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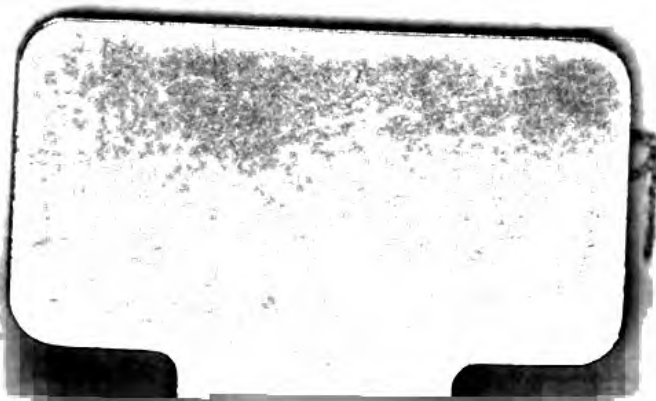


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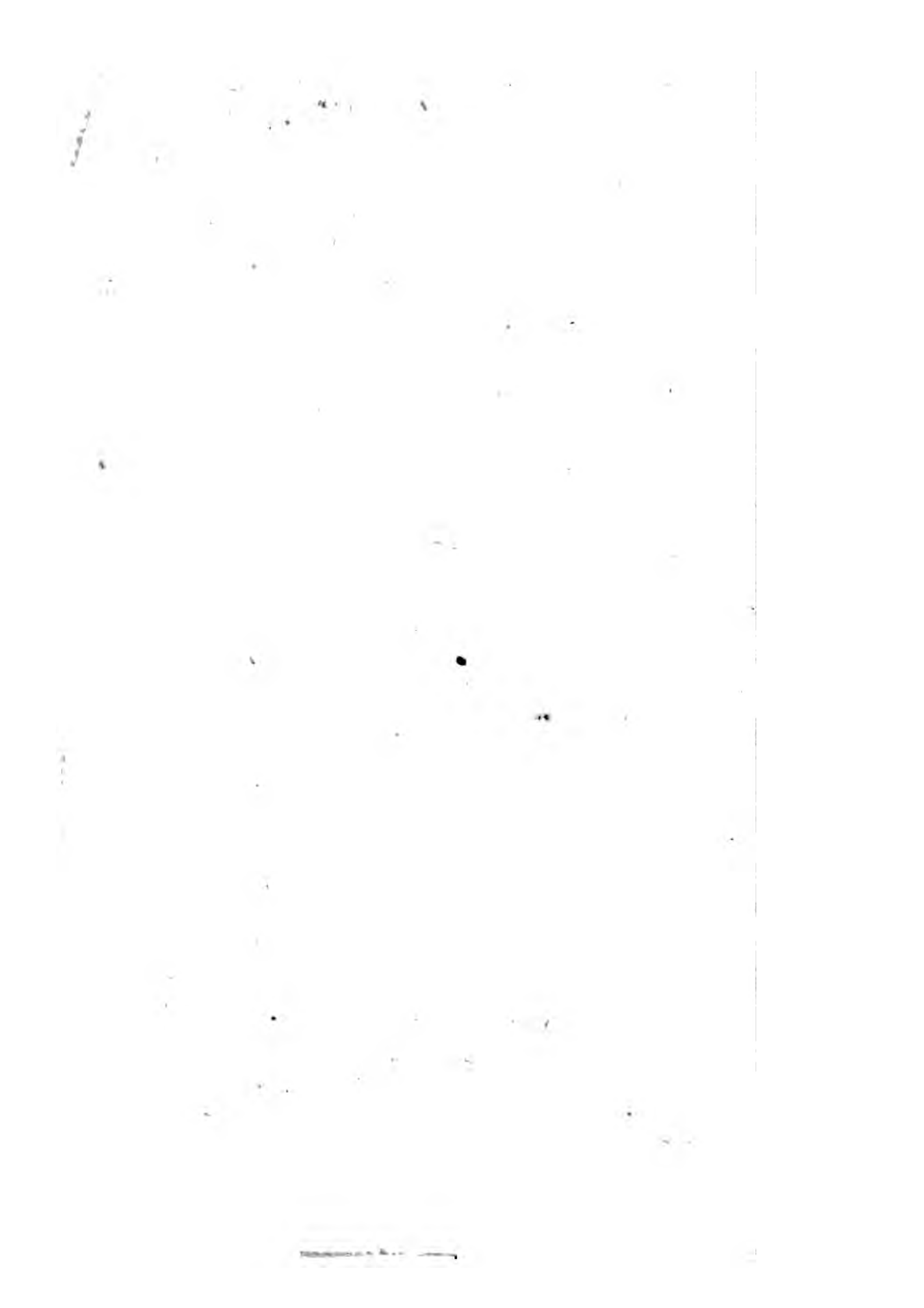


Essex *Essex*









BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPILED FROM

see where the hits & in what comely wife
Drops tears more fair than others Eyes
Shilke's Sleeping Page 26.

change Strand L
Exchange Strand L

Mortimer del.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London J



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



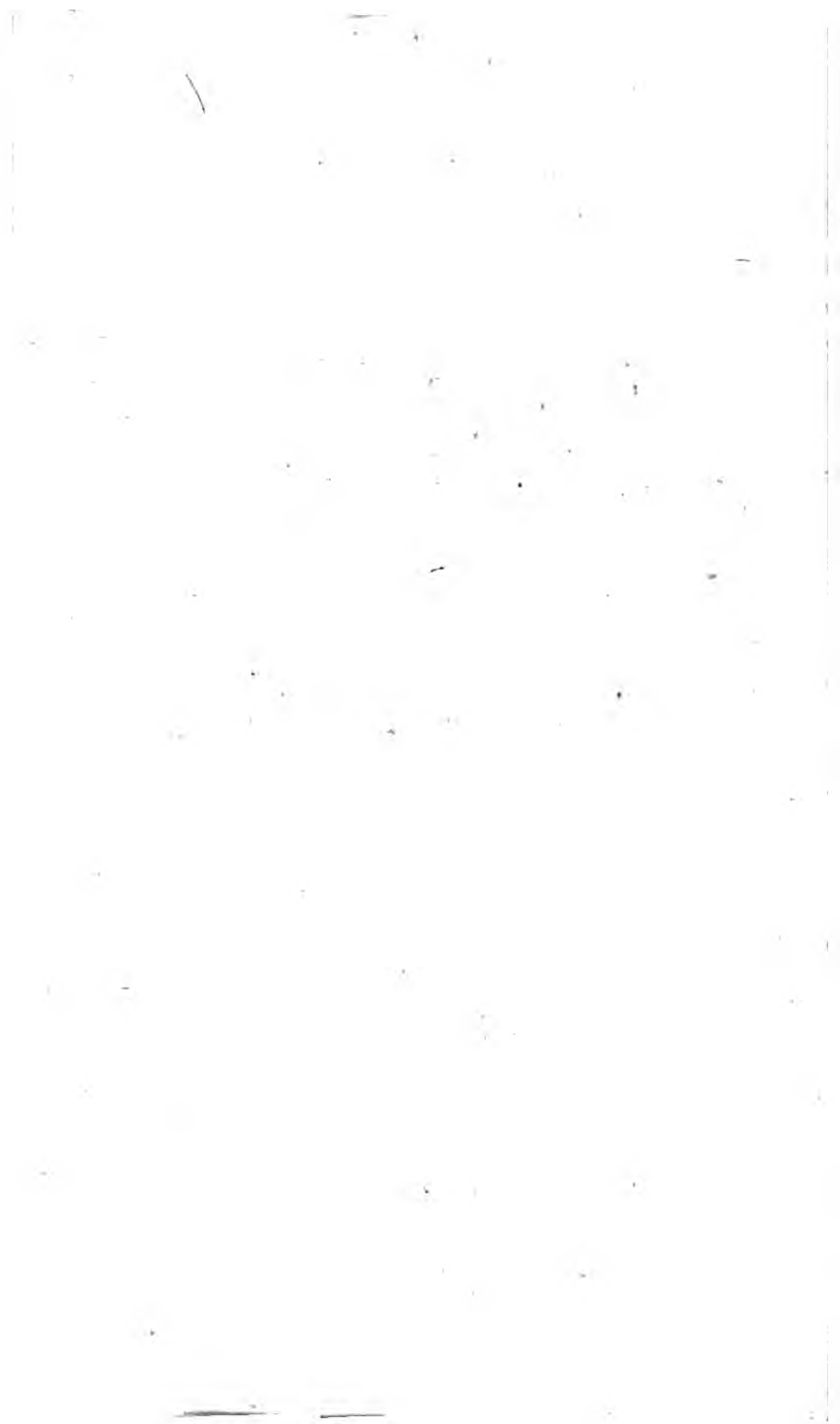
COWLEY VOLUME II.
See where the list & in what comely wife
Drops tears more fair than others Eyes

Miltons Weeping Page 28.

Mortimer del.

Sharp

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan. 10th 1741



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 so'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 fire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. II.

Bell's second edition.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISTRESS,
ODES,

|| PINDARICK ODES,
|| ANACREONICKS,

ᵋc. ᵋc. ᵋc.

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.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1910

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT

ON THE

MEASUREMENT OF THE
SPEED OF LIGHT

BY
ROBERT A. MILLIKAN
AND
L. B. NEASE

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE MISTRESS:

Or, several copies of

LOVE-VERSES.

—Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

VIRG. Æn. iv.

THE REQUEST.

I.

I HAVE often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
Me still the cruel Boy does spare,
And I a double task must bear,
First to woo him, and then a Mistress too.
Come at last, and strike for shame, 5
If thou art any thing besides a name;
I'll think thee else no god to be,
But poets rather gods, who first created thee.

II.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, whate'er she be, 10
She cannot seem deform'd to me,
And I would have her seem to others so.
Desire takes wings, and straight does fly,
It stays not dully to inquire the why.
That happy thing, a lover grown, 15
I shall not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine own.

A iij

III.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire,
 If her chill heart I cannot move,
 Why, I'll enjoy the very love,
 And make a Mistress of my own desire. 20
 Flames their most vig'rous heat do hold,
 And purest light, if compass'd round with cold:
 So, when sharp Winter means most harm,
 The springing plants are by the snow itself kept warm.

IV.

But do not touch my heart, and so begone; 25
 Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
 Lukewarmness I account a sin
 As great in love as in religion.
 Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove
 All the extremities of mighty Love. 30
 Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
 We know the Torrid Zone is now found habitable.

V.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,
 'There boars and lions thou dost tame;
 Is not my heart a nobler game? 35
 Let Venus men, and beasts Diana wound.
 Thou dost the birds thy subjects make;
 Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
 Thou all the spring their songs dost hear,
 Make me love too, I'll sing to thee all th' year! 40

THE MISTRESS.

VI.

What service can mute fishes do to thee?
Yet against them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their scales;
And still thy feaborn mother lives i' th' sea.
Dost thou deny only to me
The no-great priv'lege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;

Either thy pity' to me or else thine anger show;

VII.

Come, or I'll teach the world to scorn that bow;
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts,
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.
Mufick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear;
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My verses shall not only wound, but murder thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I.

I came, I saw, and was undone;
Lightning did thro' my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on ev'ry part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poison that was enter'd there.

II.

So a destroying angel's breath
 Blows in the plague, and with it hasty death.
 Such was the pain, did so begin
 To the poor wretch when Legion enter'd in. 10
 Forgive me, God! I cry'd; for I
 Flatter'd myself I was to die.

III.

But quickly to my cost I found
 'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound:
 Death a more gen'rous rage does use;
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse: 15
 Whilst Love with barb'rous mercy saves
 The vanquish'd lives, to make them slaves.

IV.

I am thy slave then; let me know,
 Hard Master! the great task I have to do: 20
 Who pride and scorn do undergo,
 In tempests and rough seas thy gallies row;
 They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
 Their sighs increase the angry wind.

V.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some 25
 Thou weariest out in building but a tomb:
 Others, with sad and tedious art,
 Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart.
 Of all the works thou dost assign
 To all the several slaves of thine,
 Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine. 31

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I.

I'LL on; for what should hinder me
 From loving and enjoying thee?
 Thou canst not those exceptions make,
 Which vulgar sordid mortals take,
 That my fate 's too mean and low;
 'Twere pity I should love thee so,
 If that dull cause could hinder me
 In loving and enjoying thee.

II.

It does not me a whit displease,
 That the rich all honours seize;
 That you all titles make your own,
 Are valiant, learned, wife, alone:
 But if you claim o'er women too
 The pow'r which over men ye do,
 If you alone must lovers be,
 For that, Sirs! you must pardon me.

III.

Rather than lose what does so near
 Concern my life and being here,
 I'll some such crooked ways invent,
 As you or your forefathers went:
 I'll flatter or oppose the king,
 Turn Puritan, or any thing,
 I'll force my mind to arts so new,
 Grow rich, and love as well as you.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain, 25
 As man in Paradiſe did reign,
 When perfect love did ſo agree
 With innocence and poverty.
 Adam did no jointure give,
 Himſelf was jointure to his Eve: 30
 Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
 The rib came freely back to' his ſide.

V.

A curſe upon the man who taught
 Women that love was to be bought;
 Rather dote only on your gold, 35
 And that with greedy avarice hold;
 For if woman, too, ſubmit
 To that, and ſell herſelf for it,
 Fond Lover! you a Miſtreſs have
 Of her that 's but your fellow-ſlave. 40

VI.

What ſhould thoſe poets mean of old,
 That made their god to woo in gold?
 Of all men ſure they had no cauſe
 To bind Love to ſuch coſtly laws:
 And yet I ſcarcely blame them now; 45
 For who, alas! would not allow
 That women ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
 Could they, as he, be what they give?

VII.

If thou, my Dear! thyself shouldst prize,
 Alas! what value would suffice? 50
 The Spaniard could not do' it, tho' he
 Should to both Indies jointure thee.
 Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
 If thou shouldst any bargain make;
 To give all will befit thee well, 55
 But not at underrates to sell.

VIII.

Bestow thy beauty then on me
 Freely, as Nature gave it to thee;
 'Tis an exploded Popish thought
 To think that heav'n may be bought. 60
 Pray'rs, hymns, and praises, are the way,
 And those my thankful Muse shall pay;
 Thy body, in my verse enshrin'd,
 Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

IX.

I'll fix thy title next in fame 65
 To Sachariffa's well-sung name.
 So faithfully will I declare
 What all thy wondrous beauties are,
 That when, at the last great affize,
 All women shall together rise, 70
 Men straight shall cast their eyes on thee,
 And know at first that thou art she. 72

THE SPRING.

I.

THO' you be absent here, I needs must say
 The trees as beauteous are, and flow'rs as gay,
 As ever they were wont to be;
 Nay, the birds' rural musick, too,
 Is as melodious and free 5
 As if they sung to pleasure you.
 I saw a rosebud ope this morn; I'll swear
 The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be so fair and you away?
 How could the trees be beauteous, flow'rs so gay? 10
 Could they remember but last year
 How you did them, they you, delight,
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
 And call'd their fellows to the fight,
 Would, looking round for the same fight in vain, 15
 Creep back into their silent barks again.

III.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as rev'rend made,
 As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry shade.
 Is't possible they should not know
 What loss of honour they sustain, 20
 That thus they smile and flourish now,
 And still their former pride retain?
 Dull Creatures! 't is not without cause that she
 Who fled the God of Wit was made a tree.

IV.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were, 25
 When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
 In vain did Nature bid them stay,
 When Orpheus had his song begun,
 They call'd their wond'ring roots away,
 And bad them silent to him run. 30
 How would those learned trees have follow'd you?
 You would have drawn them and their poet too.

V.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
 They're here the only fair, and shine alone.
 You did their nat'ral rights invade; 35
 Wherever you did walk or sit
 The thickest boughs could make no shade,
 Altho' the sun had granted it:
 The fairest flow'rs could please no more, near you,
 Than painted flow'rs set next to them could do. 40

VI.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that shall be
 The time, which this to others is, to me.
 The little joys which here are now,
 The name of punishments do bear,
 When by their sight they let us know. 45
 How we depriv'd of greater are.
 'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
 This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring. 48

WRITTEN IN JUICE OF LEMON.

I.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
 I dare thus, even to you, write poetry.
 Ah! foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
 And know'st her judgment well,
 How much it does thy pow'r excel, 5
 Yet dar'st be read by thy just doom, the fire.

II.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
 Because thy form is innocent and pure;
 Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here,
 But when they sadly come to die, 10
 And the last fire their truth must try,
 Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

III.

Go then, but reverently go,
 And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too;
 Confess 't. and with humility clothe thy shame; 15
 For thou, who else must burned be
 An Heretick, if she pardon thee,
 May'st, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

IV.

But if her wisdom grow severe,
 And suffer not her goodness to be there; 20

If her large mercies cruelly it restrain,
 Be not discourag'd, but require
 A more gentle ordeal fire,
 And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

V.

Strange pow'r of Heat! thou yet dost show 25
 Like winter earth, naked, or cloth'd with snow;
 But as the quick'ning sun approaching near,
 The plants arise up by degrees,
 A sudden paint adorns the trees,
 And all kind Nature's characters appear; 30

VI.

So nothing yet in thee is seen,
 But when a genial heat warms thee within,
 A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
 Here buds an A, and there a B,
 Here sprouts a V. and there a T, 35
 And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

VII.

Still, silly Paper! thou wilt think
 That all this might as well be writ with ink.
 Oh no; there's sense in this, and mystery;
 Thou now may'st change thy author's name, 40
 And to her hand lay noble claim,
 For as she reads she makes the words in thee.

VIII.

Yet if thine own unworthiness
 Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess,

Bij

Consume thyself with fire before her eyes, 45
 And so her grace or pity move :
 The gods, tho' beasts they do not love,
 Yet like them when they 're burnt in sacrifice. 48

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago, says Story, I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most Inconstant now.
 Pardon me, Madam ! you mistake the man,
 For I am not the same that I was then ;
 No flesh is now the same 't was then in me ; 5
 And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.
 The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
 Were more inconstant far ; for accidents
 Must of all things more strangely' inconstant prove,
 If from one subject they to another move. 10
 My members then the father-members were,
 From whence these take their birth which now are
 If then this body love what th' other did, [here :
 'Twere incest, which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this day inconstant name, 15
 Because the weather is not still the same
 That it was yesterday ; or blame the year,
 'Cause the spring flow'rs, and autumn fruit, does bear.
 The world's a scene of changes, and to be
 Constant, in Nature were inconstancy ; 20

For 't were to break the laws herself has made :
 Our substances themselves do fleet and fade ;
 The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
 Swift as the wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
 T' imagine then that love should never cease, 25
 (Love, which is but the ornament of these)
 Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
 Beauty and colour stay not when we die. 28

NOT FAIR.

'Tis very true I thought you once as fair
 As women in th' idea are :
 Whatever here seems beautiful, seem'd to be
 But a faint metaphor of thee ;
 But then (methought) there something shin'd within
 Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin ; 6
 Nor could I chuse but count it the Sun's light
 Which made this cloud appear so bright ;
 But since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
 And all thy thousand faults beside, 10
 A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
 White as his teeth would seem to be.
 So men, they say, by Hell's delusions led,
 Have ta'en a succubus to their bed,
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call, 15
 Till the cleft foot discovers all ;
 Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves with
 And devil as it is it does appear. [fear,

So since against my will I found thee foul,
 Deform'd and crooked in thy soul, 20
 My reason straight did to my senses show
 That they might be mistaken too :
 Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
 There's not a man will think you fair ;
 Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be, 25
 They'll call their eyes as false as thee.
 Be what thou wilt, Hate will present thee so
 As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do. 28

PLATONICK LOVE.

I.

INDEED I must confess,
 When souls mix 't is an happiness ;
 But not complete till bodies, too, combine,
 And closely as our minds together join :
 But half of heav'n the souls in glory taste, 5
 Till by love in heav'n at last
 Their bodies, too, are plac'd.

II.

In thy immortal part
 Man, as well as I, thou art ;
 But something 't is that differs thee and me, 10
 And we must one ev'n in that difference be.
 I thee both as a man and woman prize,
 For a perfect love implies
 Love in all capacities.

III.

Can that for true love pass,
 When a fair woman courts her glafs?
 Something unlike must in Love's likeness be,
 His wonder is one and variety:
 For he whose soul nought but a soul can move,
 Does a new Narcissus prove,
 And his own image love. 26

IV.

That souls do beauty know,
 'Tis to the body's help they owe;
 If when they know it they straight abuse that trust,
 And shut the body from it, 'tis as unjust 25
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see
 My Mistress, and at th' instant he
 Should steal her quite from me. 28

THE CHANGE.

I.

Love in her funny eyes does basking play;
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
 In all her outward parts Love's always seen, 5
 But, oh! he never went within.

II.

Within Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
 Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.

So the earth's face trees, herbs, and flow'rs, do dress,
 With other beauties numberless; **10**
 But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
 There wicked spirits, and there the damned, dwell.

III.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
 Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
 Despair and paleness in my face appears, **15**
 And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
 But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
 Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

IV.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
 Within, too, stor'd enough of love: **20**
 Give me but your's, I'll by that change so thrive,
 That love in all my parts shall live.
 So pow'rful is this Change, it render can
 My outside woman, and your inside man. **25**

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

I.

Fairest thing that shines below,
 Why in this robe dost thou appear?
 Wouldst thou a White most perfect show,
 Thou must at all no garment wear:
 Thou wilt seem much whiter so, **5**
 Than winter when 't is clad with snow.

II.

'Tis not the linen shows so fair,
 Her skin shines thro' and makes it bright ;
 So clouds themselves like suns appear,
 When the sun pierces them with light ; 10
 So lilies in a glass enclose,
 The glass will seem as white as those.

III.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,
 Nought outwards or within is foul ;
 Condensed beams make every part ; 15
 Thy body 's clothed like thy soul.
 Thy soul, which does itself display,
 Like a star plac'd i' th' Milky-way.

IV.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
 Woven all with light divine ; 20
 Such their exalted bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine ;
 But they regard not mortals' pain ;
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

V.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure, 25
 My hopes will needs continue still ;
 Thou wouldst not take this garment, sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill ?
 Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
 When the White flag he sees hung out ? 30

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

So men, who once have cast the truth away,
 Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
 So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
 One Deity, could not stop at thousands more:
 Their zeal was senseless straight and boundless grown;
 They worshipp'd many a beast, and many a stone. 6
 Ah! fair Apostate! couldst thou think to flee
 From truth and goodness, yet keep unity?
 I reign'd alone; and my bless'd self could call
 The universal monarch of her all. 10
 Mine, mine her fair East Indies were above,
 Where those suns rise that cheer the world of love;
 Where beauties shine like gems of richest price;
 Where coral grows, and every breath is spice:
 Mine, too, her rich West Indies were below, 15
 Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.
 But as when the Pellæan conqu'ror dy'd,
 Many small princes did his crown divide;
 So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,
 Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took, 20
 An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
 And rend that glorious empire of her heart. 22

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is so gently bright,
 Clear and transparent to the sight,

(Clear as fair crystal to the view,
 Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
 That thro' her flesh, methinks, is seen 5
 The brighter soul that dwells within:
 Our eyes the subtile covering pass,
 And see that lily thro' its glafs.
 I thro' her breast her heart espy,
 As souls in hearts do souls descry; 10
 I see 't with gentle motions beat,
 I see light in 't, but find no heat.
 Within, like angels in the sky,
 A thousand gilded thoughts do fly;
 Thoughts of bright and noblest kind, 15
 Fair and chaste as mother-mind:
 But, oh! what other heart is there,
 Which sighs and crowds to her 's so near?
 'Tis all on flame, and does like fire
 To that, as to its heav'n, aspire: 20
 The wounds are many in 't and deep;
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep.
 Whose ever wretched heart it be,
 I cannot chuse but grieve to see.
 What pity in my breast does reign? 25
 Methinks I feel, too, all its pain:
 So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
 That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
 But, oh! at last I heard it groan,
 And knew by th' voice that 't was mine own. 30

So poor Alcione, when she saw
 A shipwreck'd body tow'rd her draw,
 Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
 Which only then did pity wear;
 But when the corpse on shore were cast, 35
 Which she her husband found at last,
 What should the wretched widow do?
 Grief chang'd her straight; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a bird; and so at last shall I,
 Both from by murder'd heart and murd'rer fly. 40

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS.

