



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

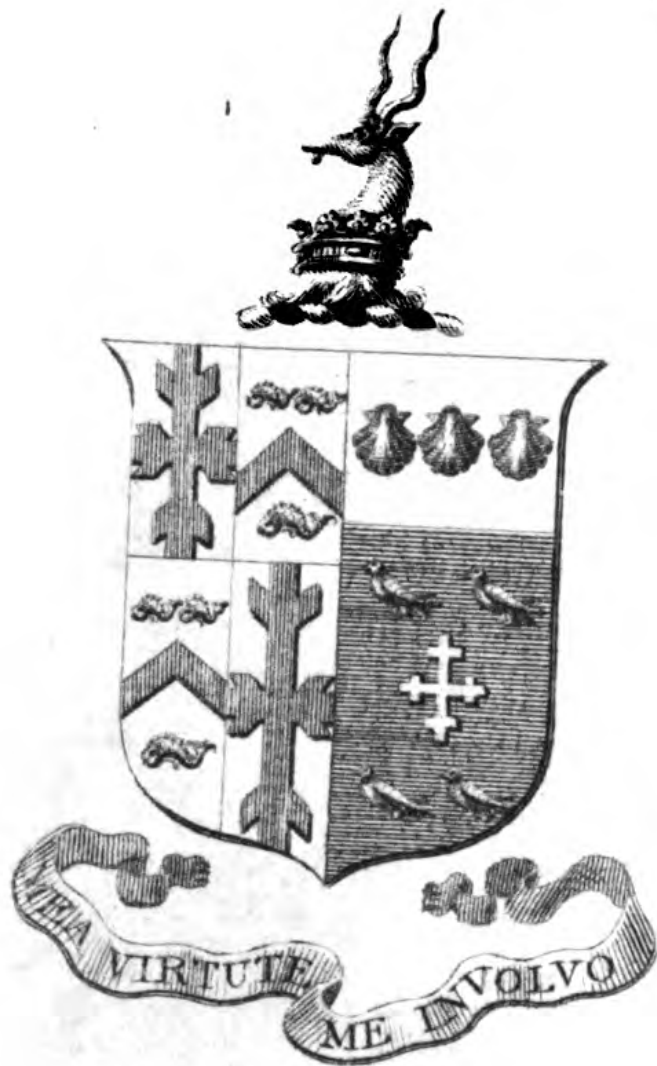
For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

