend;

No show, or noisy grandeur, they affect,

But to their trust they're constant and exact:

Should you behold 'em rang'd in battle-array,

All muster'd in due order, you would say 425 }

That no Militia were so fine and gay.

Let the Ancients rashly then reproach,

Who cut from hence the hymeneal torch,

* Barberry.

† Cornelian-Berry.

** Small nuts.

† Pyramus and Thisbe.

|| Wallnuts.

†† Switzerland.

Sincethey suchsafeguardwere'gainstthievesandbeasts,
Which with an equal force their charge molests; 430
And 't was commanded they should always bear
Their watchful twigs before the married pair.

With the Helvetian nymph a pretty train,
All her companions, to the circle came;
The fruitful Bullace first, whose offspring are, 435
Tho' harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.

The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Rose,
So nice and coy, they never will dispose
Their valu'd favours, but some wounds they give
To those who will their guarded joys receive. 440

No less a troop of those gay nymphs were seen,
Who nobly flourish in eternal green;
Unsubject to the laws o' th' changing year,
They want no aids of kindly beams or air;
But happy in their own peculiar spring, 445
While the pole weeps in showers, they laugh and sing.

The generous Pyxias*, who a conquest gains
O'er armed Winter, with her hosts of rains,
All ages she subdues; devouring Time
In vain endeavours to destroy her prime; 450
Still in her youth and beauty she survives;
When all the spring is dead she smiles and lives;
Yet tho' she 's obstinate to time and storms,
She 's kindly pliable to all curious forms:
To artful masters she obedience lends, 455
And to th' ingenious hand, with ease, she bends;

* The Box Tree.

Into a thousand true love's knots she twines,
 And with a verdant wall the flowers confines,
 Still looking up with gay and youthful love
 To th' triumphing flow'rs that reign above: 460
 Or, if you please, she will advance on high,
 And with the lofty Trees her stature vie;
 And cheerfully will any figure take,
 Whether man, lion, or a bird you make;
 Or on her trunk like a green parrot show, 465
 Or sometimes like a Hercules she'll grow:
 And hence Praxiteles fair statues forms,
 When with green gods the gardens he adorns;
 Nor yet, being dead, does of less use appear
 To the industrious artificer: 470
 From her the noblest figures do arise,
 And almost are immortal deities;
 Of her the Berecynthian pipe is made,
 That charms its native mountain and its shade,
 That in such tuneful harmonies express 475
 The praises of their goddess Cybeles.
 With this the lovely females dress their hair,
 That not least pow'rful beauty of the fair,
 Their noblest ornament, and th' lover's snare. }
 This into form the heauteous nets still lay, 480
 That the poor heedless gazer does betray.
 Agrias* is content with easier spoils,
 Only for silly birds she pitches toils:

* The Holly. Hereof birdlime is made.

The wanton bird she stops upon the wing,
And can forbid the insolence of men : 485

With a defence the garden she supplies,
And does perpetually delight the eyes ;
Her shining leaves a lovely green produce,
And serve at once for ornament and use.

Deform'd December, by her posy-boughs 490
All deck'd and dress'd, like joyful April shows :
Cold winter-days she both adorns and cheers,
While she her constant springing livery wears.

Camaris *, who in winter give their birth,
Not humbly creeping on the servile earth, 495
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whose sylvan food unhappy Janus feeds ;
His hungry appetite he here destroys,
And both his rav'nous mouths at once destroys.

Phillyrea † here, and Pyracantha, rise, 500
Whose beauty only gratifies the eyes
Of gods and men ; no banquets they afford
But to the welcome, tho' unbidden, bird ;
Here, gratefully, in winter they repay
For all the summer-songs that made their groves fogay.

Next came the melancholy Yew, who mourns 506
With silent languor at the warrior's urns.
See, where she comes ! all in black shadow veil'd ;
Ah ! too unhappy nymph, on every side assail'd !

* Strawberry Tree.
Coral Tree.

† Ever-green Privet, and Prickly

Whom the Greek poets and historians blame, 510
 (Deceiv'd by easy Faith and common Fame)
 Thee as a guilty poisoner they present;
 Oh! false aspersers of the innocent!
 If poets may find credit when they speak,
 (At least all those who are not of the Greek) 515
 No baneful poison, no malignant dew,
 Lurks in, or hangs about, the harmless Yew;
 No secret mischief dares the nymph invade,
 And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade.

Nor thou, Arceuthis*! art an enemy 520
 To the soft notes of charming harmony:
 Falsely the chief of poets would persuade
 That evil's lodg'd in thy eternal shade;
 Thy aromattick shade, whose verdant arms
 Ev'n thy own useful fruits secures from harms: 525
 Many false crimes to thee they attribute;
 Would no false virtues, too, they would to thee impute.

But thou, Sabina†! my impartial Muse
 Cannot with any honesty excuse;
 By thee the first new sparks of life, not yet 530
 Struck up to shining flame, to mature heat,
 Sprinkled by thy moist poison fade and die;
 Fatal Sabina! nymph of infamy.
 For this the Cypress thee companion calls,
 Who piously attends at funerals; 535
 But thou, more barbarous, dost thy pow'r employ,
 And even the unborn innocent destroy.

* Juniper Tree. † Savin.

Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,
While she the death of even the ag'd deplores.

Such Cyparissus was, that bashful boy, 540
Who was belov'd by the bright god of Day;
Of such a tender mind, so soft a breast,
With so compassionate a grief oppress'd,
For wounding his lov'd dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his sighing soul away; 545
Apollo pitying it renew'd his fate,
And to the Cypress did the boy translate,
And gave his hapless life a longer date:

Then thus decreed the god—"And thou, oh, Tree!
"Chief mourner at all funerals shalt be; 550
"And since so small a cause such grief could give,
"Be it still thy talent (pitying Youth!) to grieve:
"Sacred be thou in Pluto's dark abodes,
"For ever sacred to th' infernal gods!"

This said, well skill'd in truth, he did bequeath 355
Eternal life to the dire Tree of death,
A substance that no worm can ere subdue,
Whose never-dying leaves each day renew,
Whose figures, like aspiring flames, still rise,
And with a noble pride salute the skies. 560

Next the fair nymph that Pheebus does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore;
She hates all fires, and with aversion still
She chides and crackles, if the flame she feel:

Yet tho' she 's chaste the burning god no less 565
 Adores, and makes his love his prophetess;
 And ev'n the murmurs of her scorn do now
 For joyful sounds and happy omens go:
 Nor does the humble tho' the sacred Tree
 Fear wounds from any earthly enemy; 570
 For she beholds, when loudest storms abound,
 The flying thunder of the gods around:
 Let all the flaming heav'ns threat as they will,
 Unmov'd th' undaunted nymph outbraves it still.
 Oh, thou!— 575
 Of all the woody nations happiest made,
 Thou greatest princess of the fragrant shade;
 But should the goddess Dryas not allow
 That royal title to thy virtue due,
 At least her justice must this truth confess, 580
 If not a princess, thou 'rt a prophetess;
 And all the glories of immortal fame,
 Which conqu'ring monarchs so much strive to gain,
 Is but at best from thy triumphing boughs,
 To reach a garland to adorn their brows; 585
 And after monarchs poets claim a share,
 As the next worthy, thy priz'd wreaths to wear:
 Among that number do not me disdain,
 Me, the most humble of that glorious train:
 I by a double right thy bounties claim †, 590
 Both from my sex, and in Apollo's name:

† The Tranlatress in her own person speaks.

Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,
 Oh! ever sacred Nymph! adorn'd by thee,
 And give my verses immortality.

}

The tall Elate next, and Peuce stood, 595
 The stateliest sister-nymphs of all the wood;
 The flying winds sport with their flowing hair,
 While to the dewy clouds their lofty heads they rear.

As mighty hills above the vallies show,
 And look with scorn on the descent below, 600 }
 So do these view the mountains where they grow,
 So much above their humbler tops they rise:

So stood the giants that besieg'd the skies,
 The terrour of the gods! they having thrown 605

Huge Ossa on the leafy Pelion, [stands,
 The Fir, with the proud Pine, thus threat'ning
 Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands;

In this vast prospect they with ease survey
 The various figur'd land and boundless sea;
 With joy behold the ships their timber builds, 610
 How they've with cities stor'd once spacious fields.

This grove of English nymphs, this noble train,
 In a large circle compass in their queen,

The sceptre-bearing Dryas——
 Her throne a rising hillock, where she sat 615

With all the charms of majesty and state,
 With awful grace the numbers she survey'd,
 Dealing around the favours of her shade.

If I the voice of the loud winds could take,
 Which the reechoing Oaks do agitate, 620
 'T would not suffice to celebrate thy name,
 Oh! sacred Dryas! of immortal fame.
 If we a faith can give Antiquity,
 That sings of many miracles, from thee,
 In the world's infant age, mankind broke forth, 625
 From thee the noble race receiv'd their birth;
 Thou then in a green tender bark wast clad,
 But in Deucalion's age a rougher covert had,
 More hard and warm, with crufted white all o'er,
 As noble authors fung in times of yore; 630
 Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down
 By the vain troop of sophists and the gown,
 The scoffing academy, and the school
 Of Pyrrho, who traditions overrule: 634
 But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this truth,
 Those brawny men that then the earth brought forth
 Did on thy acorns feed, and feast and thrive,
 And with this wholesome nourishment survive,
 In health and strength an equal age with thee,
 Secur'd from all the banes of luxury. 640
 Oh! happy Age! oh! nymph divinely good!
 That mak'st thy shade man's house, thy fruit his
 When only apples of the wood did pass [food.
 For noble banquets, spread on beds of grass,
 Tables not yet by any art debauch'd, 645
 And fruit that ne'er the grudger's hand reproach'd,

Thy bounties, Ceres! were of little use,
 And thy sweet food ill manners did produce;
 Unluckily they did thy virtues find
 With that of the wild boar and hunted hind; 650
 With all wild beasts on which their lux'ry prey'd,
 While new desires their appetites invade;
 The natures they partake of what they eat,
 And salvage they become, as was their meat.

Hence the republick of the world did cease; 655
 Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace:
 The common good was now peculiar made
 A generous int'rest now became a trade,
 And men began their neighbours' rights t' invade: }
 For now they measur'd out their common ground,
 And outrages commit t' enlarge their bound: 661
 Their own seem'd despicable, poor, and small;
 Each wants more room, and would be lord of all:
 The ploughman with disdain his fields surveys,
 Forfakes the land, and ploughs the faithless seas: 665
 The fool in these deep furrows seeks his gain,
 Despising dangers, and enduring pain:
 The sacred Oak her peaceful mansion leaves,
 Transplanted to the mountains of the waves.

Oh! Dryas! patron to the industrious kind, 670
 If man were wise, and would his safety find,
 What perfect bliss thy happy shade would give,
 And houses that their masters would outlive?

All necessaries thou afford'st alone
 For harmless Innocence to live upon; 675
 Strong yokes for oxen, handles for the plough;
 What husbandry requires thou dost allow;
 But if the madness of desiring gain,
 Or wild ambition agitate the brain,
 Straight to a wand'ring ship they thee transfer, 680
 And none more fitly serves the mariner:
 Thou cutt'st the air, dost on the waves rebound,
 Wild death and fury raging all around;
 Disdaining to behold the manag'd wood,
 Outbrave the storms, and baffle the rude flood. 685
 To swine, O richest Oak! thy acorns leave,
 And search for man whate'er the earth can give,
 All that the spacious universe brings forth,
 What land and sea conceals of any worth;
 Bring aromatics from the distant East, 690 }
 And gold, so dangerous, from the rifled West; }
 Whate'er the boundless appetite can feast.
 With thee the utmost bounds of earth w' invade;
 By thee the unlock'd orb is common made:
 By thee—— 695
 The great republick of the world revives,
 And o'er the earth luxurious traffick thrives:
 If Argos' ship were valued at that rate
 Which ancient poets so much celebrate,
 From neighb'ring Colchos only bringing home 700
 The Golden Fleece from seas whose tracts were known;

If of the dangers they so much have spoke
 (More worthy smiles) of the Cyanean rock,
 What oceans then of fame shall thee suffice?
 What waves of eloquence can sing thy praise? 705
 O sacred Oak! that great Columbus bore,
 Iö! thou bearer of a happier ore
 Than celebrated Argo did before. }

And Drake's brave Oak that pass'd to world's un-
 known,

Whose toils, O Phœbus! were so like thy own, 710
 Who round the earth's vast globe triumphant rode,
 Deserves the celebration of a god.

O let the Pegasean ship no more
 Be worshipp'd on the too unworthy shore;
 After her wat'ry life, let her become 715
 A fix'd star shining equal with the Ram:
 Long since the duty of a star she 'as done,
 And round the earth with guiding light has shone.

Oh! how has Nature bless'd the British land,
 Who both the valu'd Indies can command! 720
 What tho' thy banks the Cedars do not grace,
 Those lofty beauties of fam'd Libanus,
 The Pine, or Palm of Idumean plains,
 Arab's rich wood, or its sweet-smelling greens,
 Or lovely Plantain, whose large leafy boughs 725
 A pleasant and a noble shade allows?
 She has thy warlike groves and mountains bless'd
 With sturdy Oaks, o'er all the world the best;

And for the happy Island's safe defence,
 Has wall'd it with a moat of seas immense ; 730
 While to declare her safety and thy pride,
 With Oaken ships that sea is fortify'd.

Nor was that adoration vainly made,
 Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid;
 Who reasonably believ'd a god within, 735
 Where such vast wonders were produc'd and seen :
 Nor was it the dull piety alone,
 And superstition of our Albion,
 Nor ignorance of the future age, that paid
 Honours divine to thy surprising shade; 740
 But they foresaw the empire of the sea
 Great Charles should hold from the triumphant Thee.

No wonder, then, that age should thee adore,
 Who gav'st our sacred oracles heretofore ;
 The hidden pleasure of the gods was then 745
 In a hoarse voice deliver'd out to men.
 So vapours, from Cyrrhean caverns broke,
 Inspir'd Apollo's priestess when she spoke,
 Whilst, ravish'd, the fair enthusiastick stood
 Upon her tripos, raging with the god; 750
 So priest inspir'd with sacred fury shook,
 When the winds ruffled the Dodonean Oak,
 And tofs'd their branches, till a dreadful sound
 Of awful horreur they proclaim around,
 Like frantick Bacchanals, and while they move, 755
 Possess with trembling all the sacred grove :

Their rifled leaves the tempest bore away,
 And their torn boughs scatter'd on all sides lay;
 The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
 A god triumphant in the hurricane, 760
 Till the wing'd wind, with an amazing cry,
 Deliver'd down the pressing deity,
 Whose thund'ring voice strange secrets did unfold,
 And wondrous things of worlds to come he told:
 But truths so veil'd in obscure eloquence, 765
 They' amuse the adoring crowd with double sense.

But by divine decree the Oak no more
 Declares security, as heretofore,
 With words or voice; yet to the list'ning wood
 Her differing murmurs still are understood; 770
 For sacred divinations, while they sound,
 Informs all but humanity around:
 Nor e'er did Dryas murmur awful truth
 More clear and plain from the prophetick mouth,
 Than when she spoke to the Chaonian wood, 775
 While all the groves with eager silence stood,
 And with erected leaves themselves dispose
 To listen to the language of her boughs.

" You see, O my Companions! that the gods
 Threaten a dire destruction to the woods, 780
 And to all humankind—The black portents
 Are seen of many sinister events;
 But lest their quick approach too much should press
 (O my astonish'd Nymphs!) your tenderness,

The gods command me to foretel your doom, 785

And prepossess ye with the fate to come :

With heedful rev'rence, then, their will observe,

And in your bark's deep chinks my words preserve.

Believe me, Nymphs! nor is your faith in vain, } 790

This Oaken trunk, in which conceal'd I am, } 790

From a long honour'd ancient lineage came,

Who in the fam'd Dodonean grove first spoke,

When with astonish'd awe the sacred valley shook.

Know then that Brutus, by unlucky fate

Murd'ring his sire, bore an immortal hate 795

To his own kingdom who's ungrateful shore

He leaves with vows ne'er to revisit more ;

Then to Epirus a sad exile came,

(Unhappy son, who hast a father slain,

But happy father of the British name.) } 800

There, by victorious arms, he did restore

Those sceptres, once the race of Priam bore ;

In their paternal thrones his kindred plac'd,

And by that piety his fatal crime defac'd.

There Jupiter disdain'd not to relate 805

Thoro' an Oaken mouth his future fate ;

Who for his grandfire's (great Æneas) sake,

Upon the royal youth will pity take ;

Whose toils to his shall this resemblance bear,

A long and tedious wand'ring to endure. 810

'Tis said the deity-retaining Oak,

Bursting her bark, thus to the hero spoke,

Whose voice the nymphs surpris'd with awful dread,
Who in Chaonian groves inhabited:"

' Oh ! noble Trojan ! of great Sylvia's blood, 815

' Haste from the covert of this threat'ning wood ;

' A mansion here the Fates will not permit,

' Vast toils and dangers thou 'rt to conquer yet,

' Ere for a murder'd father thou canst be

' Absolv'd, tho' innocently slain by thee, 820

' But much must bear by land, and much by sea. }

' Then arm thy solid mind, thy virtues raise, }

' And thro' thy rough adventures cut new ways. }

' Whose end shall crown thee with immortal bays. }

' Tho' Hercules so great a fame achiev'd, 825

' His conquests but to th' western Coasts arriv'd ;

' There finish'd all his glories and his toils,

' He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant spoils :

' But the great labours which thou hast begun,

' Must, fearless of the ocean's threats, go on : 830

' And this remember, at thy launching forth,

' To set thy full-spread sails against the North :

' In Charles's Wain thy fates are born above, }

' Bright stars, descended from thy grandfire Jove, }

' Of motion certain, tho' they slowly move. 835 }

' The Bear, too, shall assist thee in thy course

' With all her constellations' glittering force ;

' And as thou goest thy right-hand shall destroy

' Twice six Gorm'ritish tyrants in thy way.

‘ Tho’ exil’d from the world, disdain all fear, 840
 ‘ The gods another world for thee prepare,
 ‘ Which in the bosom of the deep conceal’d
 ‘ From ages past, shall be to thee reveal’d;
 ‘ Reserv’d, O Brutus! to renown thy fame,
 ‘ And shall be bless’d still with thy race and name.
 ‘ All that the air surrounds the Fates decree 846 }
 ‘ To Brutus’ and Æneas’ progeny, }
 ‘ Æneas all the land, and Brutus all the sea.’ }
 ‘ This said, the god from the prophetick Oak, 849
 Who, stretching out her branches, farther spoke :”
 ‘ Here, fill thy hands with acorns from my Tree, }
 ‘ Which in thy tedious toils of use shall be, }
 ‘ And witnesses of all I promise thee;
 ‘ And when thy painful wand’ring shall be o’er,
 ‘ And thou arriv’d on happy Britain’s shore, 855
 ‘ Then in her fruitful soil these acorns sow,
 ‘ Which to vast woods of mighty use shall grow :
 ‘ Not their Chaonian mother’s sacred name
 ‘ Shall o’er the world be sung with greater fame.
 ‘ Then holy Druids thou shalt consecrate, 860
 ‘ My honour and my rites to celebrate :
 ‘ Teutates in the sacred Oak shall grow,
 ‘ To give bless’d omens to the Mistletoe.’
 ‘ Thus spake the Oak——with rev’rend awe be-
 liev’d,
 And in no one prediction was deceiv’d. 865

My Lineage from Chaonian acorns came,
 I two descents from that first parent am,
 And now oraculous truths to you proclaim. }
 My grandame Oak her blooming beauties wore,
 When first the Danish fleet surpris'd our shore; 870
 When Thor and Tuisco, and the Saxon gods,
 Were angry with their once-belov'd abodes,
 Her age two hundred years a small account
 To what our longliv'd numbers do amount :
 Such prodigiēs then she saw as we behold, 875
 And such our ruins as their signs foretold.
 Now from the Caledonian mountains came
 New-risen clouds that cover'd all the plain;
 The quiet Tweēd regards her bounds no more,
 But, driv'n by popular winds, usurps the shore; 880
 In her wild course a horrid murmur yields,
 And frightens with her sound the English fields.
 Not did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
 Those raging prologues to approaching war;
 But silver show'rs did soon the foe subdue, 885
 Weapons the noble English never knew :
 The people, who for peace so lavish were,
 Did after buy the merchandise more dear.
 Curs'd Civil war ev'n Peace betray'd to guilt,
 And made her blush with the first blood was spilt. 890
 O cruel omens of those future woes,
 Which now sat brooding in the Senatehouse!

That den of mischief, where obscur'd she lies,
 And hides her purple face from human eyes.
 The working furies there lay unreveal'd, 895
 Beneath the privilege of the House conceal'd;
 There, by the malice of the great and proud,
 And unjust clamours of the frantick crowd,
 The great, the learned, Strafford met his fate;
 O sacred Innocence! what can expiate 900
 For guiltless blood but blood? and much must flow
 Both from the guilty and the faultless too.
 O Worcester! condemn'd by Fate to be
 The mournful witness of our misery,
 And to bewail our first intestine wars 905
 By thy soft Severn's murmurs and her tears;
 Wars that more formidable did appear
 Ev'n at their end than their beginnings were.
 Me to Kintonian hills * some god convey,
 That I the horrid valley may survey, 910
 Which like a river seem'd of human blood,
 Swell'd with the num'rous bodies of the dead.
 What slaughters makes fierce Rupert round the field,
 Whose conquests pious Charles with sighs beheld?
 And had not Fate the course of things forbade, 915
 This day an end of all our woes had made.
 But our success the angry gods control,
 And stopp'd our race of glory near the goal.

* Kcinton-fields. Edge hill.

Where'er the British empire did extend,
 The tyrant War with barb'rous rigour reign'd; 920
 From the remotest parts it rifled Peace,
 From the Belerian Horn * ev'n to the Orcades.
 The fields opprefs'd, no joyful harvests bear,
 War ruin'd all the product of the year :
 Unhappy Albion! by what fury stung? 925
 What serpent of Eumenides has flung
 His poison thro' thy veins? thou bleed'ft all o'er,
 Art all one wound, one universal gore.
 Unhappy Newberry! (I thy fatal field,
 Cover'd with mighty slaughters, thrice beheld,) 930
 In horrors you Philippi's fields outvy'd,
 Which twice the Civil gore of Romans dy'd.
 Long mutual losfs, and the alternate weight
 Of equal slaughters, pois'd each others' fate :
 Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro, 935
 And knew not where to fix the deadly blow ;
 At last in Northern fields like lightning broke,
 And Naseby doubled ev'ry fatal stroke.
 But, O ye Gods! permit me not to tell
 The woes that after this the land besel ; 940
 O keep 'em to yourselves, lest they should make
 Humanity your rites and shrines forsake :
 To future ages let 'em not be known,
 For wretched England's credit and your own.

* S. Burién, the uttermost point of Cornwall.

And take from me, ye Gods! futurity, 945
 And let my oracles all silent lie,
 Rather than by my voice they should declare
 The dire events of England's Civil war.
 And yet my sight a confus'd prospect fills,
 A chaos all deform'd, a heap of ills, 950
 Such as no mortal eyes could e'er behold,
 Such as no human language can unfold.
 But now——
 The conqu'ring evil Genius of the wars,
 The impious victor, all before him bears; 955
 And O,—behold the Sacred vanquish'd flies,
 And tho' in a plebeian's mean disguise,
 I know his godlike face; the monarch, sure,
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.
 But, O! he flies! distress'd, forlorn, he flies! 960
 And seeks his safety 'mong his enemies:
 His kingdoms all he finds hostile to be,
 No place to the vanquish'd proves a sanctu'ry.
 Thus Royal Charles——
 From his own people could no safety gain; 965
 Alas! the King (their guest) implores in vain.
 The pilot thus the burning vessel leaves,
 And trusts what most he fears, the threat'ning waves;
 But, O! the cruel flood, with rude disdain,
 Throws him all struggling to the flames again. 970
 So did the Scots; alas! what should they do?
 That prize of war (the soldiers' int'rest now)

By pray'rs and threat'nings back they strive to bring, }
 But the wife Scot will yield to no such thing, }
 And England, to retrieve him, buys her King. 975 }
 O, shame to future worlds! who did command,
 As pow'rful lord of all the sea and land,
 Is now a captive slave expos'd to sale,
 And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail.
 The servant his bought master bears away, 980
 O, shameful purchase of so glorious prey!
 But yet, O Scotland! far be it from me
 To charge thee wholly with this infamy;
 Thy nation's virtues shall reverse that fate,
 And for the criminal few shall expiate; 985
 Yet for these few the inn'cent rest must feel
 The dire effects of the avenging steel.

But now, by laws to God and man unknown,
 Their sovereign, God's anointed, they dethrone,
 Who to the Isle of Wight is pris'ner sent: 990
 What tongue, what cruel hearts, do not lament?
 That thee, O Scotland! with just anger moves,
 And Kent, who valued liberty so loves;
 And thee, O Wales! of still as noble fame,
 As were the ancient Britons whence ye came. 995
 But why should I distinctly here relate
 All I behold, the many battles fought
 Under the conduct still of angry stars,
 Their new-made wounds, and old ones turn'd to scars;

The blood that did the trembling Ribla dye, 1000
 Stopping its frighted stream, that strove to fly ?
 Or thou, O Medway ! swell'd with slaughters, borne
 Above the flow'ry banks that did thee once adorn ?
 Or why, O Colchester ! should I rehearse
 Thy brave united courage and thy force, 1005
 Or deaths of those illustrious men relate,
 Who did, with thee, deserve a kinder fate ?
 Or why the miserable murders tell
 Of captives who, by cooler malice, fell ?
 Nor to your griefs will the addition bring 1010
 The sad ideas of a martyr'd King ;
 A King who all the wounds of Fortune bore,
 Nor will his mournful funerals deplore,
 Lest that celestial piety (of fame 1014
 O'er all the world) should my sad accents blame ;
 Since death he still esteem'd, howe'er 't was giv'n,
 The greatest good and noblest gift of Heav'n.
 But I deplore man's wretched wickedness,
 (O horrid to be heard, or to express)
 Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment 1020
 With her eternal pains and punishment.
 But, oh ! what do I see ? alas ! they bring
 Their sacred master forth, their godlike King ;
 There on a scaffold, rais'd in solemn state,
 And plac'd before the royal palace-gate, 1025
 'Midst of his empire the black deed was done,
 While day, and all the world, were looking on.

By common hangman's hands."—Here stopp'd the
When from the bottom of its root there broke [Oak,
A thousand sighs, which to the sky she lifts, 1030
Bursting her solid bark into a thousand clefts;
Each branch her tributary sorrow gives,
And tears run trickling from her mournful leaves;
Such numbers after rainy nights they shed,
When show'ring clouds, that did surround her head,
Are by the rising goddess of the Morn 1036
Blown off, and fly before th' approaching sun;
At which the troop of the green nymphs around,
Echoing her sighs, in wailing accents groan'd,
Whose piercing sounds from far were understood,
And the loud tempest shook the wond'ring wood;
And then a dismal silence did succeed, 1042
As in the gloomy mansions of the dead:
But after a long awful interval
Dryas assum'd her sad prophetick tale. 1045
“ Now Britanny, o'erwhelm'd with many a wound,
Her head lopt off, in her own blood lies drown'd;
A horrid carcass, without mind or soul,
A trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul:
And now who would not hope there should have been,
After so much of death, a quiet scene? 1051
Or rather, with their Monarch's funeral,
Eternal sleep should not have seiz'd 'em all?
But nothing less; for in the room of one,
Who govern'd justly on his peaceful throne, 1055

A thousand heads sprang up, deform'd and base,
 With a tumultuous and ignoble race,
 The vile, the vulgar offspring of the earth;
 Infects of pois'nous kinds, of monstrous birth,
 And rav'nous serpents, now the land infest, 1060
 And Cromwell! viler yet than all the rest:
 That serpent ev'n upon the marrow preys,
 Devouring kingdoms with insatiate jaws.
 Now right and wrong (mere words) confounded lie;
 Rage sets no bounds to her impiety; 1065
 And having once transgress'd the rules of shame,
 Honour or justice counts an empty name.
 In ev'ry street, as pastime for the crowd,
 Erected scaffolds reek'd with noble blood;
 Prisons were now th' apartments of the brave, 1070
 Whom Tyranny commits, and only deaths retrieve;
 Whose paths were crowded ere the morning-dawn,
 Some to the dungeons, some to gibbets drawn.
 But tir'd-out Cruelty pauses for awhile,
 To take new breath amidst her barbarous toil. 1075
 So does not Avarice, she unwearied still,
 Ne'er stops her greedy hand from doing ill.
 The warrior may awhile his spear forsake,
 But sequestrators will no respite take.
 What a long race of kings laid up with care, 1080
 The gifts of happy Peace, and spoils of War;
 Whatever lib'ral Piety did present,
 Or the religion (all magnificent)

Of our forefathers to the church had giv'n,
 And consecrated to the Pow'rs of heav'n, 1085
 Altars, or whatfoe'er could guilty be
 Of tempting wealth, or fatal loyalty,
 Was not enough to satisfy the rage
 Of a few earth-begotten tyrants of the age :
 The impious rout thought it a trivial thing 1090
 To rob the houses of their God and King ;
 Their sacrilege, admitting of no bound,
 Rejoic'd to see 'em levell'd with the ground ;
 As if the nation (wicked and unjust)
 Had ev'n in ruin found a certain lust. 1095
 On ev'ry side the lab'ring hammers found,
 And strokes from mighty hatchets do rebound ;
 On ev'ry side the groaning earth sustains
 The pond'rous weight of stones and wondrous beams ;
 Fiercely they ply their work, with such a noise, 1100
 As if some mighty structure they would raise
 For the proud tyrant ; no, this clam'rous din
 Is not for building, but demolishing.
 — When (my Companions!) these sad things you see,
 And each beholds the dead beams of her parent Tree,
 Long since repos'd in palaces of kings, 1106
 Torn down by furious hands, as useless things,
 Then know your fate is come ; those hands that could
 From houses tear dead beams, and long-hewn wood,
 Those cruel hands, by unresisted force, 1110
 Will for your living trunks find no remorse.