So angels love: so let them love for me;
 When I'm all foul, such shall my love, too, be.
 Who nothing here but like a sp'rit would do,
 In a short time (believe it) will be one too.
 But shall our love do what in beasts we see? 5
 Ev'n beasts eat, too, but not so well as we.
 And you as justly might in thirst refuse
 The use of wine, because beasts water use:
 They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
 Undress'd they take it, devour it raw and crude: 10
 But to us men Love cooks it at his fire,
 And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.
 Beasts do the same: 't is true; but ancient Fame
 Says, gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.

THE MISTRESS.

25

The Thund'rer, who, without the female bed, 15
 Could goddesses bring forth from out his head,
 Chose rather mortals this way to create,
 So much h' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
 Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn;
 In this cold world they 'll hardly serve our turn; 20
 As useless to despairing lovers grown,
 As lambent flames to men i' th' Frigid Zone.
 The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
 With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below:
 Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat, 25
 That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
 Lust you call this; a name to your's more just,
 If an inordinate desire be lust.
 Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
 More lustful was than the hot youth of Troy. 30

THE VAIN-LOVE.

*Loving one first, because she could love no body, afterwards
 loving her with desire.*

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
 With thine own cold to kindle me?
 Strange art! like him that should devise
 To make a burning-glass of ice:
 When Winter so the plants would harm, 5
 Her snow itself does keep them warm.

Volume II.

C

Fool that I was! who having found
 A rich and sunny diamond,
 Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
 But not the light with which it shone. 10
 Your brave and haughty scorn at all
 Was stately and monarchical :
 All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
 A dull and flavish virtue seem'd :
 Shouldst thou have yielded then to me, 15
 'Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee ;
 For who would serve one whom he sees
 That he can conquer if he please ?
 It far'd with me as if a slave
 In triumph led, that does perceive 20
 With what a-gay majestick pride
 His conqu'ror thro' the streets does ride,
 Should be contented with his wo,
 Which makes up such a comely show.
 I sought not from thee a return, 25
 But without hopes or fears did burn ;
 My cov'tous passion did approve
 The hoarding up, not use, of love.
 My love a kind of dream was grown,
 A foolish, but a pleasant one ; 30
 From which I'm waken'd now, but, oh !
 Prisoners to die are waken'd so :
 For now th' effects of loving are
 Nothing but longings with despair :

THE MISTRESS.

27

Despair, whose torments no men, sure, 35
 But lovers, and the damn'd, endure.
 Her scorn I doted once upon,
 Ill object for affection;
 But since, alas! too much 'tis prov'd
 That yet 't was something that I lov'd: 40
 Now my desires are worse, and fly
 At any impossibility:
 Desires which, whilst so high they soar,
 Are proud as that I lov'd before.
 What lover can like me complain,
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain! 46

THE SOUL.

I.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
 They 'ave seen a second thing that's fair;
 Or ears that they have musick found,
 Besides thy voice, in any sound;
 If my taste do ever meet, 5
 After thy kiss with ought that's sweet;
 If my abused touch allow
 Ought to be smooth or soft but you;
 If what seasonable springs,
 Or the eastern summer brings, 10
 Do my smell persuade at all
 Ought perfume but thy breath to call;

C ij

As to allow a toleration
 To the least glimm'ring inclination;
 If thou alone dost not control
 All those tyrants of my soul,
 And to thy beauties ty'ft them so, 45
 That constant they as habits grow;
 If any passion of my heart,
 By any force, or any art,
 Be brought to move one step from thee,
 May'ft thou no passion have for me. 50

III.

If my busy' imagination
 Do not thee in all things fashion
 So, that all fair species be
 Hieroglyphick marks of thee;
 If when she her sports does keep 55
 (The lower soul being all asleep)
 She play one dream with all her art,
 Where thou hast not the longest part;
 If ought get place in my remembrance,
 Without some badge of thy resemblance, 60
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of art of memory;
 If my understanding do
 Seek any knowledge but of you,
 If she do near thy body prize 65
 Her bodies of Philosophies;

If she to the will do show
 Ought desirable but you,
 Or if that would not rebel,
 Should she another doctrine tell; 70
 If my will do not resign
 All her liberty to thine;
 If she would not follow thee,
 Tho' Fate and thou shouldst disagree;
 And if (for I a curse will give 75
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My soul be not entirely thine,
 May thy dear body ne'er be mine. 78

THE PASSIONS.

I.

FROM hate, fear, hope, anger, and envy, free,
 And all the passions else that be,
 In vain I boast of liberty;
 In vain this state a freedom call,
 Since I have love, and love is all: 5
 Not that I am! who think it fit to brag
 That I have no disease besides the plague!

II.

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
 Sometimes upon their idols fell,
 And they depos'd the powers of hell; 10
 Baal and Astarte down they threw,
 And Accaron and Moloch too:

All this imperfect piety did no good,
 Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

III.

Fondly I boast that I have dress'd my vine 15
 With painful art, and that the wine
 Is of a taste rich and divine;
 Since love, by mixing poison there,
 Has made it worse than vinegar:
 Love ev'n the taste of nectar changes so, 20
 That gods chuse rather water here below.

IV.

Fear, anger, hope, all passions else that be,
 Drive this one tyrant out of me,
 And practise all your tyranny.
 The change of ills some good will do; 25
 Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
 Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
 Call in the States of Holland to their aid. 28

W I S D O M.

'Tis mighty wise that you would now be thought,
 With your grave rules from musty morals brought,
 Thro' which some streaks, too, of divin'ty ran,
 Partly of Monk, and partly Puritan;
 With tedious repetitions, too, you 'ave ta'en 3
 Often the name of Vanity in vain:
 Things which, I take it, Friend! you 'd ne'er recite,
 Should she I love but say to' you, Come at night.

The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
 Till wisdom from above did him enlight; 10
 But when that gift his ign'rance did remove,
 Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
 And if by' event the counsels may be seen,
 This wisdom 't was that brought the Southern queen.
 She came not, like a good old wife, to know 15
 The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
 Nor did so far from her own country roam,
 To cure scall'd heads and broken shins at home:
 She came for that which more befits all wives,
 The art of giving, not of saving, lives. 20

THE DESPAIR.

I.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,
 I'll spend this voice in cries,
 In tears I'll waste these eyes,
 By love so vainly fed; 5
 So Lost of old the deluge punished.
 Ah! wretched Youth said I;
 Ah! wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;
 Ah! wretched Youth! the fields and floods reply.

II.

When thoughts of love I entertain, 10
 I meet no words but Never, and, in vain:
 Never, alas! that dreadful name

Which fuels the infernal flame :
 Never ! my time to come must waste ;
 In vain ! torments the present and the past : 15
 In vain ! in vain ! said I ;
 In vain ! in vain ! twice did I sadly cry ;
 In vain ! in vain ! the fields and floods reply .

III.

No more shall fields or floods do so,
 For I to shades more dark and silent go : 20
 All this world's noise appears to me
 A dull ill-acted comedy :
 No comfort to my wounded sight,
 In the sun's busy and impert'nent light.
 Then down I laid my head 25
 Down on cold earth, and for awhile was dead,
 And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

IV.

Ah ! sottish soul ! said I,
 When back to ' its cage again I saw it fly :
 Fool ! to resume her broken chain 30
 And row her galley here again !
 Fool ! to that body to return
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !
 Once dead, how can it be
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
 That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me ? 36

THE WISH.

I.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
 And they (methinks) deserve my pity
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have! 10
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wife, and both delightful too.
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
 A Mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are, 15
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh! Fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
 Oh! Fields! oh! Woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade? 20
 Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
 Where all the riches lie that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

IV.

Pride and ambition here,
 Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear; 25
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
 And nought but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended hither
 From heav'n, did always chuse their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say 30
 That 't is the way, too, thither.

V.

How happy here should I
 And one dear she live, and embracing die?
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude! 35
 I should have then this only fear,
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here. 39

M·Y D I E T.

I.

Now by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
 None loves you half so well as I;
 I do not ask your love for this,
 But for Heav'n's sake believe me or I die.
 No servant e'er but did deserve 5
 His master should believe that he does serve,
 And I'll ask no more wages, tho' I starve.

II.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure
 I shall not by it too lusty prove;
 Yet shall it willingly endure, 10
 If it can but keep together life and love.
 Being your pris'ner and your slave,
 I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
 A little bread and water's all I crave.

III.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live; 15
 One tear will keep me twenty at least;
 Fifty a gentle look will give;
 An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast;
 A thousand more will added be,
 If you an inclination have for me;
 And all beyond is vast eternity. 21

THE THIEF.

I.

THOU robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
 Of sleep thou robb'st my nights:
 Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
 What! rob me of heav'n to?
 Thou ev'n my pray'rs dost steal from me, 5
 And I, with wild idolatry,
 Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

II.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
 Like an ill conscience torture us?

THE MISTRESS.

37

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so)
Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
And still thy shape does me pursue,
As if not you me, but I had murder'd you.

10

III.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 't is writ, I find that there,
Like points and commas, every where:
Me bless'd for this let no man hold;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Perish by turning ev'ry thing to gold.

15

20

IV.

What do I seek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my deity,
I give thee then ubiquity.
My pains resemble hell in this,
The Divine Presence there, too, is,
But to torment men, not to give them blifs.

25

28

ALL OVER LOVE.

I.

'T is well, 't is well with them, say I,
Whose shortliv'd passions with themselves can die;
For none can be unhappy who,
'Midst all his ills, a time does know
(Tho' ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

5

II.

Whatever parts of me remain,
 Those parts will still the love of thee retain;
 For 't was not only in my heart,
 But like a God by pow'ful art,
 'T was all in all, and all in ev'ry part. 10

III.

My' affection no more perish can
 Than the first matter that compounds a man.
 Hereafter if one dust of me
 Mix'd with another's substance be,
 'T will leaven that whole lump with love of thee. 15

IV.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
 My atoms over all the universe;
 At the last they eas'ly shall
 Themselves know, and together call;
 For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all. 20

LOVE AND LIFE.

I.

Now, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
 I 'ave lov'd at least some twenty years or more:
 Th' account of love runs much more fast
 Than that with which our life does score:
 So tho' my life be short, yet I may prove 5
 The great Methusalem of love.

II.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being's measur'd by;
But they're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie.

10

Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

III.

Yet love, alas! and life, in me,
Are not two sev'ral things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double diff'rent motion?
O yes, there may; for so the selfsame fun
At once does flow and swiftly run.

15

IV.

Swiftly his daily journey' he goes,
And treads his annual with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space;
At once with double course, in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

20

V.

When Sol does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is love.
Love's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear, my day night.

25

30

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid!
 Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd;
 Thyself for money? Oh! let no man know:
 The price of beauty fall'n so low!
 What dangers ought'st thou not to dread, 5
 When love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?

II.

The foolish Indian, that sells
 His precious gold for beads and bells,
 Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,
 Than thou who sell'st thyself for gold. 10
 What gains in such a Bargain are?
 He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

III.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
 The sun that makes it is not so fair;
 The sun which can nor make nor ever see 15
 A thing so beautiful as thee,
 In all the journies he does pass,
 Tho' the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

IV.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
 Since Magus none so bold as he: 20
 Thou'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
 Is to be counted Simony;

THE MISTRESS.

41

Too dear he 'll find his sordid price;
He 'as forfeited that and the benefice.

V.

If it be lawful thee to buy, 25
There 's none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth 's most like to thee:
And that my heart does only bear,
For there thyself, thy very self, is there. 30

VI.

So much thyself does in me live,
That when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is:
And that full weight, too, may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I 'll add. 36

THE LONG LIFE.

I.

Love from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers, sure,
He has, and put them to his own,
For hours, of late, as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

II.

The various motions of the turning year 5
Belong not now at all to me;
Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

III.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is!
 To look into a glass I fear, 10
 And am surpris'd with wonder when I miss
 Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

IV.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happ'ness too,
 Why does hard Fate to us restore?
 Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew 15
 What the flood wash'd away before?

V.

Sure those are happy people that complain
 O' the shortness of the days of man:
 Contract mine, Heav'n! and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary span. 20

VI.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be,
 Punish me justly, Heav'n! make her to love,
 And then 't will be too short for me. 24

COUNSEL.

I.

GENTLY, ah! gently, Madam! touch
 The wound which you yourself have made;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.
 Cordials of pity give me now, 5
 For I too weak for purgings grow.

II.

Do but awhile with patience stay,
 For Counsel yet will do no good,
 Till time, and rest, and heav'n, allay
 The vi'lent burnings of my blood;
 For what effect from this can flow,
 To chide men drunk for being so?

10

III.

Perhaps the physick 's good you give,
 But ne'er to me can useful prove;
 Med'cines may cure, but not revive;
 And I'm not sick, but dead in love.
 In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
 At once I live, am dead, and die.

15

IV.

What new-found rhetorick is thine?
 Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
 And thy great pow'r does clearest shine
 When thy commands are disobey'd.
 In vain thou bidd'st me to forbear;
 Obedience were rebellion here.

20

V.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
 Against thine eyes t' assist my heart;
 But diff'rent far was his intent,
 For straight the traitor took their part;
 And by this new foe I'm bereft
 Of all that little which was left.

25

30

VI.

The act, I must confess, was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be!
 Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
 Would be too strong for that and me,
 And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
 Rather than be a part of it.

36

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

I.

'Tis true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more;
 I'll love each fair one that I see,
 Till I find one at last that shall love me.

II.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatal foil
 That ends my wand'rings and my toil:
 I'll settle there, and happy grow;
 The country does with milk and honey flow.

5

III.

The needle trembles so, and turns about,
 Till it the Northern point find out;
 But constant, then, and fix'd, does prove,
 Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.

10

IV.

Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
 If it put forth again to sea;
 It never more abroad shall roam,
 Tho' it could next voyage bring the Indies home.

15

V.

But I must sweat in love and labour yet,
 Till I a competency get,
 They're slothful fools who leave a trade
 Till they a mod'rate fortune by it have made. 20

VI.

Variety I ask not ; give me one
 To live perpetually upon.
 The person Love does to us fit,
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it. 24

THE SAME.

I.

FOR Heav'n's sake, what do' you mean to do ?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two ;
 Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
 The little time that love does chuse ;
 If always here I must not stay, 5
 Let me be gone whilst yet 't is day,
 Lest I faint, and, benighted, lose my way.

II.

'Tis dismal one so long to love
 In vain, till to love more as vain must prove ;
 To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we 10
 Too weary to take others be :
 Alas ! 't is folly to remain,
 And waste our army thus in vain,
 Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At several hopes wisely to fly, 15
 Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
 'Tis more inconstant always to pursue
 A thing that always flies from you;
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found; 20
 'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

IV.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,
 My love does then rebound t' another side;
 But if it ought that 's soft and yielding hit,
 It lodges there, and stays in it. 25
 What'ever 't is shall first love me,
 That it my heav'n may truly be,
 I shall be sure to give it eternity. 28

THE DISCOVERY.

I.

By Heav'n I'll tell her boldly that 't is she;
 Why should she' asham'd or angry be
 To be belov'd by me?
 The gods may give their altars o'er,
 They'll smoke but seldom any more, 5
 If none but happy men must them adore.

II.

The lightning which tall oaks oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain
 The humble furzes of the plain.

THE MISTRESS.

47

She being so high, and I so low, 10
Her pow'r by this does greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

III.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rds her move.
Till it be exalted by her love. 15
Equal to her, alas! there 's none;
She like a deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.

IV.

If there be man who thinks himself so high
As to pretend equality, 20
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief
To' an undeserving beggar than a thief. 24

AGAINST FRUITION.

No; thou 'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ign'rance out,
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once, to me, 5
Goddeffs and woman, too, thou canst not be.
Thou 'rt queen of all that sees thee, and, as such,
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much.

Such freedoms give as may admit command,
 But keep the forts and magazines in thine hand. 10
 Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
 My large ambition ; but 't is dang'rous still,
 Lest I like the Pellæan prince should be,
 And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee.
 When Love has taken all thou hast away, 15
 His strength, by too much riches will decay.
 Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
 Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand ;
 And I must needs, I 'm sure, a loser be,
 To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee. 20
 Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
 That shouldst thou nectar give, 't would spoil the taste.
 Beauty at first moves wonder and delight ;
 'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight :
 W' admire it whilst unknown, but after, more 25
 Admire ourselves for liking it before.
 Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
 Does overgorge himself with his own prey ;
 Of very hopes a surfeit he 'll sustain,
 Unless by fears he cast them up again : 30
 His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone ;
 If once he lose his sting he grows a drone. 32

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

I.

Some others may with safety tell
 The mod'rate flames which in them dwell,

And either find some med'cine there,
 Or cure themselves ev'n by despair :
 My love 's so great, that it might prove
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love :
 So tender is my wound, it must not bear
 Any salute, tho' of the kindest air.

II.

I would not have her know the pain,
 The torments, for her I sustain,
 Lest too much goodness make her throw
 Her love upon a fate too low.
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! my life should be
 Weigh'd with her least conveniency :
 No, let me perish rather with my grief,
 Than to her disadvantage find relief.

III.

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all ;
 Like cov'tous men who ne'er desery
 Their dear hid treasures till they die.
 Ah ! fairest Maid ! how will it cheer
 My ghost, to get from thee a tear !
 But take heed ; for if me thou pitiest then,
 Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I.

I wonder what those lovers mean who say
 They have giv'n their hearts away :
 Some good kind lover tell me how,
 For mine is but a torment to me now.

II.

If so it be one place both hearts contain, 5
 For what do they complain ?
 What courtesy can Love do more,
 Than to join hearts that parted were before ?

III.

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
 Into the selfsame room ; 10
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
 Like a grenado shot into a magazine.

IV.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
 Of both our broken hearts ;
 Shall out of both one new one make, 15
 From her's th' alloy, from mine the metal, take :

V.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No dross was there to perish in the fire. 20

THE PROPHET.

TEACH me to love? go teach thyself more wit;
 I chief professor am of it.
 Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews;
 Teach boldness to the Jews;
 In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;
 Teach Jesuits, that have travell'd far, to lie;
 Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow;
 Teach reflex fountains how to flow;
 Teach the dull earth, fix'd, to abide;
 Teach womankind inconstancy and pride:
 See if your diligence here will useful prove;
 But, prithee, teach not me to love.

II.

The god of Love, if such a thing there be,
 May learn to love from me.
 He who does boast that he has been
 In every heart since Adam's sin,
 I'll lay my life, nay, Mistress, on 't, that's more,
 I'll teach him things he never knew before;
 I'll teach him a receipt to make
 Words that weep, and tears that speak;
 I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,
 At which the souls go out, too, with the breath:
 Still the souls stays, yet still does from me run,
 As light and heat does with the sun.

III.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I 25
 Who must new worlds in it descry;
 Rich worlds that yield of treasure more
 Than all that has been known before:
 And yet, like his, I fear, my fate must be,
 To find them out for others, not for me. 30
 Me times to come, I know it, shall
 Love's last and greatest Prophet call;
 But, ah! what 's that, if she refuse,
 To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse?
 If to my share the Prophet's fate must come,
 Hereafter fame, here martyrdom? 36

THE RESOLUTION.

I.

THE devil take those foolish men
 Who gave you first such pow'rs;
 We stood on even grounds till then;
 If any odds, creation made it ours.
 For shame! let these weak chains be broke;
 Let's our flight bonds like Samson tear,
 And nobly cast away that yoke
 Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

III.

French laws forbid the female reign,
 Yet Love does them to slav'ry draw: 10

Alas! if we 'll our rights maintain, I
 'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law. 12

CALLED INCONSTANT.

I.

HA! ha! you think you 'ave kill'd my fame
 By this not understood, yet common name;
 A name that 's full and proper when assign'd
 To womankind;
 But when you call us so, 5
 It can at best but for a metaphor go.

II.

Can you the shore inconstant call,
 Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all,
 That had as lief the same waves always love,
 Did they not from him move? 10
 Or can you fault with pilots find
 For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

III.

Since drunk with vanity you fell,
 The things turn round to you that stedfast dwell;
 And you yourself, who from us take your flight, 15
 Wonder to find us out of sight;
 So the same errour seizes you,
 As men in motion think the trees move too. 18

THE WELCOME.

I.

Go! let the fatted calf be kill'd,
 My prodigal's come home at last,
 With noble resolutions fill'd,
 And fill'd with sorrow for the past:
 No more will burn with love or wine,
 But quite has left his women and his swine.

II.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor Heart!
 Welcome; I little thought, I'll swear,
 ('Tis now so long since we did part)
 Ever again to see thee here:
 Dear Wanderer! since from me you fled,
 How often have I heard that thou wert dead?

III.

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
 (The lands where thou hast travelled)
 Either by savages possess'd,
 Or wild, and uninhabited?
 What joy couldst take, or what repose,
 In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

IV.

Lust, the scorching dogstar, here
 Rages with immoderate heat,
 Whilst Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,
 In others makes the cold too great:
 And where these are temp'rate known,
 The soil is all barren sand or rocky stone.

THE MISTRESS.

55

V.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view 25
 A rich well-govern'd heart,
 Like China, it admitted you
 But to the frontier-part.
 From Paradise shut out for evermore,
 What good is 't that an angel kept the door? 30

VI.

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,
 And vanities with beauty join'd,
 I ne'er had seen this heart again,
 If any fair one had been kind :
 My dove, but once let loose, I doubt
 Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out. 35

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

I.

FALSE, foolish Heart! didst thou not say
 That thou wouldst never leave me more?
 Behold again 't is fled away,
 Fled as far from me as before :
 I strove to bring it back again ; 5
 I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

Ev'n for the gentle Tyrian dame,
 When neither grief nor love prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame,
 Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail ; 10

Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The wind bore him and her lost words away.

III.

The doleful Ariadne so
On the wide shore forsaken stood;
"False Theseus! whither dost thou go?" 15
Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

IV.

Ah! senseless Heart! to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally! 20
'Thus to be froz'n in every breast,
And to be scorch'd in ev'ry eye!
Wand'ring about like wretched Cain,
Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none slain!

V.

Well, since thou wilt not here remain, 25
I'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head shall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties shall supply;
I can more eas'ly live, I know,
Without thee, than without a Mistress thou. 30

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

I.

OR I'm a very dunce, or womankind
Is a most unintelligible thing;

I can no sense, nor no contexture find,
 Nor their loose parts to method bring.
 I know not what the learn'd may see, 5
 But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

II.

By customs and traditions they live,
 And foolish ceremonies of antique date;
 We lovers new and better doctrines give,
 Yet they continue obstinate: 10
 Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
 Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

III.

Before their mothers' gods they fondly fall,
 Vain idol-gods that have no sense nor mind:
 Honour's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal, 15
 The thund'ring Baal of womankind,
 With twenty other devils more,
 Which they, as we do them, adore.

IV.

But then, like men both cov'rous and devout,
 Their costly superstition loath t' omit, 20
 And yet more loath to issue monies out,
 At their own charge to furnish it,
 To these expensive deities
 The hearts of men they sacrifice. 24

THE SOUL.

I.

SOME dull philos'pher, when he hears me say
 My Soul is from me fled away,
 Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
 But in another's breast does lie.
 That neither is nor will be I, 5
 As a form servient and assisting there ;

II.