120.1501



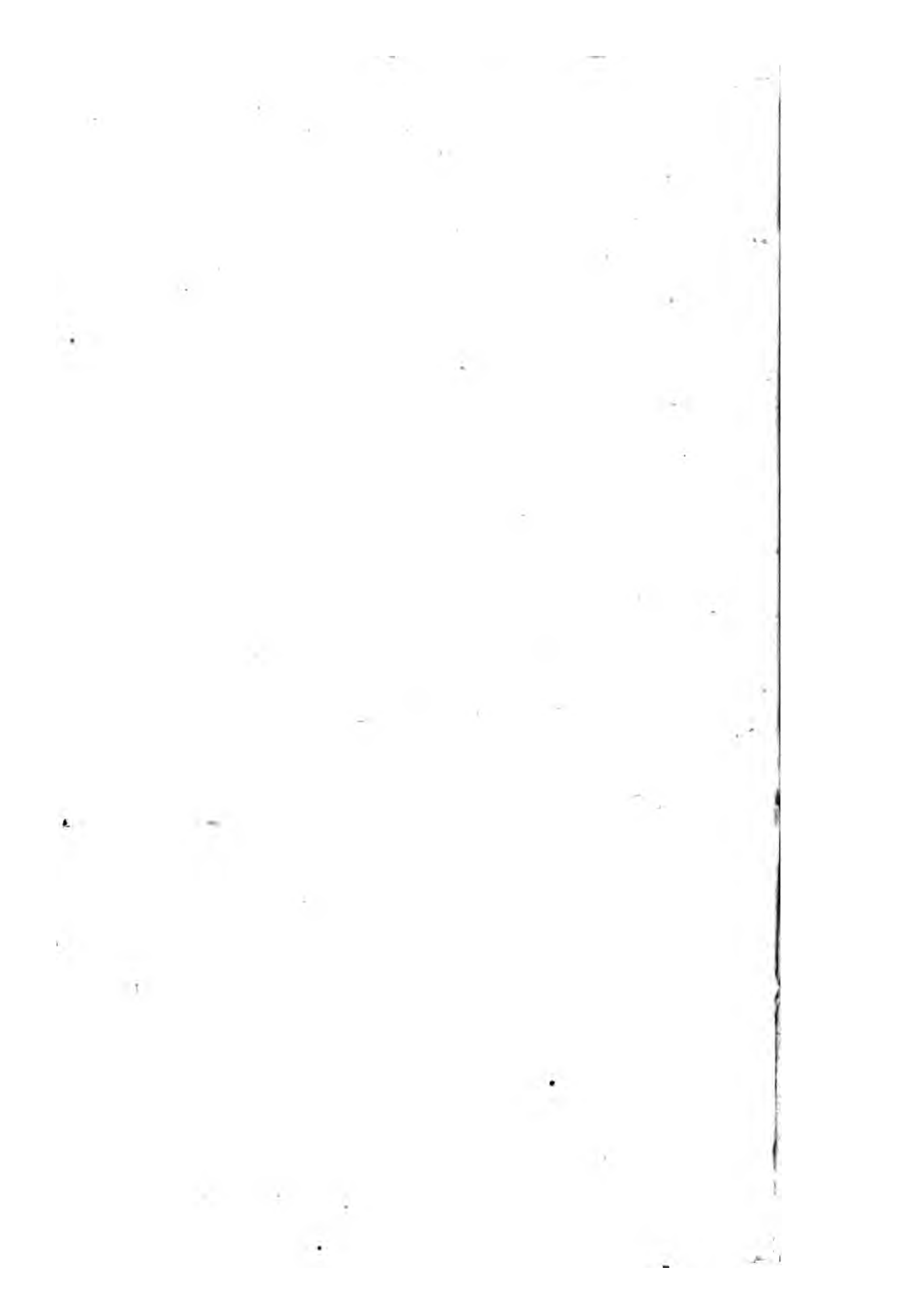
*Escudo. León.*

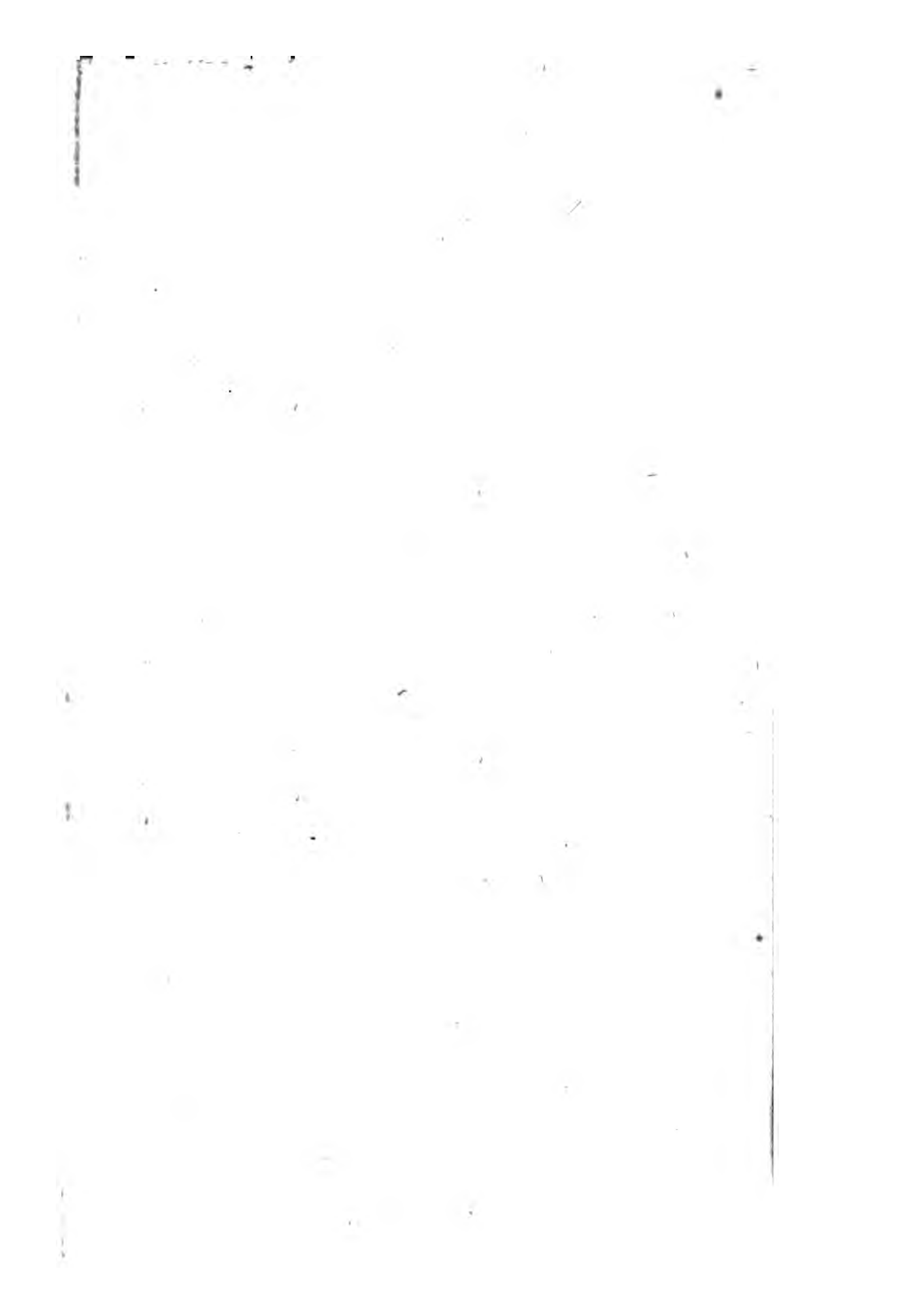


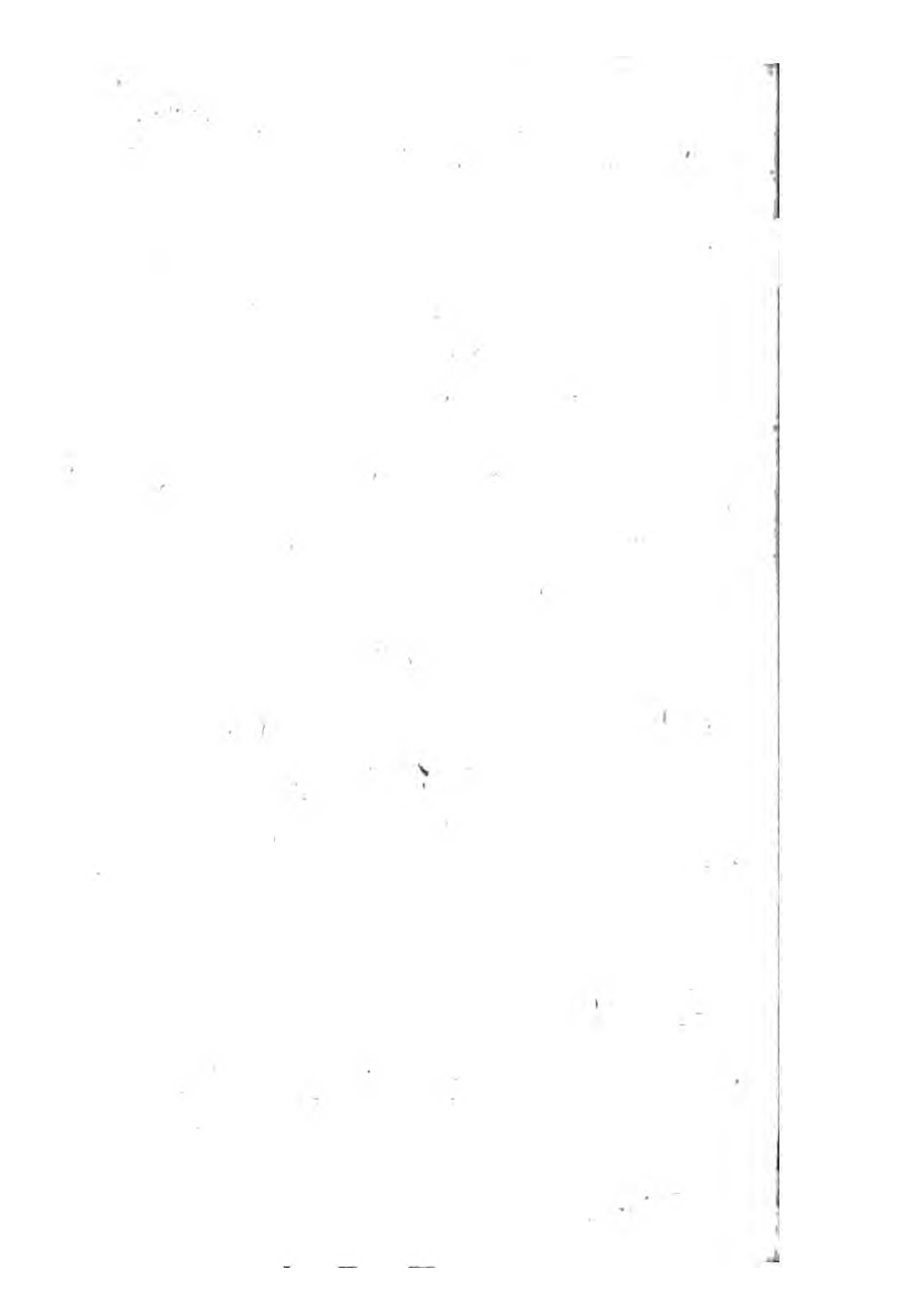
100-100000











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



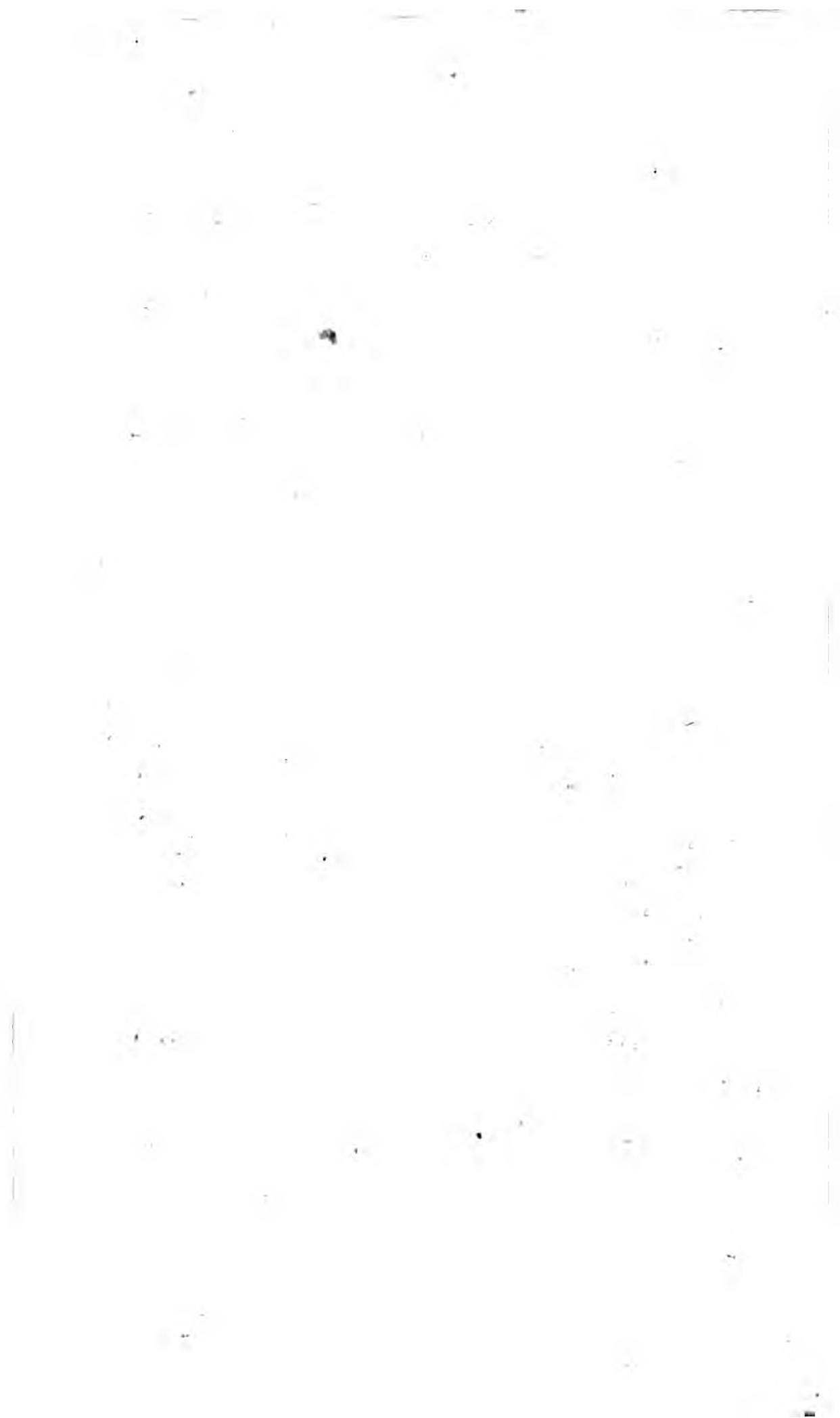
PRIOR VOLUME II.  
And thrice, in vain he shook his Wing,  
Incumber'd in the Silken String.

Page 106.

Edwards del:

Grignani sculp:

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Aug<sup>st</sup>. 1777



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

---

Here 's no rude ore ; no fits of heat and cold ;  
Here all is nature, yet all 's beaten gold ;  
No forc'd mysterious soarings in the clouds ;  
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods,  
With such true spirit your great numbers run,  
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun :  
Gentle tho' strong ; and high, yet still in fight ;  
Rapid, yet pure ; and easy as the light. VERSES TO PRIOR.

---

---

---

---

*Bell's second edition.*

---

---

VOL. II.

EDINBURG :

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MATTHEW PRIOR.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,  
HYMNS,  
EPIGRAMS,