Religion; which was great of old, commands
 No wood should be profan'd by impious hands;
 Those noble seminaries for the fleet,
 Plantations that make towns and cities great; 1115
 Those hopes of war, and ornaments of peace,
 Should live secure from any outrages,
 Which now the barb'rous conqu'ror will invade,
 'Tear up your roots, and rife all your shade;
 For gain they 'll fell you to the cov'tous buy'r, 1120
 A sacrifice to ev'ry common fire;
 They 'll spare no race of Trees of any age,
 But murder infant branches in their rage;
 Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes, shall be fell'd, 1125
 And ev'n the gray and rev'rend bark must yield:
 The soft, the murm'ring, troop shall be no more,
 No more with musick charm, as heretofore;
 No more each little bird shall build her house,
 And sing in her hereditary boughs,
 But only Philomel shall celebrate, 1130
 In mournful notes, a new unhappy fate:
 The banish'd Hamadryades must be gone,
 And take their flight with sad but silent moan;
 For a celestial being ne'er complains,
 Whatever be her grief, in noisy strains: 1135
 The wood-gods fly, and whither shall they go?
 Not all the British orb can scarce allow
 A trunk secure for them to rest in now. }

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,
 Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast; 1140
 She flakes her brandish'd steel, and still denies
 Length to immoderate rage and cruelties.
 Do not despond, my Nymphs! that wicked birth
 Th' avenging powers will chase from off the earth;
 Let 'em hew down the wood, destroy and burn, 1145
 And all the lofty groves to ashes turn,
 Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield
 Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,
 Where they may hang at last; and this kind one
 Shall then revenge the woods of all their wrong. 1150
 In the mean-time (for Fate not always shows
 A swift compliance to our wish and vows)
 The offspring of great Charles, forlorn and poor,
 And exil'd from their cruel native shore,
 Wander in foreign kingdoms, where in vain 1155
 They seek those aids, alas! they cannot gain;
 For still their pressing Fate pursues 'em hard,
 And scarce a place of refuge will afford.
 O pious son of such a holy fire!
 Who can enough thy fortitude admire? 1160
 How often, toss'd by storms of land and sea,
 Yet unconcern'd, thy fate thou didst survey,
 And her fatigues still underwent with joy? }
 O royal Youth! pursue thy just disdain,
 Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain, 1165

Till, tir'd with her injustice, she give out,
And leaves her giddy wheel for thee to turn about.

Then that great sceptre, which no human hand
From the tenacious tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold Ufurper to adorn, 1170
Shall, ripe and falling, to thy hand be borne.

But, O! he rouses now before his time!
Illustrious Youth! whose brav'ry is a crime,
Alas! what wilt thou do? Ah! why so fast?
The dice of Fate, alas! not yet are cast. 1175

While thou, all fire, fearless of future harms,
And prodigal of life, assum'dst thy arms,
And even provoking Fame, he cuts his way
Thro' hostile fleets and a rude winter's sea:
But neither shall his daring course oppose; 1180

Ev'n to those shores, so very late his foes,
And still to be suspected; but, mean-while,
The Oliverian demons of the isle,
With all Hell's deities, with fury burn,
To see great Charles preparing to return; 1185

They call up all their winds of dreadful force,
In vain, to stop his sacred vessel's course:
In vain their storms a ruin do prepare
For what Fate means to take peculiar care,
And, trembling, find great Cæsar safe at land, 1190
By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's hand.

But, Scotland! you your King recall in vain,
While you your unchang'd principles retain;

But yet the time shall come when some small share
 Of glory that great honour shall confer; 1195
 When you a conqu'ring hero forth shall guide,
 While Heav'n and all the stars are on his side,
 Who shall the exil'd King in peace recall,
 And England's Genius be esteem'd by all:
 But this, not yet, my Nymphs!—But now 's the time
 When the illustrious heir of Fergus' line, 1205
 From full a hundred kings shall mount the throne,
 Who now the temple enters, and at Scone,
 After the ancient manner, he receives the crown; }
 But, oh! with no auspicious omens done; 1205
 The left-hand of the kingdom put it on.

But now th' insulting conqueror draws nigh,
 Disturbing the august solemnity;
 When with revenge and indignation fir'd,
 And by a father's murder well inspir'd, 1210
 The brave, the royal, youth for war prepares;
 O heir most worthy of thy hundred-sceptred ance-
 With thoughts all glorious now he sallies forth, [stars.
 Nor will he trust his fortune in the North,
 That corner of his realms, nor will his haste 1215
 Lazily wait till coming winter 's past;
 He scorns that aid, nor will he hope t' oppose
 High mountains 'gainst the fury of his foes,
 Nor their surrounding force will here engage,
 Or stay the pressures of a shameful siege; 1220

But boldly farther on resolves t' advance,
 And give a gen'rous loose to Fortune's chance,
 And shut from distant Tay, he does essay
 To Thames ev'n with his death to force his way ;
 Behind he leaves his trembling enemies 1225
 Amaz'd at his stupendous enterprife.

And now the wish'd-for happy day appears,
 Sought for so long by Britain's pray'rs and tears ;
 The King returns, and, with a mighty hand,
 A vow'd revenger of his native land, 1230
 And thro' a thousand dangers and extremes,
 Marches a conqu'ror to Sabrina's streams ;
 (Ah ! would to Heav'n Sabrina had been Thames.) }
 So wish'd the King, but the persuasive force
 Of kind mistaken councils stopp'd his course. 1235

Now, warlike England ! rouse at these alarms,
 Provide your horses, and assume your arms,
 And fall on the Usurper : now for shame,
 If piety be not pretence and name,
 Advance the work Heav'n has so well begun, 1240
 Revenge the Father, and restore the son :
 No more let that old cant destructive be,
 Religion, Liberty, and Property :
 No longer let that dearbought cheat delude,
 (O you too credulous senseless multitude !)
 Words only form'd more eas'ly to enslave, 1245
 By every popular and pretending knave :

But now your bleeding land expects you should
 Be wise at the expence of so much blood :
 Rouse then ! and with awaken'd sense prepare
 To reap the glory of this holy war, 1251 }
 In which your King and Heav'n have equal share : }
 His right divine let ev'ry voice proclaim,
 And a just ardour every soul inflame.

But England's evil Genius, watchful still 1255
 To ruin Virtue, and encourage ill ;
 Industrious, ev'n as Cromwell, to subvert
 Honour and loyalty in every heart,
 A baneful drug of fourfold poison makes,
 And an infernal sleepy asp he takes 1260
 Of cold and fearful nature, adds to this
 Opium, that binds the nerves with laziness,
 Mix'd with the venom of vile avarice ; }
 Which all the spirits benumb, as when ye' approach
 The chilling wonderful torpedo's touch : 1265
 Next drops from Lethe's stream he does infuse,
 And ev'ry breast besprinkles with the juice,
 Till a deep lethargy o'er all Britain came,
 Who now forget their safety and their fame.
 Yet still great Charles's valour stood the test, 1270
 By Fortune tho' forsaken and oppress'd,
 Witness the purple-dy'd Sabrina's stream,
 And the Red Hill. not call'd so now in vain ;
 And, Worc'ster ! thou, who didst the misery bear,
 And saw'st the end of a long fatal war. 1275

The King, tho' vanquish'd, still his fate outbraves,
 And was the last the captiv'd city leaves;
 Which from the neighb'ring hills he does survey,
 Where round about his bleeding numbers lay:
 He saw 'em rified by th' insulting foe, 1280
 And sighs for those he cannot rescue now;
 But yet his troops will rally once again,
 Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the plain;
 Disdain and Anger now resolves to try
 How to repair this day's fatality. 1285 }
 The King has sworn to conquer or to die.
 Darby and Wilmot, chiefs of mighty fame,
 With that bold lovely youth, great Buckingham!
 Fiercer than lightning, to his monarch dear,
 That brave Achates, worth Æneas' care, 1290
 Applaud his great resolve! there's no delay,
 But toward the foe in haste they take their way,
 Not by vain hopes of a new vict'ry fir'd,
 But by a kind despair alone inspir'd: 1294
 This was the King's resolve, and those great few
 Whom glory taught to die, as well as to subdue;
 Who knew that death and the reposing grave
 No foes, were to the wretched or the brave.

But, oh! this noble courage did not rest
 In each ungen'rous unconsidering breast; 1300
 They fearfully forsake their general,
 Who now in vain the flying cowards call;

Deaf to his voice, will no obedience yield,
But in their hasty flight scour o'er the dreadful field.

O vainly gallant Youth! what pitying god 1305
Shall free thee from this soul-oppressing load
Of grief and shame? abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd slaves, whom thou hast fed and paid;
Press'd with more woes than mortal force could bear,
And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe: 1310
But yet that God——

To whom no wouder's are impossible,
Will, to preserve thee, work a miracle,
And for the sacred father's martyrdom
Will, with a crown, reward the injur'd son; 1315
While thou, great Charles! with a prevailing pray'r
Dost to the gods commend the safety of thy heir,
And the celestial court of pow'rs divine,
With one consent, do in the chorus join.

But why, O why, must I reveal the doom 1320
(O my Companions!) of the years to come?
And why divulge the mysteries that lie
Enroll'd long since in heav'n's vast treasury,
In characters which no dreamer can unfold,
Nor ever yet prophetick rapture told; 1325
Nor the small fibres of the victim'd beast,
Or birds which sacred aug'ries have express'd;
No stars, or any divination shows,
Made mystick by the murmurs of the boughs?

Yet I must on, with a divine presage, 1330
 And tell the wonders of the coming age.
 In that far part where the rich Salop gains
 An ample view o'er all the western plains,
 A grove appears, which Boscobel they name,
 Not known to maps, a grove of scanty fame, 1335
 Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
 But it enjoys itself in its own solitude;
 And yet henceforth no celebrated shade,
 Of all the British groves, shall be more glorious made.
 Near this obscure and destin'd happy wood, 1340
 A sacred house of lucky omen stood,
 White-Lady call'd; and old records relate
 'Twas once—
 To men of holy orders consecrate;
 But to a king a refuge now is made, 1345
 The first that gives a wearied monarch bread;
 O, present of a wondrous excellence!
 That can relieve the hunger of a prince:
 Fortune shall here a better face put on,
 And here the King shall first the king lay down; 1350
 Here he dismisses all his mourning friends,
 Whom to their kinder stars he recommends;
 With eyes all drown'd in tears their fate to see,
 But unconcern'd at his own destiny:
 Here he puts off those ornaments he wore 1355
 Thro' all the splendour of his life before;

Ev'n his Blue Garter now he will discharge,
 Nor keep the warlike figure of St. George;
 That holy champion now is vanquish'd quite;
 Alas! the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight; 1360
 His crown, that toilsome weight of glory, now
 Divests awhile from his more easy brow;
 And all those charming curls that did adorn
 His royal head——those jetty curls, are shorn:
 Himself he clothes in a coarse ruffet weed; 1365
 Nor was the poor man feign'd, but so indeed.
 And now the greatest king the world e'er saw
 Is subject to the house's ancient law;
 (A convent once, which poverty did profess,
 Here he puts off all worldly pomp and dress) 1370
 And, like a Monk, a sad adieu he takes
 Of all his friends, and the false world forfakes:
 But yet, ere long, even this humble state,
 Alas! shall be deny'd him by his Fate; 1374
 She drives him forth even from this mean abode,
 Who wanders now a hermit in the wood,
 Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his food. }

The dark and lonely shade conceals the King,
 Who feeds on flow'rs, and drinks the murm'ring
 spring;
 More happy here than on a restless throne, 1380
 Could he but call those shades and springs his own:
 No longer Fate will that repose allow,
 Who even of earth itself deprives him now;

A Tree will hardly here a feat afford,
Amidst her boughs, to her abandon'd lord. 1385

Then (O my Nymphs!) you who your monarch
To save your darling hasten to that grove; [love,
(Nor think I vain propheticks do express)
In silence let each nymph her trunk possess;
O'er all the woods and plains let not a Tree 1390
Be uninhabited by a deity,

While I the largest forest Oak inspire,
And with you to this leafy court retire;
There keep a faithful watch each night and day, }
And with erected heads the fields survey, 1395 }
Lest any impious soldier pass that way,
And should profanely touch that pledge of Heav'n,
Which to our guarding shade in charge was giv'n.
Here then, my Nymphs! your King you shall receive,
And safety in your darkest coverts give. 1400

But, ha! what rustick swain is that I see
Sleeping beneath the shade of yonder Tree,
Upon whose knotty root he leans his head,
And on the mossy ground has made his bed?
And why alone? alas! some spy, I fear, 1405
For only such a wretch would wander here;
Who even the winds and show'rs of rain defies,
Outdaring all the anger of the skies.
Observe his face, see his disorder'd hair
Is ruffled by the tempest-beaten air; 1410
Yet look what tracks of grief have ag'd his face,
Where hardly twenty years have run their race,

Worn out with num'rous toils; and even in sleep
 Sighs seem to heave his breast, his eyes to weep.
 Nor is that colour of his face his own, 141 }
 That footy veil, for some disguise put on, }
 To keep the nobler part from being known; }
 For, 'midst of all—something of sacred light }
 Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring sight, }
 And now—arises to my view more bright. 142 }
 Ha!—can my eyes deceive me, or am I
 At last no true prefaging deity?
 Yet if I am, that wretched rustick thing,
 O Heav'ns, and all your Powers! must be the King.
 —Yes, 't is the King! his image all divine 1425
 Breaks thro' that cloud of darkness; and a shine
 Gilds all the footy visor!—but, alas!
 Who is it approaches him with such a pace?
 O—'t is no traitor; the just gods, I find,
 Have still a pitying care of humankind. 1430
 This is the gallant, loyal Careless! thrown
 (By the same wreck by which the King's undone)
 Beneath our shades; he comes in pious care, }
 (O happy Man! than Cromwell happier far }
 On whom ill Fate this honour does confer) 1435 }
 He tells the King the woods are overspread
 With villains arm'd, to search that prize, his head,
 Now poorly set to sale.—The foe is nigh,
 What shall they do? ah! whither shall they fly?

They from the danger hasty counsel took, 1440
 And, by some god inspir'd, ascend my Oak;
 My Oak, the largest in the faithful wood,
 Whom to receive I my glad branches bow'd,
 And for the King a throne prepar'd, and spread
 My thickest leaves a canopy o'er his head; 1445
 The Mistletoe commanded to ascend,
 Around his sacred person to attend,
 (Oh, happy omen!) straight it did obey,
 The sacred Mistletoe attends with joy:
 Here without fear their prostrate heads they bow,
 The King is safe beneath my shelter now; 1450
 And you, my Nymphs! with awful silence may
 Your adorations to your sovereign pay,
 And cry, All hail! thou most lov'd of Heav'n,
 To whom its chiefest attributes are giv'n; 1455
 But, above all, that godlike fortitude
 That has the malice of thy Fate subdu'd.
 All hail!
 Thou greatest now of kings indeed, while yet
 With all the miseries of life beset, 1460
 Thy mighty mind could death nor danger fear,
 Nor yet even then of safety could despair.
 This is the virtue of a monarch's soul,
 Who above Fortune's reach can all her turns control;
 Thus, if Fate rob you of your empire's sway, 1465
 You by this fortitude take her's away;

O brave reprisal! which the gods prefer,
That makes you triumph o'er the conqueror:
The gods, who one day will this justice do,
Both make you victor and triumpher too! 1470
That day's at hand, O let that day come on,
Wherein that wondrous miracle shall be shown;
May its gay morn be more than usual bright,
And rise upon the world with new-created light:
Or let that star, whose dazzling beams were hurl'd
Upon his birthday, now inform the world; 1475
That brave bold constellation, which in sight
Of mid-day's sun durst lift its lamp of light:
Now, happy Star! again at mid-day rise,
And with new prodigies adorn the skies; 1480
Great Charles again is born; Monk's valiant hand
At last delivers the long lab'ring land.
This is the month, great Prince! must bring you forth;
May pays her fragrant tributes at your birth;
This is the month that's due to you by Fate; 1485
O month most glorious! month most fortunate!
When you between your royal brothers rode,
Amidst your shining train, attended like some god,
One would believe that all the world were met
To pay their homage at your sacred feet; 1490
The wand'ring gazers numberless as these,
Or as the leaves on the vast forest Trees:
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud din
Resounds to heav'n; and then, Long live the King.

And sure the shouts of their reecho'd joys 1495
 Reach'd to the utmost bounds of distant seas,
 Borne by the flying winds thro' yielding air,
 And strike the foreign shores with awful fear.
 O 't is a wondrous pleasure to be mad ;
 Such frantick turns our nation oft' has had : 1500
 Permit it now, ye Stoicks ! ne'er till now
 The frenzy you more justly might allow,
 Since 't is a joyful fit that ends the fears,
 And wretched fury of so many years.
 Nor will the Night her sable wings display 1505
 T' obscure the lustre of so bright a day ;
 At least the much-transported multitude
 Permits not the dark goddess to intrude ;
 The whole isle seem'd to burn with joyful flames,
 Whose rays gilt all the face of neighb'ring Thames.
 But how shall I express the vulgar's joys, 1510
 Their songs, their feasts, their laughter, and their cries ?
 How fountains run with the Vine's precious juice,
 And such the flowing rivers should produce !
 Their streams the richest nectar should afford ; 1515
 The Golden Age seems now again restor'd.
 See—smiling Peace does her bright face display, }
 Down thro' the air serene she cuts her way, }
 Expels the clouds, and rises on the day :
 Long exil'd from our shores, new joy she brings,
 Embracing Albion with her snowy wings ; 1520

Nor comes she unattended, but a throng
 Of noble British matrons brings along;
 Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,
 Religion, long since fled with Loyalty, 1525 }
 And in a decent garb the lovely Piety;
 Justice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly,
 Learning, fine Arts, and gen'rous Liberty:
 Bless'd Liberty! thou fairest in the train,
 And most esteem'd in a just prince's reign. 1530

With these, as lov'd, great Mary, too, return'd,
 In her own country who long exile mourn'd.
 You, royal Mother! you, whose only crime
 Was loving Charles, and sharing woes with him;
 Now Heav'n repays, tho' slow, yet just and true,
 For him revenge, and just rewards for you. 1536

Hail, mighty Queen! form'd by the pow'rs divine,
 The shame of our weak sex, and pride of thine;
 How well have you in either fortune shown?
 In either, still your mind was all your own: 1540
 The giddy world roll'd round you long in vain,
 Who fix'd in virtue's centre still remain.

And now, just Prince! thou thy great mind shalt
 To the true weighty office of a king. [bring
 The gaping wounds of War thy hand shall cure, 1545
 Thy royal hand, gentle alike, and sure!
 And by insensible degrees efface
 Of foregone ills the very scars and trace;

Force to the injur'd law thou shalt restore,
 And all that majesty in Majesty it own'd before.
 Thou long-corrupted manners shalt reclaim, 1551
 And faith and honour of the English name.
 Thus long-neglected gardens entertain
 Their banish'd master when return'd again:
 All overrun with weeds he finds, but soon 1555
 Luxuriant branches carefully will prune;
 The weaken'd arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,
 And with kind bands sustain the loosen'd sprays.
 Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
 And with his art and skill make all things new;
 A work immense, yet sweet, and which in future
 days, 1561 }
 When the fair Trees their blooming glories raise,
 The happy gard'ner's labour overpays. }
 Cities and towns, great Prince! thy gardens, be
 With labour cultivated worthy thee. 1565
 In decent order thou dost all dispose;
 Nor are the woods nor rural groves disdain'd;
 He who our wants, who all our breaches knows,
 He all our drooping fortunes has sustain'd.
 As young colonies of Trees thou dost replace
 I' th' empty realms of our arboreal race, 1571 }
 Nay, dost our reign extend to future days,
 And bless'd Posterity, supinely laid,
 Shall feast and revel underneath thy shade,

And yet what fond ambition spurs you on?
 You dare attempt to make the seas your own;
 O'er the vast ocean, which no limit knows,
 The narrow laws of ponds and fens impose:
 But Charles his lively valour this defies, 1605
 And this the sturdy British Oak denies.
 O'er empty seas the fierce Batavian fleet
 Sings triumphs, while there was no foe to meet.
 But fear not, Belgian! he'll not tarry long,
 He'll soon be here, and interrupt thy song; 1610
 Too late thou'lt of thy hasty joys complain,
 And to thy native shores look back in vain.
 Great James, as soon as the first whisper came,
 Prodigal of his life, and greedy but of fame,
 With eager haste returns, as fast as they, 1615
 After the dreadful fight, will run away.

And now the joyful English from afar,
 Approaching saw the floating Belgian war.
 Hark, what a shout they give! like those who come
 From long East-India voyage rich laden home, 1620
 When first they make the happy British land,
 The dear white rocks, and Albion's chalky strand.
 The way to all the rest brave Rupert show'd,
 And thro' their fleet cuts out his flaming road;
 Rupert! who now had stubborn Fate inclin'd, 1625
 Heav'n on his side engaging and the wind,
 Famous by land and sea, whose valour soon
 Blunts both the Horns of the Batavian Moon.

Next comes illustrious James, and, where he goes,
 To cowards leaves the crowd of vulgar foes: 1630
 To th' Royal Sov'reign's deck he seems to grow,
 Shakes his broadsword, and seeks an equal foe:
 Nor did bold Opdam's mighty mind refuse
 The dreadful honour which 't was death to chuse:
 Both Admirals with haste for fight prepare, 1635
 The rest might stand and gaze, themselves a war.

O whither, whither, Opdam! dost thou fly? }
 Can this rash valour please the Pow'rs on high? }
 It can't, it won't—or wouldst thou proudly die }
 By such a mighty hand? No, Opdam! no: 1640
 Thy fate 's to perish by a nobler foe.

Heav'n only, Opdam! shall thy conqu'ror be,
 A labour worth its while to conquer thee:
 Heav'n shall be there to guard its best lov'd house,
 And just revenge inflict on all your broken vows.
 The mighty ship a hundred cannons bore, 1646
 A hundred cannons which like thunder roar;
 Six times as many men in shivers torn,
 Ere one broadside or single shot it had borne,
 Is with a horrid crack blown up to the sky 1650
 In smoke and flames o'er all the ocean nigh;
 Torn half-burnt limbs of ships, and seamen, scat- }
 ter'd lie. }

Whether a real bolt from Heav'n was thrown
 Among the guilty wretches is not known,

Tho' likely 't is; Amboyna's wickedness, 1655
 And broken peace and oaths, deserv'd no less;
 Or whether fatal gunpowder it were,
 By some unlucky spark enkindled there;
 Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the rod,
 The fiery shaft of an avenging God. 1660
 The flaming wreck the hissing deep floats o'er,
 Far, far away, almost to either shore,
 Which ev'n from pious foes would pity draw,
 A trembling pity, mix'd with dreadful awe;
 But pity yet scarce any room can find; 1665
 What noise, what horreur, still remains behind?
 On either side does wild Confusion reign,
 Ship grapples ship, and sink into the main.
 The Orange, careless of lost Opdam's fate,
 Worthy to perish at the selfsame rate, 1670
 Will next t' attack victorious James prepare,
 But English guns sufficient thunder bear;
 By English guns, and human fire o'erpow'r'd,
 'Tis quickly in the hissing waves devour'd. 1674
 Three ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,
 None of whose baser names the goddesses knew,
 As many more the Dolphin did subdue. }
 Their decks in show'rs of kindled sulphur steep,
 And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
 So burns a city, storm'd and fir'd by night, 1680
 The shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful light;

Such dusky globes of flame around 'em broke,
Thro' the dark shadow of the guns and smoke.

Can fire in water then such license claim?

Justly the water hides itself for shame; 1685

The dreadful wreck outstretching far away,
Vast ruins o'er its trembling bosom lay:

Here masts and rudders from their vessels torn,

There sails and flags across the waves are borne;

A thousand floating bodies there appear, 1690

As many half-dead men lie groaning here.

If any where the sea itself is reveal'd,

With horrid purple tracks the azure wave's conceal'd.

All sunk or took, 't were tedious to relate,

And all the sad variety of Fate 1695

One day produces—With what art and skill

Ev'n Chance, ingenious, seems to save or kill,

To spare or to torment, whoe'er she will!

The vulgar deaths, below the Muse to heed,

Not only faith, but number, too, exceed. 1700

Three noble youths, by the same sudden death,

A brave example to the world bequeath;

Fam'd for high birth, but merits yet more high;

All at one fatal moment's warning die,

Torn by one shot; almost one body they, 1705

Three brothers in one death confounded lay.

Who would not Fortune harsh and barb'rous call?

Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal;

For next to these—I tremble still with fear,
 My joy 's disturb'd while such a danger near; 1710
 Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,
 Stunn'd with the blow, and sprinkled with their blood.
 Fiercer he presses on, while they retir'd;
 He presses on, with grief and anger fir'd.
 Nor longer can the Belgian force engage 1715
 The English valour, warm'd with double rage;
 Breaks with their losses and a cause so ill;
 Their shatter'd fleet all the wide ocean fill,
 Till trembling Rhine opens his harbours wide,
 Seeing the wretches from our thunder fly; 1720
 From our hot chase their shatter'd fleet he 'd hide,
 And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by."
 In sacred rage the Dryad this reveal'd,
 Yet many future wondrous things conceal'd:
 But this to grace some future bard will serve,
 For better poets this the gods reserve. 1726

End of the Sixth Book.

DAVIDEIS:
A SACRED POEM OF THE
TROUBLES OF DAVID.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

*Me verno primum dulces ante omnia Muses,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, Cœliq; vias ac sidera monstrent.* VIRG. Georg. II.

BOOK I.

The Contents.

THE proposition. The invocation. The entrance into the history, from a new agreement between Saul and David. A description of Hell. The Devil's speech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself, after she was vanished. A description of Heaven. God's speech. He sends an angel to David. The angel's message to him. David sent for to play before Saul. A digression concerning musick. David's Psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence, being pursued by the King's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michol he escapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's speech and rage at his escape. A long digression, describing the Prophet's College, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophecy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the Book.

I SING the Man who Judah's sceptre bore
In that right-hand which held the crook before;
Who from best poet, best of kings did grow,
The two chief gifts Heav'n could on man bestow.

Much danger first, much toil, did he sustain, 5
 Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain;
 Nor did his crown less painful work afford,
 Less exercise his patience or his sword;
 So long her conqu'ror Fortune's spite pursu'd,
 Till with unwearied virtue he subdu'd 10
 All homebred malice and all foreign boasts;
 Their strength was armies, his the Lord of Hosts.
 Thou who didst David's royal stem adorn (*a*),
 And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born;
 Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear, 15
 And flew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,
 Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
 The glorious light he forfeited of old;
 Who, Heav'n's glad burden now, and justest pride,
 Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side, 20
 (Where hallowed flames help to adorn that head
 Which once the blushing thorns environed,
 Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down,
 Like rubies, to enrich thine humble crown)
 Ev'n thou my breast with such bless'd rage inspire, 25
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre;
 Guide my bold steps with thine old trav'ling flame (*b*),
 In these untrodden paths to sacred fame;
 Lo! with pure hands thy heav'nly fires to take,
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make! 30
 From earth's vain joys, and love's soft witchcraft free,
 I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!

(*a*) John. viii. 58.(*b*) Exod. xiii. 21.

Lo ! this great work, a temple to thy praise,
 On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise !
 A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell, 35
 It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.

Too long the Muses' land hath Heathen been ;
 Their gods too long were devils, and virtues sin ;
 But thou, Eternal Word, hast call'd forth me,
 Th' apostle to convert that world to thee ; 40
 T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
 And teach that truth is truest poesy.

The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,
 O'ercome by constant virtue and success ;
 He grew at last more weary to command 45
 New dangers, than young David to withstand,
 Or conquer them ; he fear'd his mast'ring fate,
 And envy'd him a king's unpow'rful hate.
 Well did he know how palms by' oppression speed,
 Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed ; 50
 The burden lifts them higher : well did he know
 How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow
 By unjust force : he now with wanton play
 Kisses the smiling banks and glides away ;
 But his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar, 55
 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore :
 His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
 And troops of waves come rolling from afar :
 Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
 And overruns the neighb'ring fields with violent
 course. 60

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought
 His wounded mind to health and temper brought :
 He old kind vows to David did renew,
 Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.
 A general joy at this glad news appear'd, 65
 For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
 Angels and men did peace and David love,
 But Hell did neither him nor that approve :
 From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
 And quiet here does there new business make. 70

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
 Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
 Gold, which above more influence has than he ;
 Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests lie, 75
 And infant winds their tender voices try ;
 Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
 Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
 Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep ; 80
 There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,
 Which genuine night and horrouer does o'erflow ;
 No bound controls th' unwearied space, but Hell
 Endless, as those dire pains that in it dwell.
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face 85
 Strikes thro' the solid darkness of the place ;
 No dawning morn does her kind reds display ;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the day ;

No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
 Offend the ty'rannous and unquestion'd Night; 90
 Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
 Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
 Once general of a gilded host of sprights,
 Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled Nights;
 But down like light'ning, which him struck, he came,
 And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame: 96
 Myriads of sp'rits fell wounded round him there;
 With dropping lights thick shone the linged air;
 Since when the dismal solace of their wo
 Has only been weak mankind to undo; 100
 Themselves at first against themselves they' excite,
 (Their dearest conquest, and most proud delight)
 And if those mines of secret treason fail,
 With open force man's virtue they assail;
 Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy, 105
 And where their poisons miss the sword employ.
 Thus fought the tyrant fiend young David's fall,
 And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'rful rage of Saul:
 Hefaw the beauties of his shape and face,
 His female sweetness, and his manly grace (c), 110
 He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,
 Great gifts, which for great works he knew design'd;
 He saw (t'ashame the strength of man and hell (d),
 How by his young hands their Gathite champion fell;

(c) 1 Sam xvi. 12. (d) 1 Sam. xvii.

He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed 115
 The royal drops round his enlarged head (*e*),
 And well he knew what legacy did place
 The sacred sceptre in blest'd Judah's race (*f*),
 From which th' Eternal Shilo was to spring,
 A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring; 120
 And tho' no less he knew himself too weak
 The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
 Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain,
 Lov'd to rebel, tho' sure that it was in vain.
 And now it broke his form'd design, to find 125
 The gentle change of Saul's recov'ring mind:
 He trusted much in Saul; and rag'd and griev'd
 (The great deceiver) to be himself deceiv'd.
 Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
 And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll: 130
 His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the night,
 And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright.
 A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
 And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound.

"Are we such nothings, then?" said he; "our will
 "Cross'd by a shepherd's boy? and you yet still 136
 "Play with your idle serpents here? Dares none
 "Attempt what becomes furies? are ye grown
 "Benumb'd with fear, or virtue's sprightless cold,
 "You who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold?
 "Oh, my ill chang'd condition! oh, my fate! 141
 "Did I lose heav'n for this?"

(*e*) 1 Sam. xvi. 13. (*f*) Gen. xlix. 10.

With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,
 And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.
 The quaking pow'rs of Night stood in amaze, 145
 And at each other first could only gaze:
 A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
 Doubling the native terrour of Hell's face;
 Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
 So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore; 150
 No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,
 The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
 Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
 Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin 155
 Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;
 And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
 Upon her panting heart both night and day,
 Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
 Both night and day they left fresh poisons there. 160
 Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
 And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
 A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim
 Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
 With which when she was drunk she furious grew,
 And lash'd herself. Thus from the accursed crew 166
 Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
 Envy! good only when she herself torments.

“Spend not, great King! thy precious rage,” said
 “Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we [she,

- " The glory of our wrath to him afford? 175
 " Are we not furies still? and you our lord?
 " At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,
 " And frighted Nature her own laws forsake.
 " Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
 " And thunder echo it to the trembling sky; 176
 " Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
 " As shall the fire's proud element affright.
 " Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,
 " Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day; 180
 " The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
 " And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
 " Heav'n's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
 " Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere;
 " Nay, their God, too,—for fear he did, when we
 " Took noble arms against his tyranny, 186
 " So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
 " That triumphs they deserve for their defeat:
 " There was a day! oh, might I see 't again,
 " Tho' he had fiercer flames to thrust us in! 190
 " And can such pow'rs be by a child withstood?
 " Will flings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
 " What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
 " And giants, could not, that my word shall do:
 " I'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new love
 " (But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,
 " Before their sun twice more be gone about, 197
 " I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.