Will cry, Absurd ! and ask me how I live,
 And syllogisms against it give.
 A curse on all your vain philosophies,
 Which on weak Nature's law depend, 10
 And know not how to comprehend
 Love and religion, those great mysteries.

III.

Her body is my Soul ; laugh not at this,
 For by my life I swear it is :
 'Tis that preserves my being and my breath ; 15
 From that proceeds all that I do,
 Nay, all my thoughts and speeches too,
 And separation from it is my death. 18

ECHO.

I.

TIR'D with the rough denials of my prayer,
 From that hard she whom I obey,
 I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
 That gives consent to all I say.

Ah! gentle Nymph! who lik'st so well 5
 In hollow solitary caves to dwell;
 Her heart being such, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

II.

Complaisant Nymph! why dost thus kindly share
 In griefs whose cause thou dost not know? 10

Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
 How much compassion wouldst thou show!
 Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
 Was of less beauty, and less rav'ning power;
 Alas! I might as easily 15
 Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

III.

By repercussion beams engender fire,
 Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
 The voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,
 And a new voice is made by it. 20

Thus things by opposition
 The gainers grow; my barren love alone
 Does from her stony breast rebound,
 Producing neither image, fire, nor sound. 24

THE RICH RIVAL.

I.

THEY say you 're angry, and rant mightily,
 Because I love the same as you ;
 Alas! you 're very rich, 't is true ;
 But, prithee, Fool! what 's that to Love and me?
 You 'ave land and money, let that serve ; 5
 And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.

II.

When next I see my fair one, she shall know
 How worthless thou art of her bed ;
 And, Wretch! I 'll strike thee dumb and dead,
 With noble verse not understood by you ; 10
 Whilst thy sole rhetorick shall be
 Jointure and jewels, and our friends agree.

III.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineer ;
 Lovers are better friends than they :
 Let 's those in other things obey ; 15
 The Fates, and stars, and gods, must govern here.
 Vain names of Blood! in love let none
 Advise with any blood but with their own.

IV.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore ;
 No other thought has had access ; 20
 Did she now beg I 'd love no less,
 And were she an empress I should love no more ;
 Were she as just and true to me,
 Ah! simple Soul! what would become of thee? 24

AGAINST HOPE.

I.

HOPE, whose weak being ruin'd is,
 Alike if it succeed and if it miss,
 Whom good or ill does equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound ;
 Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite, 5
 Both at full noon and perfect night!
 The stars have not a possibility
 Of blessing thee :
 If things, then, from their end we happy call,
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all, 10

II.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, whilst thou shouldst but taste, devour'st it quite!
 Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with legacies before!
 The joys which we entire should wed, 15
 Come deflow' red virgins to our bed.
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty customs paid to thee :
 For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste ;
 If it take air before, its spirits waste. 20

III.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be ;
 Fond Archer! Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
 That still or short or wide thine arrows are!

Thin empty cloud, which th' eye deceives 25
 With shapes that our own fancy gives!
 A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears!
 When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
 By *ignes fatui* for North-stars we sail. 30

IV.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad;
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad;
 Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
 'That blow'st the chymick's and the lover's fire!
 Leading them still insensibly' on 35
 By the strange witchcraft of Anon!
 By thee the one does changing Nature thro'
 Her endless labyrinths pursue,
 And th' other chases woman, whilst she goes 39
 More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

I.

HOPE, of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure!
 Thou captive's freedom! and thou sick man's health!
 'Thou loser's vict'ry! and thou beggar's wealth!
 Thou manna, which from heav'n we eat, 5
 To every taste a sev'ral meat!
 Thou strong retreat! thou sure entail'd estate,
 Which nought has pow'r to alienate!

Thou pleasant, honest Flatterer ! for none
Flatter unhappy men but thou alone ! 10

II.

Hope ! thou first-fruits of happiness !
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success !
Thou good prepar'tive, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures destroy ;
Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand, 15
And art a blessing still in hand !
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil ;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill ! 20

III.

Brother of Faith ! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heav'n and earth divided be !
Tho' Faith be heir, and have the fix'd estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself is all one 25
In thee or in possession !
Only the future is thine, the present his !
Thine is the more hard and noble bliss ;
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast ! 30

IV.

Hope ! thou sad lover's only friend !
Thou way, that may'st dispute it with the end !
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is 35
 Than thou canst be when thou dost miss;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
 Some other way again to thee:
 And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,
 To which all soon return that travel out. 40

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I.

I LITTLE thought, thou fond ingrateful sin!
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary heart,
 That thou wouldst e'er have grown 5
 So false or strong to make it all thine own.

II.

At mine own breast with care I feed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill,
 And daintily I nourish'd thee
 With idle thoughts and poetry! 10
 What ill returns dost thou allow?
 I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.

III.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
 Nor hadst the pow'r of doing ill;
 Into my bosom did I take 15
 This frozen and benumbed snake,
 Not fearing from it any harm,
 But now it stings that breast which made it warm.

IV.

What curf'd weed 's this love! but one grain fow,
 And the whole field 't will overgrow; 20
 Straight will it choke up and devour
 Each wholesome herb and beauteous flow'r;
 Nay, unless something foon I do,
 'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

V.

But now all 's gone; I now, alas! complain, 25
 Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
 Since by my own unforc'd consent
 The traitor has my government,
 And is fo fettled in the throne,
 That 't were rebellion now to claim mine own. 30

THE FRAILTY.

I.

I know 't is fordid, and 't is low,
 (All this as well as you I know)
 Which I fo hotly now purfue;
 (I know all this as well as you)
 But whilst ~~this curf'd flesh~~ I bear, 6
 And all the weaknefs and the ~~bafe~~nefs there,
 Alas! alas! it will be always fo.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
 I rage fometimes and bite my chain;

For to what purpose do I bite 10
 With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
 For if the chiefest Christian head,
 Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,
 What wonder is it if weak I be slain? 14

COLDNESS.

I.

As water fluid is, till it do grow
 Solid and fix'd by cold; 1
 So in warm seasons Love does loofely flow,
 Frost only can it hold:
 A woman's rigour and disdain 5
 Does his swift course restrain.

II.

Tho' constant and consistent now it be,
 Yet when kind beams appear
 It melts, and glides apace into the sea,
 And loses itself there: 10
 So the Sun's am'rous play
 Kisses the ice away.

III.

You may in vulgar loves find always this,
 But my substantial love
 Of a more firm and perfect nature is, 15
 No weathers can it move;
 Tho' heat dissolve the ice again,
 The crystal solid does remain. 18

I*.

THEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
 And like the sea about it I ;
 Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight,
 Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white :
 Like the kind Ocean I will be, 5
 With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

II.

But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than so,
 As their fresh banks soft rivers do,
 Nor shall the proudest planet boast a pow'r
 Of making my full love to ebb one hour; 10
 It never dry or low can prove,
 Whilst thy unwasted fountain feeds my love.

III.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
 As if like doves we' engender'd there.
 No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure; 15
 In love there's none too much an epicure.
 Nought shall my hands or lips control;
 I'll kiss thee thro'; I'll kiss thy very soul.

IV.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;
 Night, that is both blind and silent too. 20
 Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
 His lov'd Sicilian fountain to embrace,

* This poem has no title in any of the editions.

Creeping so far beneath the sea,
 Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

V.

Men out of wisdom, women out of pride, 25
 The pleasant thefts of love do hide.
 That may secure thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
 A more infallible security;
 For there 's no danger I should tell
 The joys which are to me unspeakable. 30

S L E E P.

I.

I N vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
 For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
 Thou, who man's soul dost overshadow
 With a thick cloud by vapours made,
 Canst have no pow'r to shut his eyes, 5
 Or passage of his sp'rits to choke,
 Whose flame's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

II.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
 Tears that bewinter all my year?
 The fate of Egypt I sustain, 10
 And never feel the dew of rain,
 From clouds which in the head appear,
 But all my too much moisture owe
 To overflowings of the heart below.

III.

Thou who dost men (as nights to colours do) 15
 Bring all to an equality;
 Come, thou just God! and equal me
 Awhile to my disdainful she:
 In that condition let me lie,
 Till Love does me the favour show; 20
 Love equals all a better way than you.

IV.

Then never more shalt thou b' invok'd by me;
 Watchful as spirits and gods I'll prove:
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy kinsman Death defy: 25
 For betwixt thee and them that love
 Never will an agreement be;
 Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy thee. 28

BEAUTY.

I.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastick ape,
 Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
 Thou Flatt'rer! which comply'st with ev'ry sight!
 Thou Babel! which confound'st the eye 5
 With unintelligible variety!
 Who hast no certain what nor where,
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
 Inconstant, as thy she-professors are.

II.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade, 10
 So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made!
 False coin! with which th' impostor cheats us still!
 The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
 Which light or base we find, when we
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee! 15
 For tho' thy being be but show,
 'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow,
 And chuse t' enjoy thee when thou least art thou.

III.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
 Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill! 20
 Thou Tulip! who thy stock in paint dost waste,
 Neither for physick good, nor smell, nor taste.
 Beauty! whose flames but meteors are,
 Shortliv'd and low, tho' thou wouldst seem a star,
 Who dar'st not thine own home descry, 25
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
 When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

IV.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
 O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
 Weak Victor! who thyself destroy'd must be 30
 When Sicknes's storms, or Time besieges thee!
 Thou unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
 Thou strong wine which youth's fever dost enrage!

Thou tyrant ! which leav'ft no man free !
 Thou fubtle thief ! from whom nought fafe can be !
 Thou murd'rer, which haft kill'd ! and devil, which
 wouldit damn me !

36

THE PARTING.

I.

As men in Greenland left beheld the fun
 From their horizon run,
 And thought upon the fad half year
 Of cold and darknefs they muft fuffer there :

II.

So on my parting Miftrefs did I look, 5
 With fuch fwoln eyes my farewell took :
 Ah ! my fair Star ! faid I ;
 Ah ! thofe blefs'd lands to which bright thou doft fly !

III.

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
 And fay I 'm in a warm degree ; 10
 Say what they please, I fay and fwear
 'Tis beyond eighty, at leaft, if you 're not here.

IV.

It is, it is ; I tremble with the froft,
 And know that I the day have loft ;
 And thofe wild things which men they call, 15
 I find to be but bears or foxes all.

V.

Return, return, gay Planet of mine East!
 Of all that shines thou much the best!
 And as thou now descend'st to sea,
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me. 20

VI.

Thou who, in many a propriety,
 So truly art the sun to me,
 Add one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,
 And let me and my sun beget a man. 25

MY PICTURE.

I.

HERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 't is so;
 For when from hence you go,
 The next sun's rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old.
 The man who did this Picture draw, 5
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

II.

I really believe, within awhile,
 If you upon this shadow smile,
 Your presence will such vigour give,
 (Your presence, which makes all things live) 10
 And absence so much alter me,
 This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

III.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
 And your bright looks awake it,
 Ah! be not frightened if you see 15
 The new-soul'd Picture gaze on thee,
 And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

IV.

My rival image will be then thought blest'd,
 And laugh at me as dispossess'd; 20
 But thou who, (if I know thee right)
 I' th' substance dost not much delight,
 Wilt rather send again for me,
 Who then shall but my Picture's picture be. 24

THE CONCEALMENT.

I.

No; to what purpose should I speak?
 No; wretched Heart! swell till you break!
 She cannot love me if she would,
 And, to say truth, 't were pity that she should.
 No; to the grave thy sorrows bear, 5
 As silent as they will be there:
 Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
 So handsomely the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltless of it live:
 So perish, that her killing thee 10
 May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

II.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
 By' her beauty, not her anger, die:
 This will look justly, and become
 An execution, that a martyrdom. 15
 The cens'ring world will ne'er refrain
 From judging men by thunder slain.
 She must be angry sure if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me,
 By being her's, happier than she. 20
 I will not; 't is a milder fate
 To fall by her not loving than her hate.

III.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will ominous to her appear,
 When, found in ev'ry other part, 25
 Her sacrifice is found without an heart:
 For the last tempest of my death
 Shall sigh out that, too, with my breath:
 Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
 Some pity, and some envy me; 30
 Then she herself, the mighty she!
 Shall grace my fun'ral with this truth,
 'T was only love destroy'd the gentle youth. 33

THE MONOPOLY.

I.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
 That feed the eternal burnings of my heart ?
 Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
 The founding shop of Vulcan's smoky art;
 Vulcan his shop has placed there, 5
 And Cupid's forge is set up here.

II.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made
 That fly so thick unseen thro' yielding air ;
 The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
 Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair. 10
 Ah! cruel God! and why to me
 Gave you this curs'd Monopoly?

III.

I have the trouble, not the gains of it ;
 Give me but the disposal of one dart,
 And then (I'll ask no other benefit) 15
 Heat as you please your furnace in my heart :
 So sweet 's revēge to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly die.

IV.

Deep into her bosom would I strike the dart,
 Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee ; 28
 Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from the
 They flutter still about inconstantly. [heart,

Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
Civil to none but womankind!

V.

Vain God! who women dost thyself adore! 25
Their wounded hearts do still retain the pow'rs
To travel and to wander as before;
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and our's
So' unjustly are distributed,
They take the feathers, we the head. 30

THE DISTANCE.

I.

I'AVE follow'd thee a year, at least,
And never stopp'd myself to rest;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

II.

In this our fortunes equal prove 5
To stars, which govern them above;
Our stars that move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

III.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
The wheel of Fate faster to drive, 10
Since, if around it swiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

IV.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a pair!
 Tamelier than worms are lovers slain;
 The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again. 16

THE INCREASE.

I.

I THOUGHT, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
 Than I had done before;
 But you as eas'ly might account
 Till to the top of numbers you amount,
 As cast up my love's score. 5
 Ten thousand millions was the sum;
 Millions of endless millions are to come.

II.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;
 Why should my love do so?
 A real cause at first did move, 10
 But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
 With shadows from itself that flow.
 My love, as we in numbers see,
 By ciphers is increas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made and untry'd spheres above 15
 Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove,
 But are since that beginning found
 By their own forms to move for ever round.

All violent motions short do prove,
 But by the length 't is plain to see
 That love 's a motion natural to me. 21

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

I.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto
 To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

II.

The world perceives it, and it may be she,
 Tho' so discreet and good she be, 5
 By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

III.

Men without love have oft' so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown,
 But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

IV.

Love 's of a strangely open, simple, kind, 10
 Can no arts or disguises find,
 But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

V.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;
 Love of himself left there a part,
 When thorough it he pass'd into the heart. 15

VI.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
 But keep the secret wisely, yet
 Like drunkenness, into the tongue 't will get. 18

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH,
HIS MISTRESS.

I.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on heav'n, with mighty gulfs between,
Was the great miser's greatest pain;
So near was he to heav'n's delight, 5
As with the blest'd converse he might,
Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.

II.

Ah! Wretch! I seem to touch her now; but, oh!
What boundless spaces do us part?
Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty show, 10
My lowness, and her high desert:
But these might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me so far remove,
As her hard soul's aversion from my love.

III.

So travellers that lose their way by night, 15
If from afar they chance t' espy
Th' uncertain glimm'rings of a taper's light,
Take flatt'ring hopes, and think it nigh;
Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
They sit them down and weep in vain,
And there in darkness and despair remain. 21

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I.

I wonder that the grave and wise
 Think of all us that love;
 Whether our pretty fooleries
 Their mirth or anger move;
 They understand not breath that words does want; 5
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.

II.

One of them saw me th' other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire,
 My soul was melting straight away,
 And dropp'd before the fire. 10
 This silly wife man, who pretends to know,
 Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

III.

Another from my Mistress' door
 Saw me with eyes all wat'ry come,
 Nor could the hidden cause explore, 15
 But thought some smoke was in the room;
 Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,
 He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

IV.

If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in love no skill, 20
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,
 For I'll be ign'rant still.

Study or action others may embrace;
My love's my business, and my books her face.

V.

These are but trifles, I confess, 25
Which me, weak Mortal! move;
Nor is your busy seriousness
Less trifling than my love.
The wisest king who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best. 30

M Y F A T E.

I.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old motions prove, 5
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

II.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fix'd love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same whate'er you do. 10
You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

III.

Me mine example let the Stoicks use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,

Let all Predestinators me produce, 15
 Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain :
 This fire I'm born to, but 't is she must tell
 Whether 't be beams of heav'n, or flames of hell.

IV.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas! on me; 20
 But mark her face; and all the features heed,
 For only there is writ my destiny :
 Or if stars show it, gaze not on the skies,
 But study th' astrology of her eyes.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays, 25
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear ;
 I well believe the fate of mortal days
 Is writ in heav'n, but, oh ! my heav'n is there.
 What can men learn from stars they scarce can see ?
 Two great lights rule the world, and her two me. 30

THE HEART-BREAKING.

I.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke;
 The love within too strong for 't was,
 Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

II.

I thought that this some remedy might prove, 5
 But, oh ! the mighty serpent, Love,

Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

III.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart, 10
And every smallest corner still
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

IV.

Ev'n so rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get,
Each troop does spoil and ruin more, 15
Than all join'd in one body did before.

V.

How many loves reign in my bosom now?
How many loves! yet all of you:
Thus have I chang'd, with evil fate,
My monarch-love into a tyrant-state. 20

THE USURPATION.

I.

THOU'adst to my soul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had giv'n myself to thee;
But thou hast kept me slave and pris'ner since.
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown, 5
Fond Tyrant! I'll depose thee from thy throne:
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

II.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
 My country, kindred, and my best 10
 Acquaintance; were to share the rest;
 But thou, their cov'tous neighbour, drav'st out all:
 Nay, more, thou mak'st me worship thee,
 And wouldst the rule of my religion be.
 Was ever tyrant claim'd such pow'r as you, 15
 To be both Emp'rour and Pope too?

III.

The publick mis'ries and my private fate
 Deserve some tears; but greedy thou
 (Insatiate Maid!) wilt not allow
 That I one drop from thee should alienate: 20
 Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
 Tho' the sole cause of most of them thou art;
 Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
 Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

IV.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim; 25
 Thou ragest like a fire in me,
 Converting all things into thee;
 Nought can resist or not increase the flame:
 Nay, every grief and every fear
 Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear. 30
 Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
 All other serpents puts to death.

V.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
 So from all other ills am I;
 Free from their known formality; 35
 But all pains eminently lie in thee.
 Alas! alas! I hope in vain
 My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain,
 Since all the natives there thou 'ast overthrown,
 And planted garrisons of thine own. 40

M A I D E N H E A D.

I.

Thou worst estate ev'n of the sex that 's worst,
 Therefore by Nature made at first
 T' attend the weakness of our birth!
 Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
 Thou case to buildings not yet finished! 5
 Who, like the centre of the earth,
 Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
 Tho' thou a point imaginary be.

II.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
 That his first blessing ruin'd it. 10
 Cold frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
 Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand,
 (A sterile and a wild unlovely land)
 Art always scorch'd with hot desires,

Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth thyself to sting! 15

III.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close conjurer in his cell!
And fear'st the Day's discov'ring eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be 20
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholly!
Thou thing of subtile, flippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

IV.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be, 25
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So tho' the Chymick his great secret mis,
(For neither it in art nor nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains, 30
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unfought experiments by the way.

V.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with walls; 35
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without. 40

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

I.

IMPOSSIBILITIES! Oh, no, there's none;
 Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
 As eas'ly other dangers were o'erthrown,
 As Cæsar after vanquish'd Rome
 His little Asian foes did overcome. 5

II.

True lovers oft' by Fortune are envy'd,
 Oft' earth and hell against them strive;
 But Providence engages on their side,
 And a good end at last does give;
 At last just men and lovers always thrive. 10

III.

As stars, (not pow'rful else) when they conjoin,
 Change, as they please, the world's estate;
 So thy heart in conjunction with mine
 Shall our own fortunes regulate,
 And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate. 15

IV.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance
 That should two kind examples show,
 Which before us in wonders did advance;
 Not that I thought that story true,
 But none should fancy more than I would do. 20

Hij

V.

Thro' spite of our worst enemies, thy friends,
 Thro' local banishment from thee;
 Thro' the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,
 As easy shall my passage be,
 As was the am'rous youth's o'er Helle's sea. 25

VI.

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
 In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
 He saw the Sestian tow'r on th' other shore;
 Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide?
 No, not th' Atlantick ocean's boundless tide. 30

VII.

Such seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
 But, gentle Maid! do not deny
 To let thy beams shine on me from afar,
 And still the taper let me' espy,
 For when thy light goes out I sink and die. 35

S I L E N C E.

I.

CURSE on the tongue that has my heart betray'd,
 And his great secret open laid!
 For of all persons chiefly she
 Should not the ills I suffer know,
 Since 't is a thing might dang'rous grow, 5
 Only in her to pity me;
 Since 't is for me to lose my life more fit,
 Than 't is for her to save and ransom it.

II.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear :
 My helpless story hear, 10
 Discourse and talk awake does keep
 The rude unquiet pain
 That in my breast does reign ;
 Silence, perhaps, may make it sleep :
 I 'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal ; 15
 The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

III.

No, 't will ne'er heal; my love will never die,
 Tho' it should speechless lie.
 A river, ere it meet the sea,
 As well might stay its source 20
 As my love can his course,
 Unless it join and mix with thee.
 If any end or stop of it be found,
 We know the flood runs still, tho' under ground. 24

THE DISSEMBLER.

I.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
 And terrify'd all others with the pain;
 But now I feel the mighty evil;
 Ah! there 's no fooling with the devil!
 So wanton men, whilst others they would fright, 5
 Themselves have met a real spright.

II.

I thought, I 'll swear, an handsome lie
 Had been no sin at all in poetry;
 But now I suffer an arrest
 For words were spoke by me in jest. 10
 Dull, sottish God of Love! and can it be
 Thou understand'st not raillery?

III.

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
 I nam'd but for the rhyme or the conceit,
 Nor meant my verse should raised be 15
 'To this sad fame of prophesy;
 'Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
 And all the metaphors does spoil.

IV.

In things where fancy much does reign,
 'Tis dang'rous too cunningly to feign; 20
 The play at last a truth does grow,
 And custom into nature go.
 By this curs'd art of begging I became
 Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

V.

My lines of amorous desire 25
 I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
 And 't was a barbarous delight
 My fancy promis'd from the fight:
 But now, by love, the mighty Phalaris! I
 My Burning Bull the first do try. 30

THE INCONSTANT.

I.

I NEVER yet could see that face
 Which had no dart for me ;
 From fifteen years to fifty's space,
 They all victorious be.
 Love ! thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one, 5
 For sure in me thy name is Legion.

II.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face ;
 Goodness or wit, in all I find ;
 In motion or in speech a grace ;
 If all fail, yet 't is womankind ; 10
 And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be
 Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

III.

If tall, the name of Proper slays ;
 If fair, she is pleasant as the light ;
 If low, her prettiness does please ; 15
 If black, what lover loves not night ?
 If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
 Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

IV.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart ;
 The lean, with love makes me, too, so ; 20
 If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
 To me ; if crooked, 't is his bow.

Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

VI

Just half as large as Charity 25
My richly-landed love's become,
And judg'd aright is Constancy
Tho' it takes up a larger room :
Him who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all? . . . 30

VI.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Thro' all Love's gardens and his fields,
And like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies, . . . 35
Tho' I return not home with laden thighs.

VII.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
'Till I this habit got of love ;
But my consum'd and wasted heart, 40
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
Since that by every spark is set on fire. 45

THE CONSTANT.

I.

GREAT and wise Conqu'ror! who where'er
Thou com'st dost fortify and settle there!

Who canst defend as well as get,
 And never hadst one quarter beat up yet ;
 Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part 5
 With one inch of my vanquish'd heart ;
 For since thou took'st it by assault from me,
 'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee,
 It fears no beauteous enemy.

II.