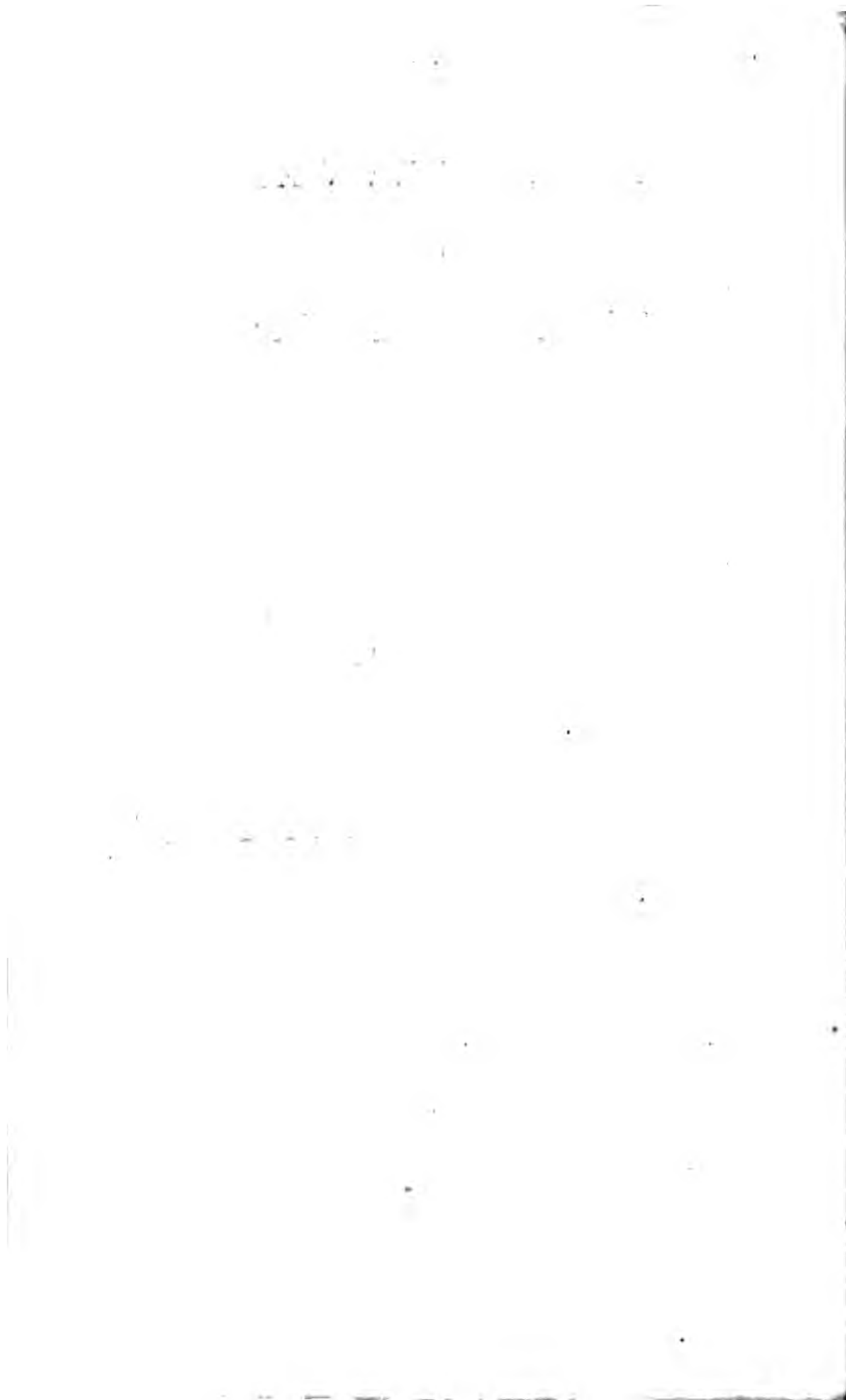


CARMEN SECULARE,  
CELIA TO DAMON,  
DAPHNE TO APOLLO,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

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



---

---

# EPISTLES.

---

---

## AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

SIR,

Burleigh, May 14. 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,  
Holy at Rome here Antichrist,  
The Spanish King presents a jennet  
To shew his love, — that 's all that 's in 't;  
For if his Holiness would chump  
His rev'rend bum 'gainst horse's rump,  
He might b' equipt from his own stable  
With one more white and eke more able.

5

Or as with gondolas and men his  
Good Excellence the Duke of Venice  
(I wish, for rhyme, it had been the king)  
Sails out, and gives the Gulf a ring,  
Which trick of state he wisely maintains,  
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance,  
For else, in honest truth, the sea  
Has much less need of gold than he.

10

15

Or, not to rove and pump one's fancy  
For Popish similies beyond sea,  
As folks from mudwall'd tenement  
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent,

20

Present a turkey or a hen;  
 To those might better spare them ten;  
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I  
 (For first men instance, then apply)  
 Send you each year a homely letter,  
 Who may return me much a better. 25

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ  
 To pay respect, and not show wit,  
 Nor look askew at what it saith;  
 There's no petition in it,—'saith. 30

Here some would scratch their heads, and try  
 What they should write, and how, and why;  
 But I conceive such folk are quite in  
 Mistakes in theory of writing.  
 If once for principle 't is laid, 35  
 That thought is trouble to the head,  
 I argue thus: The world agrees  
 That he writes well who writes with ease;  
 Then he, by sequel logical,  
 Writes best who never thinks at all. 40

Verse comes from heav'n like inward light;  
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;  
 The god, not we, the poem makes;  
 We only tell folks what he speaks.  
 Hence when anatomists discourse 45  
 How like brutes organs are to ours,  
 They grant, if higher pow'rs think fit,  
 A bear might soon be made a wit,

And that, for any thing in nature,  
Pigs might squeak loveodes, dogs bark satire. 50

Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal,  
But 't was the god mean-while that spoke all.  
Rome oft' has heard a cross haranguing,  
With prompting priest behind the hanging:  
The wooden head resolv'd the question, 55  
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius  
Are against gods you know, and teach us  
The god makes not the poet; but  
The thesis *vice versa* put, 60  
Should Hebrew-wise be understood,  
And means, the poet makes the god.

Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to  
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;  
And Romish bakers praise the deity 65  
They chipp'd while yet in its pantiety.

That when you poets swear and cry  
The god inspires, I rave, I die;  
If inward wind does truly swell ye,  
It must be the cholick in your belly: 70  
That writing is but just like dice,  
And lucky mains make people wise:  
That jumbled words, if Fortune throw 'em,  
Shall well as Dryden form a poem,  
Or make a speech, correct and witty, 75  
As you know who—at the committee.



So atoms, dancing round the centre,  
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters should be spoke  
By method rather than by luck,

80

This may confine their younger styles

Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's,

But never could be meant to tie

Authentick wits like you and I :

For as young children, who are ty'd in

85

Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding,

When members knit, and legs grow stronger,

Make use of such machine no longer,

But leap *pro libitu*, and scout

On horse call'd Hobby, or without ;

90

So when at school we first declaim,

Old Busbey walks us in a theme,

Whose props support our infant vein,

And help the rickets in the brain ;

But when our souls their force dilate,

95

And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,

In verse or prose we write or chat,

Not sixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says,

But 't is how much, that gathers praise.

100

Tonson, who is himself a wit,

Counts writers merits by the sheet.

Thus each should down with all he thinks,

As boys eat bread to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;  
 I hope ye're well; so God be wi' you;  
 Was all I thought at first to write;  
 But things since then are alter'd quite;  
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high,  
 So God knows when my clack will lie:      110  
 I must Sir prattle on, as afore,  
 And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,  
 Where with my grannam I have gone,  
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,      115  
 And I well hop'd the pudding next,  
 Now to apply, has plagu'd me more  
 Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion; first, of her  
 Your friends do fav'ry things aver:      120  
 They say she's honest as your claret,  
 Not four'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit.  
 Your chamber is the sole retreat  
 Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night;  
 Of grace no doubt a certain sign      125  
 When layman herds with man divine;  
 For if their fame be justly great  
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat,  
 That his is greater we must grant  
 Who will treat nuncios Protestant.      130  
 One single positive weighs more,  
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politicks I hear you 're stanch,  
 Directly bent against the French;  
 Deny to have your freeborn toe  
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe;  
 Are in no plots, but fairly drive at  
 The publick welfare in your private;  
 And will for England's glory try  
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,  
 And keep your places till you die.

135

140 }

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

145

150

The books of which I'm chiefly fond  
 Are such as you have whilom con'd,  
 That treat of China's civil law,  
 And subjects rights in Golconda;  
 Of highway elephants at Ceylan,  
 That rob in clans like men o' th' Highland;  
 Of apes that storm or keep a town  
 As well almost as Count Lauzun;

155

160

Of unicorns and alligators,  
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,  
 And twenty other stranger matters,  
 Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in, 165  
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critiques I read on other men,  
 And hypfers upon them again,  
 From whose remarks I give opinion  
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one. 170

Then all your wits that fleer and sham,  
 Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram,  
 From whom I jests and puns purloin,  
 And flily put 'em off for mine,  
 Fond to be thought a country wit, 175  
 The rest—when Fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her  
 To bottled ale and neighb'ring vicar;  
 Sometimes at Stamford take a quart;  
 'Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart. 180

Thus, without much delight or grief,  
 I fool away an idle life,  
 Till Shadwell from the Town retires  
 (Chok'd up with fume and seacoal fires)  
 To bless the wood with peaceful lyrick; 185  
 Then hey for praise and panegyrick;  
 Justice restor'd, and nations freed,  
 And wreaths round William's glorious head. 188

## AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ. 1689.

**W**HEN crowding folk, with strange ill faces,  
 Were making legs and begging places,  
 And some with patents, some with merit,  
 Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's spirit,  
 Sneaking I stood amongst the crew, 5  
 Desiring much to speak with you.  
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,  
 And footman brought out fifty lies,  
 Till, patience vext and legs grown weary,  
 I thought it was in vain to tarry; 10  
 But did opine it might be better  
 By penny-post to send a letter :  
 Now, if you miss of this epistle,  
 I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.  
 My bus'ness, Sir, you'll quickly guess 15  
 Is to desire some little place;  
 And fair pretensions I have for't,  
 Much need, and very small desert.  
 Whene'er I write to you I wanted,  
 I always begg'd, you always granted. 20  
 Now, as you took me up when little,  
 Gave me my learning and my vict'al,  
 Ask'd for me from my Lord things fitting,  
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting,

EPISTLES.

Confirm what formerly you've giv'n,  
 Nor leave me now at six and sevens,  
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephens.

25 }  
 }  
 }

No family that takes a whelp,  
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,  
 Neglects or turns him out of gate

30

When he's grown up to dog's estate;  
 Nor parish, if they once adopt  
 The spurious brats by strollers dropt,  
 Leave 'em, when grown up lusty fellows,  
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows:  
 No, thank 'em, for their love, that's worse  
 Than if they 'ad throttled 'em at nurse.

35

My uncle, rest his soul, when living,  
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving,  
 Taught me with cyder to replenish  
 My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.

40

So when for Hock I drew prick't white wine,  
 Swear 't had the flavour and was right wine;  
 Or sent me with ten pounds to furni  
 Val's-inn to some good rogue attorney,  
 Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,  
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

45

All this you made me quit, to follow  
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;  
 Sent me among a fiddling crew  
 Of folks I'd never seen nor knew,  
 Calliope, and God knows who.