“ By me Cain offer'd up his brother's gore (g),
 “ A sacrifice far worse than that before; 200
 “ I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
 “ At once his murder and his monument,
 “ And laugh to see (for 't was a goodly show)
 “ The earth by her first tiller (b) fatt'ned so.
 “ I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea (i); 205
 “ He and his host drank up cold death by me :
 “ By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took (k),
 “ And Moses (curse upon that name!) forfook :
 “ Hither (ye know) almost alive he came 209
 “ Thro' the cleft earth (l); our's was his fun'ral flame.
 “ By me—But I lose time, methinks, and should
 “ Perform new acts, whilst I relate the old;
 “ David's the next our fury must enjoy ;
 “ 'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, Boy !
 “ No ; if he do, may the whole world have peace ;
 “ May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease, 216
 “ And, banish'd from this potent court below,
 “ May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow.”

She spoke ; all star'd at first, and made a pause ;
 But straight the general murmur of applause 220
 Ran thro' Deaths courts; she frown'd still, and begun
 To envy at the praise herself had won.
 Great Belzebub starts from his burning throne
 To' embrace the fiend ; but she, now furious grown

(g) Gen. iv. 8. (b) Gen. iv. 2. (i) Exod. xiv. 23.
 (k) Num. xvi. 1. (l) Ib. ver. 31.

To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;
The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured. 226

It was the time when silent Night began
To' enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;
And Saul himself, tho' in his troubled breast
The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest: 230

So did not Envy, but with haste arose,
And as thro' Israel's stately towns she goes, [she,
She frowns and shakes her head; "Shine on," says
"Ruins ere long shall your sole mon'ments be."

The silver moon with terrour paler grew, 235
And neighb'ring Hermon sweated flow'ry dew;
Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:

Lo! at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook,
And nimbly there the rev'rend shape she took 240
Of Father Benjamin; so long her beard,
So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd;
Just like his statue which bestrid Saul's gate,
And seem'd to guard the race it did create.

In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's side,
And thus her words the sacred form bely'd. 246

"Arise, lost King of Israel; can'st thou lie
"Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?
"If King thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet
"Sit not on Israel's throne, and shall he fit? 250
"Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
"From the mild brickhills' nobler slavery?"

- " For this did seas your pow'rful rod obey ?
 " Did wonders guide and feed you on your way ?
 " Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
 " You who can serve a boy and minstrel here ? 256
 " Forbid it God, if thou be'st just ; this shame
 " Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's name.
 " Why was I else from Canaan's famine led (*m*) ?
 " Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead, 260
 " Ere my full loins discharg'd this num'rous race,
 " This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their disgrace !
 " Ah, Saul ! thy servant's vassal must thou live ?
 " Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give ? 264
 " What wants he now but that ? Canst thou forget
 " (If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met
 " The youth with songs ? Alas ! poor Monarch ! you
 " Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew (*n*) !
 " Him Israel loves, him neighb'ring countries fear ;
 " You but the name and empty title bear : 270
 " And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court,
 " The court that must be his, where he shall sport
 " Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,
 " Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told
 " This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he 275
 " With bold false threats from God affronted thee (*o*) ?
 " The dotard ly'd ; God said it not, I know ;
 " Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.

(*m*) Gen. xlv. 1. (*n*) 1. Sam. xviii, 7. (*o*) 1. Sam. xiii. 13.

- " Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
 " Exact the royal lot (*p*), and call it forth? 280
 " Haft thou not since (my best and greatest Son)
 " To him, and to his perishing nation, done
 " Such lasting benefits as may justly claim
 " A sceptre as eternal as thy fame?
 " Poor Prince! whom madmen, priests, and boys,
 invade! 285
 " By thine own flesh, thy ingrateful son, betray'd!
 " Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
 " By Friendship's name against a crown and thee!
 " Betray not, too, thyself: take courage, call 289
 " Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
 " Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,
 " Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and eyes:
 " Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy
 " Survives, the priv'lege of their graves enjoy. 294
 " Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath
 " Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death.
 " Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 't is only he
 " That has boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee.
 " A earth's low globe robs the high moon of light,
 " When this eclipse is past thy fate's all bright. 300
 " Trust me, dear Son! and credit what I tell;
 " I've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.
 " Hence fears, and dull delays. Is not thy breast
 " (Yes, Saul! it is) with noble thoughts possess'd?

(*p*) 1. Sam. x. 23.

“ May they beget like acts.” With that she takes
One of her worst, her best beloved snakes; 306

“ Softly, dear Worm! soft and unseen,” said she,
“ Into his bosom steal, and in it be

“ My viceroy.” At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night. 310

Th' infected king leap'd from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear
And his distracted fancy painted there.

Terrour froze up his hair, and on his face 315
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace;

Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet, he cries, “ Oh! 't is confes'd;

“ I've been a pious fool, a woman-king;

“ Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing. 320

“ Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,

“ So unconcern'd, as my lethargick sleep;

“ My patience ev'n a sacrilege becomes,

“ Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.

“ Ah! Benjamin! kind Father! who for me 325

“ This cursed world endur'st again to see!

“ All thou hast said, great Vision! is so true, [do.

“ That all which thou command'st, and more, I'll

“ Kill him? yes, mighty Ghost! the wretch shall die (g),

“ Tho' ev'ry star in heav'n should it deny, 330

“ Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,

“ Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.

(g) 1 Sam. xviii. 11.

" Should that bold popular madman, whose design
 " Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
 " Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent, 335
 " Should mine own heart grow scrup'lous, and relent;
 " Curse me, just Heav'n! (by which this truth I swear)
 " If I that fear, my son, or self, do spare.
 " No, gentle Ghost! return to thy still home;
 " Thither this day mine and thy foe shall come: 340
 " If that curs'd object longer vex my fight,
 " It must have learn'd to appear as thou to-night."
 Whilft thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
 The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed.
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take, 345
 For tho' thou sleep'st thyself thy God's awake.
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
 There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light, 350
 Where heav'n, as if it left itself behind,
 Is stretch'd out far, nor its own bounds can find;
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory' contain itself in th' endless space:
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray 355
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day;
 No pale-fac'd moon does in stoll'n beams appear,
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there:
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide: 360

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last :
There fits the Almighty, First of all, and End,
Whom nothing but himself can comprehend ;
Who with his Word commanded all to be, 365
And all obey'd him, for that Word was he.
Only he spoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of fertile Nothing rise.
Oh! who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
Thou Great Three-One? 370
There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
Not absent from these meaner worlds below :
No ; if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,
And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace :
The sun would stop his course, or gallop back, 375
The stars drop out, the poles themselves would crack ;
Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vast work all ravel out again
To its first nothing ; for his Spirit contains
The well-knit mass : from him each creature gains
Being and motion, which he still bestows ; 381
From him th' effect of our weak action flows :
Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,
Which seven triumphant generals command :
They sing loud anthems of his endless praise, 385
And with fix'd eyes drink in immortal rays.
Of these he call'd out one ; all heav'n did shake,
And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.

Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
 Look on his crown, and not remember me 390
 That gave it? can he think we did not hear
 (Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the ear
 To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard,
 And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou 'st fear'd,
 Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send: 395
 Have we not spoke it? and dares man contend?
 Alas! poor Dust! didst thou but know the day
 When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa (r),
 Thou and thy sons, thou wouldst not threaten still,
 Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy will.
 Then shall thine head fix'd in curs'd temples be, 401
 And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
 That hand which now on David's life would prey,
 Shall then turn just, and its own master slay.
 He whom thou hat'st on thy lov'd throne shall sit,
 And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it. 406
 Haste, then, tell David what his King has sworn,
 Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;
 Yet bid him go securely when he sends:
 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends. 410
 The man who has his God no aid can lack,
 And we who bid him go will bring him back.
 He spoke; the heav'ns seem'd decently to bow,
 With all their bright inhabitants; and now

(r) 1. Sam. xxxi. 8.

The jocund spheres began again to play, 415
 Again each spirit sung Halleluia;
 Only that angel was straight gone. Ev'n so
 (But not so swift) the morning glories flow
 At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;
 So winged lightning the soft air does wound: 420
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
 The motion, having no account so small.
 So flew this angel, till to David's bed
 He came, and thus his sacred message said.

“Awake, young Man! hear what thy King has
 “sworn; 425

“He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn;
 “Yet to him go securely when he fends:
 “’Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends.
 “The man who has his God no aid can lack,
 “And he who bids thee go will bring thee back.”

Up leap'd Jessides, and did round him stare, 431
 But could see nought, for nought was left but air.
 Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,
 Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought.
 In treach'rous haste he's sent for to the King (s),
 And with him bid his charnful lyre to bring. 436
 The King, they say, lies in a raging fit,
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit:
 And true it was, soft musick did appease
 Th' obscure fantastick rage of Saul's disease (t). 440

(s) 1 Sam. xvi. 19. and xix, 9. (t) 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

Tell me, oh, Muse! (for thou or none canst tell
 The mystick pow'rs that in bless'd numbers dwell;
 Thou their great nature know'ft, nor is it fit
 This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit) 444
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms arise;
 Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise.

As first a various unform'd hint we find
 Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,
 Till all the parts and words their places take,
 And with just marches verse and musick make; 450
 Such was God's poem, this world's new essay,
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
 Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
 An artless war from thwarting motions grew,
 Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
 By the eternal Mind's poetick thought. 456
 Water and air he for the tenour chose,
 Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;
 To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,
 To Saturn's string a touch more soft and grave. 460
 The motions straight, and round, and swift, and slow,
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,
 Did in such artful figures smoothly fall,
 As made this decent-measur'd dance of all.
 And this is musick; sounds that charms our ears 465
 Are but one dressing that rich Science wears;
 Tho' no man hear it, tho' no man it rehearse,
 Yet will there still be musick in my verse.

In this great world so much of it we see,
 The lesser, man, is all o'er harmony : 470
 Storehouse of all proportions ! single quire !
 Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire :
 From hence bless'd musick's heav'nly charms arise,
 From sympathy which them and man allies :
 Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies, win, 475
 Not by their force, but party that's within :
 Thus the strange cure on our spilt blood apply'd,
 Sympathy to the distant wound does guide :
 Thus when two brethren strings are set alike,
 To move them both, but one of them we strike: 480
 Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

“ When Israel was from bondage led (u),
 “ Led by the Almighty's hand
 “ From out a foreign land, 485
 “ The great sea beheld and fled.
 “ As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
 “ Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
 “ So whilst thro' wondrous ways
 “ The sacred army went, 490
 “ The waves afar stood up to gaze,
 “ And their own rocks did represent,
 “ Solid as waters are above the firmament.

(u) Psal. cxiv.

" Old Jordan's waters to their spring
 " Start back with sudden fright; 495
 " The spring, amaz'd at sight,
 " Asks what news from sea they bring?
 " The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side
 " The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;
 " As young affrighted lambs, 500
 " When they ought dreadful spy,
 " Run trembling to their helpless dams,
 " The mighty sea and river by
 " Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.

" What ail'd the mighty sea to flee? 505
 " Or why did Jordan's tide
 " Back to his fountain glide?
 " Jordan's tide, what ailed thee?
 " Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains shake?
 " What ail'd them their fix'd natures to forsake?
 " Fly where thou wilt, O Sea! 510
 " And Jordan's current cease;
 " Jordan there is no need of thee,
 " For at God's word, whene'er he please,
 " The rocks shall weep new waters (x) forth instead
 of these." 515

Thus sang the great Musician to his lyre,
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;

(x) Exod. xvii. 6. Num. xx. 11.

But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd (y),
 Th' unthankful King, cur'd truly of his fit, 520
 Seems to lie drown'd and bury'd still in it;
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,
 To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
 And the soft med'cine with kind art renews, 525
 The barb'rous patient casts at him his spear (z);
 (The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)
 Casts it with vi'lent strength; but into the room
 An arm more strong and sure than his was come;
 An angel, whose unseen and easy might, 530
 Put by the weapon, and miss'd it right.
 How vain man's pow'r is! unless God command,
 The weapon disobeys his master's hand!
 Happy was now the error of the blow;
 At Gilboa it will not serve him so. 535
 One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage to 'ave
 He had himself by David wounded been; [seen,
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
 And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin.
 A bloody troop of his own guards he sends 540
 (Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his Friends)
 To mend his error by a surer blow;
 So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.

(y) Pſal. lviii. 5.

(z) 1 Sam. xviii. 17. and xix. 20.

Home flies the prince, and to his trembling wife
 Relates the new-past hazard of his life ; 545
 Which she with decent passion hears him tell,
 For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
 Upon their palace top, beneath a row
 Of Lemon Trees, which there did proudly grow,
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay 550
 The light they drank from the sun's neighb'ring ray,
 (A small but artful paradise) they walk'd,
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
 Here Michol first an armed troop espies
 (So faithful and so quick are loving eyes) 555
 Which march'd, and often glister'd thro' a wood,
 That on right-hand of her fair palace stood; [kill
 She saw them (a), and cry'd out, " They're come to
 " My dearest lord! Saul's spear pursues thee still :
 " Behold his wicked guards : haste quickly fly ; 560
 " For Heav'n's sake haste ; my dear lord ! do not die.
 " Ah, cruel Father ! whose illnatur'd rage
 " Neither thy worth nor marriage can assuage !
 " Will he part those he join'd so late before ?
 " Were the two hundred foreskins (b) worth no more ?
 " He shall not part us ; (then she wept between) 566
 " At yonder window thou may' st 'scape unseen ;
 " This hand shall let thee down ; stay not, but haste ;
 " 'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."

(a) 1 Sam. xix. 11, (b) 1 Sam. xviii. 27.

“ Best of all women !” he replies—and this 570
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss.

“ Throw not away,” said she “ thy precious breath ;
“ Thou stay’st too long within the reach of death.”

Timely he’ obeys her wise advice, and straight
To unjust force she’ opposes just deceit. 575

She meets the murd’ers with a virtuous lie (c),
And good-diffembling tears. “ May he not die

“ In quiet then ?” said she: “ will they not give

“ That freedom who so fear lest he should live ?

“ Ev’n Fate does with your cruelty conspire, 580

“ And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.

“ Must he not live ? for that ye need not sin ;

“ My much-wrong’d husband speechless lies within,

“ And has too little left of vital breath

“ To know his murderers, or to feel his death : 585

“ One hour will do your work.”——

Here her well-govern’d tears dropp’d down apace :

Beauty and sorrow, mingled in one face,

Has such resistless charms that they believe,

And an unwilling aptness find to grieve 590

At what they came for. A pale statue’s head,

In linen wrapp’d, appear’d on David’s bed ;

Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,

And on the table med’cinal relicks lie ;

In the close room a well-plac’d taper’s light 595

Adds a becoming horror to the sight :

(c) 1 Sam. xix. 14.

And for the impressi^on God prepar'd their sense ;
 They saw, believ'd all this and parted thence.
 How vain attempts Saul's unblest'd anger tries,
 By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes! 600
 " It cannot be," said he: " no, can it? shall
 " Our great ten thousand slayer idly fall?
 " The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
 " But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
 " Oh may he guard him! may his members be 605
 " In as full strength and well-set harmony,
 " As the fresh body of the first-made man,
 " Ere sin, or sin's just meed, disease began:
 " He will be else too small for our vast hate,
 " And we must share in our revenge with Fate. 610
 " No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
 " To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from him,
 " And cut that thread which would have dropp'd in
 " Will our great anger learn to stoop so low? [two;
 " I know it cannot, will not; him we prize 615
 " Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
 " That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
 " Secure, and grow up to our stroke again:
 " 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
 " When he shall strive and wrestle with his death.
 " Go, let him live—and yet—shall I then stay 621
 " So long? Good and great actions hate delay.
 " Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
 " That has been still mine honour's enemy,

“ Samuel, may change or cross my just intent, 625

“ And I this formal pity soon repent.

“ Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,

“ That he can fly no more, if we should miss.

“ Miss! can we miss again? go bring him straight,

“ Tho’ gasping out his soul (*d*); if the wish’d date

“ Of his accursed life be almost past, 631

“ Some joy ’t will be to see him breathe his last.”

The troop return’d of their short virtue’ ashamed,

Saul’s courage prais’d and their own weakness blam’d:

But when the pious fraud they understood, 635

Scarce the respect due to Saul’s sacred blood,

Due to the sacred beauty in it reign’d,

From Michol’s murder their wild rage restrain’d.

She alleg’d the holiest chains that bind a wife (*e*),

Duty and love; she alleg’d that her own life, 640

Had she refus’d that safety to her lord,

Would have incurr’d just danger from his sword.

Now was Saul’s wrath full grown; he takes no rest;

A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,

And in fierce lightning from his eye does break; 645

Not his own fav’rites and best friends dare speak,

Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,

Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.

So when the pride and terrour of the wood,

A lion, prick’d with rage and want of food, 650

Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,

And bristles up, preparing for his feast;

(*d*) 1 Sam. xix. 15.

(*e*) 1 Sam. xix. 17.

If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about, 655
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
 Trees, tho' no wind be stirring, shake with fear;
 Silence and horror fill the place around,
 Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound. 660
 'Midst a large wood that joins fair Rama's town (f),
 (The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
 A College stands, where at great Prophets' feet
 The prophets' sons with silent diligence meet,
 By Samuel built, and mod'rately endow'd, 665
 Yet more to his lib'ral tongue than hands they ow'd:
 There himself taught, and his bless'd voice to hear,
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
 The house was a large square, but plain and low;
 Wise Nature's use Art strove not to outgo. 670
 An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made,
 And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose,
 Which no vain cost of marble did enclose,
 Nor thro' carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,
 Shapes gazing on themselves i' the liquid glass: 675
 Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles fell,
 For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.
 The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were; 680

(f) 1 Sam. xix. 19.

Well-furnish'd chambers for in each their stood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where use does bound delight,
And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burden to them, and contract their room. 686
A second court more sacred stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd;
The hall and schools one side of it possess'd,
The library and synagogue the rest: 690
Tables of plain-cut fir adorn'd the hall,
And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.
The rev'rend doctors take their seats on high,
Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie;
The scholars far below upon the ground, 695
On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around:
With more respect the wise and ancient lay,
But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast,
But by great days and sacrifice increas'd. 700
The schools built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their synagogue on th' other side,
And to the hall their library reply'd.
The midst tow'rd their large gardens open lay, 705
To' admit the joys of spring and early day.
I' the library a few choice authors stood;
Yet 't was well-stor'd, for that small store was good:

Writing, man's spiritual phyfick, was not then
 Itself, as now, grown a disease of men. 710
 Learning (young virgin!) but few suitors knew;
 The common prostitute she lately grew,
 And with her spurious brood loads now the press,
 Laborious effects of idleness!
 Here all the various forms one might behold 715
 How letters fav'd themselves from death of old:
 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought plates,
 Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates;
 Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with shortliv'd toil,
 Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil; 720
 Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks;
 Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks;
 Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos reed,
 Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.
 The schools were painted well with useful skill; 725
 Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill:
 Wise wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,
 Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.
 Here all the noblest wits of men inspir'd,
 From earth's slight joys and worthless toils retir'd,
 Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead, 731
 Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
 The course and pow'r of stars great Nathan taught,
 And home to man those distant wonders brought;
 How tow'rd both poles the sun's fix'd journey bends,
 And how the year his crooked walk attends; 736

By what just steps the wand'ring lights advance,
 And what eternal measures guide their dance:
 Himself a prophet; but his lectures show'd
 How little of that art to them he ow'd. 740
 Mahol th' inferiour world's fantastick face,
 Thro' all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace;
 Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took,
 On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
 Of life and motion; and with equal art 745
 Made up again the whole of ev'ry part:
 The prophet Gad in learned dust designs
 Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd lines;
 Of numbers, too, th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,
 And with them far their endless journey goes: 750
 Numbers, which still increase more high and wide
 From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
 Of men, and ages past, Seraiah read,
 Embalm'd in long-liv'd History the dead;
 Show'd the steep falls, and slow ascent, of states; 755
 What wisdom and what follies make their fates.
 Samuel himself did God's rich law display,
 Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
 And oft' his ravish'd soul with sudden flight
 Soar'd above present times and human sight. 760
 These arts but welcome strangers might appear,
 Musick and verse seem'd born and bred up here;
 Scarce the bless'd heav'n, that rings with angels' voice,
 Does with more constant harmony rejoice.

The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire ; 765
 Heman and sweet-mouth'd Afaph rule their quire ;
 Both charming poets, and all strains they play'd,
 By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
 The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost,
 (The only place where that they esteem'd not lost)
 The glitt'ring roof with gold did daze the view, 771
 The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.
 Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
 Thrice pray'rs from willing Heav'n a blessing draw ;
 Thrice in glad hymns swell'd with the great One's
 praise, 775
 The pliant voice on her sev'n steps they raise,
 Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around
 To the just feet with various concord sound.
 Such things were Muses then, contemn'd low earth,
 Decently proud, and mindful of their birth. 780
 'Twas God himself that here tun'd ev'ry tongue,
 And gratefully of him alone they sung :
 They sung how God spoke out the world's vast ball
 From nothing, and from no where call'd forth all ;
 No nature yet, or place for it to possess, 785
 But an unbottom'd gulf of emptiness.
 Full of himself th' Almighty sat, his own
 Palace, and, without solitude, alone.
 But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd,
 Which ere they were his active Word fulfill'd, 790

And their astonish'd heads o' the sudden rear'd;
An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undress'd,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest:
Yet buried in this matter's darksome womb, 795
Lay the rich seeds of ev'ry thing to come.
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up so high,
Close at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull earth with its own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the universe, 800
And was quite lost in waters; till God said
To the proud sea, Shrink in your ins'lent head;
See how the gaping earth has made you place!
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain 805
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff he bade heav'n's fabrick shine;
And from him a quick spring of light divine
Swell'd up the sun, from whence his cherishing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold:
"Be thou," said he, "queen of the mournful Night;"
And as he spoke she' arose, clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train: 815
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring stood,
And smelling flow'rs painted the infant wood:

Then flocks of birds thro' the glad air did flee,
Joyful and safe before man's luxury, 820
Teaching their Maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute fish witness no less his praise;
For those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,
From minoes to those living islands, whales.
Beasts, too, were his command; what could he more?
Yes, man he could, the bond of all before; 826
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgment of the world.
This, and much more, of God's great works they told;
His mercies, and some judgments, too, of old: 830
How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in:
Where birds erewhile dwelt, and securely sung,
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay; 835
The sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again,
Till show'rs, strange as their sin, of fiery rain,
And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive they felt those flames they fry in dead. 840
No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befel,
When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel:
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain; 845
Nor was it since call'd the Red Sea in vain.

Much, too, they told of faithful Abram's fame,
 To whose blest'd passage they owe still their name :
 Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,
 What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won ;
 How many kings they slew, or captive brought ; 85
 They held the swords, but God and angels fought.

Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days,
 And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise :
 No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they sold 855
 To that beloved plague of mankind, gold ;
 Gold! for which all mankind with greater pains
 Labour tow'rd's Hell, than those who dig its veins.
 Their wealth was the contempt of it, which more
 They valu'd than rich fools the shining ore. 860
 The silkworm's precious death they scorn'd to wear,
 And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.
 Honour, which since the price of souls became,
 Seem'd to these great ones a low idle name.
 Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have, 865
 Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
 Their board dispeopled no full element ;
 Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
 And spar'd the stock ; nor could their bodies say,
 We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday. 870
 Thus souls live cleanly, and no foiling fear,
 But entertain their welcome Maker there :
 The Senses perform nimbly what they 're bid,
 And honestly, nor are by Reason chid ;

And when the down of sleep does softly fall, 875
 Their dreams are heav'nly then, and mystical :
 With hasty wings time present they outfly,
 And tread the doubtful maze of Destiny :
 There walk and sport among the years to come,
 And with quick eye pierce ev'ry cause's womb. 880
 Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all,
 Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul :
 For if man's life we in just balance weigh,
 David deserv'd his envy less than they.
 Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice, 885
 Adds to their quire his nobler lyre and voice :
 But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie,
 So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!
 Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,
 Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more : 890
 Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords ;
 Some part of him all promise to their swords.
 They came, but a new sp'rit their hearts possess'd,
 Satt'ring a sacred calm thro' ev'ry breast :
 The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile, 895
 Sink down into the dimples of a smile :
 Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
 And the chaste streams with even current glide :
 A sudden day breaks gently thro' their eyes,
 And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise : 900
 The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease ;
 In peaceful tunes they adore the God of Peace (g).

(g) 1 Sam. xix. 20.

New messengers twice more the tyrant sent (*b*);
 And was twice more mock'd with the same event.
 His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay; 905
 It sends him there himself (*i*); but on the way
 His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
 And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew.
 His kingly robes he laid at Naioh down,
 Began to understand and scorn his crown; 910
 Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
 And felt more solid joys than empire brings;
 Embrac'd his wond'ring son, and on his head
 The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.

So cov'tous Balaam, with a fond intent 915
 Of cursing the bless'd seed, to Moab went (*k*);
 But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
 His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well (*l*):
 "How comely are thy tents, oh, Israel (*m*)!"
 Thus he began, "what conquests they foretel! 920
 "Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
 "Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
 "Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread,
 "Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
 "'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear?)
 "Brought thee from bondage to be master here: 926
 "Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,
 "And Death in triumph on thy darts shall fit.

(*b*) 1 Sam. xix. 21. (*i*) Ibid. v. 23. (*k*) Num. xxii. 15, 21.
 (*l*) Ibid. v. 28. (*m*) Num. xxiv. 5.

- “ When Judah’s Lion starts up to his prey, 929
“ The beasts shall hang their ears and creep away :
“ When he lies down, the woods shall silence keep,
“ And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
“ Thy cursers, Jacob ! shall twice curst be,
“ And he shall bless himself that blesses thee.” 934

End of the First Book.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

The Contents.

THE friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and, upon that occasion, a digression concerning the nature of love. A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New-moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away. He parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Fancy. An angel makes up a vision in David's head. The vision itself; which is a prophesy of all the succession of his race, till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking Gabriel assumes an human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

But now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the sun and Saul:
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But both, alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast Envy, the toilsome sin, 5
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She' expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace,
Of the past day no footstep left, or trace;
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear. 10
So near a storm wise David would not stay,
Nor trust the glitt'ring of a faithless day:
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place:

The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile, 15
 Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a smile ;
 But he whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
 Such is the sea, and such was Saul ;
 But Jonathan his son, and only good, 20
 Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood ;
 Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
 Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows
 On both his banks, to ev'ry flow'r and tree ;
 The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see : 25
 But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd
 The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd ;
 For when the noble youth at Dammin stood,
 Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
 Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye (a), 30
 And understood the future majesty
 Then destin'd in the glories of his look :
 He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
 To see the strength, the feature, and the grace,
 Of his young limbs ; he saw his comely face, 35
 Where love and rev'rence so well-mingled were,
 And head, already crown'd with golden hair :
 He saw what mildness his bold sp'rit did tame,
 Gentler than light, yet pow'rful as a flame :
 He saw his valour by their safety prov'd ; 40
 He saw all this, and as he saw he lov'd.

(a) 1 Sam. xviii. 1.



What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious thing?
 From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the world thro' ev'ry part,
 And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
 From the due place and office first ordain'd: 46
 By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
 Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
 From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that
 But oft'ner the short beams of Reason's eye [way;
 See only there thou art, not how, nor why. 51
 How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
 By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
 How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
 The strong and conqu'ring metal overcame? 55
 Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
 He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
 Ye learned Heads! whom ivy garlands grace,
 Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
 The oak, for courtship most of all unfit, 60
 And rough as are the winds that fight with it.
 How does the absent pole the needle move?
 How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
 Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
 Or why does weight t' the centre downwards bend?
 Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws, 66
 And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
 In thy large state, life gives the next degree,
 Where sense and good apparent places thee;

But thy chief palace is man's heart alone ; 70
 Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown :
 Handsome desires, and rest, about thee flee,
 Union, inherence, zeal, and ecstasy,
 With thousand joys, cluster around thine head,
 O'er which a gallefs dove her wings does spread: 75
 A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
 Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,
 Lies at thy feet ; and thy right-hand does hold
 The mystick sceptre of a cross of gold.
 Thus dost thou sit (like men, ere sin had fram'd 80
 A guilty blush) naked, but not asham'd.
 What cause, then, did the fab'lous Ancients find,
 When first their superstition made thee blind ?
 'Twas they, alas ! 't was they who could not see,
 When they mistook that monster, Lust, for thee. 85
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming, flame ;
 Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came (b),
 When that, secure, its new-crown'd head did rear,
 And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
 Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall, 90
 Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
 Such, and no other, were those secret darts
 Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts :
 Still to one end they both so justly drew,
 As courteous doves together yok'd would do : 95
 No weight of birth did on one side prevail ;
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale :

(b) Exod. lii. 2.

They mingled fates, and both in each did share;
They both were servants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent, 100
It was most his to whom it least was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was cross'd,
For striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind; 105
For there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing in.
Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does heav'n's bright spirits fill, 110
Where love is but to understand and will,
With swift, and unseen motions such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye bless'd One! whose love on earth became
So pure, that still in heav'n 't is but the same! 115
There now ye sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face,
And pity this base world, where friendship 's made
A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah! wondrous Prince! who a true friend couldst be
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd, thee! 121
Who held'st him dear whose stars thy birth did cross,
And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

To this strange pitch their high affections flew, 126
 Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.
 Hither flies David for advice and aid (c),
 As swift as love and danger could persuade ;
 As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain, 130
 As when himself but dreams them o'er again.

“ My dearest Lord! farewell,” said he. “ Farewell;
 “ Heav'n bless the King; may no misfortune tell
 “ Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead :
 “ They 're coming now; perhaps my guiltless head,
 “ Here, in your fight, must then a-bleeding lie, 136
 “ And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
 “ Think me not scar'd with death, howe'er 't appear;
 “ I know thou canst not think so: it is a fear
 “ From which thy love and Dammin speaks me free;
 “ I 'ave met him face to face, and ne'er could see 141
 “ One terrour in his looks to make me fly
 “ When Virtue bids me stand; but I would die
 “ So as becomes my life, so as may prove
 “ Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love.” 145
 He stopp'd, and spoke some passion with his eyes.
 “ Excellent Friend!” the gallant prince replies;
 “ Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues, that they 're known
 “ To all good men, more than to each his own.
 “ Who lives in Israel that can doubtful be 150
 “ Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
 “ Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,
 “ That all things but thy loyalty are less;

(c) 1 Sam. xx. 1.