Had thy charming strength been less, 10
 I 'd serv'd ere this an hundred Mistresses.
 I 'm better thus, nor would compound
 To leave my pris'n to be a vagabond :
 A pris'n in which I still would be,
 Tho' ev'ry door stood ope to me. 15
 In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,
 All love is marriage on thy lover's side,
 For only death can them divide.

III.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind,
 As that which sp'its above to good does bind : 20
 Gentle and sweet necessity,
 Which does not force, but guide our liberty !
 Your love on me were spent in vain,
 Since my love still could but remain
 Just as it is ; for what, alas ! can be 25
 Added to that which hath infinity
 Both in extent and quality ? 27

HÉR NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet
 Do I the sacred Name conceal;
 When, ye kind Stars! ah! when will it be fit
 This gentle myst'ry to reveal?
 When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
 That christ'ning as a badge of happiness?

So hold as yet no verse of mine has been,
 To wear that gem on any line;
 Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,
 Shall any stanza with it shine.
 Rest, mighty Name! till then; for thou must be
 Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
 Then Echo's burden it shall be;
 Then all the birds in sev'ral notes shall sing,
 And all the rivers murmur thee;
 Then ev'ry wind the sound shall upwards bear,
 And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy Name thro' all my verse be spread,
 Thick as the flow'rs in meadows lie,
 And, when in future times they shall be read,
 (As sure, I think, they will not die)

If any critick doubt that they be mine,
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Mean-while I will not dare to make a Name
To represent thee by;

Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough should signify.

Astræa or Celiâ as unfit would prove
For thee, as 't is to call the Deity Jove.

W E E P I N G.

I.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!

Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,

Nor know the beauty of thy tears,
For she 'll still come to dress herself in thee.

II.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In ev'ry drop, methinks, her eye:

The baby which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,

Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

III.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather
As this sunshine and rain together;

Pray Heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of snow, 13
 (For some such fountain we must find
 To waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

IV.

Ah! mighty Love! that it were inward heat
 Which made this precious limbeck sweat! 20
 But what, alas! ah! what does it avail
 That she weeps tears so wondrous cold;
 As scarce the afs's hoof can hold;
 So cold, that I admire they fall not hail. 24

DISCRETION.

I.

DISCREET! what means this word Discreet?
 A curse on all Discretion!
 This barbarous term you will not meet
 In all Love's lexicon.

II.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate, 3
 Houses, household-stuff, or land,
 (The low conveniencies of Fate)
 Are Greek no lovers understand.

III.

Believe me, beauteous One! when love
 Enters into a breast, 10
 The two first things it does remove
 Are friends and interest.

THE MISTRESS.

97

IV.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful scrup'lous eyes,
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in love were wise.

15

V.

Men in such tempests tofs'd about
Will, without grief or pain,
Cast all their goods and riches out,
Themselves their port to gain.

20

VI.

As well might martyrs, who do chuse
That sacred death to take,
Mourn for the clothes which they must lose,
When they're bound naked to the stake.

24

THE WAITING-MAID.

I.

THY Maid! Ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

II.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

5

III.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
 Maliciously are spent, 10
 And make that beauty tyranny,
 That 's else a civil government.

IV.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barb'rous skill ;
 'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart, 15
 Too apt before to kill.

V.

The min'ft'ring angels none can see ;
 'Tis not their beauty' or face
 For which by men they worshipp'd be,
 But their high office and their place. 20
 Thou art my goddess, my faint she ;
 I pray to her only to pray to thee. 23

COUNSEL.

I.

AH ! what advice can I receive ?
 No, satisfy me first ;
 For who would physick-potions give
 To one that dies with thirst ?

II.

A little puff of breath ; we find, 5
 Small fires can quench and kill,
 But when they 're great the adverse wind
 Does make them greater still.

III.

Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much,
 But straight I'm just the same ; 10
 Alas! th' effect must needs be such
 Of cutting thro' a flame. 12

THE CURE.

I.

COME, Doctor! use thy roughest art,
 Thou canst not cruel prove ;
 Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
 To heal me of my love.

II.

There is no danger ; if the pain 5
 Should me to a fever bring,
 Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
 A fever is so cool a thing,
 (Like drink which feverish men desire)
 That I should hope 't would almost quench my fire. 10

THE SEPARATION.

I.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be
 (Love! which is soul to body, and soul of me)
 When I am sep'rated from thee,
 Alas! I might as eas'ly show
 What after death the soul will do ; 5
 'Twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

II.

The thing call'd Soul will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a lifeless carcass prove,
 For 't is the body of my love ;
 Not that my love will fly away, 10
 But still continue, as they say
 Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray. 12

THE TREE.

I.

I chose the flour'ishing'st Tree in all the park,
 With freshest boughs and fairest head,
 I cut my love into his gentle bark,
 And in three days behold 't is dead ;
 My very written flames so violent be, 5
 They 'ave burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

II.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found
 Deeply graven every where
 With the large history of many a wound,
 Larger than thy trunk can bear ? 10
 With art as strange as Homer in the Nut,
 Love in my heart has volumes put.

III.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
 The leaves and beauties all ?
 As a strong poison with one drop does make 15
 The nails and hairs to fall.

Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye Birds and Nymphs! who lov'd this shade;
And pardon me, thou gentle Tree! 20
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed omens hop'd from thee :
Notes of my love, thrive here, said I, and grow,
And with ye let my love do so.

V.

Alas! poor Youth! thy love will never thrive! 25
This blasted Tree predestines it;
Go, tie the dismal knot, (why shouldst thou live?)
And by the lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
To that unlucky history. 30

HER UNBELIEF.

I.

'Tis a strange kind of ign'rance this in you,
That you your vict'ries should not spy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how nor who. 5

II.

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilst all the people smell and see
The odorous flames I offer thee,

Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,
Thy constant zealous worshipper. 10

III.

They see 't too well who at my fires repine ;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to spy my love ;
Nor does the cause in thy face clearer shine,
Than the effect appears in mine. 15

IV.

Fair Infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear;
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity? 20

V.

I by thy Unbelief am guiltless slain :
Oh! have but faith, and then that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
And raise me from the dead again. 25

VI.

Mean-while my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown ;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus dispute, that since my heart,
Tho' in thy breast, yet is not by thee known;
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own. 30

THE GAZERS.

I.

COME let's go on where Love and Youth does call;
 I've seen too much if this be all.
 Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
 With a contented ign'rant poverty?
 To show such stores, and nothing grant, 5
 Is to enrage and vex my want:
 For Love to die an infant is lesser ill,
 Than to live long, yet live in childhood still.

II.

We've both sat gazing only hitherto,
 As man and wife in picture do. 10
 The richest crop of joy is still behind,
 And he who only sees in love is blind.
 So at first Pygmalion lov'd,
 But th' amour at last improv'd;
 The statue itself at last a woman grew, 15
 And so at last, my Dear! should you do too.

III.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
 Unless it lead to farther blifs;
 Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye,
 It grows too serious a cruelty, 20
 Unless it heal as well as strike;
 I would not, salamander-like,
 In scorching heats always to live desire,
 But like a martyr pass to heav'n thro' fire.

IV.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring, 25
 And gently kisses every thing :
 His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,
 Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour :
 Then on the earth with bridegroom-heat,
 He does still new flow'rs beget : 30
 The Sun himself, altho' all eye he be,
 Can find in love more pleasure than to see. 32

THE INCURABLE.

I.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but found
 Love made them nonsense all :
 I apply'd receipts of bus'ness to my wound,
 But stirring did the pain recall.

II.

As well might men who in a fever fry, 5
 Mathematick doubts debate ;
 As well might men, who mad in darkness lie,
 Write the dispatches of a state.

III.

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent pray'r,
 But those did worse than useless prove ; 10
 For pray'rs are turn'd to sin in those who are
 Out of charity, or in love.

IV.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care,
 But wine, alas ! was oil to th' fire :

Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there 15
Did double the desire.

V.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleasant companies;
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise. 20

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for 't, at last I try'd
'Gainst this some new desire to stir,
And lov'd again, but 't was where I espy'd
Some faint resemblances of her.

VII.

The physick made me worse with which I strove 25
This mortal ill t' expel,
As wholesome med'cines the disease improve
There where they work not well. 28

HONOUR.

I.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town, which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin; 5
Iö, triumph! enter in.

II.

What is this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?

Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
 And would yet capitulate; 10
 Have I o'ercome all real foes,
 And shall this phantom me oppose?

III.

Noisy Nothing! stalking Shade!
 By what witchcraft wert thou made?
 Empty cause of solid harms! 15
 But I shall find out countercharms
 Thy airy devilship to remove
 From this circle here of love.

IV.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
 By the night's obscurity, 20
 And obscurer secrecy:
 Unlike to ev'ry other spright,
 Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
 Nor appear'st but in the light. 24

THE INNOCENT ILL.

I.

Tho' all thy gestures and discourses be
 Coin'd and stamp'd by Modesty;
 Tho' from thy tongue ne'er slipp'd away
 One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;
 Yet such a sweetness, such a grace, 5
 In all thy speech appear,

That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
 That thy tongue 's to th' ear :
 So cunningly it wounds the heart,
 It strikes such heat thro' ev'ry part,
 That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

10

II.

Tho' in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have been
 So much as of orig'nal sin,
 Such charms thy beauty wears as might
 Defires in dying confes'd faints excite :
 Thou with strange adultery
 Dost in each breast a brothel keep :
 Awake, all men do lust for thee,
 And some enjoy thee when they sleep.
 Ne'er before did woman live
 Who to such multitudes did give
 The root and cause of sin but only Eve.

15

20

III.

Tho' in thy breast so quick a pity be,
 That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
 Tho' savage and rock-hearted those
 Appear, that weep not ev'n romances' woes;
 Yet ne'er before was tyrant known
 Whose rage was of so large extent,
 The ills thou dost are whole thine own,
 Thou 'rt principal and instrument;
 In all the deaths that come from you,
 You do the treble office do
 Of judge, of tort'ner, and of weapon, too.

25

30

IV.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
 Which God did for our faults create! 35
 Thou pleasant universal ill,
 Which sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill!
 Thou kind, wellnatur'd tyranny!
 Thou chaste committer of a rape!
 Thou voluntary destiny, 40
 Which no man can or would escape!
 So gentle, and so glad to spare,
 So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
 (We know) ev'n the destroying angels are. 44

DIALOGUE.

I.

SHE. **W**HAT have we done? what cruel passion mov'd
 Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee? [thee
 Me thou 'ast robb'd, but what art thou
 Thyself the richer now?
 Shame succeeds the shortliv'd pleasure; 5
 So soon is spent and gone this thy ill-gotten treasure.

II.

HE. We 'ave done no harm, nor was it theft in me,
 But noblest charity in thee.
 I'll the well-gotten pleasure
 Safe in my men'ry treasure; 10
 What tho' the flow'r itself do waste,
 The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

III.

SHE. No; I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
 And nothing can restore 't again:
 Art and labour to bestow 15
 Upon the carcass of it now,
 Is but to embalm a body dead;
 The figure may remain, the life and beauty's fled.

IV.

... HE. Never, my Dear! was honour yet undone
 By love, but indiscretion. 20
 To the wise it all things does allow,
 And cares not what we do, but how;
 Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
 Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns. 24

V.

... SHE. Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
 Wilt make thy wicked boast of it:
 For men, with Roman pride, above
 The conquest do the triumph love;
 Nor think a perfect vict'ry gain'd, 29
 Unless they thro' the streets their captive lead en-

VI.

[chain'd.

SHE. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
 The bawd to his own wife is made.
 Beside, what boast is left for me,
 Whose whole wealth is a gift from thee? 34
 'Tis you the conqu'ror are, 't is you [too.
 Who 'ave not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me

VII.

SHE. Tho' publick pun'shment we escape, the sin
 Will rack and torture us within :
 Guilt and sin our bosom bears,
 And tho' fair yet the fruit appears, 40
 That worm which now the core does waste,
 When long't has gnaw'd within, will break the skin

VIII.

[at last.

HE. That thirsty drink, that hungry food I sought,
 That wounded balm, is all my fault ;
 And thou in pity didst apply 45
 The kind and only remedy :
 The cause absolves the crime ; since me
 So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

IX.

SHE. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now,
 And yet I'm sure I love thee too! 50
 I'm angry, but my wrath will prove
 More innocent than did thy love.
 Thou hast this day undone me quite, 55
 Yet wilt undo me more shouldst thou not come at night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER,

I.

As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay
 'Gainst what an oracle shall say :
 Fool that I was! to venture to deny
 A tongue so us'd to victory!

A tongue so blest'd by Nature and by Art, 5
 That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart;
 Tho' what you said had not been true,
 If spoke by any else but you:
 Your speech will govern Destiny,
 And Fate will change rather than you should lie. 10

II.

'Tis true, if human reason were the guide,
 Reason, methinks, was on my side;
 But that's a guide, alas! we must resign,
 When th' authority's divine.
 She said, she said herself, it would be so; 15
 And I, bold unbeliever, answer'd, No.
 Never so justly sure before,
 Errour the name of Blindness bore,
 For whatsoever the question be
 There's no man that has eyes would bet for me. 20

III.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
 When they descend to human view)
 In a material form would deign to shine,
 'T would imitate or borrow thine:
 So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear, 25
 So well-proportion'd would the parts appear,
 Happy the eye which Truth could see
 Cloth'd in a shape like thee;
 But happier far the eye
 Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy! 30

IV.

Yet this lost Wager costs me nothing more
 Than what I ow'd to thee before.
 Who would not venture for that debt to play,
 Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
 If Nature gave me pow'r to write in verse, 35
 She gave it me thy praises to rehearse!
 Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
 Has such a sov'reign right to it,
 That no man's Muse for publick vent is free,
 Till she has paid her customs first to thee. 40

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

I.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do
 To the false light that treach'rous fishers show,
 And all with as much ease might taken be
 As she at first took me.
 For ne'er did light so clear 5
 Among the waves appear,
 Tho' ev'ry night the Sun himself set there.

II.

Why to mute fish shouldst thou thyself discover,
 And not to me, thy no less silent lover?
 As some from men their buried gold commit 10
 To ghosts, that have no use of it!

Half their rich treasures so
 Maids bury, and, for ought we know,
 (Poor Ignorants!) they 're mermaids all below.

III.

The am'rous waves would fain about her stay, 15
 But still new am'rous waves drive them away,
 And with swift current to those joys they haste,
 That do as swiftly waste;
 I laugh'd the wanton play to view,
 But 't is, alas! at land so too, 20
 And still old lovers yield the place to new.

IV.

Kiss her, and, as you part, you am'rous Waves!
 (My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)
 Point to your flow'ry banks, and to her show
 The good your bounties do; 25
 Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
 And how your use and beauty's lost,
 When rig'rous Winter binds you up with frost.

V.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
 Haste without stop to a devouring sea, 30
 Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
 With all the meanest things that die:
 As in the ocean thou
 No privilege dost know
 Above th' impurest streams that thither flow. 35

VI.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her sad,
 Tell her there is yet one rem'dy to be had;
 Show her how thou, tho' long since past, dost find
 Thyself yet still behind.

Marriage, say to her, will bring 40

About the selfsame thing:

But she, fond Maid! shuts and seals up the spring. 42

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

I.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain
 Hast thou consum'd in vain;
 Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
 Thyself with shadows to deceive;
 Think that already lost which thou must never gain.

II.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years, 6
 (Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
 Like helpless ships that be
 Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
 Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in

III.

[tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art, 11
 Free thy unlucky heart;
 Since Fate does disapprove
 Th' ambition of thy love,
 And not one star in heav'n offers to take thy part. 15

IV.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
 If e'er it home to its breast retire,
 It ne'er shall wander more about,
 Tho' thousand beauties call'd it out :
 A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire. 20

V.

The pox, the plague, and ev'ry small disease,
 May come as oft' as ill Fate please ;
 But Death and Love are never found
 To give a second wound :
 We're by those serpents bit, but we're devour'd by

VI.

[these.

Alas! what comfort is it that I'm grown 26
 Secure of being again o'erthrown?
 Since such an enemy needs not fear
 Lest any else should quarter there,
 Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down the
 town. 30

ODES.

ODE. OF WIT.

I.

TELL me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it :
For the first matter loves variety less ;
Less women love it, either in love or dress :
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears, 5
Comely in thousand shapes appears :
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 't is now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more: 10
For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do thro' our judgment pass,
As thro' a multiplying-glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far, 15
We take a falling meteor for a star.

III.

Hence 't is a Wit, that greatest word of Fame,
Grows such a common name ;
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome. 20

'Tis not a tale, 't is not a jest,
 Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
 Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
 The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet 25
 With their five gouty feet:
 All ev'ry where, like man's, must be the soul,
 And reason the inferiour pow'rs control.
 Such were the numbers which could call
 The stones into the Theban wall. 30
 Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
 No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet 't is not to adorn and gild each part;
 That shows more cost than art.
 Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear; 35
 Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
 Several lights will not be seen,
 If there be nothing else between.
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
 If those be stars which paint the Galaxy. 40

VI.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
 Jest for Dutchmen and English boys;
 In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
 In an'grams and acrosticks poetry.
 Much less can that have any place 45
 At which a virgin hides her face;

Such drops the fire must purge away ; 't is just
The author blush there where the reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage : 50
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca :
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine, 55
We only can by negatives define ?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree :
As in the Ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life. 60
Or as the primitive forms of all,
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two, 65
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen,
And if any ask me then 70
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,
I'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this. 72

O D E.

I.

HERE 's to thee, Dick : this whining love despise :
 Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'ft wife.
 It sparkles brighter far than ſhe ;
 'Tis pure and right, without deceit,
 And ſuch no woman e'er will be : §
 No; they are all ſophiſticate.

II.

With all thy fervile pains what canſt thou win,
 But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly ſin ?
 A thing ſo vile, and ſo ſhortliv'd,
 That Venus' joys as well as ſhe 10
 With reaſon may be ſaid to be
 From the neglected foam deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty move ;
 Whom would it ere perſuade to court and love ;
 Could he a woman's heart have ſeen, 15
 (But, oh! no light does thither come)
 And view'd her perfectly within.
 When he lay ſhut up in her womb ?

IV.

Follies they have ſo numberleſs in ſtore,
 That only he who loves them can have more. 20
 Neither their ſighs nor tears are true ;
 Thoſe idly blow, theſe idly fall,

Nothing like to our's at all :
But sighs and tears have faxes too.

V.

Here 's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
Let the glass walk till all things, too, go round: 26
Again; till these two lights be four;
No error here can dang'rous prove;
Thy passion, man! deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love. 30

ODE. IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. ode v.*

I.

To whom now, Pyrrha! art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set 5
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

II.

Ah! simple Youth! how oft' will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain, 10
Of soameleon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too?

III.

How oft', alas! will he admire
 The blackness of the skies?
 Trembling to hear the winds sound high's 15
 And see the billows rise:
 Poor unexperienc'd he,
 Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
 And no breath stirring hears; 20
 In the clear heav'n of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentie, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

V.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy! he 25
 T' whom thou untry'd dost shine!
 But there 's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last. 30

ODE ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

I.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
 To all the tyrannies of it;
 Ah! cruel Sex! will you depose us too in wit?

Orinda does in that, too, reign,
 Does man behind her in proud triumph draw, 5
 And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
 We our old title plead in vain;
 Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
 Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore;
 In Beauty's camp it was not known; 10
 Too many arms besides that conqu'ror bore:
 'Twas the great cannon we brought down
 T' assault a stubborn town;
 Orinda first did a bold folly make,
 Our strongest quarter take, 15
 And so successful prov'd, that she
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

II.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
 Did that, and not the soul,
 Transmit to their posterity: 20
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive issue never liv'd.
 'Twere shame and pity, Orinda! if in thee
 A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
 Should unmanur'd or barren lie. 25
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair and fruitful field,
 And 't is a strange increase that it does yield.
 As when the happy gods above
 Meet all together at a feast, 30

A secret joy unspeakably does move
 In their great mother Cybele's contented breast :
 With no less pleasure thou, methinks, shouldst see
 This thy no less immortal progeny :
 And in their birth thou no one touch dost find 35
 Of th' ancient curse to womankind ;
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain ;
 It neither travail is, nor labour of the brain :
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room 40
 In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
 That, like the Holland Countess, thou may'st bear
 A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

III.

Thou dost my wonder, would'st my envy raise.
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise, 45
 Where'er I see an excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
 Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine
 'Tis solid, and 't is manly all, [eye.
 Or rather 't is angelical; 51
 For as in angels, we
 Do in thy verses see
 Both improv'd sexes eminently meet ;
 They are than man more strong, and more than wo-
 man sweet. 55

IV.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;
 I ne'er could find that fancy true,
 But have invoc'd them oft' I'm sure in vain:
 They talk of Sappho, but, alas! the shame! 60
 Ill manners foil the lustre of her fame.
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
 That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,
 It thro' the paper shines where she does write.
 Honour and friendship, and the gen'rous scorn 65
 Of things for which we were not born,
 (Things that can only by a fop'd disease,
 Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
 Are the instructive subjects of her pen,
 And as the Roman victory 70
 Taught our rude land arts and civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men.

V.

But Rome, with all her arts, could ne'er inspire
 A female breast with such a fire.
 The warlike Amazonian train, 75
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
 Hope 't will be settled in their sex by her.
 Merlin the feer (and sure he would not lie
 In such a sacred company) 80
 Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.

Ev'n Boadicea's angry ghost
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
 And to her injur'd daughters now does boast, 85
 That Rome's o'ercome at last by a woman of her race.

O D E,

Upon occasion of

A COPY OF VERSES

OF MY LORD BROGHILL'S.

I.

BEGONE, said I, ingrateful Muse! and see
 What others thou canst fool as well as me:
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,
 My bus'ness and my hopes I left for thee;
 For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away) 5
 I left, even when a boy, my play.
 But say, ingrateful Mistress! say,
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
 Thou 'lt say, perhaps, that riches are
 Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade, 10
 And I as well my country might upbraid,
 Because I have no vineyard there.
 Well; but in love thou dost pretend to reign,
 There thine the pow'r and lordship is;
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again; 15
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.
 I, like a fool, did thee obey,
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;

For after all my' expense of wit and pain,
 A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the prize away. 20

II.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
 That she had given me fame;
 Bounty immense! and that, too, must be try'd
 When I myself am nothing but a name.
 Who now, what reader does not strive 25
 T' invalidate the gift whilst we're alive?
 For when a poet now himself doth show,
 As if he were a common foe,
 All draw upon him, all around,
 And ev'ry part of him they wound: 30
 Happy the man that gives the deepest blow;
 And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.
 Then in a rage I took,
 And out at window threw
 Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew; 35
 Homer himself went with them too;
 Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book:
 I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
 That I no more the ground would till and sow, 40
 Where only flow'ry weeds instead of corn did grow.

III.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find
 Rebellious man to bind,
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd)

The Muse came in more cheerful than before, 45
 And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
 "Lo, thy reward! look here and see,
 "What I have made," said she,
 "My lover, and belov'd, my Broghill! do for thee.
 "Tho' thy own verse no lasting fame can give, 50
 "Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
 "What criticks, the great Hectors now in wit,
 "Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
 "Will dare t' oppose thee, when 54
 "Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conqu'ring
 I rose, and bow'd my head, [pen?"
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said;
 Well satisfy'd and proud,
 I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
 That from her service now I ne'er would part; 60
 So strongly large rewards work on a grateful heart."

IV.

Nothing so soon the drooping sp'rits can raise,
 As praises from the men whom all men praise:
 'Tis the best cordial, and which only those
 Who have at home th' ingredients can compose: 65
 A cordial that restores our fainting breath,
 And keeps up life even after death:
 The only danger is, lest it should be
 Too strong a remedy;
 Lest, in removing cold it should beget 70
 Too violent a heat,

And into madness turn the lethargy.
 Ah! gracious God! that I might see
 A time when it were dangerous for me
 To be o'erheat with praise! 75
 But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

V.