50 }  
 }  
 }



To add no more invectives to it,  
 You spoil'd a youth to make a poet.  
 In common justice, Sir, there's no man 55  
 That makes the whore but keeps the woman.  
 Amongst all honest Christian people  
 Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.  
 The sum of all I have to say  
 Is, that you'd put me in some way, 60 }  
 And your petitioner shall pray—  
 There's one thing more I had almost slipt,  
 But that may do as well in postscript ;  
 My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd ; }  
 Nor would I have it long observ'd  
 That one Mouse eats while th' other's starv'd. 66 }

Ad virum doctissimum, et amicum, dominum

SAMUELEM SCHAW,

*Dum theses de ictero pro gradu doctoris defenderet.*

**P**HOEBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes  
 Læfas solerti vel relevare manu,  
 Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere  
 Indomitus quantum proffit in arte labor :  
 Non ictrûm posthac pestemve minaberis orbi, 5  
 Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet :  
 Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona ;  
 Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram. 8

4 Julii, 1692.

MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

To my learned friend

**SAMUEL SCHAW,**

At taking his

**DOCTOR'S DEGREE AT LEYDEN,**  
*And defending a thesis on the jaundice.*

**O** PHOEBUS, Deity whose pow'rful hand  
Can spread diseases thro' the joyful land,  
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the pain,  
And bid the groaning nations smile again;  
When Schaw, our pride, you see, confesses you find 5  
In him what art can do with labour join'd;  
No more the world the jaundice threats shall fear,  
While he the youth, our remedy, is near:  
Suppress thy rage, with verse the son inspire,  
The dart neglected to assume the lyre. 10

**PRESENTED TO THE KING,**

At his arrival in Holland,

**AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY 1696.**

---

Serus in cælum redeas; diuque  
Lætus intersis populo Quirini:  
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum  
Ocyor aura

Tollat.....

Hor. ad Augustum.

---

**Y**E careful angels, whom eternal Fate  
Ordains on earth and human acts to wait,  
Who turn with secret pow'r this restless ball,  
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall,

Your sacred aid religious monarchs own, 5  
 When first they merit then ascend the throne;  
 But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree  
 Transfer the pow'r and set the people free:  
 See rescu'd Britain at your altars bow,  
 And hear her hymns your happy care avow; 10  
 That still her axes and her roads support  
 The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;  
 That Law with all her pompous terrour stands  
 To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands,  
 And rigid Justice reads the fatal word, 15  
 Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,  
 That she can sep'rate parricides from sons;  
 That, impious rage disfarm'd, she lives and reigns,  
 Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains. 20

And thou, great Minister, above the rest  
 Of guardian spirits be thou for ever blest:  
 Thou who of old wert sent to Israel's court  
 With secret aid, great David's strong support,  
 To mock the frantick rage of cruel Saul, 25  
 And strike the useless jav'lin to the wall,  
 Thy later care o'er William's temples held,  
 On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield,  
 When pow'r Divine did sov'reign right declare,  
 And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, by thy care the same; 31  
 Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame;

Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand;  
Save thou the King, as he has fav'd the land.

We angels forms in pious monarchs view; 35  
We rev'ence William, for he acts like you;  
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,  
He must avenge the world and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent pray'r receives,  
And still Britannia smiles and William lives: 40  
The hero, dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,  
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd;  
His foes must aid to make his fame complete,  
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, tho' with sudden rage the tempest comes, 45  
Tho' the winds roar, and tho' the water foams,  
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,  
And smiling sees her rebel subjects frown:  
Striking her cliff the storm confirms her pow'r;  
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore: 50  
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;  
Broken they dash and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown;  
The pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the throne.  
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea, 55  
Behold! the monarch plows his liquid way:  
His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare  
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.

Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand  
 Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nation stand,  
 Blessing his safety, proud of his command. 61

In various tongues he hears the captains dwell  
 On their great Leader's praise; by turns they tell  
 And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,  
 How William conquer'd and how France retir'd;  
 How Belgia freed the hero's arm confess, 66  
 But trembled for the courage which she blest.

O Louis! from this great example know  
 To be at once a hero and a foe:  
 By sounding trumpets hear, and rattling drums, 70  
 When William to the open vengeance comes;  
 And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,  
 Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then close Ambush and perfidious War  
 Down to your native seats of night repair: 75  
 And thou Bellona weep thy cruel pride,  
 Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd  
 In brazen knots and everlasting chains:  
 (So Europe's peace to William's fate ordains)  
 While on the iv'ry chair in happy state 80  
 He sits, secure in innocence, and great  
 In regal clemency, and views beneath  
 Averted darts of rage and pointless arms of death. 83

## TO A CHILD OF QUALITY.

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704, THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY\*.

## I.

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the num'rous band  
That wear the fair Miss Mary's † fetters,  
Were summon'd by her high command  
To show their passions by their letters. 4

## II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,  
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
Should dart their kindling fires, and look  
The pow'r they have to be obey'd. 8

## III.

Nor quality nor reputation  
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,  
Dear five years old befriends my passion,  
And I may write till she can spell. 12

## IV.

For while she makes her silkworms beds,  
With all the tender things I swear,  
Whilst all the house my passion reads  
In papers round her baby's hair; 16

## V.

She may receive and own my flame,  
For tho' the strictest prudes should know it

\* Mr. Prior was born in the year 1664.

† We presume this young lady was one of the Dorset family.



She 'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
And I for an unhappy poet. 20

## VI.

'Then, too, alas! when she shall tear  
The lines some younger rival sends,  
She 'll give me leave to write I fear,  
And we shall still continue friends. 24

## VII.

For as our different ages move,  
'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,  
That I shall be past making love  
When she begins to comprehend it. 28

## TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

## PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you  
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song: [sprung,  
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ  
Of Ca'ndish beauty, join'd to Cecil's wit.  
But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse 5  
What greater theme your musick can produce,  
My babling praises I repeat no more,  
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun, 9  
Admir'd how high 't was plac'd, how bright it shone;  
But as his pow'r was known their thoughts were rais'd,  
And soon they worship'd what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song,  
 And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda \* young ;  
 That as in birth in beauty you excel, 15  
 The Muse might dictate and the poet tell :  
 Your art no other art can speak ; and you,  
 To show how well you play, must play anew :  
 Your musick's pow'r your musick must disclose,  
 For what light is 't is only light that shows. 20

Strange force of harmony that thus controls  
 Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls.  
 While with its utmost art your sex could move  
 Our wonder only or at best our love,  
 You far above both these your God did place, 25  
 That your high pow'r might wordly thoughts destroy,  
 That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,  
 And like himself communicate your joy.

When to your native heav'n you shall repair,  
 And with your presence crown the blessings there,  
 Your lute may wind its strings but little higher 31  
 To tune their notes to that immortal quire.  
 Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,  
 More than our books, make the rude Atheist know }  
 That there's a heav'n by what he hears below. 35 }

As in some piece while Luke his skill exprest,  
 A cunning angel came and drew the rest ;  
 So when you play, some godhead does impart  
 Harmonious aid ; divinity helps art ;

\* Mrs. Katharine Philips.

Some cherub finishes what you begun, 40  
 And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when Frantick Nero play'd,  
 Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd  
 The raging flames, but, struck with strange surprize,  
 Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes; 45  
 But, had he heard thy Lute, he soon had found  
 His rage eluded and his crime aton'd :  
 Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,  
 And from destruction call'd the rising town ;  
 Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield,  
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou couldst build. 52

## TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

Written in her Milton.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,  
 And how the first fond lover was undone.  
 Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,  
 As Milton wrote, and such as your's her look. 4  
 Your's the best copy of th' original face,  
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :  
 Such chains no author could escape but he ;  
 There's no way to be safe but not to see. 8

## TO THE LADY DURSLEY,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,  
 And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd,  
 Our common loss unjustly you complain,  
 So small that part of it which you sustain. 4

You still, fair Mother, in your offspring trace  
 The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:  
 Kind Nature forming them, the pattern took  
 From Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look. 8

You, happy Saint, the serpent's pow'r control;  
 Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul;  
 And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast  
 Which gains a heav'n for earthly Eden lost. 12

With virtue strong as your's had Eve been arm'd,  
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;  
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,  
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote. 16

## TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE am'rous youth, whose tender breast  
 Was by his darling Cat possess'd,  
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,  
 Howe'er irregular his fire:

Nature the pow'r of love obey'd, 5  
 The Cat became a blushing maid,  
 And on the happy change the boy  
 Employ'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,  
 Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r, 10  
 Nor vainly hope the queen of Love  
 Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.  
 O quickly from her shrine retreat,  
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of Love, who soon will see 15  
 Her own Adonis live in thee,  
 Will lightly her first loss deplore,  
 Will easily forgive the boar :  
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow,  
 With jealous rage her breast will glow, 20  
 And on her tabby rival's face  
 She deep will mark her new disgrace. 22

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well that, while mankind  
 Thro' Fate's perverse meander errs,  
 He can imagin'd pleasures find  
 To combat against real cares. 4

## II.

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

8

## III.

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

12

## IV.

The hoary fool, who many days  
Has struggled with continu'd sorrow,  
Renews his hope, and blindly lays  
The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

16

## V.

To-morrow comes; 't is noon, 't is night:  
This day like all the former flies;  
Yet on he runs to seek delight  
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

20

## VI.

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

24

## VII.

Our anxious pains we all the day  
In search of what we like employ;



Scorning at night the worthless prey,  
We find the labour gave the joy. 28

## VIII.

At distance thro' an artful glass  
To the mind's eye things well appear;  
They lose their forms, and make a mass  
Confus'd and black, if brought too near. 32

## IX.

If we see right we see our woes:  
Then what avails it to have eyes?  
From ignorance our comfort flows:  
The only wretched are the wise. 36

## X.

We weary'd should lie down in death:  
This cheat of life would take no more  
If you thought fame but empty breath,  
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. 40

## TO DR. SHERLOCK,

On his Practical

## DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse who, in unhallow'd strains,  
The faint one moment from his God detains;  
For sure whate'er you do, where'er you are,  
'Tis all but one good work, one constant pray'r.  
Forgive her; and entreat that God to whom 5  
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,

To raise her notes to that sublime degree  
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good Man! whose labours may repel  
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell; 10  
'Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,  
'The crying Voice to bid the world repent.