“ And should my father at thy ruin aim,
 “ ’T would wound as much his safety as his fame. 155
 “ Think them not coming, then, to slay thee here,
 “ But doubt mishaps as little as you fear;
 “ For, by thy loving God, whoe’er design
 “ Against thy life, must strike at it thro’ mine.
 “ But I my royal father must acquit 160
 “ From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
 “ Think on his softness, when from death he freed
 “ The faithless king of Am’lec’s curst seed (d);
 “ Can he t’ a friend; t’ a son; so bloody grow,
 “ He who ev’n sinn’d but now to spare a foe? 165
 “ Admit he could; but with what strength or art
 “ Could he so long close and seal up his heart?
 “ Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
 “ And dare not fix without consent of some.
 “ Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do, 170
 “ Till licens’d and approv’d by others too.
 “ No more (believe it) could he hide this from me,
 “ Than I, had he discover’d it, from thee (e).”
 Here they embraces join, and almost tears,
 Till gentle David thus new-prov’d his fears. 175
 “ The praise you pleas’d, great Prince! on me to spend,
 “ Was all outspoken when you styl’d me Friend:
 “ That name alone does dang’rous glories bring,
 “ And gives excuse to th’ envy of a king. 179

(d) 1 Sam. xv. 9.

(e) 1 Sam. xv. 2.

- " What did his spear, force, and dark plots, impart,
 " But some eternal rancour in his heart ?
 " Still does he glance the fortune of that day
 " When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliath lay,
 " And cover'd half the plain: still hears the sound 184
 " How that vast monster fell, and strook the ground:
 " The dance, and, David his ten thousand slew,
 " Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
 " Great acts t' ambitious princes treason grow,
 " So much they hate that safety which they owe.
 " Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place;
 " From the good danger, from the bad disgrace. 191
 " They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,
 " Till blood become a principle of state.
 " Secur'd nor by their guards nor by their right,
 " But still they fear ev'n more than they affright 195
 " Pardon me, Sir, your father's rough and stern;
 " His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn.
 " Remember, Sir, the honey's deadly sting !
 " Think on that savage justice of the King,
 " When the same day that saw you do before 200
 " Things above man, should see you man no more,
 " 'Tis true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth;
 " He pity'd his tall limbs and comely youth;
 " Had seen, alas! the proof of Heav'n's fierce hate,
 " And fear'd no mischief from his pow'rless fate. 205
 " Remember how th' old seer came raging down,
 " And taught him boldly to suspect his crown.

" Since then his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
 " Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
 " Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs ;
 " Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings. 215
 " Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
 " Who reason and God's counsel does despise ?
 " Whose headstrong will no law or conscience daunt,
 " Dares he not sin do you think without your grant ?
 " Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew, 216
 " He would not doubt, believe it, to kill ev'n you."

The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
 The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind.

The danger now appears, love can soon show it, 220
 And force his stubborn piety to know it.

They' agree that David should conceal'd abide (f),
 Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd ;
 Till he had Saul's most sacred purpose found,
 And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound. 225

'Twas the year's seventh-born moon ; the solemn
 That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd. [feast,
 From op'ning morn, till night shuts in the day,
 On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play (g):
 Whether by this in mystick type we see 230
 The new-year's day of great eternity,
 When the chang'd moon shall no more changes make,
 And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake ;

(f) 1 Sam. xx. 5, &c. (g) Lev. xxiii. 24. Num. xxix. 1.

Or that the law be kept in mem'ry still,
 Giv'n with like noise on Sinai's shining hill (b); 235
 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
 From faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice,
 Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac's fire did fry,
 His horn with joyful tunes stood sounding by;
 Obscure the cause, but God his will declar'd, 240
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.
 At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
 'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went;
 The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by,
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh. 245
 Hard fate of beasts more innocent than we!
 Prey to our lux'ry and our piety!
 Whose guiltless blood on boards and altars spilt,
 Serves both to make and expiate, too, our guilt!
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams, 250
 Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless lambs,
 With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
 (Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)
 Are offer'd up: the hallowed flames arise,
 And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies. 255
 From thence the King to th' utmost court is brought,
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd prophet taught,
 And from the sacred tent to his palace gates,
 With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits;
 The cheerful horns before him loudly play, 260
 And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.

(b) Exod. xix. 19.

Thus in flow state to th' palace hall they go,
 Rich'd dress'd for solemn luxury and show :
 Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,
 The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom, 265
 For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
 And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
 The bright-ey'd Merab (i) ; for that mindful day
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they.

There all old Abram's story you might see, 270
 And still some angel bore him company.
 His painful but well-guided travels show
 The fate of all his sons, the church below.
 Here beauteous Sara to great Pharaoh came ;
 He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame : 275
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'ring in the strife,
 'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life (k).
 Here on a conqu'ring host, that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
 The patriarch falls (l) ; well-mingled might you see
 The confus'd marks of death and luxury. 281
 In the next piece bless'd Salem's mystick King
 Does sacred presents to the victor bring (m) ;
 Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives,
 Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives : 285
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
 The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.

(i) 1 Sam. xviii. 19.

(k) Gen. xx. 2, 11, 16.

(l) Gen. xiv. 14.

(m) Gen. xiv. 18.

Here all their starry host the heav'ns display;
 And, lo! an heav'nly youth! more fair than they,
 Leads Abram forth; points upwards; "Such," said he,
 "So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be (n)." 291
 Here he with God a new alliance makes,
 And in his flesh the marks of homage takes (o):
 Here he the three mysterious persons feasts (p),
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests (q): 295
 Here for the wicked town he prays (r), and near,
 Scarce did the wicked town thro' flames appear (s):
 And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
 Since he from Ur (t) to Ephron's cave (u) was brought.
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes
 Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice (x): 301
 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
 With Nature's pow'r triumphant in his face
 O'er the mind's courage; for, in spite of all,
 From his swollen eyes resistless waters fall. 305
 The innocent boy his cruel burden bore (y)
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
 The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
 The hope of mankind: patiently he lay, 310
 And did his fire, as he his God, obey (z).
 The mournful fire lifts up at last the knife (a),
 And on one moment's string depends his life,

(n) Gen. xv. 5. (o) Gen. xvii. 5. (p) Gen. xviii. 2.
 (q) ὕ. 10. (r) ὕ. 23. (s) Gen. xix. 24. (t) Gen. xi. 31.
 (u) Gen. xxv. 9. (x) Gen. xxii. 3. (y) ὕ. 6. (z) ὕ. 9. (a) ὕ. 10.

In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
 A thousand sp'rits peep'd from th' affrighted sky, 315
 Amaz'd at this strange scene, and almost fear'd,
 For all those joyful prophecies they 'd heard;
 Till one leap'd nimbly forth (b), by God's command,
 Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
 The gentle sp'rit smil'd kindly as he spoke; 320
 New beams of joy thro' Abram's wonder broke.
 The angel points to a tuft of bushes near,
 Where an entangled Ram does half appear (c),
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
 Which, tho' but slightly wrought, was firmly set : 325
 For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
 The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;
 Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,
 And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a Shittim table stood, 330
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood;
 For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
 And cast his fruitful riches all about.
 Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
 Which does weak man intoxicate no less. 335
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
 And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
 From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
 But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
 Behold sev'n comely blooming youths appear, 340
 And in their hands sev'n silver washpots bear,

(b) Gen. xxii. 11.

(c) v. 13.

Curl'd, and gay clad, the choicest fons that be
 Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree.
 Sev'n beauteous maids march'd softly in behind, 344
 Bright scarves their clothes, their hair fresh garlands,
 And whilst the princes wash they on them shed [bind,
 Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread
 O'er the whole room; from their small prisons free,
 With such glad haste thro' the wide air they flee.
 The King was plac'd alone (*d*), and o'er his head 350
 A well-wrought heav'n of silk and gold was spread,
 Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wand'ring clouds with silver light.
 The right-hand bed the King's three fons did grace,
 The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's place: 355
 And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
 With the prime men Saul's court and camp could show.
 The palace did with mirth and musick sound,
 And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around:
 But tho' bright joy in ev'ry guest did shine, 360
 The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine,
 Were lost on Saul; an angry care did dwell
 In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel.
 David's unusual absence from the feast (*e*),
 To his sick sp'rit did jealous thoughts suggest: 365
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor ate, nor spoke,
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke.

"Where can he be?" said he. "It must be so."
 With that he paus'd awhile. "Too well we know

(*d*) 1 Sam. xx, 25.

(*e*) 1 Sam. xx, 26, 27.

“ His boundless pride : he grieves and hates to see 370

“ The solemn triumphs of my court and me.

“ Believe me, Friends! and trust what I can show

“ From thousand proofs! th’ ambitious David now

“ Does those vast things in his proud foul design, “

“ That too much business give for mirth or wine. 375

“ He’s kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire “

“ Among the Tribes, and does ev’n now conspire “

“ Against my crown, and all our lives, whilst we “

“ Are loath ev’n to suspect what we might see.

“ By the Great Name ’t is true.” 380

With that he strook the board, and no man there,

But Jonathan, durst undertake to clear [spoke,

The blameless Prince (*f*): and scarce ten words he

When thus his speech th’ enraged tyrant broke. 384

“ Disloyal Wretch! thy gentle mother’s shame (*g*)!

“ Whose cold pale ghost ev’n blushes at thy name! “

“ Who fears lest her chaste bed should doubted be, “

“ And her white fame stain’d, by black deeds of thee!

“ Canst thou be mine? A crown sometimes does hire

“ Ev’n sons against their parents to conspire, 390

“ But ne’er did story yet, or fable, tell

“ Of one so wild, who, merely to rebel,

“ Quitted the unquestion’d birthright of a throne, “

“ And bought his father’s ruin with his own. [fence; “

“ Thou need’st not plead th’ ambitious youth’s de-

“ Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence; “

(*f*) 1 Sam. xx. 28, 29.

(*g*) 1 Chr. 30, 31.

" Nor can his foul ingratitude appear, 397
 " Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.
 " In this that noble friendship you pretend ?
 " Mine, thine own foe, and thy worst en'my's friend ?
 " If thy low sp'rit can thy great birthright quit,
 " The thing 's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it. 402
 " I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind,
 " Nor such prodigious worth in David find,
 " That we to him should our just rights resign, 405
 " Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.
 " Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from mine
 " To thy false friend and servile master fly; [eye;
 " He 's, ere this time, in arms expecting thee;
 " Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me. 410
 " Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,
 " Than to remain his spy and agent here.
 " When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,
 " Forfakes me too." With that his spear he took
 To strike at him (b): the mirth and musick cease; 415
 The guests all rise this sudden storm t' appease (i).
 The Prince his danger and his duty knew,
 And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
 To David straight, who in a forest nigh
 Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly (k). 420
 The sole advice, now, like the danger, clear,
 Was in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.
 All marks of comely grief in both are scen,
 And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.

(b) 1 Sam. xx. 33. (i) v. 34. (k) v. 35.

Now gen'rous tears their hasty tongues restrain; 425
 Now they begin, and talk all o'er again (l):
 A rev'rent oath of constant love they take,
 And God's high name their dreaded witness make (m):
 Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove,
 But 't was the tedious zeal of endless love. 430
 Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow
 In all the pomp friendship and grief could show.
 And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
 When by command divine thick mists arise, 435
 And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.
 There is a place which man most high doth rear,
 The small world's heav'n, where reason moves the
 Here in a robe which does all colours show, [sphere:
 (Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow) 440
 Fancy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,
 By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride:
 Her coach there follows, and throngs round about,
 Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout.
 A sea rolls on with harmless fury here; 445
 Straight 't is a field, and trees and herbs appear.
 Here in a moment are vast armies made,
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd.
 Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
 The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of sin. 450

(l) 1 Sam. xx. 41.

(m) v. 42.

Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,
 The forepart lion, and a snake behind.
 Here golden mountains swell the cov'tous place,
 And Centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
 Of these slight wonders Nature fees the store, 455
 And only then accounts herself but poor.

Hither an angel comes in David's trance,
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance ;
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
 And joins them wisely, and this vision makes. 460

First, David there appears in kingly state,
 Whilst the Twelve Tribes his dread commands a-
 wait (x) :

Straight to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,
 Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.

To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came, 465
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame)
 The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend (o),
 And no new wounds or dangers apprehend.

The busy image of great Joab there
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear : 470

He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.
 They curse the gaurds their mirth and brav'ry chose ;
 All of them now are slain, or made like those.

Far thro' an inward scene an army lay, 475
 Which with full banners a fair Fish display.

(x) 2 Sam. v. 1. 1 Chro. xii. 23. (o) 2 Sam. v. 6.

From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast
 They seem all met, a vast and warlike host.
 Thither hastes David to his destin'd prey,
 Honour and noble Danger lead the way (p). 480
 The conscious trees shook with a rev'rent fear
 Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there (q).
 Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills,
 Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.
 On th' other side Sophenes' mighty king 485
 Numberless troops of the bless'd East does bring (r):
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
 Damascus and rich Adad help in vain (s).
 Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,
 With all the lusty youth of Syrian land; 490
 Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
 The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground (t).
 On th' other wing does brave Abishai ride (u), 495
 Reeking in blood and dust: on ev'ry side
 The perjur'd sons of Ammon quit the field;
 Some basely die, and some more basely yield.
 Thro' a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
 And far more justly then fears Hebrew spies. 500
 Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,
 Grinning thro' a black cloud (x): him they'd long fed

(p) 2 Sam. v. 17, — 22. 1 Chro. xiv. 8, &c. (q) 2 Sam. v. 22, 23, 24.
 1 Chro. xiv. 14. (r) 2 Sam. viii. 3. 1 Chro. xviii. 3.
 (s) 2 Sam. v. 5. (t) 2 Sam. x. 6. 1 Chro. xix. 6, 8. (u) 2 Sam. x. 10.
 (x) 2 Sam. x. 3, 4. 1 Chro. xix. 3.

In his sev'n chambers, and he still did eat
 New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.
 Again they' arise, more anger'd and dismay'd; 505
 Euphrates and swift Tigris sends them aid :
 In vain they send it, for again they 're slain,
 And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain (y).
 Here Rabba with proud tow'rs affronts the sky,
 And round about great Joab's trenches lie : 510
 They force the walls, and sack the helpless town ;
 On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.
 'Midst various torments the curs'd race expires (z) ;
 David himself his severe wrath admires.

Next upon Israel's throne does bravely fit 515
 A comely youth, endow'd with wondrous wit (a) :
 Far, from the parched line, a royal dame,
 To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came (b) :
 She carry'd back in her triumphant womb
 The glorious stock of thousand kings to come. 520
 Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display ;
 Here they a temple's vast foundations lay (c) ;
 A mighty work ; and with fit glories fill'd,
 For God t' inhabit, and that King to build.
 Some from the quarries hew out massy stone, 525
 Some draw it up with cranes ; some breathe and groan
 In order o'er the anvil ; some cut down
 Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown ;

(y) 1 Chro. xix. 15, 18. (z) 2 Sam. xi. 1. 1 Chro. xx.
 2 Sam. xii. 30. 1 Chro. xx. 2. 1 Chro. xx. 3. (a) 1 Kings i.
 1 Chro. xxlii. 1. 1 Kings iii. 12. 2 Chro. i. 12. (b) 1. Kings x.
 Mat. xii. 42. Luke xi. 31. (c) 1 Kings vi. 2 Chro. iii. iv. v.

Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes bestow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow. 530

But, oh! alas! what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious King's eclipsed head (d)?

It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.

When straight his son appears at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round (e);
Unseemly object! but a falling state 537

Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.

Ten Tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone (f); 540

"Brethren of Israel!" — More he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech in th' way.

Here this fond king's disasters but begin;
He's destin'd to more shame by' his father's sin.

Sufac comes up, and under his command 545

A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,
As numberless as that: all is his prey;

The temple's sacred wealth they bear away (g);

Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take;

Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake. 550

Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were (h).

Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain (i).

(d) 1 Kings xi. (e) 1 Kings xii. 2 Chro. x. (f) 1 Kings xii. 18.
2 Chro. x. 18. (g) 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26. 2 Chro. xii. 2, 3.

(h) 1 Kings xii. 10. 2 Chro. x. 10, (i) 1 Kings xv. 1.
2 Chro. xiii. 1, 3, 5^c. L tij

Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win,
 Never o'ercome but by his friend Ahab's sin (r);
 On whose disguise Fates then did only look,
 And had almost their God's command mistook:
 Him from whose danger Heav'n securely brings, 585
 And for his sake two ripely wicked kings (s).
 Their armies languish, burnt with thirst (t), at Seere,
 Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture there:
 They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
 And fancy clouds, and so become more dry. 590
 Elisha calls for waters from afar
 To come (u); Elisha calls, and here they are.
 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood,
 And the decrease repair with Moab's blood (x).
 Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng 595
 For Judah's sceptre; both shortliv'd too long.
 A woman, too, from murder title claims (y);
 Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames.
 Proud, curfed Woman! but her fall at last
 To doubting men clears Heav'n for what was past.
 Joas at first does bright and glorious show (z); 601
 In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow:
 Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
 But prophet's angry blood o'ercaft his day:

(r) 1 Kings xxii. 30. 2 Chron. xviii. 3. (s) 2 Kings iii. 14.
 (t) 2 Kings iii. 9. (u) 2 Kings iii. 17. (x) 2 Kings iii. 24.
 (y) 2 Kings viii. 16, 25. 2 Chron. xxi. 1. and xxii. 1.
 2 Kings. xi. 1. 2 Chron. xxii. 10. (z) 2 Kings xii.
 2 Chron. xxiv.

From thence his clouds, from thence his storms, begin,
It cries aloud (*a*), and twice lets Aram in (*b*). 606

So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign,

Both by their trait'rous servants justly slain (*c*).

Edom at first dreads his victorious hand;

Before him thousand captives trembling stand. 610

Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all;

The mimick shapes in several postures fall (*d*):

But then (mad Fool!) he does those gods adore,

Which when pluck'd down had worshipp'd him be-
fore (*e*). 615

Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;

No help from gods, who themselves help'd not,
came (*f*).

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,

Leaving a well-built greatness to his heirs (*g*);

Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast (*b*),

Takes him at first from men, from earth at last. 620

As virtuous was his son, and happier far;

Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war (*i*):

But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant

To make his worst forefathers innocent (*k*):

He burns his son at Hinnon (*l*), whilst around 625

The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:

(*a*) 2 Chron. xxiv. 21, 22. 2 Kings xii. 20. (*b*) 2 Chron.

xxiv. 23. 2 Kings xiv. (*c*) 2 Chron. xxv. 27. 2 Kings

xiv. 19. (*d*) 2 Chron. xxv. 12, 13. (*e*) 2 Chron. xxv. 14.

(*f*) 2 Kings xiv. 13. 2 Chron. xxv. 23. (*g*) 2 Kings xv. 1.

2 Chron. xxvi. (*h*) 2 Kings xv. 5. 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.

(*i*) 2 Kings xv. 32. 2 Chron. xxvii. 4. (*k*) 2 Kings xvi. 1.

2 Chron. xxviii. (*l*) 2 Kings xvi. 3. 2 Chron. xxviii. 3.

This to the boy a barb'rous mercy grew,
 And snatch'd him from all mis'ries to ensue.
 Here Peca comes (*m*), and hundred thousands fall;
 Here Rezin marches up, and sweeps up all; 630
 Till like a sea the great Belochus' fon
 Breaks upon both, and both does overrun (*n*).
 The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
 Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en (*o*);
 All his wild rage to revenge Juda's wrong; 635
 But wo to kingdoms that have friends too strong!

Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
 And Assur's king with his worse gods forfook (*p*);
 Who to poor Juda worlds of nations brings (*q*),
 There rages, utters vain and mighty things (*r*). 640
 Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
 Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;
 Whilst in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
 An angel scatters death thro' all the host (*s*).
 Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies, 645
 There meets an end far worse than that he flies (*t*).
 Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
 So good, and yet, alas! so short 't is spun (*u*).
 Th' end of the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
 Time must go back, and afford better hold 650

(*m*) 2 Kings xvi. 5. 2 Chro. xxviii. 6. (*n*) 2 Kings
 xvi. 7. (*o*) 2 Kings xvi. and xv. 27. 2 Chro. xxviii. 20.
 (*p*) 2 Kings xviii. 2 Chro. xxix. (*q*) 2 Kings xviii. 9.
 (*r*) 2 Kings xviii. 17. 2 Chro. xxxii. Isaiah xxxvi.
 (*s*) 2 Kings xix. 35. 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*t*) 2 Kings xix. 37.
 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*u*) 2 Kings xx. 2 Chro. xx. 24.

To tie a new thread to it of fifteen years.
 'Tis done; th' almighty pow'r of prayer and tears!
 Backward the Sun, an unknown motion, went (x);
 The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
 Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins, 655
 Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins (y);
 Till by the rod of learned Mis'ry taught,
 Home to his God and country both he's brought (z).
 It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake;
 He's made th' example he refus'd to take (a). 660
 Yet from this root a goodly cion springs,
 Josiah! best of men, as well as kings (b).
 Down went the calves, with all their gold and cost;
 The priests then truly griev'd, Ofiris lost.
 These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd; 665
 Fools! they their worser thraldom still retain'd!
 In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell (c),
 And no more flames must have besides his hell.
 Like end Astartes' horned image found,
 And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground. 670
 No more were men in female habit seen,
 Or they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen;
 No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
 And with their body's shame their marriage get.
 The double Dagon neither nature saves, 675
 Nor flies she back to th' Erythræan waves.

(x) 2 Kings xx. 11. 2 Chro. xxxii. 24. (y) 2 Kings
 xxi. 2 Chro. xxxiii. 1, 11. (z) 2 Chro. xxxiii. 12, 13.
 (a) 2 Kings xxi. 19. 2 Chro. xxxiii. 21. (b) 2 Kings xxii.
 2 Kings xxiii. (c) 2 Kings xxiii. 10. Ibid. ver. 13.

The trav'ling sun sees gladly ~~seem~~ on high
 His chariots burn (*d*), and Nergal quenched lie.
 The King's impartial anger lights on all,
 From fly-blown Accaron to the thund'ring Baal. 680
 Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,
 Nor could sleep's filken chain its vi'lence hold,
 Had not the angel, to seal fast his eyes,
 The humours stirr'd, and bid more mists arise;
 When straight a chariot hurries swift away, 685
 And in it good Jofiah bleeding lay:
 One hand 's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
 They both are us'd. Alas! he 's slain, he 's slain.
 Jehoias and Jehoiakim next appear (*e*);
 Both urge that vengeance which before was near.
 He in Egyptian fetters captive dies, 690
 This by more courteous Anger murder'd lies (*f*).
 His son and brother next do bonds sustain,
 Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.
 Here 's the last scene of this proud city's state; 695
 All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate (*g*).
 Their endless slav'ry in this trial lay;
 Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
 Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build (*h*),
 The town with grief and dreadful bus'ness fill'd:
 To their carv'd gods the frantick women pray, 700
 Gods which as near their ruin were as they:

(*d*) 2 Kings xxiii. 11. (*e*) 2 Kings xxiii. 31. Ibid. v. 36.
 2 Chro. xxxvi. 1. 5. (*f*) 2 Kings xxiii. 34. 2 Chro. xxxvi. 4.
 Jer. xxxvi. 30. (*g*) 2 Kings xxiv. 8. 2 Chro. xxxvi.
 (*h*) 2 Kings xxv. 1. Jer. lii. 4.

At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
 Does all the mischief of proud conquest show.
 The wond'ring babes from mothers' breasts are rent,
 And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant (i). 706
 No silver rev'rence guards the stooping age,
 No rule or method ties their boundless rage.
 The glorious temple shines in flames all o'er (k),
 Yet not so bright as in its gold before. 710
 Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;
 Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.
 The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
 And scarce aught now of that vast city's found,
 But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep
 Of forepast glory, and bid trav'lers weep. 716
 Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,
 And thus Jerus'lem left, Jerusalem that was!

Thus Zedechiah saw, and this not all;
 Before his face his friends and children fall (l), 720
 The sport of ins'lent victors: this he views,
 A king and father once; ill Fate could use
 His eyes no more to do their master's spite;
 All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
 Thus a long death in prison he outwears, 725
 Bereft of Grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.

Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come (m),
 And he who brought the captiv'd nation home;

(i) 2 Chro. xxxvi. 17. (k) 2 Chro. xxxvi. 19. 2 Kings xxv. 9.
 (l) 2 Kings xxv. 7. Jer. lii. 10. (m) Matth. i. 12. Luke iii.

A row of Worthies in long order pass'd
 O'er the short stage ; of all old Joseph last. 730
 Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,
 All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands.
 Some as they went the blue-ey'd violets strew,
 Some spotless lilies in loose order threw.
 Some did the way with full-blown roses spread, 735
 Their smell divine, and colour strangely red ;
 Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
 Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear.
 Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
 Which, at God's word, in beauteous Eden grew ; 740
 Queen of the flowers, which made that orchard gay,
 The morning-blushes of the Spring's new day.

With sober pace an heav'nly Maid walks in,
 Her looks all fair, no sign of native sin
 Thro' her whole body writ ; Immod'rate Grace 745
 Spoke things far more than human in her face :
 It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flow'rs,
 And with full beams their mingled light devours.
 An angel straight broke from a shining cloud,
 And press'd his wings, and with much rev'ence bow'd ;
 Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made, 750
 And thus his sacred message sweetly said :

“ Hail ! full of grace ! thee the whole world shall call
 “ Above all Bless'd ; thee, who shalt bless them all.
 “ Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud
 “ Jesus the God ; ” (and then again he bow'd) 756

" Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee :
 " Hailthou! whomust God's wife, God's mother be (n)."²
 With that his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd,
 (She low obeifance made) and disappear'd. 760
 Lo! a new star three Eastern sages see (o);
 (For why should only earth a gainer be?)
 They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew
 It bravely usher'd in a sun as new :
 They hasted all this rising sun t' adore; 765
 With them rich myrrh, and early spices, bore.
 Wise Men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
 You 'll in a noisome stable find your King.
 Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;
 Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin; 770
 Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and tear
 The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;
 As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
 Were doubled now, or that just now they fell :
 But when the dreaded Maid they ent'ring saw, 775
 All fled with trembling fear and silent awe :
 In her chaste arms th' Eternal Infant lies,
 Th' Almighty Voice chang'd into feeble cries.
 Heav'n contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;
 Never did virgin contain Heav'n before. 780
 Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
 And halleluiah round, all halleluiah, sing.
 No longer could good David quiet bear
 Th' unwieldly pleasure which o'erflow'd him here :

(n) Lukę i. 28.

(o) Matth. ii. 2.

It broke the fetters, and burst ope his eye; 785

Away the tim'rous Forms together fly.

Fix'd with amaze he stood, and time must take,

To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this vision sent,

And order'd all the pageants as they went: 790

Sometimes that only 't was wild Fancy's play,

The loose and scatter'd relicks of the day.

When Gabriel (no bless'd sp'rit more kind or fair)

Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;

All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom, 795

Rare workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly loom!

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright

That e'er the mid-day sun pierc'd thro' with light;

Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,

Wash'd from the morning beauty's deepest red; 800

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,

And fell adown his shoulders with loose care:

He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,

Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;

This he with starry vapours spangles all, 805

Took in their prime ere they grow ripe, and fall:

Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,

The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made;

Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,

Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they; 810

These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,

Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he plays.

Thus dress'd the joyful Gabriel posts away,
 And carries with him his own glorious day 814
 Thro' the thick woods; the gloomy shades awhile
 Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;
 The trembling serpents close and silent lie;
 The birds obscene far from his passage fly;
 A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
 Sudden as that which by creation rose. 820
 Thus he appears to David; at first sight
 All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight:
 In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
 A sacred calm shines thro' his peaceful breast. 824
 "Hail, Man lov'd! from highest heav'n," said he,
 "My mighty Master sends thee health by me.
 "The things thou saw'st are full of truth and light,
 "Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight.
 "Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the Years 829
 "To go in order thus: hence, empty fears! [spring
 "Thy fate's all white; from thy blest seed shall
 "The promis'd Shilo, the great mystick King.
 "Round the whole earth his dreaded Name shall found,
 "And reach to worlds that must not yet be found: 834
 "The Southern clime him her sole Lord shall stile,
 "Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle.
 "My fellow-servant, credit what I tell."
 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell. 838

End of the Second Book.

DAVIDEIS:

BOOK III.

The Contents.

DAVID's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis. He counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies. His entertainment at Moab's court. A digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Melchor's song at the feast. Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David; which he does. His extraction. His excellency in poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin. The description of Goliath and his arms. His challenge to the Israelites. David's coming to the camp. His speech to Saul to desire leave to fight with Goliath. Several speeches upon that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michol. The love between David and Michol. His song at her window. His expedition against the Philistines, and the dowry of two hundred forekins for Michol, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heav'n receives,
Straight to his diligent God just thanks he gives.
To divine Nobe directs then his flight (a),
A small town, great in fame by Levi's right;
Is there with sprightly wines and hallow'd bread 5
(But what 's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed (b).
The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast:

(a) 1 Sam. xxi. 1. (b) Ψ . 4, 5, 6. Matth. xii. 4.

He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword (*c*),
 (The fittest help just Fortune could afford) 10
 A sword whose weight without a blow might slay,
 Able unblunted to cut hosts away;
 A sword so great, that it was only fit
 To take off his great head who came with it.
 Thus he arms David; "I your own restore; 15
 "Take it," said he, "and use it as before (*d*).
 "I saw you then, and 't was the bravest fight
 "That ere these eyes ow'd the discov'ring light.
 "When you stepp'd forth, how did the monster rage,
 "In scorn of your soft looks and tender age! 20
 "Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,
 "Some pity'd that such youth should idly fall:
 "Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain:
 "I knew the day was your's; I saw it plain."
 Much more the rev'rend sire prepar'd to say, 25
 Wrapp'd with his joy; how the two armies lay;
 Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee:
 All that his hearer better knew than he;
 But David's haste denies all needless stay:
 To Gath (*e*), an enemy's land, he hastes away, 30
 Not there secure, but where one danger 's near,
 The more remote, tho' greater, disappear.
 So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
 So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.
 There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide! 35
 Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?

(*c*) 1 Sam. xxi. 9. (*d*) 1 Sam. xvii. 5. (*e*) 1 Sam. xxi. 10.

Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
 But night itself does the rich gem betray.
 Tagal first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,
 Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight 40
 Had sav'd the fordid remnant of his age;
 Hence the deep sore of envy mix'd with rage.
 Straight with a band of soldiers, tall and rough,
 Trembling, for scarce he thought that band enough,
 On him he seizes, whom they all had fear'd, 45
 Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.
 And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,
 To Achis' court they led in haste away,
 With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
 Upon th' immod'rate vulgar's joy and hate. 50
 His valour now and strength must useles lie,
 And he himself must arts unusual try (*f*).
 Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
 The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair:
 Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face, 55
 And sometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace:
 Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,
 And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
 More full revenge Philistians could not wish,
 But call 't the justice of their mighty Fish. 60
 They now in height of anger let him live,
 And freedom, too, t' increase his scorn, they give (*g*).
 He, by wise madness freed, does homeward flee,
 And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xxi. 13.(*g*) 1 Sam. 13.