'Tis said Apelles, when he Venus drew,
 Did naked women for his pattern view,
 And with his pow'rful fancy did refine
 Their human shapes into a form divine; 80
 None who had sat could her own picture see,
 Or say one part was drawn for me.
 So tho' this nobler painter, when he writ,
 Was pleas'd to think it fit
 That my Book should before him sit, 85
 Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit;
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply,
 To my advantage out of it, since I,
 Instead of my own likeness, only find
 The bright idea there of the great writer's mind? 90

ODE. MR. COWLEY'S BOOK

presenting itself to the

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

I.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! hail, the sacred Ark!
 Where all the world of Science does embark!

Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood
 Infatiate Time's devouring flood.

Hail! tree of Knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which well
 Dost in the midst of Paradise arise, 6

Oxford! the Muses' Paradise,

From which may never sword the blest'd expel.

Hail! Bank of all past ages! where they lie

T' enrich with interest posterity! 10

Hail! Wit's illustrious Galaxy!

Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;

Hail! living University of the dead!

II.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which e'er 14

The mighty linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty

That could speak, or this could hear; [traveller,

Majestick monument and pyramid,

Where still the shapes of parted souls abide,

Embalm'd in verse, exalted Souls! which now

Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below; 20

Which now all wonders plainly see

That have been, are, or are to be,

In the mysterious Library,

The beatifick Bodley of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your sacred throng admit 25

The meanest British wit?

You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame!

Will you not murmur and disdain

That I a place among you claim,
 The humblest deacon of her train? 30
 Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
 The chain of ornament which here
 Your noble prisoners proudly wear;
 A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
 Than all my own Pindarick liberty? 35
 Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
 Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
 Whatever happy book is chained here,
 No other place or people need to fear;
 His chain 's a passport to go ev'ry where. 40

IV.

As when a feat in heav'n
 Is to an unmalicious sinner giv'n,
 Who casting round his wond'ring eye,
 Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy,
 Martyrs who did their lives bestow, 45
 And saints who martyrs liv'd below;
 With trembling and amazement he begins
 To recollect his frailties past, and sins;
 He doubts almost his station there,
 His Soul says to itself, How came I here? 50
 It fares not otherwise with me,
 When I myself, with conscious wonder, see
 Amidst this purify'd elected company:
 With hardship they, and pain,
 Did to this happiness attain; 55

No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think Predestination only was my friend.

V.

Ah! that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!
Instead of sev'ral countries, sev'ral men, 60
And business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small estate
Which Nature sparingly did to him give:
He might, perhaps, have thriven then,
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live. 65
It had happier been for him as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation:
For tho' some errors will get in, 70
Like tinctures of orig'nal sin,
Yet, sure, we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation. 75

O D E.

*Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the relic,
of Sir Francis Drake's ship.*

I.

CHEER up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow;
Clap on more sail, and never spare;

Farewell all lands, for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me ! 't is hot : another bowl of wine, 5
 And we shall cut the burning line.
 Hey, Boys ! she scuds away, and by my head I know
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam, 10
 And gain such experience, and spy too,
 Such countries and wonders as I do ?
 But, prithee, good Pilot ! take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at Peru ;
 With gold there the vessel we 'll store, 15
 And never, and never be poor ;
 No, never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean ? what thoughts do me misguide ?
 As well upon a staff may witches ride
 Their fancied journies in the air, 20
 As I sail round the ocean in this Chair :
 'Tis true ; but yet this Chair which here you see
 For all its quiet now and gravity,
 Has wander'd and has travell'd more 24
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before.
 In ev'ry air and ev'ry sea 't has been, ['t has seen.
 'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heav'ns
 Let not the Pope's itself with this compare ;
 This is the only universal Chair.

III.

The pious wand'rer's fleet, fav'd from the flame, 30
 (Which did the relicks still of Troy pursue,
 And took them for its due)

A squadron of immortal nymphs became;
 Still with their arms they row about the seas,
 And still make new and greater voyages: 35

Nor has the first poetick ship of Greece
 (Tho' now a star she so triumphant show,
 And guide her sailing successours below,
 Bright as her ancient freight, the shining Fleece)
 Yet to this day a quiet harbour found, 40

The tide of heav'n still carries her around:
 Only Drake's sacred vessel, which before
 Had done, and had seen more
 Than those have done or seen,
 Ev'n since they goddesses and this a star has been, 45
 As a reward for all her labour past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite alter'd be,
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
 Let the world now come to see thee. 50

IV.

The world will do 't; for curiosity
 Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make;
 And I myself, who now love quiet, too,
 As much almost as any Chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take 55
 An old wheel of that chariot to see.

Which Phaeton so rashly brake :
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of
 Great Relick ! thou, too, in this port of ease, [Drake?
 Hast still one way of making voyages ; 60
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
 (The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
 As long around it as the sun.
 The Streights of Time too narrow are for thee, 65
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast eternity ;
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me. 68

ODE UPON DR. HARVEY.

I.

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
 A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
 Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
 When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
 Began to tremble and to flee, 5
 Took sanctu'ry, like Daphne, in a tree :
 There Daphne's lover stopp'd, and thought it much
 The very leaves of her to touch ;
 But Harvey ! our Apollo, stopp'd not so,
 Into the bark and root he after her did go : 10
 No smallest fibres of a plant,
 For which the eyebeam's point doth sharpness want,
 His passage after her withstood.
 What should she do ? thro' all the moving wood

Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight ; 15
 Harvey pursues and keeps her still in fight :
 But as the deer long hunted takes a flood,
 She leap'd at last into the winding streams of blood ;
 Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
 Till at the Heart she stay'd, 20
 Where turning head, and at a bay,
 Thus, by well-purg'd ears, was she o'erheard to say :

II.

“ Here, sure, shall I be safe,” said she,
 “ None will be able, sure, to see
 “ This my retreat, but only he 25
 “ Who made both it and me.
 “ The Heart of man what art can e'er reveal ?
 “ A wall impervious between
 “ Divides the very parts within, 29
 “ And doth the Heart of man ev'n from itself con-
 She spoke ; but ere she was aware [ceal.”
 Harvey was with her there,
 And held this slipp'ry Proteus in a chain,
 Till all her mighty mysteries he descry'd,
 Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide, 35
 Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

III.

He the young practice of new Life did see,
 Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,
 It for a living wrought both hard and privately.

M ij

Before the liver understood 40
 The noble scarlet dye of blood,
 Before one drop was by it made,
 Or brought into it to set up the trade;
 Before the untaught Heart began to beat
 The tuneful march to vital heat, 45
 From all the souls that living buildings rear,
 Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air,
 Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
 A strict account to him is hourly brought
 How the great fabrick does proceed, 50
 What time and what materials it does need :
 He so exactly does the work survey,
 As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

IV.

Thus Harvey fought for truth in Truth's own book,
 The creatures, which by God himself was writ; 55
 And wisely thought 't was fit
 Not to read comments only upon it,
 But on the original itself to look.
 Methinks in Art's great circle others stand
 Lock'd up together hand in hand, 60
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
 The same bare path they tread,
 And dance, like fairies, a fantastick round,
 But neither change their motion nor their ground :
 Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit, 65
 His noble Circle of the Blood had been untrodden yet.

Great Doctor! the art of curing's cur'd by thee;
 We now thy patient, Physick, see
 From all inveterate diseases free,
 Purg'd of old errors by thy care, 70
 New-dieted, put forth to clearer air;
 It now will strong and healthful prove;
 Itself before lethargick lay, and could not move.

V.

These useful secrets to his pen we owe,
 And thousands more 't was ready to bestow, 75
 Of which a barb'rous war's unlearned rage
 Has robb'd the ruin'd age.
 O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
 With so much cost and labour bought,
 And from afar by a great hero brought, 80
 Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
 O cursed War! who can forgive thee this?
 Houses and towns may rise again,
 And ten times easier it is
 To rebuild Paul's than any work of his. 85
 That mighty task none but himself can do;
 Nay, scarce himself, too, now;
 For tho' his wit the force of Age withstand,
 His body, alas! and time, it must command;
 And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
 Will, sure, have her revenge on him at last. 91

O D E.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS, OUT OF CATULLUS.

*Acmen Septimius suos amores
Tenens in gremio, &c.*

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said :

“ My dearest Acme! if I be 9
 “ Once alive, and love not thee
 “ With a passion far above
 “ All that e'er was called love,
 “ In a Lybian desert may
 “ I become some lion's prey; 10
 “ Let him, Acme! let him tear
 “ My breast when Acme is not there.”

The god of Love who stood to hear him,
(The god of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound, 15
Sneez'd aloud ; and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Near'd her gently-bending head, 20

And her purple mouth with joy
 Stretching to the delicious boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

“ My little Life! my all!” said she, 25
 “ So may we ever servants be
 “ To this best god, and ne'er retain
 “ Our hated liberty again ;
 “ So may thy passion last for me,
 “ As I a passion have for thee, 30
 “ Greater and fiercer much than can
 “ Be conceiv'd by thee, a man;
 “ Into my marrow is it gone,
 “ Fix'd and settled in the bone :
 “ It reigns not only in my heart, 35
 “ But runs, like life, thro' ev'ry part.”

She spoke ; the god of Love aloud
 Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
 Of little Loves, that waited by,
 Bow'd, and bless'd the augury. 40

This good omen, thus from heav'n,
 Like a happy signal giv'n,
 Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
 And hand in hand run all the race.

To poor Septimius (who did now
 Nothing else but Acme grow) 45
 Acme's bosom was alone
 The whole world's imperial throne,
 And to faithful Acme's mind
 Septimius was all humankind. 50

If the gods would please to be
 But advis'd for once by me,
 I'd advise 'em, when they spy
 Any illustrious piety,
 To reward her, if it be she, 55
 To reward him, if it be he,
 With such a husband, such a wife,
 With Acme's and Septimius' life. 58

ODE UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

RESTORATION AND RETURN.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
 Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

VIRG.

I.

Now blessings on you all, ye peaceful Stars!
 Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
 Your universal gentle influence
 To calm the stormy world, and still the rage of wars.

Nor whilst around the Continent 5
 Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,
 Did your pacifick lights disdain,
 In their large treaty, to contain
 The world apart, o'er which do reign
 Your sev'n fair brethren of great Charles his Wane;
 No star amongst ye all did, I believe, 11
 Such vigorous assistance give
 As that which thirty years ago,
 At Charles his birth *, did, in despite
 Of the proud Sun's meridian light, 15
 His future glories and this year foreshow:
 No less effects than these we may
 B' assur'd of from that pow'rful ray
 Which could outface the sun, and overcome the day.

II.

Auspicious Star! again arise, 20
 And take thy noontide station in the skies;
 Again all heav'n prodigiously adorn,
 For, lo! thy Charles again is born:
 He then was born with and to pain,
 With and to joy he 's born again: 25
 And wisely for this second birth,
 By which thou certain wert to blefs
 The land with full and flourishing happiness,

* The star that appeared at noon the day of the King's birth. just as the King his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that blessing.

Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,
 In which heav'n, air, and sea, and earth, 30
 And all that 's in them all does smile and does rejoice.
 'Twas a right season, and the very ground
 Ought with a face of Paradise to be found,
 Then when we were to entertain
 Felicity and Innocence again. 35

III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that blessed pair be-
 Which the abused people fondly fold [hold,
 For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
 By seeking all like gods to be?
 Will Peace her halcyon nest venture to build 40
 Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,
 And trust that sea where she can hardly say,
 She has known, these twenty years, one calmy day?
 Ah! mild and gallefs Dove!
 Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love, 45
 Canst thou in Albion still delight?
 Still canst thou think it White?
 Will ever fair Religion appear
 In these deformed ruins? will she clear
 Th' Augæan stables of her churches here? 50
 Will Justice hazard to be seen,
 Where a high-court of justice e'er has been?
 Will not the tragick scene,
 And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,
 Her who shall never fear? 55

Then may Whitehall for Charles his seat be fit,
If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell! which does freshly still 60
The curses of so many suff'ers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for awhile remain,
Lest, as a tempest carried him away,
Some hurricane should bring him back again. 65
Or she might justlier be afraid
Lest that great serpent, which was all a tail,
(And in his pois'nous folds whole nations pris'ners
Should a third time perhaps prevail [made)
To join again, and with worse sting arise, 70
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye Sacred Four!
And dread your perish'd enemies no more;
Your fears are causeless all, and vain,
Whilst you return in Charles's train; 75
For God does him, that he might you, restore;
Nor shall the world him only call
Defender of the Faith, but of ye all.

V.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to ev'ry port they flow, 80
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.

Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet sound,
 The Arts encompass you around,
 And, against all alarms of Fear,
 Safety itself brings up the rear : 85
 And in the head of this angelick band,
 Lo ! how the goodly Prince at last does stand
 (Oh ! righteous God !) on his own happy land.
 'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease,
 Recover from so desp'rate a disease ; 90
 A various complicated ill,
 Whose ev'ry symptom was enough to kill,
 In which one part of three frenzy possess'd,
 And lethargy the rest.
 'Tis happy which no bleeding does endure, 95
 A surfeit of such blood to cure.
 'Tis happy which beholds the flame,
 In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,
 Or that which, if from Heav'n it came,
 It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn. 100

VI.

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree
 Of instant expectation) -
 That the three dreadful angels we,
 Of famine, sword, and plague, should here establish'd
 (God's great triumvirate of desolation) [see ;
 To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation. 106
 Justly might Heav'n Protectors such as those,
 And such Committees, for their safety' impose
 Upon a land which scarcely better chose.

We fear'd that the Fanatick war,
Which men against God's houses did declare,
Would from th' almighty enemy bring down
A sure destruction on our own.

110

We read th' instructive histories, which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befall

115

The sacred Town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been said,
"His blood be upon ours, and on our children's head."
We knew, tho' there a greater blood was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.

120

We know those mis'ries did befall,
Whilst they rebell'd against the Prince whom all
The rest of mankind did the Love and Joy of mankind

VII.

[call.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was hastening on (we thought)
Ev'n to the last of ills, annihilation;
When in the midst of this confused night,
Lo! the bless'd Spirit mov'd, and "there was light:"
For in the glorious General's previous ray

130

We saw a new-created day:
We by it saw, tho' yet in mists it shone,
The beauteous work of order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
And with the marks of good success
Sign his allowance of their wickedness?

135

Vain Men! who thought the divine Power to find
 In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
 God came not till the storm was past;
 In the still voice of Peace he came at last. 140

The cruel business of destruction
 May by the claws of the great fiend be done.
 Here, here we see th' Almighty's hand indeed,
 Both by the beauty of the work we see 't, and by the
 VIII. [speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir, 145
 Ev'n in that ill disadvantageous light
 With which Misfortune strives t' abuse our fight;
 He who had seen him in his cloud so bright;
 He who had seen the double pair
 Of brothers, heav'nly good, and sisters, heav'nly fair,
 Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with ease, 151
 (But wicked men see only what they please)
 That God had no intent t' extinguish quite
 The pious King's eclipsed right.

He who had seen how, by the Pow'r divine, 155
 All the young branches of this royal line
 Did in their fire, without consuming, shine;
 How thro' a rough Red-sea they had been led,
 By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed;
 How many years of trouble and distress 160
 They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderness,
 And yet did never murmur or repine,
 Might, methinks, plainly understand

That, after all these conquer'd trials pass'd,
 Th' Almighty mercy would, at last, 165
 Conduct them, with a strong unerring hand,
 To their own promis'd land :
 For all the glories of the earth
 Ought to b' entail'd by right of birth,
 And all Heav'n's blessings to come down 170
 Upon his race, to whom alone was giv'n
 The double royalty of earth and heav'n,
 Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

IX.

The martyrs' blood was said, of old, to be
 The seed from whence the church did grow: 175
 The royal blood which dying Charles did sow,
 Becomes no less the seed of royalty :
 'Twas in dishonour sown,
 We find it now in glory grown :
 The grave could but the drops of it devour: 180
 'Twas sown in weakness, and 't is rais'd in pow'r.
 We now the question well decided see,
 Which Eastern wits did once contest
 At the great monarch's feast,
 "Of all on earth what things the strongest be?" 185
 And some for women, some for wine, did plead;
 That is, for folly and for rage,
 Two things which we have known, indeed,
 Strong in this latter age :

But as 't is prov'd by heav'n at length, 190
 The King and Truth have greatest strength;
 When they their sacred force unite,
 And twine into one right,
 No frantick commonwealths or tyrannies,
 No cheats, and perjuries, and lies, 195
 No nets of human policies,
 No stores of arms or gold, (tho' you could join
 Those of Peru to the great London mine)
 No towns, no fleets by sea, or troops by land,
 No deeply entrench'd islands can withstand, 200
 Or any small resistance bring,
 Against the naked Truth, and the unarmed King.

X.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile,
 End the same night when they begin;
 No art so far can upon Nature win, 205
 As ere to put out stars, or long keep meteors in.
 Where is now that *ignis fatuus* which, erewhile,
 Misled our wand'ring isle?
 Where 's the impostor Cromwell gone?
 Where 's now that falling star, his son? 210
 Where 's the large comet now, whose raging flame
 So fatal to our monarchy became?
 Which o'er our heads in such proud horreur flood,
 Insatiate with our ruin and our blood?
 The fiery tail did to vast length extend, 215
 And twice, for want of fuel, did expire,
 And twice renew'd the dismal fire;

Tho' long the tail, we saw at last its end :
 The flames of one triumphant day,
 Which, like an anti-comet here, 220
 Did fatally to that appear,
 For ever frightened it away.
 Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
 First strike our ravish'd fight,
 Which malice or which art no more could stay, 225
 Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
 To the resuscitation of the day,
 Or resurrection of the spring.
 We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
 Bless the preceding winter and the night. 230

XI.

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
 If he be always happy here ;
 He wants the bleeding mark of grace,
 The circumcision of the chosen race.
 If no one part of him supplies 235
 The duty of a sacrifice,
 He is (we doubt) reserv'd entire,
 As a whole victim for the fire.
 Besides, ev'n in this world below,
 To those who never did ill fortune know, 240
 The good does nauseous or insipid grow.
 Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess,
 The sharp ingredient of some bad success
 Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.

But the true method of felicity, 245
 Is when the worst
 Of human life is plac'd the first,
 And when the child's correction proves to be
 The cause of perfecting the man.
 Let our weak days lead up the van; 250
 Let the brave second and Triarian band
 Firm against all impression stand:
 The first we may defeated see,
 The virtue and the force of these are sure of victory.

XII.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we see
 Begin their glorious march with thee; 256
 Long may their march to heav'n, and still triumphant
 Now thou art gotten once before, [be.
 Ill fortune never shall o'ertake thee more.
 To see it again, and pleasure in it find, 260
 Cast a disdainful look behind.
 Things which offend, when present, and affright,
 In memory, well painted, move delight.
 Enjoy, then, all thy' afflictions now;
 Thy royal father's came at last; 265
 Thy martyrdom is already pass'd,
 And diff'rent crowns to both ye owe.
 No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind
 Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
 As a choice medal for heav'n's treasury, 270
 God did stamp first upon one side of thee,
 The image of his suff'ring humanity;

On th' other side, turn'd now to fight, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine.

XIII.

So when the wisest poets seek, 275

In all their liveliest colours, to set forth

A picture of heroick worth,

(The pious Trojan, or the prudent Greek)

They chuse some comely prince of heav'nly birth,

(No proud gigantick son of earth, 280

Who strives t' usurp the gods' forbidden feat)

They feed him not with nectar, and the meat

That cannot without joy be ate,

But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,

They harden his young virtue by degrees: 285

The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,

And into solid crystal next advance.

His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,

And from his flaming country flee.

Much is he toss'd at sea, and much at land, 290

Does long the force of angry gods withstand:

He does long troubles and long wars sustain,

Ere he his fatal birthright gain.

With no less time or labour can

Destiny build up such a man, 295

Who is with sufficient virtue fill'd,

His ruin'd country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor without cause are arms from heav'n

To such a hero by the poets giv'n.

No human metal is of force t' oppose 300
So many and so violent blows.

Such was the helmet, breastplate, shield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield;
And all the weapons Malice e'er could try,
Of all the several makes of wicked Policy, 305

Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,
Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren sp'rits above,
No show on earth can, sure, so pleasant prove,
As when they great misfortunes see 310
With courage borne, and decency.

So were they borne, when Worcester's dismal day
Did all the terrours of black Fate display:
So were they borne, when no disguise's cloud
His inward royalty could shroud; 315

And one of th' angels whom just God did send
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A troop of angels did him then attend)
Assur'd me, in a vision, th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?) 320
Did then more greatness in him see,
More lustre and more majesty,

Than all his coronation pomp can show to human eye,

XV.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw
New marks of honour and of glory 325
From their affronts and suff'rings draw,
And look like heav'nly saints ev'n in their purgatory;

Methoughts I saw the three Judean youths,
 (Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths)
In the Chaldean furnace walk; 330
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is sing'd, no smallest beauty blasted;
Like painted lamps they shine unwasted.
The greedy fire itself dares not be fed
With the blest oil of an anointed head. 335
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does, like a glory, compass them around,
And their whole bodies crown'd.
What are those two bright creatures which we see 340
Walk with the royal three
In the same ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inspire?
Sure they the beautiful sisters are,
Who, whilst they seek to bear their share, 345
Will suffer no affliction to be there.
Less favour to those three of old was shown;
To solace with their company
The fiery trials of adversity,
Two angels join with these, the others had but one. 350

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye Men of God belov'd!
And let the pow'r now of that flame,
Which against you so impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.

Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! come; 355

Come, you triumphant Exile! home.

He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise

Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice;

I hear th' united people's sacred voice;

The sea, which circles us around, 360

Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;

The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,

And swells up ev'ry sail;

The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all,

The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural. 365

All England but one bonfire seems to be,

One Ætna shooting flames into the sea.

The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,

Take our's at this time for a star.

With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits flow; 370

And we, the priests of a poetick rage,

Wonder that, in this Golden Age,

The rivers, too, should not do so.

There is no Stoick, sure, who would not now,

Ev'n some excess allow; 375

And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly

Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

XVII.

Where is now the royal mother, where,

To take her mighty share

In this so ravishing sight, 380

And with the part she takes to add to the delight?

Ah! why art thou not here,
 Thou always best, and now the happiest queen,
 To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?
 God has a bright example made of thee, 385
 To show that womankind may be
 Above that sex which her superiour seems,
 In wisely managing the wide extremes
 Of great affliction, great felicity.
 How well those diff'rent virtues thee become, 390
 Daughter of Triumphs! wife of Martyrdom!
 Thy princely mind with so much courage bore
 Affliction, that it dares return no more;
 With so much goodness us'd Felicity,
 That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee; 395
 'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery.

XVIII.

Who's that heroick person leads it on,
 And gives it, like a glorious bride,
 (Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
 Into the hands now of thy son? 400
 'Tis the good General, the man of praise,
 Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
 Did to th' enthralled nation raise,
 Their great Zerubbabel to be,
 To loose the bonds of long captivity, 405
 And to rebuild their temple and their city.
 For ever blest'd may he and his remain,
 Who, with a vast, tho' less-appearing gain,

Preferr'd the solid great above the vain,
 And to the world this princely truth has shown, 410
 That more 't is to restore than to usurp a crown.
 Thou worthiest person of the British story,
 (Tho' 't is not small the British glory)
 Did I not know my humble verse must be
 But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee, 415
 Thou and the world should see
 How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
 Does make true praise her labour and design;
 An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

XIX.