'Thee Youth shalt study, and no more engage  
Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age;  
No more with fruitless care and cheated strife 15  
Chase fleeting pleasure thro' this maze of life;  
Finding the wretched all they here can have  
But present food, and but a future grave;  
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view  
This abject world, and weeping ask a new. 20

Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess  
Thy labours can assuage where med'cines cease;  
Shall bless thy words, their wounded souls relief,  
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;  
Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath, 25 }  
Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a breath,  
And life an ill whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,  
Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know;  
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought, 30  
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.  
Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,  
On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;  
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,  
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies. 35



Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r ;  
 'Tis publick health, and universal cure :  
 Of heav'nly manna 't is a second feast,  
 A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd,  
 And various death for various crimes she fear'd : 41  
 With your kind Work her drooping hopes revive ;  
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live,  
 You wrest the bolt from Heav'n's avenging hand,  
 Stop ready death, and save a sinking land. 45

O ! save us still ; still blefs us with thy stay :  
 O ! want thy heav'n till we have learn'd the way :  
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon,  
 And for the Church's good defer thy own.  
 O ! live, and let thy Works urge our belief ; 50  
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;  
 Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,  
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;  
 Till Christians yet unborn be taught to die. }

Then in full age and hoary holiness 55  
 Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd blifs ;  
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,  
 As thy own fame among the future just,  
 Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks ;  
 Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes ; 60  
 Till thro' the utmost earth and deepest sea  
 Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,

In haste to clothe their kindred souls again;  
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man:  
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight, 65  
 To paths of joy and tracts of endless light,  
 Lead up all those who heard thee and believ'd;  
 'Midst thy own flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,  
 And glad all heav'n with millions thou hast sav'd. 69

### TO A PERSON

WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPAKE WORSE, AGAINST ME.

LIE Philo untouch'd on my peaceable shelf,  
 Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee;  
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself;  
 Then why should I answer since first I must read thee?  
 Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd bub,  
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critick, a wag; 6  
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,  
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.  
 Pursue me with satire; what harm is there in't?  
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear; 10  
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print;  
 There may be little from what thou may'st swear. 12

### ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites  
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;

His case appears to me like honest Teague's,  
 When he was run away with by his legs.  
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command; 5  
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;  
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;  
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think. 8

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN,

*On a column of her drawing.*

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view  
 These glorious lines which Harley's daughter drew,  
 They shall confess that Britain could not raise  
 A fairer Column to the father's praise. 4

To the Right Honourable

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER

OF DEVONSHIRE,

*ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,*

*Whereon were all her grandsons painted.*

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest  
 If she created or he painted best;  
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,  
 She still form'd fairer, he still liker drew.

In these sev'n brethren they contended last; 5  
 With art increas'd their utmost skill they try'd,  
 And both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass,  
 The goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.  
 That both their skill to this vast height did raise,  
 Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise: 10  
 For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd  
 Only yourself thus often multiply'd.  
 When Heav'n had you and gracious Anna made,  
 What more exalted beauty could it add?  
 Having no nobler images in store, 15 }  
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more  
 Than copy well what it had fram'd before. }  
 If in dear Burghley's gen'rous face we see  
 Obliging truth and handsome honesty,  
 With all that world of charms which soon will move 20  
 Rev'ence in men, and in the fair ones love;  
 His ev'ry grace his fair descent assures,  
 He has his mother's beauty, she has your's.  
 If ev'ry Cecil's face had ev'ry charm  
 That thought can fancy or that Heav'n can form, 25  
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due;  
 They are all fair, because they're all like you.  
 If ev'ry Ca'ndish great and charming look,  
 From you that air, from you the charms, they took.  
 In their each limb your image is exprest, 30  
 But on their brow firm courage stands confest;

There their great father, by a strong increase,  
 Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece.  
 Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,  
 Wieffen sev'n times one great perfection drew; 35  
 Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent-sun with genial beams  
 Has animated many goodly gems,  
 He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry stone,  
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun. 40

So when great Rhea many births had giv'n,  
 Such as might govern earth and people heav'n,  
 Her glory grew diffus'd; and, fuller known,  
 She saw the Deity in ev'ry son;

And to what god foe'er men altars rais'd, 45  
 Hon'ring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,  
 Which sickens blasts, and certain age destroys;  
 Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,  
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race. 50

Ah! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd  
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,  
 Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,  
 And living rules to fairest virtue give,  
 To men unborn and ages yet to live: 55

It would still be wonderful, and still be new,  
 Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do,  
 Till thine, confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,  
 And Ca'ndish's name and Cecil's honour die. 59



## TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNETELLING.

You Madam may with safety go  
 Decrees of destiny to know ;  
 For at your birth kind planets reign'd,  
 And certain happiness ordain'd :  
 Such charms as your's are only giv'n 5  
 To chosen favourites of Heav'n.  
 But such is my uncertain state  
 'Tis dangerous to try my fate ;  
 For I would only know from art  
 The future motions of your heart, 10  
 And what predestinated doom  
 Attends my love for years to come ;  
 No secrets else that mortals learn  
 My cares deserve, or life concern ;  
 But this will so important be 15  
 I dread to search the dark decree ;  
 For while the smallest hope remains  
 Faint joys are mingled with my pains.  
 Vain distant views my fancy please,  
 And give some intermitting ease ; 20  
 But should the stars too plainly show  
 That you have doom'd my endless wo,  
 No human force or art could bear  
 The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know, 25  
 And other truths are uselefs now.  
 What matters if, unblest in love,  
 How long or short my life will prove?  
 To gratify what low desire  
 Should I with needlefs haste inquire, 30  
 How great how wealthy I shall be?  
 Oh! what is wealth or pow'r to me!  
 If I am happy or undone,  
 It must proceed from you alone. 34

### TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his Alcæna's charms,  
 Three nights in one he prest her in his arms;  
 The sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove  
 To shade her god, and to prolong his love.

From that auspicious night Alcides came; 5  
 What less could rise from Jove and such a dame?  
 May this auspicious night with that compare, }  
 Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir, }  
 He strong as Jove, she like Alcæna fair. 9}

### TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

I.

OF thy judicious Muse's sense,  
 Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,  
 That Sacharissa and Hortense  
 She looks henceforth upon as dowdies. 4

## II.

Yet she to one must still submit,  
 To dear Mamma must pay her duty;  
 She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,  
 Thou shouldst forget his daughter's beauty. 8

## AN EPISTLE.

## DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

Written at Paris 1714, but left unfinished,

BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,  
 The shining sideboard and the burnish'd plate,  
 Let other ministers, great Anne, require,  
 And partial fall thy gift to their desire.  
 To the fair Portrait of my sov'reign Dame, 5  
 To that alone eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,  
 If ever I found favour in thy sight;  
 If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake  
 My past has took, or future life may take, 10  
 Be grateful to my Queen. permit my pray'r,  
 And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow  
 The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?  
 That in despite of age, of impious flame, 15  
 And eating Time, thy Picture, like thy fame,  
 Entire may last, that as their eyes survey  
 The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,



Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen,  
 Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene; 20  
 When to a low but to a loyal hand  
 The mighty Empress gave her high command,  
 That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,  
 To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;  
 To say, She wills detested wars to cease; 25  
 She checks her conquest for her subjects ease,  
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace. }

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,  
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have pow'r  
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign 30  
 In words sublimer and a nobler strain,  
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:  
 Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,  
 The votive tablet I suspend \* \* \* 34

## A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX,

Occasioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704.

---

....Cupidum, Pater optime, vires  
 Deficiunt: neque enim quis horrentia pilis  
 Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos.—Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 1

---

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing  
 Successive conquests and a glorious King;  
 Must of a man immortal vainly boast,  
 And bring him laurels whatsoe'er they cost,

What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay, 5  
 On the event of that superiour day,  
 In which one English subject's prosp'rous hand  
 (So Jove did will, so Anna did command)  
 Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,  
 Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise? 10

From the lost field a hundred standards brought  
 Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault.

Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone, }  
 That fatal day the mighty work was done, }  
 With rays oblique upon the Gallick sun. 15

Some demon envying France misled the fight,  
 And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy young Muse invoc'd the tuneful Nine,  
 To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,  
 What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim, 20  
 Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme?

And tho' the poet made his last efforts,  
 Wurts—who could mention in heroick—Wurts?  
 But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain  
 Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign? 25

The Danube rescu'd and the Empire sav'd,  
 Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?  
 And would it prejudice thy foster vein  
 To sing the princes Louis and Eugene?  
 Is it too hard in happy verse to place 30

The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?  
 Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,  
 That France may fall by more harmonious names.

Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?  
 Would Ingoldfby or Palmes offend thy ear? 35  
 And is there not a found in Marlbrô's name  
 Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,  
 Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame? }

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;  
 Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead: 40  
 Let the intention make the number good;  
 Let gen'rous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.  
 And tho' rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,  
 So as to have one rhyme at his command,  
 With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain, 45  
 May close the verse, rememb'ring but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are  
 Alternate as the chance of peace and war)  
 That we poetick folks, who must restrain  
 Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain, 50  
 Have troubles utterly unknown to those  
 Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance, now, how hard is it for me  
 To make my matter and my verse agree?  
 In one great day, on Hochstet's fatal plain, 55  
 French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;  
 Push'd thro' the Danube to the shores of Styx  
 Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six;  
 Officers captive made, and private men,  
 Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten; 60  
 Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,  
 Cannons, and kettle-drums,—sweet numbers these.

But is it thus you English bards compose?  
 With Runick lays thus tag insipid prose?  
 And when you should your hero's deeds rehearse, 65  
 Give us a commissary's list in verse?

Why, faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what you  
 I told you where my difficulty lay: [say;  
 So vast, so num'rous, were great Blenheim's spoils, 69  
 They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the Muse's  
 To make the rough recital aptly chime, [toils.  
 Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,  
 'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay  
 To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's day?  
 To number all the sev'ral dishes dress'd 75  
 By honest Lamb last coronation-feast?  
 Or make arithmetick and epick meet,  
 And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will  
 That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill; 80  
 Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam,  
 Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;  
 Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive  
 Beneath the shades of Marlbrô's wreaths to live;  
 Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice, 85  
 And to their fav'rite's strain exalt her voice,  
 Arms and a Queen to sing, who, great and good,  
 From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring flood,  
 Sent forth the terrour of her high commands  
 To save the nations from invading hands, 90

To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,  
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The Queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,  
Attended by the gods of War and Love;  
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore, 95  
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.