Near to Adullam (*b*), in an aged wood, 65
 An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,
 Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,
 As if by' her scholar Art she had been taught :
 Hither young David with his kindred came,
 Servants and friends ; many his spreading fame, 70
 Many their wants or discontents (*i*), did call ;
 Great men in war, and almost armies all !
 Hither came wise and valiant Joab down,
 One to whom David's self must owe his crown ;
 A mighty man, had not some cunning sin, 75
 Amidst so many virtues crowded in.
 With him Abishai came, by whom there fell
 At once three hundred (*k*) ; with him Afahel (*l*) ;
 Afahel ! swifter than the Northern wind (*m*) ;
 Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind 80
 Outgo his feet : so strangely would he run,
 That Time itself perceiv'd not what was done.
 Oft' o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
 His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass ;
 Oft' o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace, 85
 Yet no one atom trouble or displace.
 Unhappy Youth ! whose end so near I see (*n*) !
 'There's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.
 Hither Jessides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
 He who the vast exceeding monster flew (*o*). 90

(*b*) 1 Sam. xxii. 1. (*i*) 1 Sam. xxii. 2. (*k*) 1 Chron. xi. 20.
 (*l*) 1 Chron. xi. 26. (*m*) 2 Sam. ii. 18. (*n*) 2 Sam. ii. 23.
 (*o*) 1 Chron. xi. 22.

Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,
 Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear;
 But by Benaiah's staff he fell o'erthrown (*p*);
 The earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.
 Such was Benaiah; in a narrow pit 95
 He saw a lion, and leap'd down to it:
 As eas'ly there the royal beast he tore (*q*),
 As that itself did kids or lambs before.
 Him Ira follow'd (*r*), a young lovely boy,
 But full of sp'rit, and arms was all his joy: 100
 Oft', when a child, he in his dream would fight
 With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
 Oft' would he shoot young birds, and as they fall
 Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all:
 And now at home no longer would he stay, 105
 Tho' yet the face did scarce his sex betray.
 Dodo's great son came next (*s*), whose dreadful hand
 Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conqu'ring band.
 Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
 Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield? 110
 Many besides did this new troop increase;
 Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace;
 Eliel (*t*), whose full quiver did always bear
 As many deaths as in it arrows were;
 None from his hand did vain or inn'cent flee; 115
 Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.

(*p*) 1. Chron. xi. 23. (*q*) 1. Chron. xi. 22. (*r*) 1. Chron. xi. 28.
 (*s*) 1. Chron. xi. 26. (*t*) 1. Chron. xi. 46.

Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side (*u*),
 And many of old Jacob's youngest Tribe;
 But his chief strength the Gadite soldiers are (*x*),
 Each single man able to o'ercome a war! 120

Swift as the darts they fling thro' yielding air,
 And hardy all as the strong steel they bear;
 A lion's noble rage fits in their face,
 Terrible comely! arm'd with dreadful grace!

Th' undaunted Prince, tho' thus well guarded here,
 Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear; 126

He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat (*y*),
 Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.

So when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride
 For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd, 130

Æneas stole an act of higher fame,
 And bore Anchises thro' the wand'ring flame (*z*);

A nobler burden, and a richer prey,
 Than all the Grecian forces bore away.

Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph, go, 135
 Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;

To 'ave sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
 By this thou overcom'st their victory.

Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
 Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea, denies: 140

They see north-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
 Edom and Petra their south part does bound:

(*u*) 1 Chron. xii. 16. (*x*) 1 Chron. xii. 8. (*y*) 1 Sam. xxii. 3, 4.
 (*z*) Virg. Æn. II.

Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,
 The morning's happy beams they first espy :
 The region with fat soil and plenty 's blest'd, 145
 A soil too good to be of old possess'd
 By monstrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,
 And conquer'd both the people and the name ;
 Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood (a),
 And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood :
 In Hesbon his triumphant court he plac'd, 151
 Hesbon! by men and Nature strangely grac'd :
 A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
 Which peace could yield, tho' well prepar'd for fight.
 But this proud city, and her prouder lord, 155
 Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword (b);
 Whilst Moab triumphed in her torn estate,
 To see her own become her conqu'ror's fate.
 Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown
 Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down. 160
 Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke (c),
 Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke (d);
 Since then their kings in quiet held their own ;
 Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne :
 And now a wise old prince the sceptre sway'd, 165
 Well by his subjects and himself obey'd :
 Only before his fathers' gods he fell ;
 Poor wretched Man! almost too good for hell !
 Hither does David his blest'd parents bring ;
 With humble greatness begs of Moab's king 170

(a) Num. xxi. 26. (b) ̳. 24, 25. (c) Judg. iii. 14. (d) ̳. 21.

A safe and fair abode, where they might live
Free from those storms with which himself must
strive (*e*).

The King with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to Saul and love to virtue mov'd. 174

“ Welcome, great Knight, and your fair troop,” said

“ Your name found welcome long before with me; [he;

“ That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,

“ And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy zone.

“ Swift Fame, when her round journey she does make,

“ Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take. 180

“ Are you the man did that huge giant kill?

“ Great Baal of Phegor! and how young he's still!

“ From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born

“ here (*f*),

“ In Judah sojourn'd, and, they say, match'd there

“ To one of Bethleh'm (*g*), which I hope is true: 185

“ Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you:

“ Those have the best alliance always been;

“ To gods as well as men they make us kin.”

He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests,
To' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts: 190

The room with golden tap'stry glister'd bright,

At once to please, and to confound, the sight,

Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands;

In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,

By three fierce tigers and three lions borne, 195

Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;

(*e*) 1 Sam. xxii. 3.

(*f*) Ruth i. 4.

(*g*) Ruth iv. 10.

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
 As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
 About it beds of Lybian citron stood,
 With cov'rings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood, 200
 They say th' Herculean art; but most delight
 Some pictures gave to David's learned sight.
 Here sev'ral ways Lot and great Abram go (*b*),
 Their too much wealth, vast and unkind, does grow:
 Thus each extreme to equal danger tends; 205
 Plenty as well as want can sep'rate friends.
 Here Sodom's tow'rs raise their proud tops on high;
 The tow'rs as well as men outbrave the sky:
 By it the waves of rev'rend Jordan run,
 Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun. 210
 Hither Lot's household comes (*i*), a num'rous train,
 And all with various bus'ness fill the plain:
 Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
 They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:
 Some drive the herds: here a fierce bullock scorns 215
 Th' appointed way, and runs with threat'ning horns;
 In vain the herdman calls him back again;
 The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain.
 Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
 With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie: 220
 Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
 And Lot talks with them both on either side.

(*b*) Gen. xiii 9. (*i*). v. 10.

Another picture to curs'd Sodom brings
 Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings;
 They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away (*k*),
 Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay (*l*), 226
 Bury'd almost alive for fear of death;
 But Heav'n's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.
 Abraham pursues and slays the victors' host (*m*),
 Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast. 230
 Next this was drawn the reckless cities' flame,
 When a strange hell pour'd down from heav'n there
 came (*n*).

Here the two angels from Lot's window look
 With smiling anger; the lewd wretches strook 234
 With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door (*o*);
 Their eyes, first cause of lust, first veng'ance bore;
 Thro' liquid air heav'n's busy soldiers fly,
 And drive on clouds where feeds of thunder lie.
 Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks;
 Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks:
 Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall, 241
 Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
 The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
 And meets half-way new fires that show'r from sky.
 Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
 At once drop down the fathers' arms and they: 246
 Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
 And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.

(*k*) Gen. xiv. 11, 12.(*l*) *ψ*. 10.(*m*) *ψ*. 13. *Ἐ**c*.(*n*) Gen. xix. 24.(*o*) *ψ*. 11.

Men thought, so much a flame by art was shown,
 The picture's self would fall in ashes down. 250
 Afar old Lot tow'rd little Zoar hies (p),
 And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping eyes.
 Behind his wife stood ever fix'd alone (q),
 No more a woman, not yet quite a stone :
 A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head ; 255
 One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
 And yet a cheek : in vain to speak she strove ;
 Her lips, tho' stone, a little seem'd to move.
 One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,
 The other trembled still with parting light : 260
 The wind admir'd, which her hair loofely bore,
 Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
 To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing hands,
 And to this day a suppliant pillar stands.
 She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear, 265
 And rais'd the heel, but her toe's rooted there.
 Ah! foolish Woman! who must always be
 A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!
 Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,
 The feast is now serv'd in, and down they lie. 270
 Moab a goblet takes of Massy gold,
 Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
 Quaft to their gods and friends, an health goes round
 In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground ;
 Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill 275
 (For such were poets then, and should be still)

(p) Gen. xix. 20.

(q) v. 26.

His noble verse thro' Nature's secrets lead;
 He sung what sp'rit thro' the whole mass is spread,
 Ev'ry where all; how heav'ns God's law approve,
 And think it rest eternally to move: 280
 How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
 Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose:
 How his round journey does for ever last,
 And how he baits at ev'ry sea in haste.
 He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
 Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain; 286
 Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
 Her changing horns, not constanter than they.
 He sung how grisly comets hang in air,
 Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair; 290
 God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
 To publish ills, and raise all earth to war:
 Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
 What motions vex it till it roar so loud;
 How lambent fires become so wondrous tame, 295
 And bear such shining winter in their flame:
 What radiant pencil draws the wat'ry bow;
 What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
 What palsy of the earth shakes up fix'd hills
 From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills. 300
 Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
 And sometimes miss'd the cause, but sought it well.
 Such was the sauce of Moab's noble feast,
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest:

Only the good old prince stays Joab there, 305
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear:
 He tells deeds antique; and the new desires;
 Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires. [in,
 "Nay, gentle Guest!" said he, "since now you're
 "The story of your gallant friend begin: 310
 "His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,
 "And how he flew that man of Gath of late. [man."
 "What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous
 With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began: 314
 ' His birth, great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd (r),
 ' That praise of that might look from me like pride:
 ' Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
 ' Of th' old Judæan Lion's richest blood (s).
 ' From Judah Pharez, from him Efrom came, 319
 ' Ram, Nathon, Salmon (t), names spoke loud by
 ' A name no less ought Boaz to appear, [Fame.
 ' By whose blest match we come no strangers here.
 ' From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,
 ' From Obed Jesse, Jesse! whom Fame's kindest tongue,
 ' Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall 325
 ' Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,
 ' David born to him seventh (u); the six births past,
 ' Brave trials of a work more great at last.
 ' Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit!
 ' The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it. 330

(r) 1 Chro. ii. 16. (s) Gen. xlix. 9. (t) 1 Chro. ii.
 Matth. i. (u) 1 Chro. ii. 15. 1 Sam. xvi. 11.

- ' Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing
 ' Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's King,
 ' His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
 ' And savage beasts stand by as tame as they:
 ' The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,
 ' Learning consent and concord from his lyre: 336
 ' Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
 ' Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.
 ' 'Twas now the time when first Saul God for-
 took (x),
 ' God Saul; the room in 's heart wild passions took:
 ' Sometimes a tyrant frenzy revell'd there, 341
 ' Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.
 ' No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
 ' They cure but sometime bodies, never minds,
 ' Musick alone those storms of soul could lay (y); 345
 ' Not more Saul them, than musick they obey.
 ' David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
 ' His harp! that magick bore on ev'ry string. 348
 ' When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
 ' With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:
 ' When his dull sp'rits lay drown'd in death and night,
 ' He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.
 ' Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'suage,
 ' Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
 ' To Helah plain Philistian troops are come (z), 355
 ' And War's loud noise strikes peaceful Musick dumb.

(x) 1 Sam. xvi. 14. (y) v. 23. (z) 1 Sam. xvii.

' Back to his rural care young David goes ;
 ' For this rough work Saul his stout brethren chose ;
 ' He knew not what his hand in war could do, [too.
 ' Nor thought his sword could cure men' madness
 ' Now Dammin's destin'd for this scene of blood ;
 ' On two near hills the two proud armies stood ; 362
 ' Between a fatal valley stretch'd out wide,
 ' And death seem'd ready now on either side ;
 ' When, lo ! their host rais'd all a joyful shout, 365
 ' And from the midst an huge and monstrous man
 stepp'd out (a).
 ' Aloud they shouted ; at each step he took
 ' We and the earth itself beneath him shook :
 ' Vast as the hill down which he march'd he' appear'd,
 ' Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd. 370
 ' A young tall squire (tho' then he seem'd not so)
 ' Did from the camp at first before him go ;
 ' At first he did, but scarce could follow straight,
 ' Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,
 ' On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
 ' Rare work ! all fill'd with terrour and delight. 376
 ' Here a vast hill 'gainst thund'ring Baal was thrown,
 ' Trees and beasts on't fell burnt with lightning down.
 ' One flings a mountain, and its river too,
 ' Torn up with it ; that rains back on him that threw.
 ' Some from the main to pluck whole islands try ; 381
 ' The sea boils round with flames shot thick from sky..

(a) 1 Sam. xvii. 4.

' This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
 ' And prais'd their strength, but thought his own was
 ' The valley now this monster seem'd to fill; [more.
 ' And we (methoughts) look'd up t' him from our
 ' All arm'd in brafs, the richeft drefs of war, [hill.
 ' (A difmal glorious fight) he fhone afar.
 ' The Sun himfelf started with fudden fright,
 ' To fee his beams return fo difmal bright. 390
 ' Brafs was his helmet (*b*), his boots brafs; and o'er
 ' His breast a thick plate of ftrong brafs he wore :
 ' His fpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
 ' Which Nature meant fome tall fhip's maff fhould be;
 ' The huge iron head fix hundred fheckles weigh'd,
 ' And of whole bodies but one wound it made; 396
 ' Able Death's worft command to overdo,
 ' Destroying life at once, and carcafs too.
 ' Thus arm'd he flood, all direful, and all gay,
 ' And round him flung a fcornful look away. 400
 ' So when a Scythian tiger gazing round,
 ' An herd of kine in fome fair plain has found,
 ' Lowing fecure, he fwells with angry pride,
 ' And calls forth all his fports on ev'ry fide;
 ' Then ftops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all, 405
 ' In choice of fome ftrong neck on which to fall;
 ' Almost he fcorns fo weak, fo cheap a prey,
 ' And grieves to fee them trembling hafte away.'
 ' "Ye Men of Jury!" he cries, "if men you be, 409
 ' "And fuch dare prove yourfelves to Fame and me,

(*b*) 1. Sam. xvii. 5, &c.

" Chuse out 'mongst all your troop the boldest knight,
 " To try his strength and fate with me in fight (c):
 " The chance of war let us two bear for all, 413
 " And they the conqu'rors serve whose knight shall
 At this he paus'd awhile; straight, " I defy [fall (d)]."
 " Your Gods and you; dares none come down and
 " Go back for shame, and Egypt's slav'ry bear [die!
 " Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.
 " Alas! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,
 " Your forc'rer Moses now, and Josua, is gone; 420
 " Your magick trumpets then could cities take (e),
 " And sounds of triumph did your battles make:
 " Spears in your hands, and manly swords, are vain;
 " Get you your spells and conj'ring rods again. 424
 " Is there no Sampson here? oh! that there were!
 " In his full strength and long enchanted hair;
 " This sword should be in the weak razor's stead (f);
 " It should not cut his hair off, but his head."
 ' Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
 ' Flatt'ring his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound:
 ' We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd 431
 ' We had behind some new Goliath heard (g).
 ' 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n, sure, (which David's glory
 ' Thro' this whole act) such sacred terrour sent [meant
 ' To all our host; for there was Saul in place, 435
 ' Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' face;

(c) 1. Sam. xvii. 8.

(d) v. 9, 10.

(e) Josh. vi. 20.

(f) Judg. xvi. 17.

(g) 1. Sam. xvii. 11.

‘ His godlike son there in bright armour shone,
 ‘ Who scorn’d to conquer armies not alone (b):
 ‘ Fate her own book mistrusted at the fight,
 ‘ On that side war, on this a single fight. 440
 ‘ There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
 ‘ He who th’ Egyptian proud Goliath flew (i):
 ‘ In his pale fright rage thro’ his eyes shot flame,
 ‘ He saw his staff, and blush’d with gen’rous shame.
 ‘ Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
 ‘ Men valiant all; nor was I us’d to fear. 446
 ‘ Thus forty days he march’d down arm’d to fight;
 ‘ Once ev’ry morn he march’d, and once at night.
 ‘ Slow rose the sun, but gallopp’d down apace,
 ‘ With more than evening blushes in his face; 450
 ‘ When Jesse to the camp young David sent (k)
 ‘ His purpose low, but high was Fate’s intent:
 ‘ For when the monster’s pride he saw and heard,
 ‘ Round him he look’d, and wonder’d why they fear’d.
 ‘ Anger and brave disdain his heart possess’d, [breast.
 ‘ Thoughts more than manly swell’d his youthful
 ‘ Much the rewards propos’d his spirit inflame,
 ‘ Saul’s daughter much, and much the voice of Fame (l).
 ‘ These to their just intentions strongly move,
 ‘ But chiefly God, and his dear country’s love. 460
 ‘ Resolv’d for combat, to Saul’s tent he’s brought,
 ‘ Where thus he spoke as boldly as he fought:

(b) 1 Sam. xiv. (i) 1 Chro x. 23. (k) 1 Sam. xvii.
 12, &c. (l) 1 Sam. xvii. 25.

“ Henceforth no more, great Prince ! your sacred
breast

“ With that huge talking wretch of Gath molest (*m*);

“ This hand alone shall end his cursed breath ; 465

“ Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to death ;

“ And cheated with false weight of his own might,

“ Has challeng’d Heav’n, not us, to single fight.

“ Forbid it, God, that where thy right is try’d, 469

“ The strength of man should find just cause for pride!

“ Firm like some rock, and vast he seems to stand,

“ But rocks, we know, were op’d at thy command(*n*).

“ That soul which now does such large members sway,

“ Thro’ one small wound will creep in haste away ;

“ And he who now dares boldly Heav’n defy, 475

“ To ev’ry bird of heav’n a prey shall lie :

“ For ’t is not human force we ought to fear ;

“ Did that, alas ! plant our forefathers here ?

“ Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue (*o*) ?

“ By that whole nations of Goliaths slew ? 480

“ The wonders they perform’d may still be done ;

“ Moses and Josua is, but God’s not gone.

“ We ’ave lost their rod and trumpets, not their skill:

“ Pray’rs and belief are as strong witchcraft still.

“ These are more tall, more giants far than he, 485

“ Can reach to heav’n, and thence pluck victory.

“ Count this, and then, Sir ! mine th’ advantage is ;

“ He’s stronger far than I, my God than his.”

(*m*) 1 Sam. xvii. 32. (*n*) Exod. xvii. 6. (*o*) Joth. xii. 24.

" Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see
 " Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as he. 490
 " Brave Youth (*p*)!" replies the King, " whose daring
 " Ere come to manhood leaves it quite behind; [mind,
 " Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
 " And let thy body grow up to thy spright :
 " Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe, 495
 " Whose touch would wound thee more than him thy
 " Nature his limbs only for war made fit, [blow.
 " In thine, as yet, nought beside Love she 'as writ.
 " With some less foe thy unlesh'd valour try ;
 " This monster can be no first victory. 500
 " The lion's royal whelp does not at first,
 " For blood of Basan bulls, or tigers, thirst ;
 " In tim'rous deer he hanfels his young paws,
 " And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
 " So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd be, 505
 " Fortune would be ashamed to second thee."
 " He said, and we all murmur'd an assent ;
 " But nought moves David from his high intent.
 " It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
 " To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here; 510
 " Which he resolves, " Scorn not," says he, " mine
 " For vict'ry comes not like an heritage, [age (*q*),
 " At set years. When my father's flock I fed,
 " A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led, 514
 " Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs away ;
 " From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey :

(*p*) 1 Sam. xvii. 33. (*q*) *v*. 34.

" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill,
 " On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
 " My God's the same, which then he was, to-day,
 " And this wild wretch almost the same as they. 520
 " Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
 " Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?"

" Be't so then," Saul bursts forth; "and Thou on
 high,

" Who oft' in weakness dost most strength descry,
 " At whose dread beck Conquest expecting stands,
 " And casts no look down on the fighters' hands,
 " Assist what thou inspir'st; and let all see, 527
 " As boys to giants, giants are to thee." [cefs,

' Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange suc-
 ' In his own arms he the bold youth does dress (r).
 ' On his head an helm of well-wrought brass is plac'd,
 ' The top with warlike plumes severely grac'd: 532
 ' His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
 ' A sword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:
 ' Yet David, us'd so long to no defence, 535
 ' But those light arms of spirit and innocence,
 ' No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
 ' But fears his own arms' weight more than his foe's.
 ' He lost himself in that disguise of war,
 ' And guarded seems, as men by prisons are. 540
 ' He, therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,
 ' Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight.

(r) 1 Sam. xvii. 38.

'Gainst shield, helm, breastplate, and instead of
 those, [chose (s),
 ' Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he
 ' And fits them to his sling; then marches down;
 ' For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own. 546
 ' We all with various passion strangely gaz'd,
 ' Some sad, some 'tham'd, some angry, all amaz'd.
 ' Now in the valley he stands; thro' his youthful face
 ' Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly grace;
 ' Both in his looks so join'd, that they might move
 ' Fear ev'n in friends, and from an en'my love; 552
 ' Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day,
 ' Like July furious, but more fair than May.
 ' Th' accurs'd Philistian stands on th' other side,
 ' Grumbling aloud (t), and smiles 'twixt rage and
 pride.' 556
 " The plagues of Dagon! A smooth boy," says he,
 " A curs'd, beardless foe, oppos'd to me! [come!
 " Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fondchild!) he's
 " Some friend his mother call to drive him home.
 " Not gone yet? If one minute more thou stay, 561
 " The birds of heav'n shall bear the dead away.
 " Gods! a curs'd boy!" ' The rest then murm'ring
 ' He walks, and casts a deadly grin about. [out,
 ' David, with cheerful anger in his eyes, 565
 ' Advances boldly on, and thus replies;

(s) 1 Sam. xvii. 40.

(t) v. 43.

" Thou com'st vain Man! all arm'd into the field (x),
 " And trustest those war toys, thy sword and shield;
 " Thy pride's my spear, thy blasphemies my sword;
 " My shield thy Maker; Fool! the mighty Lord
 " Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me, 371
 " Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee,
 " In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;
 " In vain thy other god, thine own right-hand.
 " Thy fall to man shall Heav'n's strong justice show;
 " Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canst do."
 ' He said; our host stood dully silent by, 377
 ' And durst not trust their ears against the eye.
 ' As much their champion's threats to him they fear'd,
 ' As when the monster's threats to them they heard.
 ' His flaming sword th' enraged Philistian shakes, 381
 ' And haste to his ruin with loud curses makes.
 ' Backward the winds his active curses blew,
 ' And fatally round his own head they flew: 384
 ' For now from David's sling the stone is fled (y),
 ' And strikes, with joyful noise, the monster's head:
 ' It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
 ' As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air.
 ' Down, down he falls! and bites in vain the ground;
 ' Blood, brain, and soul, crowd mingled thro' the wound.
 ' So a strong oak, which many years had stood, 391
 ' With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood,
 ' Tho' it might long the axe's violence bear,
 ' And play'd with winds which other trees did tear,

(x) 1 Sam. xvii. 45.

(y) 1 Sam. xvii. 49.

' Yet by the thunder's stroke from the root 'tis rent;
 ' So sure the blows that from high Heav'n are sent.
 ' What tongue the joy and wonder can express, 597
 ' Which did that moment our whole host possess?
 ' Their jocund shouts th' air like a storm did tear,
 ' Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear; 600
 ' But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistians fly (y),
 ' And their ill fate to perfect, basely die.
 ' With thousand corpse the ways around are strown,
 ' Till they, by the day's flight, secure their own.
 ' Now thro' the camp found nought but David's name;
 ' All joys, of several stamp and colours, came 606
 ' From several passions: some his valour praise,
 ' Some his free speech, some the fair pop'lar rays
 ' Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise: 609
 ' Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
 ' Some wonder; some they thought it would be so
 ' And some saw angels flying thro' the air: [fwear;
 ' The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
 ' On this great act, and fain would give it to Chance.
 ' Women our host with songs and dances meet, 615
 ' With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet (z).
 ' Hence the King's politick rage and envy flows (a),
 ' Which first he hides, and seeks his life to expose
 ' To gen'rous dangers, that his hate might clear, 619
 ' And Fate or Chance the blame, nay, David, bear.
 ' So vain are man's designs! for Fate and Chance,
 ' And Earth and Heav'n, conspir'd to his advance:

(y) Sam. xvii. 52. (z) 1 Sam. xviii. 6. (a) 1 Sam. xviii. 8.

' His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
 ' In all mankind but Saul did love beget (b).
 ' Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest blood,
 ' The noble cause's sacred force withstood. 626
 ' You 'ave met, no doubt, and kindly us'd the fame
 ' Of godlike Jonathan's illustrious name;
 ' A name which ev'ry wind to heav'n would bear,
 ' Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear. 630
 ' No Angel e'er bore to his brother-mind
 ' A kindness more exalted and refin'd
 ' Than his to David, which look'd nobly down,
 ' And scorn'd the false alarms of a crown.
 ' At Dammin field he stood; and from his place 635
 ' Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqu'ror to embrace;
 ' On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,
 ' On him his heart and soul, he did bestow (c).
 ' Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,
 ' In this close knot the smallest looseness made. 640
 ' Oft' his wife care did the King's rage suspend,
 ' His own life's danger shelter'd oft' his friend (d),
 ' Which he expos'd, a sacrifice to fall,
 ' By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.
 ' Nor was young David's active virtue grown 645
 ' Strong and triumphant in one sex alone;
 ' Imperious beauty, too, it durst invade,
 ' And deeper prints in the soft breast it made (e);

(b) 1 Sam. xviii. 16.

(c) 1 Sam. xviii. 1, 4.

(d) 1 Sam. xx. 33.

(e) 1 Sam. xviii. 20, 28.

- ' For there t' esteem, and Friendship's graver name,
 ' Passion was pour'd like oil into the flame. 650
 ' Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
 ' Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters grac'd:
 ' Merab the first, Michol the younger nam'd,
 ' Both equally for different glories fam'd.
 ' Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight, 655
 ' But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight.
 ' Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
 ' Gives pleasure, but gives fear and rev'rence too;
 ' Michol's sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
 ' And no less strong, tho' much more gentle, love;
 ' Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey,
 ' Tyrants themselves less absolute than they. 662
 ' Merab appear'd like some fair princely tow'r;
 ' Michol some virgin queen's delicious bow'r.
 ' All beauty's stores in little and in great; 665
 ' But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
 ' A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
 ' Such as the prouder colours might envy:
 ' Michol's pure skin shone with such taintless white,
 ' As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight; 670
 ' Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did show,
 ' Than e'er on fruits or flow'rs Heav'n's pencil drew.
 ' From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came,
 ' From Michol's the sun's mild, yet active, flame.
 ' Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown, 675
 ' Tresses of palest gold did Michol crown.

- ' Such was their outward form; and one might find
 ' A diff'rence not unlike it in the mind.
 ' Merab, with comely majesty and state,
 ' Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate: 680
 ' Such humble sweetness did soft Michol show,
 ' That none who reach'd so high e'er stoop'd so low.
 ' Merab rejoic'd in her wreck'd lover's pain,
 ' And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
 ' The grief she caus'd gave gentle Michol grief; 685
 ' She wish'd her beauties less for their relief;
 ' Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
 ' Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
 ' Bus'ness and pow'r Merab's large thoughts did vex,
 ' Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex: 690
 ' Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 ' Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
 ' In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,
 ' Merab of Saul, Michol of Jonathan.
 ' The day that David great Goliath flew, 695
 ' Not great Goliath's sword was more his due
 ' Than Merab: by Saul's publick promise she
 ' Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory:
 ' But haughty she did this just match despise;
 ' Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes. 700
 ' An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
 ' Who shepherd's staff and shepherd's habit bore,
 ' The seventh-born son of no rich house, were still
 ' Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did
 ' fill;

' And much aversion in her stubborn mind 705
 ' Was bred, by being promis'd and design'd.
 ' Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
 ' The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn ;
 ' Adriel the rich, but riches were in vain,
 ' And could not set him free, nor her enchain. 710
 ' Long liv'd they thus ; but as the hunted deer,
 ' Closely pursu'd, quits all her wonted fear,
 ' And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore
 ' She oft' with horror had beheld before ;
 ' So whilst the violent maid from David fled, 715
 ' She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed (*f*).
 ' The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd straight;
 ' So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate,
 ' But Michol, in whose breast all virtues move,
 ' That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love, 720
 ' With juster eyes the noble object meets,
 ' And turns all Merab's poison into sweets.
 ' She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
 ' Should make all fame to come so soon his own ;
 ' She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook 725
 ' Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook.
 ' Tho' he seventh-born, and tho' his house but poor,
 ' She knew it noble was, and would be more.
 ' Oft' had she heard, and fancy'd oft' the fight,
 ' With what a gen'rous calm he march'd to fight ;
 ' In the great danger how exempt from fear, 730
 ' And after it from pride he did appear.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xviii. 19.

' Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,
 ' She saw thro' all his words and actions shine.
 ' She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,
 ' Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire, 736
 ' Tho' us'd all other passions to relieve:
 ' She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
 ' When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubtful
 ' His beauty no less active than the rest. [breast,
 ' The fire, thus kindled, soon grew fierce and great,
 ' When David's breast reflected back its heat. 742
 ' Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can love hidden lie
 ' From any sight, much less the loving eye)
 ' She conqueror was, as well as overcome, 745
 ' And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
 ' Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
 ' Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
 ' Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
 ' A mutual warmth thro' both their bosoms spread.
 ' Fate gave the signal; both at once began 751
 ' The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
 ' Ev'n so (methinks) when two fair tapers come
 ' From several doors, ent'ring at once the room,
 ' With a swift flight that leaves the eye behind, 755
 ' Their am'rous lights into one light are join'd.
 ' Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
 ' Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
 ' Michol her modest flames sought to conceal,
 ' But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal. 760

' Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
 ' Love past thro' them, and there such footsteps left.
 ' She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke,
 ' And suddenly her wand'ring answers broke, 764
 ' At his name's sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
 ' With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd.
 ' Uncall'd-for sighs oft' from her bosom flew,
 ' And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.
 ' Oft' when the court's gay youth stood waiting by,
 ' She strove to act a cold indiff'rency; 770
 ' In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
 ' For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.
 ' On th' other side, David with silent pain,
 ' Did in respectful bounds his fires contain.
 ' His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe, 675
 ' Impos'd on him a no less rig'rous law
 ' Than modesty on her; and tho' he strove
 ' To make her see it, he durst not tell his love.
 ' To tell it first the tim'rous youth made choice
 ' Of Musick's bolder and more active voice; 780
 ' And thus beneath her window did he touch
 ' His faithful lyre, the words and numbers such
 ' As did well worth my memory appear,
 ' And may perhaps deserve your princely ear.'

I.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre! 785
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale,

In sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
 Tho' so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be, 790
 Tell her such diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

II.

Hark! how the strings awake!
 And tho' the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear
 A kind of num'rous trembling make. 795
 Now all thy forces try,
 Now all thy charms apply,
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

III.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue, sure,
 Is useless here, since thou art only found 800
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound but not to cure.
 Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove;
 Physick to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

IV.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! 806
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
 All thy vain mirth lay by, 810
 Bid thy strings silent lie.
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master die.