And ill should we deserve this happy day, 420
 If no acknowledgments we pay
 To you, great Patriots! of the two
 Most truly other Houses now,
 Who have redeem'd from hatred, and from shame,
 A Parliament's once venerable name; 425
 And now the title of a House restore,
 To that which was but slaughterhouse before.
 If my advice, ye Worthies! might be ta'en,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your living presence graces, 430
 Your marble statues always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful memory,
 And to your successors the example be
 Of Truth, Religion, Reason, Loyalty.

For tho' a firmly-settled peace 435
 May shortly make your publick labours cease,
 The grateful nation will with joy consent
 That in this sense you should be said
 (Tho' yet the name sounds with some dread)
 To be the Long, the endless, Parliament. 440

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

I.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
 Her proper place, her only scene,
 Is in the golden mean;
 She lives not with the poor nor with the great;
 The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd, 5
 And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd
 To the laborious task of bread;
 These are by various tyrants captive led.
 Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
 Rides, reigns, and spurs them, like th' unruly horse;
 And servile Avarice yokes them now, 10
 Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
 And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding light,
 Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.
 If any few among the great there be, 15
 From these insulting passions free,
 Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see,
 By custom, bus'ness, crowds, and formal Decency;

And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
 Impertinencies round them flow 20
 These are the small uneasy things
 Which about Greatness still are found,
 And rather it molest than wound;
 Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
 But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
 As when the honey does too open lie, 26
 A thousand wasps about it fly,
 Nor will the master ev'n to share admit;
 The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on: 30
 You cannot now; you must begone
 To Court, or to the noisy Hall:
 Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
 The stream of business does begin,
 And a springtide of clients is come in 35
 Ah! cruel Guards! which this poor pris'ner keep!
 Will they not suffer him to sleep?
 Make an escape, out at the postern fly,
 And get some blessed hours of liberty.
 With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine, 40
 And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.
 To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
 And steal one day out of thy life to live.
 Oh! happy Man! he cries, to whom kind Heav'n
 Has such a freedom always giv'n! 45

Why, mighty Madman! what should hinder thee
From being ev'ry day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,

As to exchange his native liberty, 50

Of soaring boldly up into the sky,

His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,

When, and wherever he thought good,

And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,

For a more plentiful or constant food: 55

Nor ever did ambitious rage

Make him into a painted cage,

Or the false forest of a well-hung room,

For honour and preferment come.

Now, blessings on ye all, ye heroick Race! 60

Who keep their primitive powers and rights so well,

Tho' men and angels sell

Of all material lives the highest place

To you is justly giv'n,

And ways and walks the nearest heav'n; 65

Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit

To boast that we look up to it.

Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,

You homage pay but once a-year;

None so degenerate and unbirdly prove, 70

As his perpetual yoke to bear:

Q ij

None but a few unhappy household fowl,
 Whom human lordship does control;
 Who from their birth corrupted were
 By bondage, and by man's example here. 75

IV.

He's no small prince who ev'ry day
 Thus to himself can say,
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
 Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk :
 This I will do, here I will stay, 80
 Or if my fancy call me' away,
 My man and I will presently go ride
 (For we before have nothing to provide,
 Nor after are to render an account)
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish Mount. 85
 If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Bus'ness must be dispatch'd ere thou canst part;
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee, 90
 And many a mule and many a cart;
 What an unwieldy man thou art!
 The Rhodian Coloffus so
 A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,
 No other law shall shackle me; 96
 Slave to myself I will not be :

Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
 By my own present mind.
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand 100
 For days that yet belong to Fate,
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
 Before it falls into his hand.
 The bondman of the cloister so
 All that he does receive does always owe; 105
 And still as time comes in it goes away,
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
 Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
 Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell!
 Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell. 110

VI.

If life should a well-order'd poem be,
 (In which he only hits the white
 Who joins true profit with the best delight)
 The more heroick strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindarick way I'll make; 115
 The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free;
 It shall not keep one settled pace of time;
 In the same tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme:
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense, 120
 And yet shall manage all without offence,
 Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the
 Nor shall it never from one subject start, [sense:
 Nor seek transitions to depart,

Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make, **125**
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide air 's a road for it.
 So the imperial Eagle does not stay
 'Till the whole carcass it devour **130**
 That is fall'n into its pow'r;
 As if his gen'rous hunger understood
 'That he can never want plenty of food,
 He only sucks the tasteful blood,
 And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
 'To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled
 prey. **136**

CHRIST'S PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek Ode,

WRITTEN BY MR. MASTERS,

Of New-College in Oxford.

I.

ENOUGH, my Muse! of earthly things,
 And inspirations but of wind;
 Take up thy lute, and to it bind
 Loud and everlasting strings,
 And on 'em play, and to 'em sing, **3**
 'The happy mournful stories,
 The lamentable glories,
 Of the great crucify'd King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
Till earth thou joinest with the skies! 10
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love, 15
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed sp'rits
With all their comments, can explain, [above,
How all the whole world's Life to die did not disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet 20
By Reason's plummet and the line of Wit;
Too light the plummet, and too short the line,
How the eternal Father did bestow
His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe:
I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear 25
The triumph of the bury'd Conqueror;
How Hell was by its pris'ner captive led,
And the great slayer Death, slain by the dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murder'd men the voice,
Mix'd with the murderers' confused noise, 30
Sound from the top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
Who 't is hangs there the midmost of the three.
Oh, how unlike the others he! [the tree!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from

His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good, 36
 Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
 And sinful man does fondly bind
 The arms which he extends t' embrace all humankind.

IV.

Unhappy Man! canst thou stand by and see 40
 All this as patient as he!
 Since he thy sins does bear,
 Make thou his sufferings thine own,
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,
 And beat thy breast, and tear 45
 Thy garments, and thy hair,
 And let thy grief, and let thy love,
 Thro' all thy bleeding bowels move.
 Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,
 Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore, 50
 But made at home with richer gore?
 Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
 The thorny garland by him worn?
 Dost thou not see the livid traces
 Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces? 55
 If yet thou feelest not the smart
 Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,
 If that he yet not crucify'd,
 Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side.

V.

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes, 60
 And let 'em call

Their stock of moisture forth, where'er it lies,
 For this will ask it all.
 'Twould all, alas! too little be,
 Tho' thy salt tears came from a sea; 65
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital springs for thee?
 Take heed; for by his side's mysterious flood
 May well be understood,
 That he will still require some waters to his blood. 70

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

HENCE, ye Profane! I hate ye all,
 Both the great vulgar, and the small.
 To virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteness hold
 Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold,
 (That jaundice of the soul 5
 Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)
 To you, ye very few! these truths I tell:
 The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it well.

II.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth; 10
 We look on kings as giants of the earth;
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
 The humblest bush and proudest oak
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.

Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and pow'r,
 Have their short flourishing hour, 16
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their preeminence awhile;
 Ev'n so in the same land
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flow'rs, together stand: 20
 Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.

III.

And all you men, whom greatness does so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
 If you your eyes could upwards move,
 (But you, I fear, think nothing is above) 25
 You would perceive by what a little thread
 The sword still hangs over your head:
 No tide of wine would drown your cares,
 No mirth or musick over-noise your fears:
 The fear of death would you so watchful keep. 30
 As not t' admit the image of it, Sleep.

IV.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
 And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages;
 His poppy grows among the corn. 35
 The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
 In any stormy breast:
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and darknes in their mind;
 Darknes but half his work will do; 40
 'Tis not enough, he must find quiet too,

V.

The man who in all wishes he does make
 Does only Nature's counsel take,
 That wise and happy man will never fear
 The evil aspects of the year, 45
 Nor tremble tho' two comets should appear ;
 He does not look in almanacks, to see
 Whether he fortunate shall be ;
 Let Mars and Saturn in the heav'ns conjoin,
 And what they please against the world design, 50
 So Jupiter within him shine.

VI.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
 God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
 What would content you who can tell ?
 Ye fear so much to lose what you have got, 55
 As if you lik'd it well ;
 Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
 Go, level hills and fill up seas,
 Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please ;
 But, trust me, when you 'ave done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss. 61

A paraphrase on an
ODE IN HORACE'S THIRD BOOK,

Beginning thus

Inclusam Danæen turris æbentæ.

I.

A TOW'R of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought he well might spare 5
All further jealous care ;
And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd ;
And when he slept his rest was deep,
But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep : 10
She taught the am'rous Jove
A magical receipt in love, [more,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him
Than all his thunder did, and his almightyship before.

II.

She taught him Love's elixir, by which art 15
His godhead into gold he did convert ;
No guards did then his passage stay ;
He pass'd with ease ; Gold was the word ;
Subtile as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold thro' doors and walls did pierce ; 20
And as that works sometimes upon the sword,

Melted the maidenhead away,
 Ev'n in the secret scabbard where it lay.
 'The prudent Macedonian king,
 To blow up towns a golden mine did spring: 25
 He broke thro' gates with this petar;
 'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 't is of war,
 And fleets and armies follow it afar;
 The ensign 't is at land, and 't is the seaman's star.

III.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be, 30
 Creature to this disguised deity,
 Yet it shall never conquer me;
 A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
 And wisdom is a tow'r of stronger brass.
 The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread, 35
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head:
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
 Wealth for its pow'r do we' honour and adore? 39
 The things we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

IV.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
 The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
 And to the small Laconick forces fly,
 Which hold the Streights of Poverty.
 Cellars and granaries in vain we fill 46
 With all the bounteous summer's store;
 If the mind thirst and hunger still;
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.

Slaves to the things we too much prize,
 We masters grow of all that we despise. 50

V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
 Is all the wealth by Nature understood.
 The monarch on whom fertile Nile bestows
 All which that grateful earth can bear,
 Deceives himself if he suppose 55
 That more than this falls to his share.
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a rent paid to the lord,
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,
 Exacted from it by the tyrant Lust. 60
 Much will always wanting be
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heav'n
 With sparing hand, but just enough, has giv'n. 64

PINDARICK ODES.

Written in imitation of the

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus. HOR. Ep. l. I. 3.

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt his age and our's, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance: and, lastly, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the musick of his numbers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For

though the grammarians and criticks have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures, (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet, in effect, they are little better than prose to our ears: and I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is, in some measure, to be applied to all translations, and the not observing of it is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferiour to their originals. The like happens, too, in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner of

translating or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sands himself, for in despite of popular error I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that, methinks, they revile him worse than Simei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion, no less short of David than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse, and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Panairolus, among the lost inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit; for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympick, and another of his Nemeæan, Odes, which are as followeth.

THE SECOND
OLYMPICK ODE
OF PINDAR.

WRITTEN in praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympick, won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whose story is often touched on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common place in Pindar) from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions than in the main subject; and the reader must not be shocked to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

I.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words and speaking strings,
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice, 5
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympick Games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove; 10
Alcides, too, thy strings may move,
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names; [prove?
Theron the next honour claims;

Theron to no man gives place, 15
 Is first in Pifa's and in Virtue's race ;
 Theron there, and he alone,
 Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone.

II.

They thro' rough ways, o'er many stops, they pass'd,
 Till on the fatal bank at last 20
 They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
 Of fair-fac'd Sicily,
 Which does itself i' th' river by
 With pride and joy espy :
 Then cheerful notes their painted years did sing, 25
 And Wealth was one, and Honour the other wing :
 Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear
 In Fortune's graceful drefs appear :
 To which, great son of Rhea! say
 The firm word which forbids things to decay. 30
 If in Olympus' top, where thou
 Sitt'st to behold thy sacred flow,
 If in Alpheus' silver flight,
 If in my verse thou dost delight,
 My verse, O Rhea's son! which is 35
 Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

III.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
 (Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand
 Harken no more to thy command)
 Let present joys fill up their place, 40

And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
 Of foregone ills the very trace.
 In no illustrious line
 Do these happy changes shine
 More brightly, Theron! than in thine. 45
 So in the crystal palaces
 Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
 Ino her endless youth does please,
 And thanks her fall into the seas.
 Beauteous Semele does no less 50
 Her cruel midwife Thunder bless,
 Whilst sporting with the gods on high,
 She' enjoys secure their company,
 Plays with lightnings as they fly,
 Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity. 55

IV.

But death did them from future dangers free;
 What god, alas! will caution be
 For living man's security,
 Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?
 Never did the sun as yet 60
 So healthful a fair day beget,
 That travelling mortals might rely on it.
 But Fortune's favour and her spite
 Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
 Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue, 65
 E'er since the fatal son his father slew,

And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their own

V.

[will.

Erinnys saw it, and made in her own feed
The innocent parricide to bleed ; 70

She flew his wrathful sons with mutual blows ;

But better things did then succeed,

And brave Therfander in amends for what was past

Brave Therfander was by none [arose :

In war or warlike sports outdone. 75

Thou, Theron ! his great virtues dost revive,

He in my verse and thee again does live ;

Loud Olympus happy thee,

Isthmus and Nemea, does twice happy see :

For the well-natur'd honour there 80

Which with thy brother thou didst share,

Was to thee double grown

By not being all thine own ;

And those kind pious glories do deface :

The old fraternal quarrel of thy race. 85

VI.

Greatness of mind, and fortune too,

Th' Olympick trophies show.

Both their several parts must do

In the noble chase of fame ;

This without that is blind, that without this is lame.

Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright 90

But in Fortune's golden light.

Riches alone are of uncertain date,
 And on short man long cannot wait;
 The virtuous make of them the best, 95
 And put them out to fame for interest;
 With a frail good they wisely buy
 The solid purchase of eternity.
 They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well and
 Th' account they must hereafter give below: [know
 Whereas the unjust and covetous above, 100
 In deep unlovely vaults,
 By the just decrees of Jove,
 Unrelenting torments prove,
 The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults. 105

VII.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light
 O'er which the godlike Sun's unwearied light
 Ne'er winks in clouds or sleeps in night,
 And endless spring of age the good enjoy,
 Where neither want does pinch, nor plenty cloy; 110
 There neither earth nor sea they plough,
 Nor ought to labour owe
 For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
 And in the lamp of life consumes away.
 Thrice had these men thro' mortal bodies pass'd, 115
 Did thrice the trial undergo,
 Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
 The furnace had no more to do.

Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
 Were they for sacred treasures plac'd, 120
 The Muse-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

VIII.

Soft-footed winds, with tuneful voices, there
 Dance thro' the perfum'd air :
 There silver rivers thro' enamelled meadows glide,
 And golden trees enrich their side : 125
 Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
 And jewels for their fruit they bear,
 Which by the blest'd are gathered
 For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
 Here all the heroes and their poets live, 130
 Wise Radamanthus did the sentence give,
 Who, for his justice, was thought fit
 With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
 Peleus here, and Cadmus reign ;
 Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more, 135
 Since his blest'd mother (who before
 Had try'd it on his body' in vain)
 Dipp'd now his fowl in Stygian lake,
 Which did from thence a divine hardness take, 139
 That does from passion and from vice invulnerable

IX.

[make.

To Theron, Muse ! bring back thy wand'ring song,
 Whom those bright troops expect impatiently ;
 And may they do so long.
 How, noble Archer ! do thy wanton arrows fly
 At all the game that does but cross thine eye ? 145

Shoot, and spare not, for I see
 Thy founding quiver can ne'er emptied be;
 Let Art use method and good husbandry;
 Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
 Nature herself has unexhausted store, 150
 Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
 That no vulgar eye can trace.
 Art, instead of mounting high,
 About her humble food does hov'ring fly;
 Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love,
 Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove, 156
 Now bears loud thunder; and anon, with silent joy,
 The beauteous Phrygian boy
 Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
 And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day, 160
 And sometimes, too, he shrouds
 His soaring wings among the clouds.

X.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight,
 To thy loud string the well-fetch'd arrow put,
 Let Agrigentum be the butt, 165
 And Theron be the white:
 And lest the name of verse should give
 Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
 By the Castalian waters swear,
 (A sacred oath no poets dare 170
 To take in vain,
 No more than gods do that of Styx profane)

Swear in no city e'er before
 A better man or greater-soul'd was born,
 Swear that Theron, sure, has sworn 175.
 No man near him should be poor;
 Swear that none e'er had such a graceful art,
 Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart
 With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

XI.

But in this thankless world the givers 180
 Are envy'd ev'n by the receivers:
 'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion
 Rather to hide than pay the obligation.
 Nay, 't is much worse than so;
 It now an artifice does grow 185
 Wrongs and outrages to do,
 Lest men should think we owe.
 Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found,
 But all the malice they profess
 Thy secure honour cannot wound; 190
 For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
 That them or to conceal or else to tell,
 Is equally impossible. 193

THE FIRST
NEMEAN ODE
OF PINDAR.

CHROMIUS, the son of Agefidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-race in the Nemean games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnean Chromius, perhaps because he was made governour of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius his person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules, and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

I.

BEAUTEOUS Ortygia, the first breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race,
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed
Of bright Latona, where she bred
The original new-moon, 5
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were
Who, like a gentle scion, newly started out, [grown ;
From Syracuse's side dost sprout :
Thee first my song does greet
With numbers smooth and fleet 10
As thine own horses' airy feet,

When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
 And o'er the Nemeæan race triumphant flew.
 Jove will approve my song and me;
 Jove is concern'd in Nemea and in thee.

15

II.

With Jove my song, this happy man,
 Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
 From hence came his success;
 Nor ought he, therefore, like it less,
 Since the best fame is that of happiness;
 For whom should we esteem above
 The men whom gods do love?
 'Tis them alone the Muse, too, does approve.

20

Lo, how it makes this vict'ry shine
 O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
 The torches which the mother brought,
 When the ravish'd maid she fought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,
 But cast a weaker light

25

Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and up to th' hea-
 venly vault.

III.

To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,
 Said Jove, and as he said
 Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
 And thou, O isle! said he, for ever thrive,
 And keep the value of our gift alive:

31

35

As heav'n with stars, so let
 The country thick with towns be set,

And, numberless as stars,
 Let all the towns be then
 Replenish'd thick with men 40
 Wife in peace and bold in wars:
 Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
 Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation.
 Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
 With the Olympick olive to be worn, 45
 Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of Peace

IV.

[adorn.

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse! and wait
 At Chromius' hospitable gate;
 'Twill open wide to let thee in,
 When thy lyre's voice shall but begin: 50
 Joy, Plenty, and free Welcome, dwells within.
 The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready dress'd,
 The ivory table crowded with a feast,
 The table which is free for ev'ry guest
 No doubt will thee admit, 55
 And feast more upon thee, than thou on it:
 Chromius and thou art met aright,
 For as by Nature thou dost write,
 So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

V.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was, 60
 Sow'd strength and beauty thro' the forming mass;
 They mov'd the vital lump in ev'ry part,
 And carv'd the members out with wondrous art:

She fill'd his mind with courage and with wit,
 And a vast bounty, apt and fit 65
 For the great dowry which Fortune made to it.
 'Tis madness, sure, treasures to hoard,
 And make them uselefs, as in mines, remain,
 To lose the occasion Fortune does afford
 Fame and publick love to gain. 70
 Ev'n for self-concerning ends
 'Tis wiser much to hoard up friends.
 Tho' happy men the present goods possess,
 Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less,

VI.

How early has young Chromius begun 75
 The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
 And borne the noble prize away,
 Whilst other youths yet at the barrier stay?
 None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he;
 The God his father's blood nought could restrain, 80
 'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
 The slow advance of dull humanity.
 The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
 Too weighty to be rock'd by nurfes' hands,
 Wrapp'd in purple swaddlingbands; 85
 When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands
 Two dreadful serpents come
 Rolling and hissing loud into the room;
 To the bold babe they trace their bidden way,

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
 Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thun-
 derbolts present. 95

VII.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead
 With fear, some wildly fled
 About the room, some into corners crept,
 Where silently they shook and wept. 95
 All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd;
 To save or perish with her child;
 She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant smil'd:
 The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
 At his gay gilded toes; 100
 And as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
 With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
 In vain their armed tails they twist,
 And angry circles cast about; 105
 Black blood, and fiery breath, and pois'nous soul, he

VIII.

[squeezes out.

With their drawn swords
 In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords:
 With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
 They saw the conqu'ring boy 110
 Laugh, and point downward to his prey,
 Where in death's pangs and their own gore they fold-
 When wife 'Tiresias this beginning knew, [ing lay.
 He told with ease the things t' ensue,

From what monsters he should free 115
 The earth, the air, and sea;
 What mighty tyrants he should slay,
 Greater monsters far than they;
 How much at Phlægra's field the distress'd gods should
 To their great offspring here below, [owe
 And how his club should there outdo 121
 Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder too.

IX.

And that the grateful gods at last,
 The race of his laborious virtue pass'd, 124
 Heav'n, which he say'd, should to him give, [live,
 Where, marry'd to eternal Youth, he should for ever
 Drink nectar with the gods, and all his senses please
 In their harmonious golden palaces;
 Walk with ineffable delight
 Thro' the thick groves of never-withering light, 130
 And as he walks affright
 The Lyon and the Bear, 132
 Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monsters there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE HIS SECOND ODE, B. IV.

Pindarum quisquis studet amulari, &c.

I.

PINDAR is imitable by none:
 The phœnix Pindar is a vast species alone.
 Whoe'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
 And neither sink too low nor soar too high?

What he who follow'd claim, 5
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name?

Pindar's unnavigable song
 Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain pours
 The ocean meets with such a voice [along.
 From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's

II.

[noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 Down his impetuous dithyrambick tide,
 Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
 Which neither banks nor dikes control. 15

Whether th' immortal gods he sings,
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign ;
 Each rich embroidered line 20

Which their triumphant brows around
 By his sacred hand is bound,
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

III.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
 To carve in polish'd verse the conqu'rors' images; 25
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
 Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous, song ;
 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
 In words worth dying for he celebrate,
 Such mournful and such pleasing words 30
 As joy t' his mother's, and his mistress' grief affords.

He bids him live and grow in fame,
 Among the stars he sticks his name:
 The grave can but the drops of him devour,
 So small is Death's, so great the Poet's power. 35

IV.

Lo! how th' obsequious wind and swelling air
 The Theban swan does upwards bear,
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way;
 Whilst, alas! my tim'rous Muse 40
 Unambitious tracks pursues;
 Does with weak unballast wings,
 About the mossy brooks and springs,
 About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
 About the gardens' painted beds, 45
 About the fields and flow'ry meads,
 And all inferiour beauteous things,
 Like the laborious bee,
 For little drops of honey fly, 49
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

Nor winds to voyagers at sea,
 Nor show'rs to earth more necessary be,
 (Heav'n's vital seed cast on the womb of earth,
 To give the fruitful year a birth)

Than verse to virtue, which can do 5
 'The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
 It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
 And when it dies, with comely pride
 Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
 That never will decay 10
 Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay.

II.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
 Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-
 fitted quire!
 All hand and hand do decently advance, 15
 And to my song with smooth and equal measures
 Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be, [dance.
 My Musick's voice shall bear it company,
 Till all gentle notes be drown'd
 In the last trumpet's dreadful sound. 20
 That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
 Untune the universal string:
 Then all the wide-extended sky,
 And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
 And Virgil's sacred work, shall die; 25
 And he himself shall see in one fire shine
 Rich Nature's ancient Troy, tho' built by hands di-
 [vine.

III.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
 And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,

And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice, 30
 Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
 This mightier sound shall make
 When dead to arife,
 And open tombs, and open eyes,
 To the long sluggards of five thousand years! 35
 This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears:
 Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
 Back to their ancient home,
 Some from birds, from fishes some,
 Some from earth, and some from seas, 40
 Some from beasts, and some from trees;
 Some descend from clouds on high,
 Some from metals upwards fly,
 And where th' attending soul naked and shiv'ring
 stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their hands; 45
 As dispers'd soldiers at the trumpet's call
 Haste to their colours all:
 Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
 Their joints new-set, to be new-rack'd again:
 To mountains they for shelter pray, 50
 The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd
 IV. [than they.
 Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vig'rous heat,
 Kindled at a hint so great:
 Hold thy Pindarick Pegasus closely in,
 Which does to rage begin, 55

And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;
 'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
 Fierce and unbroken yet,
 Impatient of the spur or bit;
 Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place, 60
 Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
 Conscious and proud of his own natural force,
 'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
 But flings writer and reader, too, that sits not sure. 64

THE MUSE.