Sudden the Nymphs and Tritons should appear,  
And as great Anna smiles dispel their fear;  
With active dance should her observance claim;  
With vocal shell should sound her happy name; 100  
Their master Thames should leave the neigh'ring  
By his strong anchor known and silver oar; [shore,  
Should lay his ensigns at his Sov'reign's feet,  
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain, 105  
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign,  
Whilst further seas are by his fleets survey'd,  
And on his happy banks each India laid,  
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,  
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war; 110  
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course  
Against two rebel armies neighb'ring force;  
And all must weep, sad captives to the Seine,  
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant Sov'reign calls her Gen'ral forth, 115  
Neither recites her bounty nor his worth;  
She tells him he must Europe's fate redeem,  
And by that labour merit her esteem;



She bids him wait her to the sacred hall,  
Shows him Prince Edward and the conquer'd Gaul;  
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast, 121  
Says he must die, or succour the distrest;  
Placing the faint an emblem by his side,  
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The hero bows obedient and retires; 125  
The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires:  
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,  
The great design revolving in his mind,  
When to his sight a heav'nly form appears,  
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears. 130

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,  
Below for ever fought, and blest'd above;  
Me, the bright source of wealth, and pow'r, and fame,  
(Nor need I say Victoria is my name)  
Me the great Father down to thee has sent; 135  
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent  
To execute what Anna's wish would have;  
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare, then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate;  
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great: 140  
Go forth, and be to distant nations known,  
My future fav'rite, and my darling son:  
At Schellenberg I'll manifest, sustain  
Thy glorious cause, and spread my wings again,  
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain. 145

The goddesses said, nor would admit reply,  
But cut the liquid air and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is thro' Britain known,  
And thronging armies to his standard run;  
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails; 150  
(Bless him, ye Seas! and prosper him, ye Gales!)  
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,  
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:  
His presence only must retrieve that loss;  
Marlbrô to her must be what William was: 155  
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes  
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods,  
Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,  
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance; 160  
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:  
The British Gen'ral dooms the fight; his sword  
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.  
Anne and St. George, the charging hero cries;  
Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring wood replies, 165  
Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign  
The standards move, the adverse armies join.  
Of eight great hours Time measures out the sands,  
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands;  
The ninth. Victoria comes:—o'er Marlbrô's head }  
Confess'd she fits; the hostile troops recede;— 171 }  
Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The Eagle, by the British Lion's might  
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight;

Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar 175  
From Cyber's banks than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,  
And great ambition of my country's praise,  
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise, 179 }  
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies. }  
With wonder (tho' with envy still) pursu'd by }  
human eyes.

But we must change the style—Just now I said  
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;  
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,  
In prose and bus'ness lies extinct and lost; 185  
Bless'd if I may some younger muse excite,  
Point out the game, and animate the flight;  
That from Marseilles to Calais France may know, }  
As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too, }  
And either laurel does in Britain grow; 190 }  
That, tho' amongst ourselves, with too much heat,  
We sometimes wrangle when we should debate,  
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;  
A bad effect, but from a nobler cause)  
We can with universal zeal advance 195  
To curb the faithless arrogance of France,  
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse  
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse;  
Nor want just subject for victorious strains, }  
While Marlbrô's arm eternal laurels gains, }  
And where old Spenser sung a new Eliza reigns. 201 }

---



---

---

# H Y M N S.

---

---

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. PURCELL\*.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,  
With happy speed begin thy great career,  
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,  
Thro' every distant climate own  
That in fair Albion thou hast seen 5  
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,  
That ever sav'd a land or blest a throne,  
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r was  
[known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confest,  
So the returning year be blest, 10  
As his infant months bestow  
Springing wreaths for William's brow,  
As his summer's youth shall shed  
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.  
From the blessings they bestow 15  
Our times are dated, and our æras move :  
They govern and enlighten all below  
As thou dost all above.

\* Sung before their Majesties on new-year's day, 1694.

## III.

Let our hero in the war,  
 Active and fierce, like thee appear; 20  
 Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,  
 When, clad in rising majesty,  
 Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confests'd,  
 With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest'd.  
 Like thee, the hero does his arms employ 25  
 The raging Python to destroy,  
 And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

## IV.

From fairest years and time's more happy stores  
 Gather all the smiling Hours;  
 Such as with friendly care have guarded 30  
 Patriots and kings in rightful wars;  
 Such as with conquest have rewarded  
 Triumphant victors happy cares;  
 Such as story has recorded  
 Sacred to Nassau's long renown, 35  
 For countries sav'd and battles won.

## V.

March them again in fair array,  
 And bid them form the happy day,  
 The happy day design'd to wait  
 On William's fame and Europe's fate. 40  
 Let the happy day be crown'd  
 With great event and fair success;  
 No brighter in the year be found,  
 But that which brings the victor home in peace.

## VI.

Again thy godhead we implore, 43  
 Great in wisdom as in pow'r;  
 Again, for good Maria's sake and ours,  
 Chuse out other smiling Hours;  
 Such as with joyous wings have fled  
 When happy counsels were advising; 50  
 Such as have lucky omens shed  
 O'er forming laws and empires rising;  
 Such as many courses ran,  
 Hand in hand, a goodly train,  
 To bless the great Eliza's reign; 55  
 And in the typick glory show  
 What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

## VII.

As the solemn Hours advance,  
 Mingled send into the dance  
 Many fraught with all the treasures 60  
 Which thy eastern travel views;  
 Many, wing'd with all the pleasures  
 Man can ask or Heav'n diffuse,  
 That great Maria all those joys may know  
 Which from her cares upon her subjects flow. 65

## VIII.

For thy own glory sing our Sov'reign's praise,  
 God of verses and of days;  
 Let all thy tuneful sons adorn  
 Their lasting work with William's name;

Let chosen Muses yet unborn  
 Take great Maria for their future theme;  
 Eternal structures let them raise  
 On William and Maria's praise;  
 Nor want new subject for the song,  
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store,  
 Till Nature's musick lies unstrung;  
 Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double pow'r,  
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more. 78

## THE FIRST HYMN

OF CALLIMACHUS. TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,  
 Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself,  
 The god for ever great, for ever king,  
 Who slew the Earthborn race, and measures right  
 To heav'n's great 'habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou  
 More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute  
 And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,  
 Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,  
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place; but oft'  
 He meets reproof deserv'd; for he, presumptuous,  
 Has built a tomb for thee who never know'st  
 To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.  
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea,  
 Pregnant, to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,  
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines;  
 Holy retreat! thence no female hither,  
 Conscious of social love and Nature's rites,

Must dare approach, from the inferiour reptile  
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent  
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd 20  
 The pond'rous birth: she sought a neighb'ring spring  
 To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,  
 (However streamy now) adust and dry,  
 Deny'd the goddess water; where deep Melas  
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd 25  
 Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty trav'ler  
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd  
 In subterranean caverns: forests grew  
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading  
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon, 30  
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.  
 Thou, too, O Earth, great Rhea, said, bring forth,  
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said, and high  
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck  
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height 35  
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,  
 And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother  
 Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender limbs; she wrapt them  
 In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge  
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee 40  
 Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs  
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre  
 And Styx the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,  
 And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust;  
 Not unrewarded, since the river bore 45

The fav'rite virgin's name : fair Neda rolls  
 By Lepricon's ancient walls, a fruitful stream :  
 Fast by her flow'ry bank the sons of Arcas,  
 Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy care protect  
 Their fleecy charge, and joyous drink her wave. 50

Thee, god, to Gnosus Neda brought: the Nymphs  
 And Corybantes thee their sacred charge  
 Receiv'd : Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle :  
 The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,  
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent 55  
 With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee  
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn  
 To thy foreknowing mother !) trod tumultuous  
 Their mystick dance, and clang'd their sounding arms,  
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell 61  
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.

Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heav'nly Jove,  
 Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit  
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act. 65  
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the threefold empire  
 Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,  
 As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,  
 Old poets mention fabling. Things of moment,  
 Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value, 70  
 By lot are parted; but high heav'n, thy share,  
 In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,  
 Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion:



Wherefore not Chance, but pow'r above thy brethren,  
 Exalted thee their king When thy great will 75  
 Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength  
 And fiery swiftnefs wing the rapid wheels  
 Inceffant; high the eagle flies before thee.  
 And, oh! as I and mine confult thy augur,  
 Grant the glad omen; let thy fav'rite rife 80  
 Propitious, ever foaring from the right.

Thou to the leffer gods haft well affign'd  
 Their proper shares of pow'r, thy own, great Jove,  
 Boundless and univerfal. Thofe who labour  
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked fithe, 85  
 Bend ftubborn fteel, and harden gleaning armour,  
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter  
 Bleffes Diana's hand, who leads him fafe  
 O'er hanging cliffs, who fpreads his net fuccefful,  
 And guides the arrow thro' the panther's heart. 90  
 The foldier from fuccefful camps returning  
 With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile fpoil,  
 Severs the bull to Mars. The ftkilful bard,  
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,  
 To make his hero and himfelf immortal. 95  
 Thofe, mighty Jove; mean-time thy glorious care  
 Who model nations, publifh laws, announce  
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.  
 Man owns the pow'r of kings, and kings of Jove:  
 And as their actions tend subordinate 100  
 To what thy will defigns, thou giv'ft the means

Proportion'd to the work; thou see'st impartial  
 How they those means employ. Each monarch rules  
 His diff'rent realm accountable to thee,  
 Great ruler of the world; these only have 105  
 To speak and be obey'd; to those are giv'n  
 Assistant days to ripen the design;  
 To some whole months; revolving years to some:  
 Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil  
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose, blasted  
 With fruitless act and impotence of counsel. 111  
 Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer  
 Of ev'ry good; thy praise what man yet born  
 Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?  
 Again, and often hail! indulge our pray'r, 115  
 Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth;  
 For without virtue wealth to man avails not,  
 And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,  
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, Gracious,  
 Virtue and wealth, for both are of thy gift. 120

## THE SECOND HYMN

OF CALLIMACHUS. TO APOLLO.