‘ She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
 ‘ Touch’d with delightful pain her tender wound :
 ‘ Yet tho’ she joy’d th’ authentick news to hear, 815
 ‘ Of what she guess’d before with jealous fear,
 ‘ She check’d her forward joy, and blush’d for shame,
 ‘ And did his boldness with forc’d anger blame.
 ‘ The senseless rules which first false honour taught,
 ‘ And into laws the tyrant custom brought, 820
 ‘ Which women’s pride and folly did invent,
 ‘ Their lovers and themselves, too, to torment,
 ‘ Made her next day a grave displeasure feign,
 ‘ And all her words, and all her looks constrain
 ‘ Before the trembling youth; who when he saw 825
 ‘ His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
 ‘ He curs’d his voice, his fingers, and his lyre;
 ‘ He curs’d his too-bold tongue, and bold desire :
 ‘ In vain he curs’d the last, for that still grew; 829
 ‘ From all things food its strong complexion drew :
 ‘ His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas’d,
 ‘ His life decay’d, but still his love increas’d ;
 ‘ Whilst she whose heart approv’d not her disdain,
 ‘ Saw and endur’d his pains with greater pain.
 ‘ But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
 ‘ With a concernment equal to their own, 836
 ‘ Joyful that Heav’n with his sworn love comply’d,
 ‘ To draw that knot more fast which he had ty’d,
 ‘ With well-tim’d zeal, and with an artful care,
 ‘ Restor’d, and better’d soon the nice affair : 840

' With ease a brother's lawful pow'r o'ercame
 ' The formal decencies of virgin-shame.
 ' She first with all her heart forgave the past, [last.
 ' Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at
 ' Lo! here the happy point of prosp'rous love, 845
 ' Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve!
 ' Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
 ' All Israel's wish concurrent with their own,
 ' A brother's pow'rful aid firm to the side,
 ' By solemn vow the King and father ty'd; 850
 ' All jealous fears; all nice disguises past,
 ' All that in less-ripe love offends the taste,
 ' In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,
 ' Their heart the nuptial temple and the bed:
 ' And tho' the grosser cates were yet not dress'd, 855
 ' By which the bodies must supply this feast,
 ' Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's ling'ring birth,
 ' As saints, assur'd of heav'n, enjoy 't on earth.
 ' All this the King observ'd, and well he saw
 ' What scandal and what danger it might draw 860
 ' T' oppose this just and pop'lar match; but meant
 ' To out-malice all refusals by consent.
 ' He meant the pois'nous grant should mortal prove;
 ' He meant to ensnare his virtue by his love:
 ' And thus he to him spoke (g), with more of art 865
 ' And fraud than well became the kingly part.'
 " Your valour, David! and high worth," said he,
 " To praise is all men's duty, mine to see

(g) 1 Sam. xviii. 21.

" Rewarded; and we shall to our utmost powers
 " Do with like care that part as you did your's. 870
 " Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,
 " Who fear the virtues which they 're bound to love.
 " Your piety does that tender point secure,
 " Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure.
 " Your nearness to it rather supports the crown, 875
 " And th' honours giv'n to you increase our own.
 " All that we can we 'll give: 't is our intent,
 " Both as a guard and as an ornament,
 " To place thee next ourselves: Heav'n does approve;
 " And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,
 " Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice; 881
 " I see, methinks, Heav'n in it, and I rejoice.
 " Blush not, my Son! that Michol's love I name,
 " Nor need she blush to hear it; 't is no shame
 " Nor secret now; Fame does it loudly tell, 885
 " And all men but thy rivals like it well.
 " If Merab's choice could have comply'd with mine,
 " Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine;
 " And her's, at last, should have with mine comply'd,
 " Had I not thine and Michol's heart descry'd. 890
 " Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee, the last
 " And dearest present made me by the chaste
 " Ahinoam; and unless she me deceive,
 " When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
 " 'Twill be a smaller gift. 895
 " If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
 " To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt make

" Fitting her birth and fortune; and since so
 " Custom ordains, we mean to exact it too.
 " The jointure we exact is that shall be 900
 " No less advantage to thy fame than she.
 " Go where Philistian troops infest the land;
 " Renew the terrours of thy conqu'ring hand;
 " When thine own hand, which needs must conqu'ror
 " In this joint cause of honour and of love, [prove,
 " An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay, 906
 " And for a dower their hundred foreskins pay (b),
 " Be Michol thy reward. Did we not know
 " Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
 " We should not cheaply that dear blood expose, 910
 " Which we to mingle with our own had chose;
 " But thou 'rt secure; and since this match of thine
 " We to the publick benefit design,
 " A publick good shall its beginning grace,
 " And give triumphant omens of thy race." 915
 " Thus spake the King: the happy youth bow'd low,
 " Modest and graceful his great joy did show;
 " The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
 " And nought to except against it could he find,
 " But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd; 920
 " No danger but her scorn of it he fear'd.
 " She with much different sense the news receiv'd;
 " At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and griev'd:
 " 'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,
 " Than to obtain her leave his life to expose. 925

(b) 1 Sam. xviii. 25.

' Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
 ' Tedious and needless to repeat ; if love
 ' (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breast,
 ' 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
 ' All that was done or said ; the grief, hope, fears, 930
 ' His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
 ' In all the pomp of passion's reign they part,
 ' And bright prophetick forms enlarge his heart ;
 ' Vict'ry and fame, and that more quick delight
 ' Of the rich prize for which he was to fight. 935
 ' Tow'rd's Gath he went ; and in one month (so soon
 ' A fatal and a willing work is done)
 ' A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought,
 ' Of choice Philistian knights with whom he fought ;
 ' Men that in birth and valour did excel, 940
 ' Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
 ' Now was Saul caught, nor longer could delay
 ' The two resistless lovers' happy day.
 ' Tho' this day's coming long had seem'd, and slow,
 ' Yet seem'd its flay as long and tedious now : 945
 ' For now the violent weight of eager love
 ' Did with more haste, so near its centre, move :
 ' He cars'd the stops of form and state which lay,
 ' In this last stage, like scandals in his way.
 ' On a large gentle hill, crown'd with tall wood,
 ' Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood, 950
 ' A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask made,
 ' And seem'd but the fresh forest's nat'ral shade ;

‘ Various, and vast within, on pillars borne
 ‘ Of Shittim wood, that usefully adorn : 955
 ‘ Hither, to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul
 ‘ Of the Twelve Tribes th’ Elders and Captains call,
 ‘ And all around the idle, busy crowd,
 ‘ With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud. 959
 ‘ Lo! the press breaks, and from their sev’ral homes
 ‘ In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
 ‘ Before the bride, in a long double row,
 ‘ With solemn pace, thirty choice virgins go,
 ‘ And make a moving Galaxy on earth;
 ‘ All heav’nly beauties, all of highest birth, 965
 ‘ All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
 ‘ As the bright flow’rs that crown’d their brighter hair;
 ‘ All in that new-blown age which does inspire
 ‘ Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
 ‘ But all this, and all else the sun did e’er, 970
 ‘ Or Fancy, see, in her less bounded sphere,
 ‘ The bride herself outshone; and one would say
 ‘ They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
 ‘ Behind a numerous train of ladies went, 974
 ‘ Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent;
 ‘ Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,
 ‘ For all men’s eyes were ty’d to those before.
 ‘ The bridegroom’s flourishing troop fill’d next the
 ‘ With thirty comely youths, of noblest race, [place,
 ‘ That march’d before, and Heav’n around his head
 ‘ The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread. 981

' So the glad star which men and angels love,
 ' Prince of the glorious host that shines above,
 ' No light of heav'n so cheerful or so gay,
 ' Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day. 985
 ' The King himself, at the tent's crowned gate,
 ' In all his robes of ceremony' and state,
 ' Sat to receive the train : on either hand
 ' Did the High Priest and the Great Prophet stand.
 ' Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse, 990
 ' And all the chiefs, in their due order prefs.
 ' First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause
 ' Avow'd by a gen'ral murmur of applause,
 ' Then sign'd her dower, and in few words he pray'd,
 ' And bless'd, and gave the joyful trembling maid
 ' T' her lover's hands, who with a cheerful look 996
 ' And humble gesture the vast present took.
 ' The nuptial-hymn straight sounds, and musicks play,
 ' And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day
 ' To all but to the wedded ; till at last, 1000
 ' The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow cast :
 ' At last th' inestimable hour was come,
 ' To lead his conqu'ring prey in triumph home.
 ' To a palace near, dress'd for the nuptial bed,
 ' (Part of her dower) he his fair princess led. 1005
 ' Saul, the High Priest, and Samuel, here they leave,
 ' Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.
 ' Her veil is now put on ; and at the gate
 ' The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait

- ' With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
 ' To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before; 1011
 ' The rest bring home in state the happy pair
 ' To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there,
 ' All those free joys insatiably to prove, 1014
 ' Which with rich Beauty feasts the glutton Love.
 ' But scarce, alas! the first sev'n days were past,
 ' In which the publick nuptial-triumphs last,
 ' When Saul this new alliance did repent;
 ' Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
 ' He envy'd the good work himself had done, 1020
 ' Fear'd David less his servant than his son.
 ' No longer his wild wrath could he command;
 ' He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
 ' In his son's blood; and that twice cheated too,
 ' With troops and armies does one life pursue. 1025
 ' Said I but one? his thirsty rage extends
 ' T' the lives of all his kindred and his friends;
 ' Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,
 ' Had not just God put by th' unnar'ral blow.
 ' You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here;
 ' No sullen discontent or groundless fear; 1031
 ' No guilty act or end calls us from home,
 ' Only to breathe in peace awhile we come,
 ' Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray 1034
 ' For you, who us receive, and him who drives away.'

End of the Third Book.

DAVIDEIS:

BOOK IV.

The Contents.

MOAB carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls in discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel. How Saul came to the crown, and the glory of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing the state of the Commonwealth under the Judges. The motives for which the people desired a king. Their deputy's speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the Tabernacle, to inquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel; and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nahas king of Ammon against Jabes Gilead. Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philistians at Macmas; their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his esquire; their falling alone upon the enemies' out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

Tho' state and kind discourse thus robb'd the night
Of half her nat'ral and more just delight,
Moab, whom temp'rance did still vig'rous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate sleep,
Up with the sun arose; and having thrice 5
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice tow'rd Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill,
(With good and pious pray'rs directed ill)
Call'd to the chase his friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd. 10

Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
All white as snow, and sprightful as the light,
With scarlet trapp'd, and foaming gold they bite,
He into it young David with him took, 15
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport. 20
Some arm'd with bows, some with straight jav'lines
Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side. [ride,
'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancy'd god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords 25
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise King
Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
"Much," said the King, "much I to Joab owe,
"For the fair picture drawn by him of you: 30
" 'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
"So great, that largest histories are less.
"I see (methinks) the Gathian monster still,
"His shape, last night, my mindful dreams did fill.
"Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue 35
"The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
"I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son
"Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;

" His matchless son! whose worth (if Fame be true)
 " Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you, 40
 " With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,
 But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows. [he,
 " And pray, kind Guest! whilst we ride thus," says
 " (To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)
 " The story of your royal friend relate, 45
 " And his ungovern'd sire's imperious fate :
 " Why your great state that nameless family chose,
 " And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
 He stay'd; and David thus. ' From Egypt's land
 ' You 'ave heard, Sir, by what strong, unarmed hand,
 ' Our father's came; Moses their sacred guide, 51
 ' But he in fight of the giv'n country dy'd (a).
 ' His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
 ' And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply.
 ' It did so, and did wonders. 55
 ' From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
 ' From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
 ' Of naked sands, his winged conquests went (b),
 ' And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent (c).
 ' Almost four hundred years from him to Saul, 60
 ' In too much freedom pass'd, or foreign thrall.
 ' Oft' strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land,
 ' (Such still are those borne by a conqu'ring hand)
 ' Oft' pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
 ' Fit for the toilsome bus'ness of their days, 65

(a) Deut. xxxiv. 5. (b) Josh. i. 4. (c) Josh. xii.

' To free the groaning nation, and to give
 ' Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
 ' But they, whose stamp of pow'r did chiefly lie
 ' In characters too fine for most men's eye,
 ' Graces and gifts divine, not painted bright 70
 ' With state, to awe dull minds, and force t' affright,
 ' Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
 ' Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their breath.
 ' The hungry rich all near them did devour,
 ' Their judge was Appetite, and their law was Pow'r.
 ' Not Want itself could Luxury restrain, 76
 ' For what that empty'd, Rapine fill'd again.
 ' Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
 ' What the sword's reaping spar'd was gleaned by the
 ' At courts and seats of justice to complain, [Gown.
 ' Was to be robb'd more vexingly again: 81
 ' Nor was their lust less active or less bold,
 ' Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold.
 ' Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
 ' The pride of old men that, and this of young. 85
 ' You 'ave heard, perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's shame,
 ' Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they name;
 ' Alarm'd all by one fair stranger's eyes,
 ' As to a sudden war the town does rise;
 ' Shaking and pale, half dead ere they begin 90
 ' The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin (d):
 ' All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
 ' Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,

(d) Judg. xix.

' She 'midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies,
 ' Of monstrous Lust the innocent sacrifice. 95
 ' This did ('t is true) a Civil war create,
 ' (The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd state)
 ' All Gibeah's, and all Jabes' blood it cost;
 ' Near a whole tribe, and future kings we lost (e).
 ' Firm in this general earthquake of the land, 100
 ' How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
 ' Proud and fond man his fathers' worship hates,
 ' Himself, God's creature, his own god creates.
 ' Hence in each household sev'ral deities grew,
 ' And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new.
 ' The only land which serv'd but one before, 106
 ' Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
 ' They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their kings;
 ' Their choice of that this latter slav'ry brings;
 ' Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
 ' By justest force th' unjustly forced yoke: 111
 ' All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
 ' Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.
 ' At last the priesthood, join'd in Ithamar's son,
 ' More weight and lustre to the sceptre won (f):
 ' But whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were 116
 ' Busy'd with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
 ' To their wildsons they their high charge commit (g),
 ' Who expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
 ' Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears
 ' Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears. 121

(e) Judg. xx. and xxi. (f) 1 Sam. i. (g) 1 Sam. ii. 12. and viii. 1.

- ' His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain,
 ' Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en (b).
 ' Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd;
 ' They suffer by them first, and for them next. 125
 ' Samuel succeeds (i). Since Moses, none, before,
 ' So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
 ' In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
 ' Heav'n's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd (k).
 ' He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought; 130
 ' He muster'd flames and thunders when he fought (l).
 ' Thus thirty years, with strong and steady hand,
 ' He held th' unshaken balance of the land.
 ' At last his sons th' indulgent father chose (m) 134
 ' To share that state which they were born to lose.
 ' Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
 ' Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.
 ' To this (for still were some great periods set,
 ' There 's a strong knot of sev'ral causes met)
 ' The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring war,
 ' A mighty storm, long gath'ring from afar: 141
 ' For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
 ' Like torrents swoln with rain prepar'd the land
 ' t' invade.
 ' Samuel was old, and by his sons' ill choice,
 ' Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice: 145

(b) 1 Sam. iv. 10. 11, (i) 1 Sam. iv. 1. (k) 1 Sam. vii.
 (l) 1 Sam. vii. 10. (m) 1 Sam. viii. 1.

‘ His sons, so scorn’d and hated, that the land
 ‘ Nor hop’d nor wish’d a vict’ry from their hand.
 ‘ These were the just and faultless causes why
 ‘ The gen’ral voice did for a Monarch cry.
 ‘ But God ill grains did in this incense smell; 150
 ‘ Wrapp’d in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell.
 ‘ A mutinous itch of change, a dull despair
 ‘ Of helps divine oft’ prov’d; a faithless care
 ‘ Of common means; the pride of heart, and scorn
 ‘ Of th’ humble yoke under low Judges borne; 155
 ‘ They saw the state and glitt’ring pomp, which blefs’d,
 ‘ In vulgar sense, the sceptres of the East:
 ‘ They saw not pow’r’s true source, and scorn’d t’ obey
 ‘ Persons that look’d no dreadfuller than they; 159
 ‘ They mis’d courts, guards, a gay and num’roustrain;
 ‘ Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain.
 ‘ On an old bench of wood, her seat of state,
 ‘ Beneath the well-known palm, wife Deb’rah sat (*n*):
 ‘ Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,
 ‘ And she, too, when the pleadings there were done.
 ‘ With the same goad Samgar his oxen drives, 166
 ‘ Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives [laws,
 ‘ From his sham’d foes (*o*): he midst his work dealt
 ‘ And oft’ was his plough stopp’d to hear a cause.
 ‘ Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain (*p*), 170
 ‘ After won fields, sack’d towns, and princes slain;
 ‘ His sceptre that, and Ophra’s threshing-floor,
 ‘ The seat and emblem of his justice bore.

(*n*) Judg. iv. 5.(*o*) Judg. iii. 31.(*p*) Judg. vi. 1.

‘ What should I Jair (*q*), the happiest father, name ?
 ‘ Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to Fame 175
 ‘ For the most wretched (*r*) ? both at once did keep
 ‘ The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep:
 ‘ Oft’ from the field in haste they summon’d were,
 ‘ Some weighty foreign embassy to hear; [round,
 ‘ They call’d their slaves, their sons, and friends, a-
 ‘ Who all at sev’ral cares were scatter’d found; 181
 ‘ They wash’d their feet, their only gown put on,
 ‘ And this chief work of ceremony was done.
 ‘ These reasons, and all else that could be said,
 ‘ In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence spread 185
 ‘ Thro’ all the tribes, made all desire a King (*s*);
 ‘ And to their Judge selected deputies bring
 ‘ This harsh demand, which Nacol for the rest
 ‘ (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace
 ‘ express’d.’ 189

“ We’re come, most sacred Judge! to pay th’ arrears
 “ Of much-ow’d thanks for the bright thirty years
 “ Of your just reign, and at your feet to lay
 “ All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
 “ In unproportion’d words: for you alone
 “ The not unfit reward, who seek for none: 195
 “ But when our forepast ills we call to mind,
 “ And sadly think how little ’s left behind
 “ Of your important life, whose sudden date
 “ Would disinherit th’ unprovided state;

(*q*) Judg. x. 3. (*r*) Judg. xi. 34. (*s*) 1 Sam. viii. 4.

" When we consider how unjust 't is, you, 200
 " Who ne'er of pow'r more than the burden knew,
 " At once the weight of that and age should have,
 " Your stooping days press'd doubly tow'rd the grave;
 " When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
 " Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age, 205
 " And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd,
 " And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd
 " As stamps of you in your lov'd room to place,
 " By unlike acts that noble stamp deface (t);
 " 'Midst these new fears and ills we 're forc'd to fly
 " To a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy; 211
 " A new one, but long promis'd and foretold
 " By Moses (u), and to Abraham shown of old;
 " A prophecy long forming in the womb
 " Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come; 215
 " This remedy 's a King; for this we all
 " With an inspir'd and zealous union call:
 " And in one sound when all men's voices join,
 " The musick 's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine.
 " 'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice; 220
 " That is his publick language; but the choice
 " Of what peculiar head that crown must bear,
 " From you, who his peculiar organ are,
 " We' expect to hear; the people shall to you
 " Their king, the king his crown and people owe.
 " To your great name what lustre will it bring 226
 " I' have been our Judge, and to have made our King!"

(t) 1 Sam. viii. 5.

(u) Deut. xvii. 14.

‘ He bow’d, and ended here ; and Samuel straight,
 ‘ Pausing awhile (x) at this great question’s weight,
 ‘ With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye, 230
 ‘ That more of care than passion did descry,
 ‘ Calmly replies:’ “ You ’re sure the first,” says he,
 ‘ Of free-born men that begg’d for slavery.
 ‘ I fear, my friends! with heav’nly manna fed,
 ‘ (Our old forefathers’ crime) we lust for bread. 235
 ‘ Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear
 ‘ We build anew th’ Egyptian brick-kiln here.
 ‘ Cheat not yourselves with words: for tho’ a king
 ‘ Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing (y) :
 ‘ Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see 240
 ‘ How mild a thing unbounded man will be :
 ‘ He’ll lead you forth your hearts’ cheap blood to spill,
 ‘ Where’er his guideless passion leads his will.
 ‘ Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise, 244
 ‘ Your lives’ best price his thirst of wealth or praise.
 ‘ Your ablest sons for his proud guards he ’ll take,
 ‘ And by such hands your yoke more grievous make.
 ‘ Your daughters and dear wives he ’ll force away,
 ‘ His lux’ry some, and some his lust, t’ obey. 249
 ‘ His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat, [sweat.
 ‘ Drink your rich wines, mix’d with your blood and
 ‘ Then you ’ll all sigh, but sighs will treasons be ;
 ‘ And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be free.
 ‘ Robb’d even of hopes, when you these ills sustain,
 ‘ Your wat’ry eyes you ’ll then turn back in vain 255

(x) 1 Sam. viii. 6.

(y) 1 Sam. viii. 11.

“ On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,
 “ Nay, ev’n my sons, howe’er they’ unhappy be
 “ In your displeasure now; not that I’d clear
 “ Their guilt, or mine own innocence endear;
 “ Witness th’ Unutterable Name, there’s nought 260
 “ Of private ends into this question brought:
 “ But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
 “ Why man your God, and passion made your law?”
 “ Methinks,” (thus Moab interrupts him here)
 “ The good old seer ’gainst kings was too severe. 265
 “ ’Tis jest to tell a people that they’re free:
 “ Who, or how many, shall their masters be
 “ Is the sole doubt: laws guide, but cannot reign;
 “ And tho’ they bind not kings, yet they restrain.
 “ I dare affirm (so much I trust their love) 270
 “ That no one Moabite would his speech approve.
 “ But, pray, go on.” ‘Tis true, Sir,’ he replies;
 ‘ Yet men whom age and action renders wise,
 ‘ So much great changes fear, that they believe
 ‘ All evils will, which may, from them arrive. 275
 ‘ On men resolv’d these threats were spent in vain:
 ‘ All that his pow’r or eloquence could obtain
 ‘ Was to inquire God’s will, ere they proceed
 ‘ To a work that would so much his blessing need (z).
 ‘ A solemn day for this great work is set, 280
 ‘ And at the Anointed Tent (a) all Israel met
 ‘ Expect th’ event. Below fair bullocks fry
 ‘ In hallow’d flames; above there mount on high

(z) 1 Sam. viii. 19,—22.

(a) Exod. xl. 9. and xxx. 26.

' The precious clouds of incense (*b*) ; and, at last,
 ' The sprinkling, pray'rs, and all due honours past,
 ' Lo ! we the sacred bells o' the sudden hear (*c*), 286
 ' And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear ;
 ' His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on (*d*),
 ' Th' oraculous stones on his rich breastplate shone (*e*) :
 ' Tow' rds the blue curtains of God's holiest place
 ' (The Temple's bright third heav'n) he turn'd his
 ' face: 291

' Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn musick play'd,
 ' And at third rest thus the great Prophet pray'd :
 " Almighty God ! to whom all men that be,
 " Owe all they have, yet none so much as we ; 295
 " Who tho' thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
 " Thy too small court, hast made this place thy throne ;
 " With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo ! here
 " Bless'd Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear :
 " Hear them, great God ! and thy just will inspire ; 300
 " From thee, their long known King, they a king desire :
 " Some gracious sign of thy good pleasure send,
 " Which, lo ! with souls resign'd we humbly here at-
 " tend."

' He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
 ' Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout : 305
 ' The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by
 ' In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily :
 ' The sev'n lamps (*f*) wink ; and, what does most dis-
 ' Th' orac'lous gems shut in their nat'ral day : [may,

(*b*) Exod. xl. 5, 6.

(*c*) Exod. xxxix. 25.

(*d*) 1. 2.

(*e*) 1. 8.—13.

(*f*) Exod. xxv. 37.

' The ruby's cheek grew pale; the em'rald by 310
 ' Faded; a cloud o'ercaft the fapphire's fky;
 ' The di'mond's eye look'd fleepy, and fwift night
 ' Of all thofe little funs eclips'd the light:
 ' Sad figns of God's dread anger for our fin;
 ' But ftraight a wondrous brightnefs from within 315
 ' Strook thro' the curtains, for no earthly cloud
 ' Could thofe ftrong beams of heav'nly glory fhroud:
 ' The altar's fire burnt pure, and ev'ry ftone
 ' Their radiant parent, the gay fun, outfhone:
 ' Beauty th' illuftrious vifion did impart 320
 ' To ev'ry face, and joy to ev'ry heart.
 ' In glad effects God's prefence thus appear'd,
 ' And thus in wondrous founds his voice was heard:
 ' This ftubborn land fins ftill; nor is it thee, but us
 (Who 'ave been fo long their King) they feek to caft
 off thus. 325
 Five hundred rolling years hath this ftiff nation ftrove
 To exhaust the boundlefs ftores of our unfathom'd
 love.
 Be 't fo then; yet, once more, are we refolv'd to try
 T' outweary them thro' all their fins' variety; 329
 Affemble, ten days hence, the num'rous people here,
 To draw the royal lot which our hid mark fhall bear.
 Dismifs them now in peace; but their next crime
 fhall bring
 Ruin without redrefs on them, and on their King.
 ' Th' Almighty fpoke; th' aftonifh'd people part,
 ' With various ftamps imprefs'd on ev'ry heart: 335

' Some their demand repented, others prais'd ;
 ' Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
 ' There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah town ;
 ' For wisdom much, and much for courage known ;
 ' More for his son ; his mighty son was Saul (g), 340
 ' Whom Nature, ere the lots, to a throne did call.
 ' He was much Prince, and when or wherefoe'er
 ' His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there
 ' Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,
 ' Smil'd in the manly features of his face: 345
 ' His large black eyes, fill'd with a sprightful light,
 ' Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
 ' As the sunbeams on jet reflecting show ;
 ' His hair as black, in long curl'd waves did flow :
 ' His tall straight body amidst thousands stood, 350
 ' Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th'ignobler wood.
 ' Of all our rural sports he was the pride ;
 ' So swift, so strong, so dex'trous, none beside.
 ' Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game ;
 ' No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,
 ' Not thirst nor hunger ; he would journies go 356
 ' Thro' raging heats, and take repose in snow.
 ' His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care,
 ' But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
 ' His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 ' Nor stepp'd aside for dangers or delight. 361
 ' Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee ;
 ' But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.

(g) 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

' His wit was strong, not fine ; and on his tongue
 ' An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung. 365
 ' These virtues, too, the rich unusual drefs
 ' Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness (b) :
 ' Like a clear varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
 ' More fresh and lasting they the colours made :
 ' Till pow'r and vi'lent fortune, which did find 370
 ' No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind ;
 ' Did, deluge-like, the nat'ral forms deface,
 ' And brought forth unknown monsters in their place.
 ' Forbid it, God ! my master's spots should be,
 ' Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me ! 375
 ' But such he was ; and now to Ramah went
 ' (So God dispos'd) with a strange low intent ;
 ' Great God ! he went lost asses to inquire,
 ' And a small present, his small question's hire,
 ' Brought simply with him to that man to give, 380
 ' From whom high Heav'n's chief gifts he must re-
 ' ceive (i).
 ' Strange play of Fate ! when mightiest human things
 ' Hang on such small imperceptible strings !
 ' 'Twas Samuel's birthday, a glad annual feast
 ' All Ramah kept (k) ; Samuel his wond'ring guest
 ' With such respect leads to it, and does grace 386
 ' With the choice meats o' the feast, and highest
 ' place (l) :

(b) 1 Sam. ix. 21, and x. 22.

(i) 1 Sam. ix. 8.

(k) 1 Sam. ix. 11.

(l) v. 22, 23, 24.

' Which done, him forth alone the Prophet brings,
 ' And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things (m) :
 ' He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd, 390
 ' And with great rules fills his capacious mind :
 ' Then takes the sacred vial and does shed
 ' A crown of mystick drops around his head (n) ;
 ' Drops of that royal moisture which does know
 ' No mixture, and disdains the place below. 395
 ' Soon comes the kingly day (o), and with it brings
 ' A new account of time upon his wings.
 ' The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past,
 ' Behold! the Heav'n-instructed lot is cast :
 ' 'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miss ;
 ' Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Kis. 400
 ' As glimm'ring stars just at th' approach of day,
 ' Casheer'd by troops, at last drop all away ;
 ' By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
 ' And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone. 405
 ' Ev'n here, perhaps, the people's shout was heard,
 ' The loud long shout when God's fair choice appear'd.
 ' Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so tall,
 ' As if by Nature made for the head of all ;
 ' So full of grace and state, that one might know 410
 ' 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so :
 ' But blind unguided lots have more of choice
 ' And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.

(m) 1 Sam. ix. 26.

(n) 1 Sam. x. 1.

(o) v. 17.

' Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
 ' Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry, 415
 ' Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
 ' Some envy Saul, some scorn the House of Kis:
 ' Some their first mutinous wish, a king, repent,
 ' As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent.
 ' Few to this prince their first just duties pay; 420
 ' All leave the old, but few the new obey.
 ' Thus changes man, but God is constant still
 ' To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
 ' And tho' he yielded first to them, 't is fit
 ' That stubborn men at last to him submit. 425
 ' As midst the main a low small island lies,
 ' Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
 ' Whilst the poor heartless natives ev'ry hour
 ' Darkness and noise seems ready to devour;
 ' Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the West 430
 ' Philistian clouds hung threat'ning, and from th' East
 ' All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
 ' Thro' which proud Nahaslike fierce lightning shines.
 ' Tigris and Nile to his assistance send;
 ' And waters to swell'n Jaboc's torrent lend; 435
 ' Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalec, add their force,
 ' Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
 ' And 'mongst all these none more their hope or pride
 ' Than those few troops your warlike land supply'd.
 ' Around weak Jabes this vast host does lie (*p*), 440
 ' Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.

(*e*) 1 Sam xi. 1.

' The hopeless town for slav'ry does entreat,
 ' But barb'rous Nahas thinks that grace too great.
 ' He (his first tribute) their right eyes demands (*q*),
 ' And with their faces' shame disarms their hands.
 ' If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid, 446
 ' This bargain for o'errated life is made (*r*).
 ' Ah! mighty God! let thine own Israel be
 ' Quite blind itself ere this reproach it see!
 ' By his wanton people the new King forsook, 450
 ' To homely rural cares himself betook (*s*):
 ' In private plenty liv'd, without the state,
 ' Lustre and noise, due to a publick fate.
 ' Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,
 ' Lo! the sad messengers from Jabes come, 455
 ' Implore his help (*t*), and weep, as if they meant
 ' That way, at least, proud Nahas to prevent.
 ' Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command
 ' He issues forth t' assemble all the land (*u*).
 ' He threatens high, and disobedient they, 460
 ' Wak'd by such princely terrours, learnt t' obey.
 ' A mighty host is rais'd (*x*); th' important cause
 ' Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure, draws;
 ' Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide;
 ' But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd, 465
 ' All night they march, and are at th' early dawn:
 ' On Jabes' heath in three fair bodies drawn (*y*).

(*q*) 1 Sam. xi. 2. (*r*) v. 3. (*s*) v. 5. (*t*) v. 4.
 (*u*) v. 7. (*x*) v. 8. (*y*) v. 11.

' Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
 ' His son the next, Abner the third, command :
 ' But pardon, Sir, if naming Saul's great son, 470
 ' I stop with him awhile ere I go on.