I.

Go, the richest chariot instantly prepare;
 The queen, my Muse, will take the air;
 Unruly Fancy with strong judgment trace,
 Put in nimble-footed Wit,
 Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it, 5
 Sound Memory with young Invention place,
 Harness all the winged race:
 Let the postilion, Nature, mount, and let
 The coachman, Art, be set;
 And let the airy footmen running all beside, 10
 Make a long row of goodly pride;
 Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,
 In a well-worded dress;
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and use-
 In all their gaudy liveries: [ful Lies,

Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne, 16
 And bid it to put on,
 For long, tho' cheerful, is the way,
 And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

II.

Where never foot of man or hoof of beast 20
 The passage prefs'd,
 Where never fish did fly,
 And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
 Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
 Row thro' the trackless ocean of the air; 25
 Where never yet did pry
 The busy Morning's curious eye,
 The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
 And all is an open road to thee;
 Whatever God did say 30
 Is all thy plain, and smooth, uninterrupted way:
 Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known;
 Thou hast thousand worlds, too, of thine own:
 Thou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style as he,
 And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, Let it

III.

[be.

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past, 36
 And canst pluck up with ease
 The years which thou dost please;
 Like shipwreck'd treasures by rude tempests cast
 Long since into the sea, 40
 Brought up again to light and publick use by thee:

Nor dost thou only dive so low,
 But fly,
 With an unweary'd wing the other way on high,
 Where fates among the stars do grow ; 45
 There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
 And there, with piercing eye,
 Thro' the firm shell and the thick white dost spy
 Years to come, a-forming lie,
 Close in their sacred secondine asleep, 50
 Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
 Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
 They life and motion get,
 And ripe at last, with vigorous might
 Break thro' the shell, and take their everlasting flight.

IV.

And sure we may 56
 The same, too, of the present say,
 If past and future times do thee obey.
 Thou stopp'st this current, and dost make
 This running river settle like a lake : 60
 Thy certain hand holds fast this slipp'ry snake :
 The fruit which does so quickly waste,
 Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
 Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.
 'This shining piece of ice 65
 Which melts so soon away
 With the Sun's ray,

Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
 Till it a lasting mirror be ;
 Nay, thy immortal rhyme 70
 Makes this one short point of time
 To fill up half the orb of round eternity. 72

TO MR. HOBBS.

I.

VAST bodies of philosophy
 I oft' have seen and read,
 But all are bodies dead,
 Or bodies by art fashioned ;
 I never yet the living soul could see, 5
 But in thy books and thee :
 'Tis only God can know
 Whether the fair idea thou dost show
 Agree entirely with his own or no.
 This I dare boldly tell, 10
 'Tis so like truth, 't will serve our turn as well.
 Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
 As full of concord their variety,
 As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
 And all so solid are, that they at least, 15
 As much as Nature emptiness detest.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
 The universal intellectual reign,
 Saw his own country's shortliv'd Leopard slain ;

Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltick, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean, 50
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For thee poor wretched fisherboats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries. 55
Thou great Collumbus of the golden lands of new phi-
Thy task was harder much than his, [losophies,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry, 60
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized, it.

V.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my ownself so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store) 65
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting, stuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantick sense:
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heav'n 70
To the Trojan hero given,

Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
 Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
 And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art,
 A shield that gives delight 75
 Ev'n to the enemies' fight,
 'Then when they're sure to lose the combat by it.

VI.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
 Upon thy rev'rend head,
 Quench or allay the noble fires within, 80
 But all which thou hast been,
 And all that youth can be, thou art yet,
 So fully still do'st thou
 Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
 And all the natural heat, but not the fever too. 85
 So contraries on Ætna's top conspire,
 Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.
 A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
 Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep:
 And if we weigh, like thee, 90
 Nature and causes, we shall see
 That thus it needs must be.
 To things immortal Time can do no wrong, 93
 And that which never is to die for ever must be young.

D E S T I N Y.

Hoc quoq; fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum.

MANIL.

I.

STRANGE and unnatural! let us stay and see
 This pageant of a prodigy.
LO! of themselves th' enlivened chessmen move,
LO! the unbred ill-organ'd pieces prove,
 As full of art and industry, 5
 Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there 's nothing wise but
 Here a proud pawn I admire, [we.
 That, still advancing high'r,
 At top of all became 10
 Another thing and name.
 Here I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a knight,
 That does bold wonders in the fight:
 Here I the losing party blame 14
 For those false moves that break the game, [bring,
 That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces
And, above all, th' ill conduct of the mated king.

II.

Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
 And sense or reason tell, said I,
 These things have life, election, liberty; 20
 'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
 Their faults and virtues make their fate:

They do, they do, said I, but straight,
 Lo! from my' enlight'ned eyes the mists and shadows
 That hinder spirits from being visible; [fell
 And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the mate. 26
 With man, alas! no otherwise it proves,
 An unseen hand makes all their moves;
 And some are great, and some are small;
 Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall;
 Some wise men, and some fools we call; 31
 Figures, alas! of speech, for Dest'ny plays us all.

III.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take;
 She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
 With her own hand she fashioned; 35
 She did a cov'nant with me make,
 And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake;
 "Thou of my church shalt be:
 "Hate and renounce," said she,
 "Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world for me: 40
 "Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 "Nor at th' Exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling
 "Content thyself with the small barren praise [bar:
 "That neglected verse does raise."
 She spake, and all my years to come 45
 Took their unlucky doom.
 Their sev'ral ways of life let others chuse,
 Their sev'ral pleasures let them use,
 But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

IV.

With Fate what boots it to contend? 50
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star that did my being frame
 Was but a lambent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence. 55
 No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see
 That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee;
 Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
 Fraud, Extortion, Calumny, 60
 Murder, Infidelity,
 Rebellion, and Hypocrisy;
 Do thou not grieve nor blush to be
 As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down
 to Ben. 65

BRUTUS.

I.

EXCELLENT Brutus! of all human race
 The best, till Nature was improv'd by grace,
 Till men above themselves faith raised more
 Than reason above beasts before.
 Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence 5
 Did silently and constantly dispense
 The gentle vigorous influence
 To all the wide and fair circumference;

And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
 Obey'd the mighty force so willingly, 10
 That none could discord or disorder see
 In all their contrariety:
 Each had his motion natural and free, [could be.
 And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world

II.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
 (Mistaken honest men) in Cæsar's blood; 16
 What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
 From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?
 Th' heroick exaltations of good
 Are so far from understood, 20
 We count them vice: alas! our sight's so ill,
 That things which swiftest move seem to stand still.
 We look not upon Virtue in her height,
 On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
 In the original light; 25
 But as her beams reflected pass
 Thro' our own nature or ill Custom's glass:
 And 't is no wonder so,
 If with dejected eye
 In standing pools we seek the sky, 30
 That stars so high above should seem to us below.

III.

Can we stand by and see
 Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
 Yet not to her assistance stir,
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?

Or shall we fear to kill him, if before 36
 The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
 Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
 Ingrateful Cæsar who could Rome inthrall!
 An act more barb'rous and unnatural 40
 (In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
 Than his successour Nero's parricide!
 There's none but Brutus could deserve
 That all men else should wish to serve,
 And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer; 45
 None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

IV.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
 And wrapp'd itself i' th' terrours of the night:
 "I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sp'rit;
 "I'll meet thee there," saidst thou, 50
 With such a voice and such a brow
 As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
 It vanish'd as a taper's light
 Goes out when spirits appear in fight. 54
 One would have thought it had heard the morning
 Or seen her well-appointed star [crow.
 Come marching up the Eastern hill afar.
 Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
 But, unseen, attack'd thee there:
 Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose, 60
 Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes,

Or slain it like Cæsar, tho' it be
A conqu'ror and a monarch mightier far than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odd events, 65
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?
When we see
The false Octavius, and wild Antony,
Godlike Brutus, conquer thee? 70
What can we say but thine own tragick word,
That virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee
As the most solid good, and greatest deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name. 75
Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell 80
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal.
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And show'd thee a God crucify'd. 86

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

I.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
 Of epidemick war the tragick scene,
 When Slaughter all the while
 Seem'd, like its sea, embracing round the isle,
 With tempests and red waves, noise and affright? 5
 Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from White!
 What province or what city did it spare?
 It, like a plague, infected all the air.
 Sure the unpeopled land
 Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand, 10
 Had God's almighty hand
 At the same time let loose Disease's rage,
 Their Civil wars in man to wage:
 But thou by Heav'n wert sent
 This desolation to prevent, 15
 A med'cine and a counter-poison to the age;
 Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
 Than thou didst save;
 By wondrous art, and by successful care,
 The ruins of a Civil war thou dost alone repair. 20

II.

The inundations of all liquid Pain,
 And deluge Dropsy thou dost drain:
 Fevers so hot, that one would say
 Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay,

(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they) 25
 Thou dost so temper, that we find,
 Like gold, the body but refin'd,
 No unhealthful dross behind:
 The subtle Ague, that, for sureness' sake,
 Takes its own times th' assault to make, 30
 And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
 When thy strong guards and works it spies,
 Trembles for itself, and flies.
 The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
 That 's sometimes roll'd away in vain, 35
 But still, like Sisyphus his stone, returns again,
 Thou break'st and meltest by learned juices' force,
 (A greater work, tho' short the way appear,
 Than Hannibal 's by vinegar)
 Oppressed Nature's necessary course 40
 It stops in vain, like Moses, thou
 Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters flow.

III.

The Indian son of Lust, (that foul disease) 44
 Which did on this his new-found world but lately
 Yet since a tyranny has planted here; [seize,
 As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
 Is so quite rooted out by thee,
 That thy patients seem to be
 Restor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
 The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill, 50
 Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,

If thou but succour the besieged heart,
 Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,
 As if it fear'd no less thy art
 Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart. 55
 What need there here repeated be by me
 The vast and barbarous lexicon
 Of man's infirmity?
 At thy strong charms it must be gone,
 Tho' a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

IV.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou 61
 Dost all the pow'rs and several portions know,
 Which father-Sun and mother-Earth below
 On their green infants here bestow,
 Can't all those magick virtues from them draw, 65
 That keep Disease and Death in awe;
 Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
 Fear lest the tree of Life should be found out by thee:
 And, thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
 No less account of th' empire sensitive, 70
 Chiefly of man, whose body is
 That active soul's metropolis.
 As the great artist, in his sphere of glafs,
 Saw the whole scene of heav'nly motions pass,
 So thou know'st all so well that 's done within, 75
 As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

V.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
 But whole Apollo is thine own:

His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
 Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee. 80
 Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
 From the physicians' frequent malady,
 Fantastick incivility:
 There are who all their patients' chagrin have, 84
 As if they took each morn worse potions than they
 And this great race of learning thou hast run, [gave:
 Ere that of life be half yet done:
 Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
 And like t' enjoy the conquests long.
 The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke, 90
 Did he live now he would revoke,
 And better things of man report;
 For thou dost make life long, and art but short.

VI.

Ah! learned Friend! it grieves me when I think
 That thou, with all thy art, must die 95
 As certainly as I;
 And all thy noble reparations sink
 Into the sure-wrought mine of treach'rous mortality.
 Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
 Thou holdst out towns that must at last be ta'en, 100
 And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
 Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,
 'Tis all the ready money Fate can give;
 Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
 And let thy friends so happy be 105
 T' enjoy at once their health and thee:

Some hours at least to thine own pleasures spare;
 Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
 Bestow it not all in charity.
 Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
 When all is done, life's an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
 So like, that one might take one for the other!
 What's Somebody, or Nobody?
 In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
 We no such nice distinction woven see
 As 't is To be, or Not to be.
 Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
 From the false glories of the gay-reflected bow
 Is a more solid thing than thou.
 Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
 Up betwixt two eternities,
 Yet canst not wave nor wind sustain, [again.
 But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet

II.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
 Ourselves then to survive?
 Wise subtle arts, and such as well besit
 That nothing, man's no wit;
 Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
 And by the proofs of death pretend to live,

Here lies the great—False Marble! where? 20
 Nothing but small and fordid dust lies there.
 Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
 The fools and architects to please;
 A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
 So he who on the Egyptian shore 25
 Was slain so many hundred years before,
 Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!
 Oh! life that Epicures envy to hear!)
 Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim 30
 In the seraphick entity of Fame:
 He, since that toy his death,
 Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
 'Tis true the two immortal syllables remain,
 But, oh! ye learned Men! explain, 35
 What essence, what existence this,
 What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
 In six poor letters is?
 In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
 'Tis all the conquer'd world could give. 40
 We poets madder yet than all,
 With a refin'd fantastick vanity,
 Think we not only have, but give eternity.
 Fain would I see that prodigal,
 Who his to-morrow would bestow, 45
 For all old Homer's life e'er since he dy'd till now.

THE ECSTASY.

I.

I LEAVE mortality and things below;
 I have no time in compliments to waste;
 Farewell to ye' all in haste,
 For I am call'd to go.
 A whirlwind bears up my dull feet, 5
 Th' officious clouds beneath them meet,
 And, lo! I mount, and, lo! [show!
 How small the biggest parts of earth's proud tittle

II.

Where shall I find the noble British land?
 Lo! I at last a northern speck espy, 10
 Which in the sea does lie,
 And seems a grain of th' sand!
 For this will any fin or bleed?
 Of Civil wars is this the meed?
 And is it this, alas! which we, 15
 Oh irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

III.

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
 Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
 Dry and secure I go,
 Nor shake with fear or cold. 20
 Without affright or wonder
 I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
 And lightnings in my way,
 Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples play.

IV.

Now into' a gentle sea of rolling flame 25
 I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
 As flames mount up thro' air.
 So perfect, yet so tame,
 So great, so pure, so bright, a fire
 Was that unfortunate desire 30
 My faithful breast did cover
 Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

V.

Thro' several orbs which one fair planet bear,
 Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
 The hints of Galilæo's glass, 35
 I touch'd at last the spangled sphere :
 Here all th' extended sky
 Is but one Galaxy.
 'Tis all so bright and gay,
 And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day. 40

VI.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;
 An unexhausted ocean of delight
 Swallows my senses quite,
 And drowns all what, or how, or where.
 Not Paul, who first did thither pass, 45
 And this great world's Columbus was,
 The tyrannous pleasure could express.
 Oh! 't is too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

VII.

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,
 That second man who leap'd the ditch where all 50
 The rest of mankind fall,
 And went not downwards to the sky;
 With much of pomp and show
 (As conqu'ring kings in triumph go)
 Did he to heav'n approach, 55
 And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his

VIII.

[coach.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part;
 Of essences, of gems, and spirit of gold
 Was its substantial mould;
 Drawn forth by chymick angels' art. 60
 Here with moon-beams 't was silver'd bright,
 There double-gilt with the sun's light,
 And mystick shapes cut round in it,
 Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

IX.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made, 65
 Of all that in heav'n's beauteous pastures feed,
 The noblest, sprightfull'st breed,
 And flaming manes their necks array'd:
 They all were shod with diamond,
 Not such as here are found, 70
 But such light solid ones as shine
 On the transparent rocks o' th' heav'nly crystalline.

X.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies,
 Astonish'd men, who oft' had seen stars fall,
 Or that which so they call, 75
 Wonder'd from hence to see one rise :
 The soft clouds melted him away,
 The snow and frosts which in it lay
 Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,
 The wheels and horses' hoofs his'd as they pass'd them

XI.

[o'er.

He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright 81
 All the worlds there, which at this meteor gaz'd,
 And their astrologers amaz'd
 With th' unexampled sight ;
 But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known, 85
 Till phoenix Nature, aged grown,
 To a better being do aspire,
 And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire. 88

TO THE NEW YEAR.

I.

GREAT Janus! who dost, sure, my mistress view
 With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few,
 If thy foreface do see
 No better things prepar'd for me
 Than did thy face behind ; 5
 If still her breast must shut against me be

(For 't is not peace that temple's gate does bind)
 Oh! let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming find,
 With thine old year its voyage take, 9
 Borne down that stream of time which no return can

II.

[make.

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
 Th' old avaricious year,
 Whether I would or no, will bear
 At least a part of me away: 14
 His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and
 Tho' never any where they stay, [hours,
 Make in their passage all their prey:
 The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear, can
 Nought of value left behind: [find
 All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
 Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink, 21
 Remain for latter years to drink,
 Until some one, offended with the taste,
 The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relicks run

III.

[at last.

If then, young Year! thou needs must come 25
 (For in Time's fruitful womb
 The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
 Nor ever can miscarry)
 Chuse thy attendants well; for 't is not thee
 We fear, but 't is thy company. 30
 Let neither loss of friends, or fame, or liberty,
 Nor pining sickness, nor tormenting pain,

Nor sadness, nor uncleanly poverty,
 Be seen among thy train;
 Nor let thy livery be, 35
 Either black Sin or gaudy Vanity:
 Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
 Let not so much as Love be there:
 Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
 Altho' I fear 40
 There's of this caution little need,
 Yet, gentle Year! take heed
 How thou dost make
 Such a mistake:
 Such love I mean alone 45
 As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
 For tho' I've too much cause to doubt it,
 I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

IV.

Into the future times why do we pry,
 And seek to antedate our misery? 50
 Like jealous men, why are we longing still
 To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
 'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 't were a sight,
 That would even happiest men affright,
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy
 The past and present joy: 56
 In whatsoever character
 The book of Fate is writ,
 'Tis well we understand not it;

We should grow mad with little learning there: 60
 Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
 Undecently and foolishly
 We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
 The fatal flood to enter:
 Since willing or unwilling we must do it, 65
 They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

L I F E.

 Nascentes morimur,

MANIL.

I.

WE're ill by these grammarians us'd;
 We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd;
 From the maternal tomb
 To the grave's fruitful womb
 We call here Life; but Life's a name 5
 That nothing here can truly claim:
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
 We call our Dwelling-place;
 We call one step a Race:
 But angels in their full-enlighten'd state, 10
 Angels who live, and know what 't is to be,
 Who all the nonsense of our language see,
 Who speak things, and our words their ill-drawn pic-
 When we by a foolish figure say, [ture scorn.
 Behold an old man dead! then they 15
 Speak properly, and cry, Behold a manchild born.



II.

My eyes are open'd, and I see
 Thro' the transparent fallacy :
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like men of business, and for business walk 20
 From place to place,
 And mighty voyages we take,
 And mighty journies seem to make
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space :
 Because we fight, and battles gain, 25
 Some captives call, and say the rest are slain :
 Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow :
 Because we draw a long nobility
 From hieroglyphick proofs of heraldry, 30
 And impudently talk of a posterity ;
 And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
 Who write of twenty thousand years,
 With maravedies make th' account,
 That single time might to a sum amount ; 35
 We grow at last by custom to believe
 That really we live ;
 Whilst all these shadows that for things we take,
 Are but the empty dreams which in death's sleep we

III.

[make.
 But these fantastick errors of our dream 40
 Lead us to solid wrong ;
 We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,

And wish uncharitably for them
 To be as long a-dying as Methusalem.
 The ripen'd soul longs from his pris'n to come, 45
 But we would seal and sew up, if we could, the womb.
 We seek to close and plaster up by art
 The cracks and breaches of the extended shell,
 And in that narrow cell
 Would rudely force to dwell
 The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part. 51

CHAP. XXXIV. OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

I.

AWAKE, and with attention hear,
 Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
 Awake, I say, and listen well,
 To what from God, I his loud prophet, tell.
 Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise, 5
 And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
 Be still thou Sea! be still thou Air and Earth!
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's birth;
 A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
 In strength and number more 10
 Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
 To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

II.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
 And from it streams a dismal ray;
 I see the scabbard cast away: 15
 How red, anon, with slaughter will it prove!

How will it sweat and reek in blood!
 How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his
 And devour all the mighty feast! [food!
 Nothing soon but bones will rest. 20
 God does a solemn sacrifice prepare,
 But not of oxen nor of rams,
 Not of kids nor of their dams,
 Not of heifers nor of lambs: 24
 The altar all the land, and all men in it the victims
 Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare, [are.
 The beasts so long have sacrificed been,
 Since men their birthright forfeit still by sin,
 'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
 And sacrificed men their better brethren save. 30

III.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
 Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
 When, at the final doom,
 Nature and Time shall both be slain,
 Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain, 35
 And the whole world their funeral pile become;
 The wide-stretch'd scroll of heav'n, which we
 Immortal as the Deity think,
 With all the beauteous characters that in it
 With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ, 40
 Whose eloquence tho' we understand not we admire,
 Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
 Like parchment in a fire:

Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend,
 But truly then headlong into the sea descend; 45
 The glitt'ring host now in such fair array,
 So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
 Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
 Thick as ripe fruit or yellow leaves in autumn fall, 50
 With such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

IV.

And thou, O cursed Land!
 Which wilt not see the precipicewhere thou dost stand,
 Tho' thou stand'st just upon the brink,
 Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt drink:
 Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so 56
 With human blood o'erflow,
 That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
 Which in the fields around unburied lay,
 And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their prey.
 The rotting corpse shall so infect the air, 61
 Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
 That by thine own dead shall be slain
 All thy few living that remain.
 As one who buys surveys a ground, 65
 So the destroying angel measures it around;
 So careful and so strict he is,
 Lest any nook or corner he should miss;
 He walks about the perishing nation,
 Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation. 70

V.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
 Be chok'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grafs;
 The serpents thro' thy streets shall roll,
 And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
 And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
 And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air, 76
 Tho' no new ills can be foreboded there.
 The lion then shall to the leopard say,
 Brother Leopard! come away;
 Behold a land which God has giv'n us in prey! 80
 Behold a land from whence we see
 Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!
 The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

VI.

The glutt'd vultures shall expect in vain
 New armies to be slain; 85
 Shall find at last the business done,
 Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone.
 Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
 The Satyrs laugh to hear them groan:
 The evil spirits that delight 90
 To dance and revel in the mask of night,
 The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright:
 And if of lost mankind
 Ought happen to be left behind,
 If any relicks but remain,
 They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall
 reign. 96

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

I.

Is this thy brav'ry, Man! is this thy pride!
 Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
 Captiv'd by ev'ry thing! and only free
 To fly from thine own liberty!
 All creatures the Creator said were thine; 5
 No creature but might since say man is mine!
 In black Egyptian slavery we lie,
 And sweat and toil in the vain drudgery
 Of tyrant Sin,
 To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath
 In building up the monuments of death. 11
 We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
 In vain the prophets and apostles come
 To call us home,
 Home to the promis'd Canaan above, 15
 Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant honey
 And ev'n i'th' way to which we should be fed [flow;
 With angels' tasteful bread:
 But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
 We love the very leeks and fordid roots below. 20

II.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see;
 In vain did God to descend hither deign,
 He was his own ambassadour in vain,
 Our Moses and our guide himself to be.

We will not let ourselves to go, 25
 And with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs
 Ah! lest at last we perish so, [grow;
 Think, stubborn Man! think of th' Egyptian prince,
 (Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou) 29
 Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
 The feeble arguments that human pow'r could show;
 Think what plagues attend on thee,
 Who Moses' God dost now refuse more oft' than Mo-

III. [ses he.

“ If from some God you come,” said the proud king,
 With half a smile and half a frown, 35
 “ But what God can to Egypt be unknown?
 “ What sign, what pow'rs, what credence do you
 “ Behold his seal! behold his hand!” [bring!”
 Cries Moses, and casts down the almighty wand:
 Th' almighty wand scarce touch'd the earth, 40
 When, with an undiscerned birth,
 Th' almighty wand a serpent grew,
 And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
 Upwards his threat'ning tail he threw,
 Upwards he cast his threat'ning head, 45
 He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
 With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
 And, like a basilisk, almost look'd the assembly dead:
 Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

IV.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight, 50
 And with proud words allay'd th' affright.