**H**AH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,  
 And all the cavern shakes! Far off, far off,  
 The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,  
 The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates  
 Feel the glad impulse, and the sever'd bars 5



Submissive clink against their brazen portals.  
 Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,  
 Selfmov'd, and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd  
 From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin young Men the hymn: let all your harps  
 Break their inglorious silence, and the dance, **17**  
 In mystick numbers trod, explain the musick.  
 But first by ardent pray'r and clear lustration  
 Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:

Impure no mortal can behold Apollo. **18**  
 So may ye flourish favour'd by the god,  
 In youth with happy nuptials, and in age  
 With silver hairs, and fair descent of children;  
 So lay foundations for aspiring cities,  
 And bless your spreading colonies increase. **20**

Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song,  
 Left wrathful the far-shooting god emit  
 His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands,  
 And seas subside, obedient to the sound  
 Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis **25**

Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;  
 For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe  
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep  
 E'en thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!  
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring  
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove. **31**

Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!

Against the Deity 't is hard to strive.

He that resists the pow'r of Ptolemy  
 Resists the pow'r of Heav'n; for pow'r from heav'n  
 Derives, and monarchs rule by gods appointed. 36

Recite Apollo's praise till night draws on,  
 The ditty still unfinish'd, and the day  
 Unequal to the godhead's attributes  
 Various, and matter copious of your songs. 40

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,  
 And thence distributes honour, gracious King,  
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe  
 Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,  
 And Liétian bow, are gold: with golden sandals 45  
 His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!

Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises,  
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty  
 Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head  
 Perfumes distil their sweets; and cheerful Health, 50  
 His duteous handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,  
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,  
 Sends forth a certain wound. The laurell'd bard,  
 Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal. 55  
 Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician  
 Eludes the urn and chains or exiles Death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from heav'n  
 Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' banks  
 Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow 60  
 Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat,

Not without pain, dragg'd her distended udder;  
 And ewes that erst brought forth but single lambs  
 Now dropp'd their twofold burthens. Blest the cattle  
 On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye! 65

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent  
 Delight'ft in building cities. Bright Diana,  
 Kind sister to thy infant-deity,  
 New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle, 69  
 Brought hunted wild goats heads and branching ant-  
 Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil: [lers  
 These with discerning hand thou knew'ft to range,  
 (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,  
 With emblematick skill and mystick order. 74

Thou shew'dst wheretow'rs or battlements should rise,  
 Where gates should open, or where walls should com-  
 While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd [pass;  
 The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd  
 The Lybian strand, when the foreboding crow 80  
 Flew on the right before the people, marking  
 The country destin'd the auspicious seat  
 Of future kings, and favour of the god,  
 Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'ft thou pleas'd, or Clarian 85  
 Phœbus, great king? for diff'rent are thy names,  
 As thy kind hand has founded many cities,  
 Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.  
 Carnean let me call thee, for my country

Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony 90  
 Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported  
 Ere settl'd in Cyrene; there we appointed  
 Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars,  
 Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,  
 As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend, 95  
 Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites  
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship,  
 Iö! Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus,  
 Reserve the honours of their winter-store 100  
 To deck thy temple, till returning spring  
 Diffuses Nature's various pride, and flow'rs  
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west  
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,  
 Rebound their sweets from th' odorif'rous pavement.  
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars, 106  
 When annual the Carnean feast is held:  
 The warlike Libyans clad in armour lead  
 The dance; with clanging swords and shields they beat  
 The dreadful measure: in the chorus join 110  
 Their women, brown, but beautiful: such rites  
 To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,  
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,  
 And lands determin'd for their last abodes,  
 But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest 115  
 Dispers'd, when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,  
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city

Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,  
 Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair one view  
 Her typick people: thou with pleasure taught'ſt her  
 To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion, 121  
 And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.

Happy the nymph who, honour'd by thy paſſion,  
 Was aided by thy pow'r! the monſtrous Python  
 Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain; for dead he fell, 125  
 To thy great ſtrength and golden arms unequal.

Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd  
 Another, and another dart, the people  
 Joyful repeated Io! Io Pean!  
 Elance the dart, Apollo; for the ſafety 130  
 And health of man, gracious, thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy lateſt foe, ſuggeſted thus:  
 Like thee I am a pow'r immortal, therefore  
 To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial  
 Thoſe poets who write little? vaſt and great 135  
 Is what I love: the far-extended ocean  
 To a ſmall riv'let I prefer. Apollo  
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot, and thus the god:  
 Dæmon, the headlong current of Euphrates,  
 Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy, 140  
 And carries forward with his ſtupid force  
 Polluting dirt, his torrent ſtill augmenting,  
 His wave ſtill more deſil'd mean-while the nymphs  
 Meliffan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,  
 Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd, 145



And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns

Pour streams select and purity of waters.

O! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy,

Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake

Draw tons unmeasurable, while thy favour 150

Administers to my ambitious thirst

The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring

Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling

Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt. 154

---

---

## EPIGRAMS.

---

---

### PALLAS AND VENUS.

#### AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,  
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit,  
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,  
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms,  
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid 5  
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said;  
Yield sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,  
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,  
If to the field I came in armour dress'd, 9  
Dreadful like thine my shield, and terrible my crest!  
The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd,  
Thy folly Child is equal to thy pride:  
Let a brave enemy for once advise,  
And Venus (if 't is possible) be wise:  
Thou to be strong must put off ev'ry dress; 15  
Thy only armour is thy nakedness;  
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)  
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd. 18

#### ANOTHER.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;  
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.



Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,  
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes :  
 Yet sighing, he says we must certainly break,  
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak,  
 For of late I invite him—but four times a-week. 7 }

## ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great obligation,  
 But John unhappily thought fit  
 To publish it to all the nation :  
 Sure John and I are more than quit. 4

## ANOTHER.

Yes, ev'ry poet is a fool ;  
 By demonstration Ned can show it :  
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
 Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet. 4

## ANOTHER.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,  
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,  
 I heard thy anxious coachman say  
 It costs thee more in whips than hay. 4

## PARTIAL FAME.

I.

THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,  
 In open pomp and triumph reigns :  
 The subtile woman, if she should succeed,  
 Disowns the honour of the deed. 4

II.

Tho' he for all his boast is forc'd to yield,  
 Tho' she can always keep the field,  
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame :  
 How partial is the voice of Fame ! 8

## NELL AND JOHN.

I.

WHEN Nell, giv'n o'er by the doctor, was dying,  
 And John at the chimney stood decently crying,  
 'Tis in vain said the woman to make such ado,  
 For to our long home we must all of us go. 4

II.

True, Nell, reply'd John ; but what yet is the worst  
 For us that remain, the best always go first ;  
 Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,  
 When you lost your white heifer and my brown mare.

## BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,  
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,

He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,  
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
 Trim the boat and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,  
 You may have forgot you was drunk when you dy'd. 6

### WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O Death how thou spoil'st the best project of life,  
 Said Gabriel, who still as he bury'd one wife,  
 For the sake of her family marry'd her cousin; 3  
 And thus in an honest collateral line  
 He still marry'd on till his number was nine,  
 Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen. 6

### THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,  
 First writes her billet-doux, then says her pray'rs,  
 Her mas and toilette, vespers, and the play;  
 Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day;  
 Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent, 5  
 At Easter calls all Isr'el to her tent:  
 Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,  
 She still repeats the sins she would conceal.  
 Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,  
 An artful woman makes a modern saint. 10

### A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,  
 Methinks Child you seem something round in the  
 belly.

Nell answer'd him snappishly, how can that be, [sea?  
 When my husband has been more than two years at  
 Thy husband! quoth Dick, why that matter was  
     carry'd  
 Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wer't  
     marry'd. 6

### FATAL LOVE.

Poor Hal caught his death standing under a spout,  
 Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out;  
 But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame, [flame.  
 And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's  
     Whoe'er thou art that reads these moral lines,  
 Make love at home, and go to bed betimes. 6

### THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,  
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,  
 "Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest,  
 "Give him one half and he'll secure the rest."  
 No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree, 5  
 By ravaging my flock to ruin me,  
 To their commands I willingly resign,  
 Pow'r is their character, and patience mine;  
 Tho', troth, to me there seems but little odds  
 Who prove the greatest robbers wolves or gods. 10

## THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,  
 Carv'd something like a man in clay:  
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;  
 He that does heav'n and earth control  
 Has only pow'r to form a soul; 5  
 His hand is evident in Harry,  
 Since one is but a moving clod,  
 Th' other the lively form of God.  
 'Square Wallis, you will scarce be able  
 To prove all poetry but fable. 10

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppress'd!  
 W. Be still you senseless calf!  
 What if the gods should make you blest?  
 H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:  
 But if they won't I'll wail and cry;  
 W. You'll hardly laugh before you die. 6

## THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,  
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain:  
 That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,  
 And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns.

O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen, 5  
 Little, alas! are their distempers seen.  
 But thou for all thy seeming health art ill,  
 Beyond thy lover's hopes or Blackmore's skill;  
 No lenitives can thy disease assuage;  
 I tell thee 't is incurable—'t is age. 10

### THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

#### I.

LUKE Preachill admires what we laymen can mean,  
 That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd,  
 He has but three livings and would be a dean;  
 His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid. 4

#### II.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,  
 At all hours a lusty young hussy is near; [earth  
 And to take off his thoughts from the things of this  
 He can be content with two thousand a-year. 8

### DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis\* of Ephraim heard Rochester† preach,  
 Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear Brother,  
 How lik'st thou this sermon? 't is out of my reach.  
 His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another;  
 I care not for carping, but this I can tell,  
 We preach very sadly if he preaches well. 6

\* Bishop of Gloucester. † Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.



## PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

## I.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke  
 Much better than he loves his life)  
 Chanc'd th' other morning to provoke  
 The patience of a well-bred wife.

4

## II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,  
 Two of the greatest wits in Town,  
 One ask'd if that high furze of hair  
 Was *bona fide* all your own.