' This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
 ' The beautifull'ft and best of human race;
 ' That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain,
 ' All that kind mothers' wishes can contain. 475

' His courage such, as it no stop can know,
 ' And vict'ry gains by' astonishing the foe :
 ' With lightning's force his en'mies it confounds,
 ' And melts their hearts e'er it the bosom wounds :
 ' Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains,
 ' As captive lovers find in beauty's chains. 483

' In war the adverse troops he does assail
 ' Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail :
 ' In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage
 ' The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage. 485
 ' Kind as the sun's bless'd influence; and where'er
 ' He comes, plenty and joy attend him there.

' To help seems all his power; his wealth to give;
 ' To do much good his sole prerogative :
 ' And yet this gen'ral bounty of his mind, 490
 ' That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
 ' Such artful prudence does to each divide,
 ' With different measures all are satisfy'd :
 ' Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt,
 ' Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt (z).

(z) Exod. xvi. 17.

† To all relations their just rights he pays, 495
 † And worth's reward above its claim does raise.
 † The tend'rest husband, master, father, son,
 † And those parts by his friendship far outdone.
 † His love to friends no bound or rule does know;
 † What he to Heav'n, all that to him they owe. 502
 † Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit;
 † His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit;
 † And such an eloquence to both these does join,
 † As makes in both beauty and use combine, 505
 † Thro' which a noble tincture does appear
 † By learning and choice books imprinted there.
 † As well he knows all times and persons gone,
 † As he himself to the future shall be known:
 † But his chief study is God's sacred law, 510
 † And all his life does comments on it draw.
 † As never more by Heav'n to man was giv'n,
 † So never more was paid by man to Heav'n
 † And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,
 † Ere yet his flow'r of youth was fully blown 515
 † All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn;
 † Like trees in Paradise, he with fruit was born.
 † Such is his soul; and if, as some men tell,
 † Souls form and build those mansions where they
 † Whoe'er but sees his body must confess [dwell,
 † The architect, no doubt, could be no less. 521
 † From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,
 † Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look (a).

(a) 1 Sam. xiv. 50.

' Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudest name, 524
 ' Till she to' her children lost, with joy, her fame,
 ' Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,
 ' More darting eyes, or lovelier auburne hair.
 ' Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
 ' And on this boundless subject stay so long,
 ' Where too much haste e'er to end it would be, 530
 ' Did not his acts speak what is untold by me.
 ' Tho' from the time his hands a sword could wield,
 ' He ne'er mis'd fame and danger in the field,
 ' Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
 ' Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth;
 ' 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise 536
 ' Sad Jabes was to view with both their eyes.
 ' Secure proud Nahas slept, as in his court,
 ' And dream'd, vain Man! of that day's barb'rous
 ' Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke, [sport,
 ' Till into' his camp our vi'lent army broke. 541
 ' The careless guards, with small resistance kill'd,
 ' Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd.
 ' Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
 ' And marches boldly up t' outface the storm: 545
 ' Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues
 ' Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews.
 ' 'Twas here your troops behav'd themselves so well,
 ' Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell:
 ' 'Twas here our vict'ry stopp'd, and gave us cause
 ' Much to suspect th' intention of her pause: 551

' But when our thund'ring prince Nahas espy'd,
 ' Who with a courage equal to his pride [press'd,
 ' Broke thro' our troops, and tow'rds him boldly
 ' A gen'rous joy leap'd in his youthful breast. 555
 ' As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light
 ' Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight,
 ' The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
 ' He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
 ' With vain, tho' vi'lent force, their darts they flung;
 ' In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung, 561
 ' And stopp'd there: Ammon did his helmet hit,
 ' And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it. [came,
 ' Straight with their swords to the fierce shock they
 ' Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot flame:
 ' Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,
 ' Which more than they th' engag'd spectators felt.
 ' In Ammon force, in Jonathan address,
 ' (Tho' both were great in both to an excess)
 ' To the well-judging eye did most appear; 570
 ' Honour and anger in both equal were:
 ' Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon three;
 ' Which he enrag'd to feel, and sham'd to see,
 ' Did his whole strength into one blow collect;
 ' And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct 575
 ' To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by,
 ' Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
 ' Just as it drops upon the wounded prey,
 ' So waited Death itself to bear away

' The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand 580
 ' At fight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.
 ' Our watchful Prince by bending fav'd the wound,
 ' But Death in other coin his reck'ning found;
 ' For whilst th' immod'rate stroke's miscarrying force
 ' Had almost borne the striker from his horse, 585
 ' A nimble thrust his active en'my made;
 ' 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
 ' And open'd wide those secret vessels, where
 ' Life's light goes out when first they let in air.
 ' He falls, his armour clanks against the ground; 590
 ' From his faint tongue imperfect curses found.
 ' His amaz'd troops straight cast their arms away;
 ' Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than they.
 ' As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom rage
 ' And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage, 595
 ' Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
 ' And seeks to usurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
 ' Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
 ' I' th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful right,
 ' If by sad chance of battle either king 600
 ' Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
 ' His army's hopes and courage with him die,
 ' They sheath up their faint swords, and routed fly:
 ' On th' other's sides at once, with like success,
 ' Into the camp great Saul and Abner press; 605
 ' From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they hear,
 ' And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there.

- ' At the same instant from glad Jabes' town
 ' The hasty troops march loud and cheerful down.
 ' Some few at first with vain resistance fall, 610
 ' The rest is slaughter, and vast conquest all.
 ' The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
 ' Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
 ' Victorious arms thro' Ammon's land it bore,
 ' Ruin behind, and Terror march'd before. 615
 ' Where'er from Rabba's tow'rs they cast their fight,
 ' Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the
 night.
 ' This bright success did Saul's first action bring ;
 ' The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king.
 ' The happy all men judge for empire fit, 620
 ' And none withstands where Fortune does submit.
 ' Those who before did God's fair choice withstand,
 ' The excessive vulgar now to death demand (b) ;
 ' But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom (c),
 ' Conquest abroad with mercy crown'd at home ; 625
 ' Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,
 ' Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
 ' Again the crown th' assembled people give (d),
 ' With greater joy than Saul could it receive : 629
 ' Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place (e),
 ' God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace.
 ' With decent pride, such as did well besit
 ' The name he kept, and that which he did quit,

(b) 1 Sam. xi. 12. (c) 1 Sam. xiii. 13. (d) 1 Sam. xiii. 15.

(e) 1 Sam. xii. 1. &c.

' The long-past row of happy years he show'd,
 ' Which to his heav'nly government they ow'd; 635
 ' How the torn state his just and prudent reign
 ' Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
 ' In war what conqu'ring miracles he wrought; 638
 ' God then their King, was gen'ral when they fought,
 ' Whom they depos'd with him.' "And that," said he,
 ' You may see God concern'd in it more than me,
 ' Behold how storms his angry presence shroud,
 ' Hark! how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!"
 ' 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage, 644
 ' Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage:
 ' The earth, hot with thirst, and hot with lust for rain,
 ' Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
 ' Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' sun,
 ' When, lo! ere scarce the active speech was done,
 ' A vi'lent wind rose from his secret cave, 650
 ' And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
 ' Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest crowds,
 ' Swift dreadful flames shot thro' th' encount'ring
 clouds;
 ' From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder broke,
 ' And in dire sounds the Prophet's sense it spoke. 655
 ' Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
 ' As if the waters 'bove the firmament
 ' Were all let loose; horror and fearful noise
 ' Fill'd the black scene, till the great Prophet's voice,
 ' Swift as the wings of Morn, reduc'd the day; 660
 ' Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once away.'

" Fearnot," said he, " God his fierce wrath removes (*f*),
 " And tho' this state my service disapproves,
 " My prayers shall serve it constantly. No more,
 " I hope a pardon for past sins to implore, 665
 " But just rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
 " On the good deeds of you and of our King.
 " Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice
 " In the kind care of God's impartial choice. 669
 " Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit!
 " The honour Heav'n has cloth'd him with fits fit
 " And comely on him. Since you needs must be
 " Rul'd by a king, you're happy that 't is he.
 " Obey him gladly, and let him, too, know
 " You were not made for him, but he for you, 675
 " And both for God,
 " Whose gentlest yoke, if once you cast away,
 " In vain shall he command, and you obey;
 " To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become (*g*),
 " Instead of King and subjects here at home." 680
 ' The crown thus sev'ral ways confirm'd to Saul,
 ' One way was wanting yet to crown them all;
 ' And that was force, which only can maintain
 ' The pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.
 ' Three thousand guards of big bold men he took (*b*),
 ' Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look; 686
 ' His sacred person two, and throne, defend,
 ' The third on matchless Jonathan attend,

(*f*) 1 Sam. xii. 20.(*g*) 1 Sam. xii. 25.(*b*) 1 Sam. xiii. 2.

' O'er whose full thoughts honour and youthful heat
 ' Sat brooding to hatch actions good and great. 690
 ' On Geba first, where a Philistian band
 ' Lies (*i*), and around torments the fetter'd land,
 ' He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
 ' Mix'd with design, his nation to engage 694
 ' In that just war, which from them long in vain
 ' Honour and Freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.
 ' Th' accurs'd Philistian rous'd with this bold blow,
 ' All the proud marks of enrag'd power does show (*k*);
 ' Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glitt'ring host;
 ' If human strength might authorize a boast, 700
 ' Their threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
 ' Ourselves so weak, our foe so potent, see.
 ' Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,
 ' The rear outreaches far th' extended eye: 704
 ' Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand;
 ' As thick and numberless they hide the land.
 ' Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,
 ' And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
 ' Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass,
 ' With plates of iron bound, or louder brags: 710
 ' About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,
 ' Whole magazines of death each chariot bears.
 ' Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
 ' And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows.
 ' Alike the valiant and the cowards die; 715
 ' Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.

(*i*) 1 Sam. xii. 3.(*k*) *ψ*. 5.

- * In this proud equipage at Micmas they (*l*),
 * Saul in much diff'rent state at Gilgal, lay (*m*):
 * His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,
 * Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud: 720
 * The quick contagion, fear, ran swift thro' all,
 * And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
 * Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
 * Could on their strong-complexion'd valour seize)
 * In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd, 725
 * And on deaf Ferrour gen'rous words bestow'd.
 * Thousands from thence fly scatter'd ev'ry day,
 * Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
 * When they th' approach of stormy winter find,
 * The noble tree all bare, expos'd to the wind. 730
 * Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim it for haste,
 * And from his farther bank look back at last:
 * Some into woods and caves their cattle drive,
 * There with their beasts on equal terms they live,
 * Nor deserve better; some in rocks on high, 735
 * The old retreats of storks and ravens, lie;
 * And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would they
 * To stay, or trust their frighted safety there. [dare
 * As th' host with fear, so Saul, disturb'd with care,
 * T' avert these ills by sacrifice and pray'r (*n*), 740
 * And God's blest will t' inquire, for Samuel sends,
 * Whom he six days with troubled haste attends,
 * But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
 * By Samuel set for this great work) was past, 744

(*l*) 1 Sam. xiii. 5.(*m*) 1 Sam. x. 7.(*n*) 1 Sam. x. 9.

' Saul, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
 ' Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know,
 ' 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay,
 ' Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay,
 ' Scorning that any's presence should appear
 ' Needful besides, when he himself was there, 750
 ' And, with a pride too nat'ral, thinking Heav'n
 ' Had giv'n him all, because much pow'r it had giv'n,
 ' Himself the sacrifice and off'rings made,
 ' Himself did the high selected charge invade, 754
 ' Himself inquir'd of God, who then spake nought,
 ' But Samuel straight his dreadful answer brought;
 ' For straight he came, and with a virtue bold,
 ' As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told:
 ' His foul ingratitude to Heav'n he chid,
 ' To pluck that fruit which was alone forbid 760
 ' To kingly pow'r, in all that plenteous land,
 ' Where all things else submit to his command:
 ' And as fair Eden's violated tree
 ' 'To' immortal man brought in mortality:' 764
 ' "So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,
 ' "From thee," said he, "and thy great house, be
 ' "rent (o).
 ' "Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,
 ' "And give thy immortal royalty an end." 768
 ' Thus spake the Prophet; but kind Heav'n, we hope,
 ' (Whose threats and anger know no other scope

(o) 1 Sam. xiii. xiv.

- ' But man's amendment) does long since relent,
 ' And with repentant Saul itself repent.
 ' Howe'er, (tho' none more pray for this than we,
 ' Whose wrongs and suff'rings might some colour be
 ' To do it less) this speech we sadly find 775
 ' Still extant, and still active in his mind;
 ' But then a worse effect of it appear'd;
 ' Our army, which before modestly fear'd,
 ' Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
 ' Disbanded now, and fled in troops away; 780
 ' Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,
 ' When an excuse and colour it can show.
 ' Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)
 ' Of all his host, with distress'd Saul remain (p):
 ' Of his whole host six hundred; and ev'n those 785
 ' (So did wise Heav'n for mighty ends dispose,
 ' Nor would that useless multitudes should share
 ' In that great gift it did for one prepare)
 ' Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,
 ' But country-hinds alarmed from afar 790
 ' By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known sound
 ' Raises the affrighted villages around.
 ' Some goads, flails, ploughshares, forks, or axes, bore,
 ' Made for life's use and better ends before (q); 794
 ' Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
 ' I' th' fire, the first rude arts that Malice try'd,

(p) 1 Sam. xiii. 15.

(q) 1. 19, 20, 21.

' Ere man the fins of too much knowledge knew,
 ' And Death by long experience witty grew.
 ' Such were the numbers, such the arms, which we
 ' Had by Fate left us for a victory 800
 ' O'er well-arni'd millions; nor will this appear
 ' Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.

' 'Twas just the time when the new ebb of night
 ' Did the moist world unveil to human fight :
 ' The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
 ' With a small party, and no en'my met, 806
 ' (So proud and so secure the en'my lay,
 ' And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day)
 ' With joy this good occasion did embrace,
 ' With better leisure, and at nearer space, 810
 ' The strength and order of their camp to view;
 ' Abdon alone his gen'rous purpose knew;
 ' Abdon! a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
 ' Wellborn, wellbred, with honour fill'd, and truth;
 ' Abdon! his faithful squire, whom much he lov'd, 815
 ' And oft' with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
 ' Abdon! whose love to his master did exceed
 ' What Nature's law or Passion's pow'r could breed;
 ' Abdon alone did on him now attend,
 ' His humblest servant, and his dearest friend. 820

' They went, but sacred fury as they went
 ' Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent (r).
 ' What may this be? (the Prince breaks forth) I find
 ' God or some pow'rful sp'rit invades my mind.

(r) 1 Sam. xiv. 1.

" From ought but Heav'n can never, sure, be brought
 " So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought: 826
 " Nor would ill Fate, that meant me to surprize,
 " Come cloth'd in so unlikely a disguise.
 " Yon' host, which its proud Fishes spreads so wide
 " O'er the whole land, like some swoll'n river's tide,
 " Which terrible and numberless appears, 831
 " As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears,
 " Which lies so strongly encamp'd, that one would
 " The hill might be remov'd as soon as they; [say,
 " We two alone must fight with, and defeat: 835
 " Thou 'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great;
 " Yet we must do it; God our weak hands has chose
 " T' ashame the boasted numbers of our foes,
 " Which to his strength no more proportion'd be
 " Than millions are of hours to his eternity. 840
 " If when their careless guards espy us here,
 " With sportful scorn they call to us to come near (s),
 " We 'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
 " Not they, but Israel's angel, gives the call."
 " He spoke, and as he spoke a light divine 845
 " Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;
 " Louder his voice, larger his limbs appear'd;
 " Less seem'd the num'rous army to be fear'd.
 " This saw, and heard with joy, the brave esquire,
 " As he with God's, fill'd with his master's fire: 850
 " Forbid it, Heav'n," said he, " I should decline,
 " Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine (t);

(s) 1 Sam. xiv. 9.

(t) 1 Chr. 7.

" The great example which I daily see,
 " Of your high worth, is not so lost on me :
 " If wonder-struck, I at your words appear, 855
 " My wonder yet is innocent of fear :
 " Th' honour which does your princely breast inflame,
 " Warm mine too, and joins there with duty's name.
 " If in this act ill Fate our tempter be,
 " May all the ill it means be aim'd at me. 860
 " But sure, I think, God leads, nor could you bring
 " So high thoughts from a less exalted spring.
 " Bright signs thro' all your words and looks are
 " A rising vict'ry dawns around your head." [spread,
 " With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
 " Lo, to the fatal place and work they came. 866
 " Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,
 " Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread (u),
 " Th' only access on neighb'ring Gabaa's side,
 " An hard and narrow way, which did divide 870
 " Two cliffy rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,
 " Much for themselves and their big strangeness fam'd,
 " More for their fortune, and this stranger day ;
 " On both their points Philistian outguards lay,
 " From whence the two bold spies they first espy'd ;
 " And, lo! the Hebrews!" proud Elcanor cry'd, 876
 " From Senes' top : lo! from their hungry caves
 " A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
 " Come up, (aloud he cries to them below)
 " Ye Egyptian Slaves! and to our mercy owe 880

(u) 1 Sam^{xiv}. 4.

“ The rebel lives long since to our justice due.”
 ‘ Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
 ‘ When th’ inspir’d Prince did nimbly understand
 ‘ God, and his godlike virtues’ high command.
 ‘ It call’d him up, and up the steep ascent 885
 ‘ With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.
 ‘ Elcanor laugh’d to see them climb, and thought
 ‘ His mighty words th’ affrighted suppliants brought,
 ‘ Did new affronts to the great Hebrew name,
 ‘ (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame. 890
 ‘ Short was his sport; for swift as thunder’s stroke
 ‘ Rives the frail trunk of some heav’n-threat’ning oak,
 ‘ The Prince’s sword did his proud head divide;
 ‘ The parted scull hung down on either side.
 ‘ Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew 895
 ‘ Half way; no more the trembling joints could do,
 ‘ Which Abdon snatch’d, and dy’d it in the blood
 ‘ Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
 ‘ Some close to earth shaking and grov’ling lie,
 ‘ Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy; 900
 ‘ Some, wonder-strook, stand fix’d; some fly, some
 ‘ Wildly, at th’ unintelligible alarm, [arm
 ‘ Like the main channel of an high-swoll’n flood,
 ‘ In vain by dikes and broken works withstood:
 ‘ So Jonathan, once climb’d th’ opposing hill, 905
 ‘ Does all around with noise and ruin fill;
 ‘ Like some large arm of which, another way
 ‘ Abdon o’erflows; him, too, no bank can stay:

' With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
 ' Behind the following waters loudly roar : 910
 ' Twenty at least slain on this outguard lie (x),
 ' To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly,
 ' And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into it bear
 ' Blind Terrour, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.
 ' The conqu'rors, too, prefs boldly in behind, 915
 ' Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
 ' Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod Town (y),
 ' Chief 'mongst the Five in riches and renown,
 ' And General then by course, oppos'd their way,
 ' Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay, 920
 ' And curs'd the heav'ns for rage, and bit the ground;
 ' His life for ever spilt stain'd all the grass around.
 ' His brother, too, who virtuous haste did make
 ' His fortune to revenge or to partake, 924
 ' Falls grov'ling o'er his trunk on mother-Earth;
 ' Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their birth.
 ' Mean-while the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless sword
 ' Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.
 ' On still o'er panting corpse great Jonathan led,
 ' Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled. 930
 ' Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous show,
 ' Thy attempt, or thy success? thy Fate, or thou?
 ' Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
 ' With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
 ' Infinite numbers thee no more affright 935
 ' Than God, whose unity is infinite.

(x) 1 Sam. xiv. 14.

(y) 1 Sam. v. 6.

‘ If Heav’n to men such mighty thoughts would give,
 ‘ What breast but thine capacious to receive
 ‘ The vast infusion ? or what soul but thine
 ‘ Durst have believ’d that thought to be divine ? 940
 ‘ Thou follow’dst Heav’n in the design, and we
 ‘ Find in the act ’t was Heav’n that follow’d thee (2).
 ‘ Thou ledd’st on angels, and that sacred band
 ‘ (The Deity’s great Lieutenant) didst command.
 ‘ ’Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say 945
 ‘ Angels themselves fought under him that day.
 ‘ Clouds with ripe thunder charg’d some thither drew,
 ‘ And some the dire materials brought for new. 948
 ‘ Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of death)
 ‘ The voice of storms and winged whirlwinds’ breath,
 ‘ The flames shot forth from fighting dragons’ eyes,
 ‘ The smokes that from scorch’d fevers’ ovens rise,
 ‘ The reddest fires with which sad comets glow,
 ‘ And Sodom’s neighb’ring lake did sp’rits bestow
 ‘ Of finest sulphur, amongst which they put 955
 ‘ Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
 ‘ Into a cold moist cloud, t’ inflame it more,
 ‘ And make th’ enraged prisoner louder roar.
 ‘ Th’ assembled clouds burst o’er their army’s head ;
 ‘ Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
 ‘ Another spirit, with a more potent wand [spread.
 ‘ Than that which Nature fear’d in Moses’ hand,
 ‘ And went the way that pleas’d, the mountain strook ;
 ‘ The mountain felt it ; the vast mountain shook.

(2) 1 Sam. xiv. 15.

' Thro' the wide air another angel flew 965
 ' About their host, and thick amongst them threw
 ' Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
 ' And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.
 ' The fertile glebe requires no time to breed, 969
 ' It quickens and receives at once the seed. [seen,
 ' One would have thought, this dismal day t' have
 ' That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been :
 ' Such will the face of that great hour appear,
 ' Such the distracted sinner's conscious fear.
 ' In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay; 975
 ' In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray :
 ' Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
 ' Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
 ' O'er their own foot trampled the vilest horse;
 ' The guideless chariots with impetuous course 980
 ' Cut wide thro' both; and all their bloody way
 ' Horses and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
 ' Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong;
 ' The faint weak passion grows so bold and strong,
 ' To almost certain present death they fly, 985
 ' From a remote and causeless fear to die.
 ' Much diff'rent error did some troops possess,
 ' And madness that look'd better, tho' no less :
 ' Their fellow troops for th' enter'd foe they take (a),
 ' And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make 990
 ' Mean-while the king from Gabaa's hill did view (b),
 ' And hear the thick'ning tumult as it grew

(a) 1 Sam. xiv. 20.

(b) 7. 16.

' Still great and loud ; and tho' he knows not why
 ' They fled, no more than they themselves that fly,
 ' Yet by the storms and terrours of the air 995
 ' Gueffes some vengeful spirits working there,
 ' Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
 ' And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
 ' At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise (c);
 ' Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice 1000
 ' Without revenge ; the scatter'd arms they seize,
 ' And their proud vengeance with the memory please
 ' Of who so lately bore them. All about
 ' From rocks and caves the Hebrews issue out (d)
 ' At the glad noise, joy'd that their foes had shown
 ' A fear that drowns the scandal of their own. 1006
 ' Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear ;
 ' Still scatter'd death's and terrours every where ;
 ' Still did he break, still blunt his wearied sword ;
 ' Still slaughter new supplies to his hands afford. 1010
 ' Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
 ' And till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
 ' All fled at last, but many in vain ; for still
 ' Th' insatiate conqu'ror was more swift to kill
 ' Than they to save their lives ; till, lo ! at last 1015
 ' Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,
 ' Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
 ' Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did oppose.
 ' Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
 ' Burnt with the sun's and violent action's heat, 1020

(c) 1 Sam. xiv. 21.

(d) 1. 22.

'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid
 For some short ease; Fate in th' old oak had laid
 Provisions up for his relief; and, lo!
 The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow (e).
 With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit, 1025
 Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit;
 His strength and spirits the honey did restore,
 But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!
 Behold, Sir! and mark well the treach'rous fate
 That does so close on human glories wait; 1030
 Behold the strong and yet fantastick net
 T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!
 Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought
 The Prince who had alone that morning fought
 A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown, 1035
 And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one,
 Wash'd off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd
 In blood and blushes the Philistian pride; 1038
 Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tott'ring crown,
 And the bright gold new burnish'd with renown,
 Should be ere night, by 's king and father's breath,
 Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
 Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
 Of thanks himself for his own victory?
 Alone with various fate like to become 1045
 Fighting an host, dying an hecatomb?
 Yet such, Sir, was his case:

(e) 1 Sam. xiv. 27.

' For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
 ' (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)
 ' His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade, 1050
 ' A rash but solemn vow to Heav'n had made (*f*);
 ' "Curs'd be the wretch, thrice cursed let him be,
 ' "Who shall touch food this busy day," said he
 ' "Whilst the bless'd sun does with his fav'ring light
 ' "Assist our vengeful swords against their flight. 1055
 ' "Be he thrice curs'd; and if his life we spare,
 ' "On us those curses fall that he should bear."
 ' Such was the King's rash vow, who little thought
 ' How near to him Fate th' application brought.
 ' The two-edg'd oath wounds deep; perform'd or
 ' Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke. [broke,
 ' 'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind lov'd,
 ' His own victorious son, that he devov'd,
 ' On whose bright head the baleful curses light;
 ' But Providence, his helmet in the fight, 1065
 ' Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
 ' They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
 ' Him what religion or what vow could bind,
 ' Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
 ' Entangled in it? Whilst wonders he did do, 1070
 ' Must he die now for not being prophet too?
 ' To all but him this oath was meant and said;
 ' He, afar off, the ends for which 't was made
 ' Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
 ' He grew half dead with toil of giving death. 1075

(*f*) 1 Sam. xiv. 24.

' What could his crime in this condition be,
 ' Excus'd by ignorance and necessity ?
 ' Yet the remorseless King, who did disdain
 ' That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
 ' Tho' 'gainst himself, or Fate a way should see 1080
 ' By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be ;
 ' Who thought compassion female weakness here,
 ' And equity injustice would appear,
 ' In his own cause ; who falsely fear'd, beside,
 ' The solemn curse on Jon'than did abide, 1085
 ' And the infected limb not cut away,
 ' Would like a gangreen o'er all Israel stray,
 ' Prepar'd this godlike sacrifice to kill,
 ' And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
 ' What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
 ' Which on all Israel that sad moment fell ? 1091
 ' Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
 ' Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
 ' Not Saul's proud heart could master his swell'n eye ;
 ' The Prince alone stood mild and patient by ; 1095
 ' So bright his suff'rings, so triumphant show'd,
 ' Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
 ' A vict'ry now he o'er himself might boast ;
 ' He conquer'd now that conqueror of an host :
 ' It charm'd thro' tears the sad spectators' sight,
 ' Did rev'rence, love, and gratitude, excite, 1101
 ' And pious rage ; with which inspir'd, they now
 ' Oppose to Saul's a better publick vow :

' They all consent all Israel ought to be 1104
 ' Accurs'd, and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
 ' Thus with kind force they the glad King withstood,
 ' And sav'd their wondrous favour's sacred blood (g).

Thus David spoke, and much did yet remain
 Behind, th' attentive Prince to entertain;
 Edom and Zoba's war, for what befel 1110
 In that of Moab (b), was known there too well;
 The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalec's land (i),
 Where Heav'n itself did cruelty command,
 And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er
 More punish innocent blood, than pity there (k).
 But, lo! they arriv'd now at the appointed place,
 Well chosen and well furnish'd for the chase. 1117

(g) 1 Sam. xiv. 45.

(b) 1 Sam. xiv. 47.

(i) 1 Sam. xv. 3.

(k) 1 Sam. xv. 23.

End of the Fourth Book.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. XXI.

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, 'Sc.

IF, dearest Friend! it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,
We should not, sure, the great men's favour need, 5
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatt'ries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news; 10
But books and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmix'd Nature yields,
Thick summer-shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter-fires, that summer's part supply,
Sleep not controll'd by cares, confin'd to night, 15
Or bound in any rule but appetite;
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse; 20
Such, dearest Friend! such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our bus'ness, and our company :

Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
 But sees good fans, of which we are to give
 A strick account, set and march thick away;
 Knows a man how to live, and does he stay? 26

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WELL, then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The pray'rs and hopes of your poetick friend:
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,
 Would be no lord, but less a lord would have:
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call, 5
 He quarrels not with Heaven because 't is small:
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease:
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend, 10
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there be man, ye Gods! I ought to hate,
 Dependence and attendance be his fate;
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd, 15
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
 No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow;
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love this life who loves not me. 20

T ij

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vis fieri liber? &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say :
 Come on ; I 'll show thee, Friend ! the certain way.
 If to no feasts abroad thou lov' st to go,
 Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow ;
 If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize, 5
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes ;
 (If, only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell ;
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beachen bowl and dish ; 10
 If in thy mind such pow' r and greatness be,
 The Persian king 's a slave compar' d with thee. 12

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Quod te nomine? &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
 And danger of my naked head, adore ;
 That I, who lord and master cry' d erewhile,
 Salute you in a new and different style,
 By your own name, a scandal to you now, 5
 Think not that I forgot myself or you ;
 By loss of all things by all others fought,
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.

A lord and master no man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no authority; 10
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.
 If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
 Believe it thou no master need'st to have. 15

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. XC.

WONDER not, Sir, (you who instruct the town
 In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
 Patiently out till I grow rich and old:
 Life for delays and doubts no time does give; 5
 None ever yet made haste enough to live:
 Let him defer it whose prepost'rous care
 Omits himself and reaches to his heir;
 Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
 And whom his own, too, never can suffice. 10
 My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,
 Or rooms that shine with ought but constant fire:
 I well content the av'rice of my sight
 With the fair gildings of reflected light:
 Pleasures abroad the sport of Nature yields, 15
 Her living fountains and her smiling fields;
 And then at home what pleasure is 't to see
 A little cleanly cheerful family?
 Which, if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
 Than Fortune I the golden mean prefer: 20

Too noble nor too wise she should not be ;
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
 Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

24

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. LIX.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
 To-day itself 's too late ; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorum, &c.

SINCE, dearest Friend ! 't is your desire to see
 A true receipt of happiness from me,
 These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
 Take an estate neither too great nor small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call :
 Let this estate from parents' care descend ;
 The getting it too much of life does spend.
 Take such a ground whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry :
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
 And let thy kitchens be a Vestal flame :

5 }

10

Thee to the Town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, bus'ness draw :
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep : 15
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take;
 Ana of each does the just mixture make :
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be 20
 By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee :
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good :
 If any cares into thy daytime creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep : 25
 Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art ;
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part :
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past, 30
 And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XCVI.

Me who have liv'd so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
 And a retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a return when once I go.
 Give me a country, how remote foe'er, 5
 Where happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,

Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows :
 The ground about the house maintains it there ;
 The house maintains the ground about it here. 10
 Here even hunger 's dear, and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste, 15
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here ev'ry frugal man must oft' be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
 There fire 's an element, as cheap and free
 Almost as any other of the three. 20
 Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat :
 When all the bounties here of men you score,
 The place's bounty there shall give me more. 24

HORAT. EPODON.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAPPY the man whom bounteous gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
 Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
 From bus'ness and the cares of money free !
 No human storms break off at land his sleep, 5
 No loud alarms of Nature on the deep ;



From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
 Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty bridegroom Elm does join; 10
 Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
 And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
 Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden treasures of the bee:
 He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain, 15
 Whilst neighb'ring hills low back to them again;
 And when the season rich, as well as gay,
 All her autumnal bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
 Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree? 20
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
 He gives to friends, and to the gods repays:
 With how much joy does he beneath some shade,
 By aged trees' rev'rend embraces made,
 His careless head on the fresh green recline, 25
 His head, uncharg'd with fear or with design?
 By him a river constantly complains,
 The birds above rejoice with various strains,
 And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
 Like dreams mix'd with the gravity of sleep; 30
 Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait
 And nought within against it shuts the gate.
 Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
 Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny;

He runs the mazes of the nimble hare, 35
 His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
 Or with game holder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a toil the foaming boar:
 Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
 To intercept the travelling fowl is set: 40
 And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
 In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.
 This is the life from all misfortunes free,
 From thee the great one, tyrant Love! from thee;
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely wife, 45
 Be added to the blessings of this life,
 Such as the ancient sunburnt Sabines were,
 Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,
 Who makes her children and the house her care,
 And joyfully the work of life does share, 50
 Nor thinks herself too noble, or too fine,
 To pin the sheepfold, or to milch the kine,
 Who waits at door against her husband come,
 From rural duties, late, and weary'd home,
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace, 55
 A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face,
 And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
 And with domestick plenty loads the board;
 Not all the lustful shellfish of the sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton hand of Luxury, 60
 Nor ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly names that glorify a feast,

Are at the princely tables better cheer
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here. 64

A paraphrase upon the

TENTH EPIS TLE OF HORACE, BOOK I.