"The God of slaves!" said they, "how can he be
 "More pow'rful than their master's deity?"
 And down they cast their rods, 54
 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
 The evil spirits their charms obey, [gods.
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
 And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay :
 Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
 Were ready still at hand, 60
 And all at th' Old Serpent's first command :
 And they, too, gap'd, and they, too, hiss'd,
 And they their threat'ning tails did twist ;
 But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
 Broke both their active backs, and both it flew, 65
 And both almost at once devour'd ;
 So much was overpow'r'd
 By God's miraculous creation
 His servants Nature's slightly-wrought and feeble ge-
 neration. V. [neration.
 On the fam'd bank the prophets stood, 70
 Touch'd with their rod, and wounded all the flood ;
 Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood :
 The helpless fish were found
 In their strange current drown'd ;
 The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide 75
 About it blush'd and dy'd :
 Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground ;
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
 Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried :

Nor all thy priests, nor thou 80
 Oh, King! couldst ever show
 From whence thy wand'ring Nile begins his course;
 Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source,
 And as thy land that does o'erflow,
 Take heed lest this do so. 85
 What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
 The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all.
 The kind, instructing punishment, enjoy;
 Whom the Red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall

VI.

[destroy.

The river yet gave one instruction more, 90
 And from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore,
 Which was but water just before,
 A loathsome host was quickly made, [country' invade.
 That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all the
 As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed, 95
 (But like a friend he visits all the land
 With welcome presents in his hand)
 So did this living tide the fields o'erspread.
 In vain th' alarmed country tries
 To kill their noisome enemies, 100
 From th' unexhausted source still new recruits arise:
 Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice;
 The towns and houses they possess,
 The temples and the palaces,
 Nor Pharaoh nor his gods they fear, 105
 Both their importune croakings hear:

Unfatiate yet, they mount up high'r,
 Where never sun-born frog durst to aspire,
 And in the silken beds their slimy members place,
 A luxury unknown before to all the wat'ry race. 110

VII.

The water thus her wonders did produce,
 But both were to no use:
 As yet the Sorcerers' mimick power serv'd for excuse.
 Try what the earth will do, said God, and, lo!
 They stroke the earth a fertile blow, 115
 And all the dust did straight to stir begin,
 One would have thought some sudden wind it had
 But, lo! 't was nimble Life was got within! [been;
 And all the little springs did move,
 And ev'ry dust did an arm'd vermine prove, 120
 Of an unknown and new-created kind,
 Such as the magick gods could neither make or find.
 The wretched shameful foe allow'd no rest
 Either to man or beast;
 Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be, 125
 With all his change of raiments, free;
 The devils themselves confess'd
 This was God's hand; and 't was but just
 To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

VIII.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare, 130
 And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
 With sullen noise they take their flight,

And march in bodies infinite ;
 In vain 't is day above, 't is still beneath them night.
 Of harmful flies the nations numberless 135
 Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast ;
 Of different manners, different languages,
 And different habits, too, they wore,
 And different arms they bore ;
 And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood, 140
 And some on green, and some on flow'ry food,
 And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.
 Houses secure not men ; the populous ill
 Did all the houses fill :
 The country all around, 145
 Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound ;
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,
 And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

IX.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came,
 (The mingled malice of their flame) 150
 A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
 And with just hands the sad composure make,
 And over all the land did the full vial shake.
 Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,
 And pining pains, and shivering sweats, 155
 On all the cattle, all the beasts, did fall ;
 With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
 The labouring ox drops down before the plough ;
 The crowned victims to the altar led

Sink, and prevent the lifted blow : 160
 The generous horse from the full manger turns his
 Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn, [head,
 Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
 Nor can his lifeless nostril please 164
 With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mi-
 The starving sheep refuse to feed, [stresses.
 They bleat their innocent souls out into air;
 The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
 Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tune-
 X. [ful reed.
 Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die, 170
 God did on man a gentler medicine try,
 And a disease for physick did apply.
 Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took,
 The Sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
 And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell 175
 Which no Egyptian rituals tell.
 He flings the pregnant ashes thro' the air,
 And speaks a mighty pray'r,
 Both which the minist'ring winds around all Egypt
 As gentle western blasts, with downy wings [bear.
 Hatching the tender springs, 181
 To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
 Ye living Buds why do ye stay?
 The passionate buds break thro' the bark their way;
 So wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew, 185
 Swelling pains and ulcers grew;

It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
 And to them added new ;
 A noisome spring of sores as thick as leaves did sprout.

XI.

Heav'n itself is angry next ; 190
 Wo to man when Heav'n is vex'd ;
 With sullen brow it frown'd,
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound ;
 'Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
 Waves the expected signal of his wand, 195
 And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons
 And fill the spacious plains above ; [move,
 Thro' which the rolling thunder first does play,
 And opens wide the tempest's noisy way :
 And straight a stony shower 200
 Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
 Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
 From all her stormy magazines of the North :
 It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
 O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay ; 205
 The houses and strong-body'd trees it broke,
 Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke :
 The thunder but for terroure thro' it flew,
 The hail alone the work could do.
 The dismal lightnings all around, 210
 Some flying thro' the air, some running on the ground,
 Some swimming o'er the waters' face,
 Fill'd with bright horroure every place ;

One would have thought their dreadful day to have
seen,

The very hail and rain itself had kindled been. 215

XII.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,

Escap'd this general massacre

Of every thing that grew;

And the well-stor'd Egyptian year

Began to clothe her fields and trees anew; 220

When lo! a scorching wind from the burnt countries

And endless legions with it drew [blew;

Of greedy locusts, who, where'er

With founding wings they flew,

Left all the earth depopulate and bare, 225

As if Winter itself had march'd by there.

Whate'er the Sun and Nile

Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,

The wretched pillagers bore away,

And the whole Summer was their prey; 230

Till Moses, with a prayer,

Breath'd forth a violent western wind,

Which all these living clouds did headlong bear

(No stragglers left behind)

Into the purple sea, and there bestow 235

On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.

With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,

And little thinks their fate attends on him and his so

near.

U ij

XIII.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear? 240

Whate'er but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaim 245

Privation's empty name,
Thro' secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose;
They with a solid cloud

All heav'n's eclipsed face did shroud; 250
Seem'd with large wings spread o'er the sea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos his deformed birth;
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did, at the dreadful sight, wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to
retire. 255

The living men were in their standing houses buried;
But the long night no slumber knows,
But the short death finds no repose.

Ten thousand terrours thro' the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured, 260
And fancies multiplying fight.

View'd all the scenes invisible of night.

XIV.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;

The flock and bloody battle now begins, 265
 The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.
 It was the time when the still moon
 Was mounted softly to her noon,
 And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs
 Gently as Nile the land o'erflows; [arose,
 When, lo! from the high countries of refined day, 271
 The golden heaven without allay,
 Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray,
 Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly 275
 Swift as the journies of the fight,
 Swift as the race of Light,
 And with his winged will cuts thro' the yielding sky;
 He pass'd thro' many a star, and as he pass'd
 Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there 280
 Than they did in their sphere:
 On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast
 Down on the sinful land where he was sent
 T' inflict the tardy punishment. 285
 " Ah! yet," said he, " yet, stubborn King! repent,
 " Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
 " Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
 " Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live; [hand;
 " Who would, alas! believe 290
 " That it for man, said he,
 " So hard to be forgiv'n should be,
 " And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

XV.

He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
 Made of the blackest fleece of night, 296
 And close-wrought to keep in the pow'rful light;
 Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight,
 But thro' the keyholes and the chinks of doors,
 And thro' the narrowest walks of crooked pores, 300
 He pass'd more swift and free
 Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee:
 He took a pointed pestilence in his hand,
 The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
 The strongly-temper'd blade, 305
 The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
 Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land:
 Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
 And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
 Of every womb; none did he spare; 310
 None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple

XVI. [heir.

The swift approach of endless night
 Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
 They awake the rest with dying cries,
 And darkness doubles the affright. 315
 The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
 And lose their parted souls 't wixt grief and fear.
 Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
 Pierces this chaos of confused noise;

As brighter lightning cuts a way, 320
 Clear, and distinguish'd thro' the day:
 With less complaints the Zoan temples found,
 When the adored heifer 's drown'd,
 And no true mark'd successour to be found: [less
 Whilst Health, and Strength, and Gladness does pos-
 The festal Hebrew cottages; 326
 The bless'd destroyer comes not there,
 To interrupt the sacred cheer,
 That new begins their well-reformed year.
 Upon their doors he read and understood 330
 God's protection writ in blood;
 Well was he skill'd i' th' character divine,
 And tho' he pass'd by it in haste,
 He bow'd and worshipp'd as he pass'd
 The mighty mystery thro' its humble sign. 335

XVII.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,
 Longer with its edge to play,
 No diligence or cost they spare
 To haste the Hebrews now away,
 Pharaoh himself chides their delay; 340
 So kind and bountiful is Fear!
 But, oh! the bounty which to Fear we owe,
 Is but like fire struck out of stone,
 So hardly got, and quickly gone,
 That it scarce outlives the blow. 345
 Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
 Rage and revenge their place possess'd:

With a vast host of chariots and of horse,
 And all his pow'rful kingdom's ready force,
 The travelling nation he pursues; 350
 Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war renews.
 Fill'd with proud hopes, "At least," said he,
 "The Egyptian gods, from Syrian magick free,
 "Will now revenge themselves and me;
 "Behold what passless rocks on either hand, 355
 "Like prison walls, about them stand!
 "Whilst the sea bounds their flight before,
 "And in our injur'd justice they must find
 "A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;
 "Which shall with crimson gore 360
 "New paint the water's name, and double dye the
 XVIII. [shore."

He spoke; and all his host
 Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
 A hidden wind bore his vain words away,
 And drown'd them in the neighb'ring sea. 365
 No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
 And with degenerate fear to die,
 Curse their new-gotten liberty:
 But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
 And saw a path hid yet from human sight: 370
 He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
 Unloose their close embraces, and divide,
 And backwards press, as in some solemn show
 The crowding people do,

(Tho' just before no space was seen) 375
 To let the admired triumph pass between.
 The wond'ring army saw, on either hand,
 The no less wond'ring waves like rocks of crystal
 They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod [stand.
 The secret paths of God : 380
 And here and there, all scatter'd in their way,
 The sea's old spoils and gaping fishes lay
 Deserted on the sandy plain :
 The Sun did with astonishment behold
 The inmost chambers of the open'd main, 385
 For whatso'er of old
 By his own priests, the poets, has been said,
 He never sunk till then into the Ocean's bed.

XIX.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
 To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came, 390
 And saw behind th' unguided foe
 March disorderly and slow :
 The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
 Shakes his imperious wand ;
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie, 395
 The beck'ning wand espy ;
 Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,
 And with a murmuring wind
 Give the word March to all behind ;
 The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove, 400
 But with a joyful louder noise,
 Answer their distant fellows' voice,

And haste to meet them make,
 As several troops do all at once a common signal take.
 What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
 Which on the Chamian army fell, 406
 When on both sides they saw the roaring main
 Broke loose from his invisible chain?
 They saw the monstrous death and wat'ry war,
 Come rolling down loud ruin from afar: 410
 In vain some backward and some forwards fly
 With helpless haste, in vain they cry
 To their celestial beasts for aid;
 In vain their guilty king they' upbraid,
 In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call, 415
 With a repentance true too late;
 They're compass'd round with a devouring fate
 That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon
 them all. 418

ANACREONTICKS:
OR, SOME COPIES OF VERSES

translated paraphrastically

OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes, and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse! but, lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love. 5
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing, sure, will do.
These, sure, said I, will me obey;
These, sure, heroick notes will play.
Straight I began with thund'ring Jove, 10
And all th' immortal powers but Love:
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love, soft desire.
Farewell then heroes, farewell kings, 15
And mighty numbers, mighty things;
Love tunes my heart just to my strings. 17

II. DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.

The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair:
 The sea itself, which one would think 5
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun (and one would guess
 By 's drunken fiery face no less) 10
 Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and rival all the night.
 Nothing in Nature 's sober found, 15
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there, for why
 Should ev'ry creature drink but I;
 Why, men of morals, tell we why? 20

III. BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
 To all things arms for their defence;
 And some she arms with fin'wy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course;
 Some with hard hoofs, or forked claws, 5
 And some with horns, or tusked jaws;
 And some with scales, and some with wings,
 And some with teeth, and some with stings:

Wisdom to man she did afford,
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword: 10
 What to beauteous womankind,
 What arms, what armour, has she assign'd?
 Beauty is both; for with the fair
 What arms, what armour, can compare?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond, 15
 More impassible is found?
 And yet what flame, what lightning e'er
 So great an active force did bear?
 They are all weapon, and they dart,
 Like porcupines, from ev'ry part. 20
 Who can, alas! their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cape-à-pè with nakedness? 23

IV. THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
 I will not now Love's rebel prove;
 Tho' I was once his enemy;
 Tho' ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the combat him defy. } 5
 An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
 Like some new Ajax I did wield.
 Love in one hand his bow did take,
 In th' other hand a dart did shake:
 But yet in vain the dart did throw, 10
 In vain he often drew the bow:

So well my armour did resist,
 So oft' by flight the blow I mis'd :
 But when I thought all danger past,
 His quiver empty'd quite at last, 15
 Instead of arrow or of dart,
 He shot himself into my heart :
 The living and the killing arrow
 Ran thro' the skin, the flesh, the blood,
 And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow, 20
 No trench or work of life withstood.
 In vain I now the walls maintain,
 I set out guards and scouts in vain,
 Since th' en'my does within remain :
 In vain a breastplate now I wear, 25
 Since in my breast the foe I bear :
 In vain my feet their swiftness try,
 For from the body can they fly ? 28

V. AGE.

OFT' am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon ! thou grow'st old ;
 Look how thy hairs are falling all ;
 Poor Anacreon ! how they fall !
 Whether I grow old or no, 5
 By th' effects I do not know :
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to live if I grow old :

'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

} 11

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told,
(The endless fums of heav'nly gold)
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly Autumn's head that fall,
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be,
Thou then, and thou alone, must prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more;
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three,
Write then at Lesbos (let me see);
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one:
And next to these let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively:
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 't is, I am sure, complete:

X ij

For arms at Crete each face does bear,
 And ev'ry eye 's an archer there.
 Go on, this stop why dost thou make? 25
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
 Seems this to thee too great a sum?
 Why, many thousands are to come;
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast
 Such diff'rent nations in his host. 30
 On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better secretary.
 I have not yet my Persian told,
 Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
 Nor Indian nor Arabian, 35
 Nor Cyprian loves, nor African,
 Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
 There 's a whole map behind of names,
 Of gentle loves i' th' Temp'rate Zone,
 And cold ones in the Frigid one, 40
 Cold frozen loves with which I pine,
 And parched loves beneath the Line. 43

VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
 And 't is a pain that pain to miss:
 But of all pain the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood, 5
 Nor wit, by love is understood;

Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love!
 A curse on her, and on the man,
 Who this traffick first began! 10
 A curse on him who found the ore!
 A curse on him who digg'd the store!
 A curse on him who did refine it!
 A curse on him who first did coin it!
 A curse, all curses else above, 15
 On him who us'd it first in love!
 Gold begets in brethren hate,
 Gold in families debate;
 Gold does friendship separate,
 Gold does Civil wars create: 20
 These the smallest harms of it!
 Gold, alas! does love beget. 22

VIII. THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine,
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses smile:
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn 5
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours, we have it here:
 Let us treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay: 10

Let us banish bus'ness, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

12

IX. ANOTHER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up,
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,
Upon the mon'uments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;

5

10

15

20

After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are Stoicks in the grave.

25 }
 27 }

X. THE GRASHOPPER.

HAPPY Insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee;
 All that summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice:
 Man for thee does sow and plough;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!

5

10

15

20

Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
 Phœbus is himself thy fire.
 To thee of all things upon earth, 25
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy Insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among, 30
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest. 34

XI. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater ! what dost thou
 So early at my window do
 With thy tuneless serenade ?
 Well it had been had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel ; 5
 There his knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscover'd nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys
 Free from the stormy season's noise ; 10
 Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me ;
 Who disturbs or seeks out thee ?
 Hadst thou all the charming notes
 Of the woods' poetick throats,

All thy art could never pay 15
 What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
 Cruel Bird! thou 'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms to-day;
 A dream that ne'er must equal'd be
 By all that waking eyes may see: 20
 Thou this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good can't bring,
 Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring. 24

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

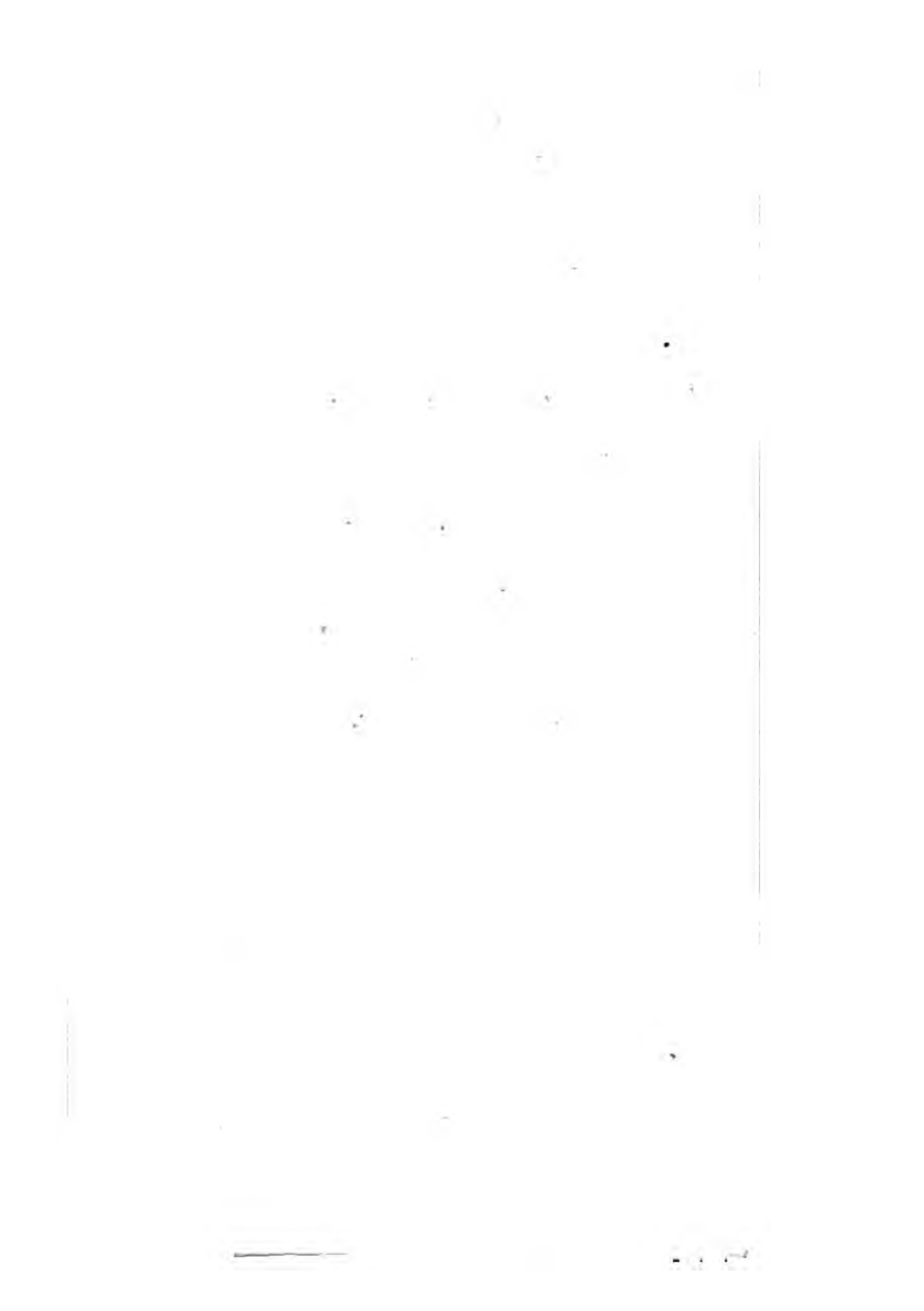
How shall I lament thine end,
 My best servant, and my friend?
 Nay, and if from a deity
 So much deify'd as I,
 It sound not too profane and odd, 5
 Oh! my Master, and my God!
 For 't is true, most mighty Poet!
 (Tho' I like not men should know it)
 I am in naked Nature less,
 Less by much than in thy drefs. 10
 All thy verse is softer far
 Than the downy feathers are
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows:

Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses, 15
 Or their riper following blisses,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
 All with Venus' girdle bound,
 And thy life was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy style: 20
 The smooth-pac'd hours of ev'ry day
 Glided num'rously away;
 Like thy verse each hour did pass,
 Sweet and short, like that it was.
 Some do but their youth allow me, 25
 Just what they by Nature owe me,
 The time that 's mine, and not their own,
 The certain tribute of my crown;
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too busy or too wise for me. 30
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know
 None too wise for love can grow.
 Love was with thy life entwin'd,
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;
 A pow'rful brand prescrib'd the date 35
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
 Th' antiperistasis of age
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage;
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more
 Than even golden curls before. 40
 Had I the power of creation,
 As I have of generation,

Where I the matter must obey,
 And cannot work plate out of clay,
 My creatures should be all like thee ; 45
 'Tis thou shouldst their idea be.
 They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
 Bus'ness, honour, title, state:
 Other wealth they should not know
 But what my living mines bestow: 50
 The pomp of kings they should confess
 At their crownings to be less
 Than a lover's humblest guise,
 When at his mistress' feet he lies.
 Rumour they no more should mind 55
 Than men safe-landed do the wind.
 Wisdom itself they should not hear
 When it presumes to be severe.
 Beauty alone they should admire,
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire, 60
 Nor ask what parents it can show;
 With dead or old it has nought to do.
 They should not love yet all, or any,
 But very much, and very many.
 All their life should gilded be 65
 With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
 Well rememb'ring, and applying
 The necessity of dying.
 Their cheerful heads should always wear
 All that crowns the flow'ry year. 70

They should always laugh and sing,
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string.
 Verse should from their tongue so flow,
 As if it in the mouth did grow,
 As swiftly answ'ring their command, 75
 As tunes obey the artful hand :
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
 'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
 I of the Grape no mention make, 80
 Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
 Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well,
 And 't was oft' my wanton use
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.
 Cursed Plant! 't is true I see 85
 Th' old report that goes of thee,
 That with giants' blood the earth
 Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth,
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
 On men in whom the gods delight. 90
 Thy patron Bacchus, 't is no wonder,
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
 Worse than his tigers he delights;
 In all our heav'n I think there be 95
 No such illnatur'd god as he.
 Thou pretendest, trait'rous Wine!
 To be the Muses' friend and mine :

With love and wit thou dost begin,
 False fires, alas! to draw us in; 100
 Which, if our course we by them keep,
 Misguide to madness or to sleep:
 Sleep were well; thou hast learn'd a way
 To death itself now to betray.
 It grieves me when I see what fate 105
 Does on the best of mankind wait.
 Poets or lovers let them be,
 'Tis neither love nor poesy
 Can arm against Death's smallest dart
 The poet's head or lover's heart; 110
 But when their life in its decline
 Touches th' inevitable line,
 All the world's mortal to 'em then,
 As wine is aconite to men:
 Nay, in Death's hand the Grape-stone proves
 As strong as thunder is in Jove's. 116



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