Horace to Fuscus Ariftius.

HEALTH from the lover of the country, me ;
Health to the lover of the city, thee :
A diff'rence in our souls this only proves ;
In all things else we agree like marry'd doves.
But the warm nest, and crowded dovehouse, thou 5
Dost like ; I loofely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the fhining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play :
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire. 10
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honey'd cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect :
She 'd build it more convenient than great, 15
And, doubtless, in the country chuse her feat.
Is there a place doth better helps supply
Against the wounds of Winter's cruelty ?
Is there an air that gentler does affuage
The mad celestial Dog's or Lion's rage ? 20
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear ?

Does art thro' pipes a purer water bring,
 Than that which Nature strains into a spring?
 Can all your tap'tries, or your pictures, show 25
 More beauties than in herbs and flow'rs do grow?
 Fountains and trees our weary'd pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces;
 And in your towns that prospect gives delight,
 Which opens round the country to our sight. 30
 Men to the good from which they rashly fly
 Return at last, and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass, 35
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he who sells a solid good, to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity. 40
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune chuse,
 Which 't is but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;
 For when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board, 45
 More clear untainted pleasures do afford
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
 The horned deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell, 50

And when they fought the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get 55
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear :
That they might pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave; 60
For gold their liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flow'r which crowns humanity;
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only because they know not how, aright,
That great but secret happiness to prize, 65
That 's laid up in a little for the wise.
That is the best and easiest estate
Which to a man fits close, but not too strait :
'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches and it burns
Too narrow, and too large it overturns. 70
My dearest Friend! stop thy desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast ;
And if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made not to command our will, 75
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey ;
The horse does with the horseman run away. 78

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. II.

*O fortunatos nimium, &c.**A translation out of Virgil.*

O H happy (if his happiness he knows)
 The country swain on whom kind Heav'n bestows
 At home all riches that wise Nature needs,
 Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds:
 'Tis true, no morning-tide of clients comes, 5
 And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
 Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
 In tap'stry wrought, or cut in living brass;
 Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
 With the dear poison of Assyrian pride; 10
 Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
 The native use and sweetness of his oil:
 Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
 Free from th' alarms of fear and storms of strife,
 Does with substantial blessedness abound, 15
 And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
 Thro' artless grots the murm'ring waters glide,
 Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
 From whence the birds salute him, and his ground
 With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound; 20
 And all the rivers and the forests nigh,
 Both food, and game, and exercise, supply.

Here a well-harden'd active youth we see,
 Taught the great art of cheerful poverty;
 Here, in this place alone, there still do shine 25
 Some streaks of love, both human and divine:
 From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
 Still her last footsteps upon earth appear
 'Tis true, the first desire which does control
 All the inferiour wheels that move my soul, 30
 Is that the Muse me her high priest would make,
 Into her holiest scenes of myft'ry take,
 And open there to my mind's purged eye,
 Those wonders which to sense the gods deny;
 How in the moon such change of shapes is found, 35
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound:
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease:
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance,
 Varieties too regular for Chance; 40
 What drives the chariot on of Winter's light,
 And stops the lazy waggon of the Night:
 But if my dull and frozen blood deny
 To send forth sp'rits that raise a soul so high,
 In the next place let woods and rivers be 45
 My quiet tho' inglorious destiny:
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid,
 Cover me, gods! with Tempe's thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he
 Who can thro' gross effects their causes see, 50

Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things,
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
 Thro' all the alarms of death and hell below.
 Happy! but next such conqu'rors happy they, 55
 Whose humble life lies not in Fortune's way;
 They, unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great;
 The quarrels of the mighty, without fear,
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear; 60
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
 Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
 Into the noisy markets of the law,
 The camps of gowned war; nor do they live 65
 By rules or forms that many madmen give:
 Duty for Nature's bounty they repay,
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plough the faithless main,
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain: 70
 Some swell up their slight sails with pop'lar fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:
 Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it fit:
 Country and friends are by some wretches sold, 75
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
 No price too high for profit can be shown;
 Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:

Around the world in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home : 80
 Mean-while the prudent husbandman is found
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,
 And half the year he care of that does take,
 That half the year grateful returns does make :
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present, 85
 And with new work his industry content :
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield ;
 This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field :
 All sorts of fruit crown the rich Autumn's pride,
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side, 90
 The pow'rful princely purple of the vine,
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine :
 In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play,
 And loaded kine about his cottage stand, 95
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand ;
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
 When any rural holydays invite 100
 His genius forth to innocent delight,
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, Bacchus! patron of the vine, 105
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,

Not to the loss of reason or of strength :
 To active games and manly sport, at length,
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
 Who can the best at better trials be. 110
 Such was the life the prudent Sabines chose ;
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;
 Such Remus and the god his brother led ;
 From such firm footing Rome grew the world's head :
 Such was the life that ev'n till now does raise 115
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days,
 Before men born of earth, and bury'd there,
 Let in the sea their mortal fate to share,
 Before new ways of perishing were fought,
 Before unskilful Death on anvils wrought, 120
 Before those beasts which human life sustain,
 By men, unless to the gods' use, were slain. 122

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

Stet quicumque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico. &c.

UPON the slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of Fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and, for awhile,
 The giddy danger to beguile,
 With joy and with disdain look down on all, 5
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall ;
 Me, O ye Gods! on earth, or else so near
 That I no fall to earth may fear,

And, O ye Gods! at a good distance, feat
 From the long ruins of the great : 10
 Here wrapp'd in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;
 Quiet! companion of Obscurity :
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,
 As Time, that measures it, does glide :
 Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame, 15
 From town to town echo about my name:
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
 With scutcheon or with elegy.
 An old plebeian let me die,
 Alas! all then are such as well as I. 20
 To him, alas! to him I fear,
 The face of Death will terrible appear,
 Who in his life flatt'ring his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the world beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he 's to go. 26

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound
 Within th' enclosure of his little ground :
 Happy the man whom the same humble place
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
 From his first rising infancy has known, 5
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,
 With natural propension to that earth
 Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth :

Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
 Could ever into foolish wand'rings get; 10
 He never dangers either saw or fear'd;
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar:
 No change of Consuls marks to him the year; 15
 The change of seasons is his calendar:
 The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows:
 He measures time by landmarks, and has found
 For the whole day the dial of his ground: 20
 A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees:
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
 Does with a like concernment notice take 25
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake:
 Thus health and strength he to' a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage life is longest made at home. 30

FRAGMENTS.

In the Discourse, by way of vision, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell.

I.

AH ! happy Isle ! how art thou chang'd and curs'd
Since I was born, and knew thee first !
When Peace, which had forsook the world around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest, 5
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest ;
No wind durst stir abroad the air to discompose.

II.

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd into thee with ev'ry tide ; 10
When all that Nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry,
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee ; 15
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

III.

When Plenty in each village did appear,
And Bounty was its steward there ;
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conqu'ring party's pris'ner grew ; 20

When the religion of our state
 Had face and substance with her voice,
 Ere she by' her foolish loves of late,
 Like Echo, (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise.

IV.

When men to men respect and friendship bore, 25
 And God with reverence did adore ;
 When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
 A happier Monarch to us than our own,
 And yet his subjects by him were
 (Which is a truth will hardly be 30
 Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
 A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

V.

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion, now,
 A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
 And, like a frantick person, thou dost tear 35
 The ornaments and clothes which thou shouldst wear,
 And cut thy limbs; and if we see
 (Just as thy barb'rous Britons did)
 Thy body with hypocrisy
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.

VI.

The nations which envy'd thee erewhile 45
 Now laugh, (too little 't is to smile)
 They laugh, and would have pity'd thee, alas!
 But that thy faults all pity do surpass.

Art thou the country which didst hate,
 And mock the French inconstancy?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less change of habits there than governments in thee?

VII.

Unhappy Isle! no ship of thine at sea
 Was ever tofs'd and torn like thee; 50
 Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
 The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
 What did thy foolish pilots ail,
 To lay the compass quite aside?
 Without a law or rule to fail, 55
 And rather take the winds than heav'ns to be their
 [guide?

VIII.

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
 This floating Isle from shipwreck save;
 And tho' to wash that blood which does it stain,
 It well deserves to sink into the main; 60
 Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
 (The Royal Martyr prays, we know)
 This guilty, perishing, vessel spare;
 Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below. 64

Ἦνυχ' ὄσιον κλαμῆνοσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν εὐ χεταάσθαι.

'Tis wicked, with insulting feet to tread
 Upon the monuments of the dead.

I.

CURS'D be the man (what do I wish? as tho'
 The wretch already were not so;
 But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
 And great his country to enslave;
 Who seeks to overpoise alone 5
 The balance of a nation:
 Against the whole, but naked state,
 Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the

II.

[weight.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
 Tho' at the rate of being worst; 10
 Who would be rather a great monster, than
 A well-proportion'd man;
 The son of Earth, with hundred hands,
 Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,
 Till thunder strikes him from the sky; 15
 The son of Earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

III.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
 A short and miserable reign?
 In what oblique and humble creeping wise
 Does the mischievous serpent rise? 20
 But ev'n his forked tongue strikes dead,
 When he 'as rear'd up his wicked head;
 He murders with his mortal frown;
 A basilisk he grows if once he get a crown.

IV.

But no guards can oppose assaulting ears, 25
 Or undermining tears;
 No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
 The swarming dreams out when we sleep :
 That bloody conscience, too, of his,
 (For, oh! a rebel red-coat 't is) 30
 Does here his early hell begin ;
 He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
 Lift up this rod against our land :
 A tyrant is a rod and serpent too, 35
 And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.
 What rivers stain'd with blood have been ?
 What storm and hailshot have we seen ?
 What fores deform'd the ulcerous state ?
 What darkness to be felt has bury'd us of late? 40

VI.

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away !
 And made even of our sons a prey !
 What croaking feets and vermine has it sent
 The restless nation to torment !
 What greedy troops, what armed power 45
 Of flies and locusts, to devour
 The land, which ev'ry where they fill!
 Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it still.

VII.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;
 Come sink us rather in the sea: 50
 Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down;
 Come God's sword rather than our own:
 Let rather Roman come again,
 Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
 In all the bonds we ever bore 55
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd be-

VIII.

[fore.

If by our sins the divine vengeance be
 Call'd to this last extremity,
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent
 To try if England can repent: 60
 Methinks at least some prodigy,
 Some dreadful comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,
 As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's birth. 64

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
 To call him to the duties of his cell:
 There needs no noise at all to awaken sin;
 Th' adult'rer and the thief his larum has within. 4

IT is a truth so certain and so clear,
 That to the first-born man it did appear:
 Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
 By the fresh laws of Nature taught, disdain

That (tho' a brother) any one should be 5
 A greater favourite to God than he?
 He strook him down, and so, said he, so fell
 The sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.
 Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring,
 Since all were blasted in the offering, 10
 Lest God should my next victim, too, despise,
 The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.
 Hence coward Fears; for the first blood so spilt,
 As a reward, he the first city built.
 'Twas a beginning generous and high, 15
 Fit for a grandchild of the Deity:
 So well advanc'd, 't was pity there he staid;
 One step of glory more he should have made,
 And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone; [alone.
 Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd
 One brother's death what do I mean to name, 21
 A small oblation to Revenge and Fame?
 The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to show
 What for high place a higher sp'rit can do,
 A hecatomb almost of brethren flew, 25 }
 And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
 (To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
 Why do I name the lordly creature man?
 The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
 When to a crown she cuts her sacred way, 30
 All that oppose with manlike courage slay.

So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
 And with his life her dearer greatness gone,
 With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call: 35
 Since he was dead who all her pow'r sustain'd,
 Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
 In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
 In vain the sacred plea of David's blood.
 A noble and a bold contention she 40
 (One woman) undertook with Destiny:
 She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,
 (Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
 The great Jessæan race on Juda's throne,
 Till 't was at last an equal wager grown; 45 }
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one. }
 Tell me not she herself at last was slain;
 Did she not first sev'n years (a lifetime) reign?
 Sev'n royal years, to a publick spirit, will seem
 More than the private life of a Methusalem. 50
 'Tis godlike to be great; and as they say
 A thousand years to God are but a day,
 So to a man, when once a crown he wears, 53
 The coronation-day 's more than a thousand years.

WHEN, lo! ere the last words were fully spoke,
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
 A flash of light rather than lightning, came
 So swift, and yet so gentle was the flame:

Upon it rode, and in his full career 5
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here,
 The comeliest youth of all th' angelick race,
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
 The frowns with which he strook the trembling fiend,
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend; 10
 His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,
 Such as the British Monarch's us'd to wear,
 If Gold might be compar'd with angels' hair:
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright, 15
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
 Across his breast an azure riband went,
 At which a medal hung, that did present,
 In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
 The mystick Champions and old Dragon's fight; 20
 And from his mantle's side there shone afar
 A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
 No arms but th' English bloody Cross he bore, 24
 Which when he tow'rd the affrighted tyrant bent,
 And some few words pronounc'd, (but what they
 Or were, could not, alas! by me be known, [meant,
 Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,
 Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey. 30
 Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,
 (Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize)

Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
 The bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws;
 The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
 But fear above his hunger does prevail:
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone; 37
 He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

In several discourses by way of essays in verse and prose.

I. *Of Liberty.*

Who governs his own course with steady hand,
 Who does himself with sov'reign pow'r command;
 Whom neither death nor poverty does fright,
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light 4
 Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
 Who can, tho' Honour at his gate should stay
 In all her masking clothes, send her away, }
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play. 9 }

MAGNE DEUS; quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
 Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
 Sollicitas effundo preces; si quid datur ultrà,
 Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo. 4

For the few hours of life allotted me,
 Give me, great God! but bread and liberty,
 I'll beg no more; if more thou 'rt pleas'd to give,
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
 If beyond this no more be freely sent,
 I'll thank for this, and go away content. 6

II. *Of Solitude.*

SIC ego secretis possum benè vivere fylvis
 Quà nulla humano fit via trita pedè,
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis. 4

WITH thee for ever I in woods could rest,
 Where never human foot the ground has press'd;
 Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
 And from a desert banish solitude. 4

ODI et amo, quanám id faciam ratione requiris?
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. 2

I HATE, and yet I love thee too;
 How can that be? I know not how;
 Only that so it is I know,
 And feel with torment that 't is so. 4

O VITA! stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O LIFE! long to the fool, short to the wise!

I.

HAIL, old Patrician Trees, so great and good!
 Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood!
 Where the poetick birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice. 5

II.

Hail the poor Muses' richest Manor-seat!
 Ye country Houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft' they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above. 10

III.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature! the fairest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead timber prize. 15

IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself, too, mute. 20

V.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
 On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile,
 And hear how prettily they talk. 25

VI.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company!

He 'll feel the weight of it many a day,
 Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
 To help to bear it away.

30

VII.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
 Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company:
 As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

35

VIII.

Tho' God himself, thro' countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
 Before the branchy head of Number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one;

40

IX.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

45

X.

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

50

XI.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
 The monster London laugh at me ;
 I should at thee, too, foolish City !
 If it were fit to laugh at misery ;
 But thy estate I pity.

55

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

60

III. *Of Obscurity.*

NAM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.

Hor. Epist. l. i. 18.

God made not pleasures only for the rich ;
 Nor have those men without their share, too, liv'd,
 Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd. 3

IV. *Of Agriculture.*

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine Musas
 Ducit, et immemores non finit esse sui.

THE Muses still love their own native place,
 It has secret charms which nothing can deface.

As well might corn as verse in cities grow;
 In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow,
 Against the unnatural soil in vain we strive;
 'Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive. 4

Νήπιοι, ὅδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν' Ἡμισυ Παντός,
 'Ουδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε ἔ' ασφοδέλω μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
 Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι Θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

UNHAPPY they to' whom God has not reveal'd,
 By a strong light which must their sense control,
 That half a great estate's more than the whole;
 Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
 Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury. 5

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
 Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit,
 Aude, Hospes! contemnere opes, et te quoq; dignum
 Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis. 4

THIS humble roof, this rustick court, said he,
 Receiv'd Alcides crown'd with victory:
 Scorn not, great Guest! the steps where he has trod,
 But contemn wealth, and imitate a god. 4

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLESS'D be the man (and blest'd he is) whom e'er
 (Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)

A little field and little garden feeds;
 The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
 The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows 5
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
 The specious inconveniencies that wait
 Upon a life of bus'ness and of state,
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
 By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd. 10
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days:
 Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent:
 Th' ambassadours, which the great emp'rour sent
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found 15
 The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
 And oft' he stopp'd in his triumphant way,
 And oft' look'd back, and oft' was heard to say, 20
 Not without sighs, Alas! I there forsake
 A happier kingdom than I go to take.
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
 But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name, 25
 Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame:
 For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
 Presum'd at wife Apollo's Delphick feat,
 Presum'd to ask, oh! thou, the whole world's eye,
 Seest thou a man that happier is than I? 30

The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
 Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
 In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
 We 'ave heard as yet of no such king as he.
 And true it was, thro' the whole earth around 35
 No king of such a name was to be found.
 Is some old hero of that name alive,
 Who his high rate does from the gods derive?
 Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done
 Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won? 40
 Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
 None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
 After long search and vain enquiries past,
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
 (Th' Arcadian life has always shady been) 45
 Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
 This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground. 50
 So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be
 Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
 So let me act, on such a private stage,
 The last dull scenes of my declining age:
 After long toils and voyages in vain, 55
 This quiet port let my tofs'd vessel gain:
 Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend;
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end. 58

V. *The Garden.*

AND there (with no design beyond my wall) whole
and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

I.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou 'rt bless'd
With prudence how to chuse the best.
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright 5
(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet; 10
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh! who would change these soft yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise,
And all which rank Ambition breeds, 15
Which seem such beauteous flow'rs, and are such pois'-

II.

[nous weeds?]

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, tho' of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take, 20

He thought it fit to place him, where
 A kind of heav'n, too, did appear.
 As far as earth could such a likeness bear,
 That man no happiness might want
 Which earth to her first master could afford, 25
 He did a garden for him plant,
 By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.
 As the chief help and joy of human life,
 He gave him the first gift, first ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect, 30
 It had been as easy to erect
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a Tower,
 That might with heav'n communication hold,
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
 He wanted not the skill or power; 35
 In the world's fabrick those were shown,
 And the materials were all his own:
 But well he knew what place would best agree
 With innocence and with felicity;
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain, 40
 If any part of either yet remain;
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the search direct;
 God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

IV.

Oh! blessed Shades! O gentle cool retreat 45
 From all th' immoderate heat
 In which the frantick world does burn and sweat!

This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
 This avarice, the Dogstar's thirst, assuage:
 Ev'ry where else their fatal pow'r we see, 50
 They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
 They neither set nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year,
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough, 55
 And sing above in ev'ry tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
 Than we who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
 And should by right be singers too.
 What prince's choir of musick can excel 60
 That which within this shade does dwell?
 To which we nothing pay or give;
 They like all other poets live,
 Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;
 'Tis well if they become not prey: 65
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave bass the murm'ring fountains play;
 Nature does all this harmony bestow;
 But to our plants art's musick too,
 The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe; 70
 The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
 The trees danc'd round, and understood,
 By sympathy, the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite, 75
 And nothing does within resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take :
 Who would not chuse to be awake
 While he 's encompass'd round with such delight
 To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight ?
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep 81
 A pris'ner in the downy bands of sleep,
 She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him spread,
 As the most soft and sweetest bed ;
 Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
 Who that has reason and has smell, 86
 Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choke
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke ?
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown, 90
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town ?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men or women there,
 Not without cause, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught 95
 That pleasure was the chiefest good,
 (And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood)
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure sought.

Whoever a true epicure would be, 100
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius his table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the Ark of old;
 That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay, 105
 Could nothing more delicious afford
 Than Nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can chuse, 110
 For which the grape or melon he would lose.
 Tho' all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury. 115

VII.

But with no sense the garden does comply;
 None courts or flatters, as it does, the eye.
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
 His royal southern guest to entertain; 120
 Tho' she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty;
 Tho' she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold 125
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonian tapestry,

And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
 Tho' Ophir's starr'y stones met ev'ry where her eye;
 Tho' she herself, and her gay host, were dress'd 130
 With all the shining glories of the East;
 When lavish Art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won;
 And ev'ry rose and lily there did stand, 135
 Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
 The case thus judg'd against the king we see, [he.
 By one that would not be so rich, tho' wiser far than

VIII.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
 Such various pleasures to the sense; 140
 Here Health itself does live,
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give;
 Its standing pleasure and intrinick wealth,
 The body's virtne, and the soul's good fortune, health.
 The tree of Life, when it in Eden stood, 145
 Did its immortal head to heaven rear,
 It lasted a tall cedar till the flood;
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear,
 Nor will it thrive, too, ev'ry where;
 It always here is freshest seen; 150
 'Tis only here an evergreen.
 If thro' the strong and beauteous fence
 Of temperance and innocence,
 And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
 Any diseases passage find, 155

They must not think here to affail
 A land unarm'd, or without a guard;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail :
 Scarce any plant is growing here 160
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.
 Let cities boast that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 't is the country and the field
 That furnish it with staff and shield. 165

IX.

Where does the wisdom and the pow'r divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see
 Of the Creator's real poetry;
 Than when we with attention look 170
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?
 If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all, like Moses, should espy
 Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity :
 But we despise these his inferiour ways, 175
 (Tho' no less full of miracle and praise)
 Upon the flow'rs of heav'n we gaze;
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
 Tho' these, perhaps, do more than they,
 The life of mankind sway : 180
 Altho' no part of mighty Nature be
 More stor'd with beauty, pow'r, and mystery;

Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art. 185

X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree :
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well ; 190
It overrules, and is her master here :
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore [fine,
To its bless'd state of Paradise before. 195
Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand
O'er all the vegetable world command ?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he 's pleas'd to give ?
He bids th' illnatur'd crab produce 200
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kifs :
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear ; 205
He bids the rustick plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach ;
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,

Tho' she refus'd Apollo's fruit; 210
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herself, to see
 That she 's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

XI.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade, 215
 Which by his own imperial hands was made :
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the ambassadours, who come in vain
 T' entice him to a throne again.
 If I, my Friends! (said he) should to you show 220
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
 Than 't is that you should carry me away :
 And trust me not, my Friends! if ev'ry day
 I walk not here with more delight 225
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,
 In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a
 [god. 228

VI. *Of Greatness.*

If ever I more riches did desire
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
 If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any wish so mean as to be great;
 Continue, Heav'n! still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love. 6

WAS it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,
 With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
 Was it for this that his ambition strove
 To equal Cæsar first, and after Jove?
 Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys; 5
Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys;
 She could not else, sure, so uncivil be
 To treat his universal majesty,
 His new-created deity,
 With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys. 10

— Sed quantum vertice ad auras
 Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds heav'n the branches grow,
 So far the root sinks down to hell below.

AND what a noble plot was cross'd,
 And what a brave design was lost!

VII. *Of Avarice.*

AND, oh! what man's condition can be worse
 Than his whom plenty starves and blessings curse?
 The beggars but a common fate deplore;
 The rich poor man's emphatically poor. 4

I ADMIRE, Mécænas! how it comes to pass
 That no man ever yet contented was,
 Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
 In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate.

Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries: 3
 The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
 Happy the soldier; one half hour to thee
 Gives speedy death or glorious victory.
 The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
 By restless clients, calls the peasant bless'd; 10
 The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
 Envies the mouth which only talk does feed.
 'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
 Of instances, if here I add no more;
 They are enough to reach at least a mile 15
 Beyond long Orator Fabius his style.
 But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,
 Gentlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,
 Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
 Behold Jove's now resolv'd to please you all. 20
 Thou, soldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
 A soldier be; and, lawyer, to the plough.
 Change all their stations straight; why do they stay?
 The devil a man will change now when he may.
 Were I in General Jove's abused case, 25
 By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
 But he's too good. Be all then as you were,
 However, make the best of what you are,
 And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
 Which either was your fate or was your choice. 30
 No; they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be awhile;

But 't is with a design only to gain
 What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
 The prudent pismire does this lesson teach, 35
 And industry to lazy mankind preach :
 The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
 Nor does he straight devour all he can get,
 But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
 A stock for winter, which he knows must come; 40
 And when the rolling world to creatures here
 Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the year,
 And fluts him in with storms, and cold, and wet,
 He cheerfully does his past labours eat.
 O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant, 45
 Does not at all times rest and plenty want ;
 But weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
 Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
 Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
 From thy unnatural diligence can withhold: 50
 To th' Indies thou wouldst run, rather than see
 Another, tho' a friend, richer than thee.
 Fond Man ! what good or beauty can be found
 In heaps of treasure bury'd under ground ?
 Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see, 55
 Thou wouldst thyself, too, bury'd with them be.
 And what 's the diff'rence ? Is it not quite as bad
 Never to use, as never to have had ?
 In thy vast barns millions of quarters store,
 Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more 60

Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread;
 What then? he 's with no more than others fed.
 Do you within the bounds of nature live,
 And to augment your own you need not strive.
 One hundred acres will no less for you 65
 Your life's whole bus'ness than ten thousand do.
 But pleasant 't is to take from a great store.
 What, Man! tho' you 're resolv'd to take no more
 Than I do from a small one? If your will
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill, 70
 To some great river for it must you go,
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
 Give me the spring which does to human use
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce:
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile, 75
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may
 At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
 Wash'd o'er in vain for ever dry within; 80
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
 From his touch'd mouth the wanton torment slips.
 You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;
 'Tis finely said, but what 's all this to you?
 Change but the name, this fable is thy story; 85
 Thou in a flood of uselefs wealth dost glory,
 Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
 'Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.

The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare,
But when they 're made thine own they sacred are,
And must be kept with rev'rence, as if thou 95
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this, 95
To buy the things which Nature cannot miss
Without discomfort: oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give. 100
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of store,
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor. 104

VIII. *The dangers of an honest man in much company.*

HONEST and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What has thee, Fabian! to the City brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get 5
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises nor projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.

But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just;
 A man of courage firm, and fit for trust.
 Why, you may stay, and live unenvy'd here; 11
 But, faith, go back, and keep you where you were.

IX. *The shortness of life, and uncertainty of riches.*

INSERE nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites.

Go, Melibæus! now,
 Go graff thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;
 Behold the fruit! 3

I.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must
 Or, what is worse, be left by it? [quit,
 Why dost thou load thyself when thou 'rt to fly,
 Oh, Man! ordain'd to die?

II.

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high, 5
 Thou who art underground to lie?
 Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
 For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

III.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
 And clip or pinion her wing; 10
 Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
 As not to cut off thy entail;

IV.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh ;
 Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
 Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff 15
 Upon a lasting stock.

V.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem ;
 A mighty husband thou wouldst seem :
 Fond Man ! like a bought slave thou all the while
 Dost but for others sweat and toil. 20

VI.

Officious Fool ! that needs must meddling be
 In bus'ness that concerns not thee ;
 For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
 Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were 25
 Children again, for age prepare ;
 Provisions for long travel they design,
 In the last point of their short line.

VIII.

Wisely the ant against poor Winter hoards
 The stock which Summer's wealth affords ; 30
 In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
 How vain were such an industry ?

IX.

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light
 Might half excuse our cheated sight,

If it of life the whole small time would stay, 35
And be our sunshine all the day.

X.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Tho' shining bright and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds it wounds the place. 40

XI.

Oh, scene of Fortune! which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near:
Proud Poverty that tinsel brav'ry wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

XII.

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep; 45
In a weak boat trust not the deep:
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

XIII.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark; 50
Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground. 52

X. *The danger of procrastination.*

—— Sapere aude,
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. 4

BEGIN, be bold, and venture to be wise;
 He who defers this work from day to day,
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay, [gone,
 Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be
 That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on. 5

JAM cras hesternum consumpsimus, ecce aliud cras
 Egerit hos annos.

OUR yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
 And still a new to-morrow does come on.
 We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
 Till the exhausted well can yield no more. 4

XI. *Of Myself.*

—Nec vos dulcissima mundi
 Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
 Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

NOR by me e'er shall you,
 You of all names the sweetest and the best,
 You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
 You gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
 As long as life itself forsakes not me. 5

EPITAPHIUM

VIVI AUCTORIS.

*HIC, ô Viator ! sub lare parvulo
Couleius hîc est conditus, Hîc jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.*

*Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inertî nobilis otio,
Vanôq; dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis :*

5

*Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit ?
Exempta sit curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.*

10

*Hîc sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.*

16

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

*Upon himself yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy world
to a country life; to be supposed written on his house.*

**HERE, Passenger! beneath this shed
Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all the impertinence of life.**

**Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great;
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.**

**Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small cell confin'd?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave.**

**Strew roses here as on his herse,
And reckon this his fun'ral verse:
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's urn.**

Latin Epitaph on the Author's tomb in Westminster-Abbey

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,
Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hic juxtâ situs est.

*Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem,
Et Famâ æternùm vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilantq; perenni lampade Musæ,
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacilega turbare manu Venerabile Bustum.
Intacti mancant, mancant per secula dulcis
Couleij cineres ferveatq; immobile saxum.*

Sic Vovet;

Votumq; suum apud Posteris sacratum esse voluit.
Qui Viro Incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor.

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIE.

*Excessit è vita Anno Ætis 49, et honorifica pompa elatus ex
Ædibus Buckinghamianis, viris illustribus omnium ordinum
exsequias celebrantibus. Sepultus est Die 3^o M. Augusti
A. D. 1667.*

THE EPITAPH

*Transcribed from the Author's tomb in Westminster-Abbey
attempted in English.*

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

THE PINDAR, HORACE, AND VIRGIL,

Of the English nation.

WHILE thro' the world thy labours shine
Bright as thyself, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be
A partner with eternity.

Here in soft peace for ever rest,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breast :)
Let hoary Faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful Muses, mourn.

5

For ever sacred be this room,
May no rude hand disturb thy tomb;
Or sacrilegious rage and lust
Affront thy venerable dust.

10

Sweet Cowley's dust let none profane;
Here may it undisturb'd remain :
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this stone for ever live.

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THE END.