8

## III.

Her own! most certain, th' other said;  
 For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye  
 The hair was bought, the money paid,  
 And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

12

## IV.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,  
 Who values wit much less than sense,  
 And never darts a repartee  
 But purely in her own defence)

16

## V.

Reply'd, These friends of your's, my dear,  
 Are giv'n extremely much to satire;  
 But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear  
 Sometimes less wit and more good-nature.

20

## VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought  
 That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit;  
 Some hair I have I'm sure unbought,  
 Pray bring your brother-wits to see 't.

24

## CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make  
 That from all company she flieth;  
 Such virtuous courses doth she take  
 That she all evil tongues defieth;  
 And for her dearest spouse's sake  
 She with his brethren only lieth.

6

## TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,  
 You never yet told me one truth in your life.  
 Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,  
 You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now? 4

## TO DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,  
 That uncall'd Alard will possess  
 Your house and coach both day and night,  
 And that Macbeth was haunted less  
 By Banquo's restless spright.  
 With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,  
 Do you complain you cannot bear

5

An ill you may soon retrieve?  
 Good Alard, faith, is modester  
 By much than you believe.  
 Lend him but fifty *louis d'or*,  
 And you shall never see him more:  
 Take the advice; *probatum est*.  
 Why do the gods indulge our store  
 But to secure our rest?

10

15

## ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;  
 I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.  
 Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,  
 Who in the senate lost his breath.  
 Much alike entomb'd does lie  
 The noble Romulus and I:  
 And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,  
 I left the commonwealth my heir.

5

8

## FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,  
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.  
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,  
 He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.  
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,  
 The moral says, Mix water with your wine.

6

---

---

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

---

## CARMEN SECULARE,

For the year 1700.

TO THE KING.

---

---

*Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæc'ln:  
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ  
Spiritus, et quantum fat erit tua dicere facta!*      *Virg. Ecl. IV.*

---

---

### I.

**T**HY elder look, great Janus, cast  
Into the long records of ages past;  
Review the years in fairest action drest  
With noted white, superiour the rest;  
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun      5  
From empires founded, and from battles won:  
Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,  
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;  
The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,  
And happy pow'r sustain'd by wholesome laws;      10  
In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth,  
Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth;  
The glorious parallels then downward bring  
To modern wonders and to Britain's King:  
With equal justice and historick care,      15  
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;  
Confess the various attributes of Fame  
Collected and complete in William's name;

To all the list'ning world relate  
 (As thou dost his story read) 20  
 That nothing went before so great,  
 And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,  
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war;  
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth 25  
 From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth;  
 Then turn to her fair written page,  
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age,  
 The glories of her empire trace,  
 Confront the heroes of thy Roman race, 30  
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,  
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains;  
 But yet the Sabins' violated charms  
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms. 35  
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew,  
 On ev'ry altar laid the incense due;  
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,  
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.  
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good, 40  
 Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.  
 Fabius was wise, but with excess of care  
 He fav'd his country, but prolong'd the war;  
 While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,  
 And by their strict examples taught 45

How wild desires should be controll'd,  
 And how much brighter virtue was than gold;  
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide,  
 And boasted poverty with too much pride.  
 Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd;                   50  
 And Cato dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.  
 Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;  
 But patriots fell ere the Dictator rose:  
 And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,  
 The monarch was ador'd, the city chain'd.                   55

## IV.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd,  
 But be their failings too confess'd:  
 Their virtue like their Tyber's flood  
 Rolling, its course design'd the country's good;  
 But oft' the torrent's too impetuous speed                   60  
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed;  
 And with the blood of Jove there always ran  
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

## V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail  
 But that their vices more than turn the scale;                   65  
 Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,  
 Did the true charms of majesty impair;  
 Rome, by degrees, advancing more in age,  
 Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair,  
 Till Heav'n a better race of men supplies,                   70  
 And glory shoots new beams from western skies.



## VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,  
 And the long heroes of the Gallick strain;  
 Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,  
 And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won. 75  
 From the first William, our great Norman king,  
 The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring  
 Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose  
 In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;  
 With happy laws her empire to sustain, 80  
 And with full pow'r assert her ambient main:  
 But sometimes too industrious to be great,  
 Nor patient to expect the turns of Fate,  
 They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight,  
 And made proud Conquest trample over right; 85  
 Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,  
 And dreaded both when neither would obey.

## VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace  
 The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,  
 Devoted lives to publick liberty, 90  
 The chief still dying or the country free:  
 Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow  
 From warlike Cornet thro' the loins of Beau;  
 Thro' Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,  
 From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine. 95  
 Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,  
 Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged North,

Till Heav'n's decrees by rip'ning times are shown,  
 Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne,  
 And the fair rivals live for ever one. } 100

## VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,  
 Be kind, and as thy searching eye  
 Does our modern story trace,  
 Finding some of Stuart's race  
 Unhappy, pass their annals by: 105  
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise;  
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise:  
 But as thou dwell'st upon that heav'nly name \*,  
 To grief for ever sacred as to fame,  
 Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep, 110  
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep,  
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,  
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

## IX.

Whither wouldst thou further look?  
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book; 115  
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life,  
 How like Alcides he began;  
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,  
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

## X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms, 120  
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms;

\* Mary.

When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;  
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd;  
 Superiour to the blind events  
 Of little human accidents, 125  
 And, constant to his first decree,  
 To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free; [knee- }  
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant }

## XI.

His op'ning years to ripen manhood bring,  
 And see the hero perfect in the king; 130  
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,  
 And pow'r supreme by free consent obey'd;  
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,  
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;  
 With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd, 135  
 His favours granted ere his throne address'd;  
 What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,  
 By arts of peace more potent than by wars;  
 How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,  
 His morals strength'ning what his law ordains. 140

## XII.

Thro' all his thread of life already spun  
 Becoming grace and proper action run:  
 The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,  
 Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;  
 No footsteps of the victor's rage 145  
 Left in the camp where William did engage;

No tincture of the monarch's pride  
 Upon the royal purple spy'd:  
 His fame like gold the more 't is try'd  
 The more shall its intrinſick worth proclaim,  
 Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,  
 And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,  
 For ever coming out the ſame,  
 And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

## XIII.

Janus be to William juſt;  
 To faithful Hiſtory his actions truſt;  
 Command her, with peculiar care,  
 To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war:  
 His ſaving wonders bid her write  
 In characters diſtinctly bright,  
 That each revolving age may read  
 The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:  
 And ſtill the ſire inculcate to his ſon  
 Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the King's renown,  
 That William's glory ſtill may live,  
 When all that preſent art can give,  
 The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs,  
 Mould'ring drop the victor's praiſe;  
 When the great monuments of his pow'r  
 Shall now be viſible no more;  
 When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood,  
 And children aſk where Namur ſtood.

## XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her tow'rs were arm'd!  
 How she contemn'd th' approaching foe!  
 Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd, 175  
 And shook, and sunk, and fell, beneath his blow.  
 Jove and Pallas, mighty pow'rs,  
 Guided the hero to the hostile tow'rs.  
 Perseus seem'd less swift in war  
 When, wing'd with speed, he flew thro' air. 180  
 Embattled nations strive in vain  
 The hero's glory to restrain:  
 Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,  
 In vain against his force conspire.  
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear! 185  
 And, lo! Britannia's Lions waving there.

## XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,  
 The hero from the height beheld:  
 He spake the word, that war and rage should cease;  
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow, 190  
 And dictated a lasting peace  
 To the rejoicing world below.  
 To rescu'd states and vindicated crowns  
 His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds;  
 Ordain'd whom ev'ry province should obey, 195  
 How far each monarch should extend his sway,  
 Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd,  
 And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.



Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,  
 Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good: 200  
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deckt  
 Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect;  
 Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings,  
 Proclaim'd the first of men and best of kings.

## XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire 205  
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire?  
 Pardon me Janus, 't was a fault,  
 Created by too great a thought;  
 Mindless of the god and day  
 I from thy altars Janus stray, 210 }  
 From thee and from myself borne far away.  
 The fiery Pegasus disdains  
 To mind the rider's voice or hear the reins:  
 When glorious fields and opening camps he views  
 He runs with an unbounded loofe: 215  
 Hardly the Muse can fit the headstrong horse,  
 Nor would she if she could check his impetuous force:  
 With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,  
 While she thro' earth and air pursues the king.

## XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgick shore, 220  
 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore;  
 Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,  
 And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars,  
 She thro' the raging ocean now  
 Views him advancing his auspicious prow; 225



Combating adverse winds and winter seas,  
 Sighing the moments that defer our ease ;  
 Daring to wield the sceptre's dang'rous weight,  
 And taking the command to save the state ;  
 Tho' ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,        230  
 New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

## XVIII.

Thro' rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,  
 And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms,  
 In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,  
 And plunges after him thro' Boyne's fierce stream.  
 She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste    236  
 To tell old Ocean how the hero past ;  
 The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise  
 Worthy that arm whose empire he obeys.

## XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring        240  
 The humblest victor and the kindest king ;  
 Albion with open triumph would receive  
 Her hero, nor obtains his leave ;  
 Firm he rejects the altars she would raise,  
 And thanks the zeal while he declines the praise.    245  
 Again she follows him thro' Belgia's land,  
 And countries often sav'd by William's hand ;  
 Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils  
 Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.  
 In various views she tries her constant theme,    250  
 Finds him in councils and in arms the same :

When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,  
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

## XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight;  
She sets her hero in another light; 255  
Paints his great mind superiour to success,  
Declining conquest to establish peace;  
She brings Astrea down to earth again,  
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

## XXI.

Then with unweary'd wing the goddess soars 260  
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,  
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,  
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;  
Till William's word, like that of Fate declares  
If they shall study peace or lengthen wars. 265  
How sacred his renown for equal laws,  
'To whom the world defers its common cause!  
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,  
Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions trust!

## XXII.

From the Mæotis to the northern sea 270  
The goddess wings her desp'rate way,  
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,  
Whose sov'reign terrour forty nations dread,  
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,  
And palling half the earth to his embrace: 275  
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,

O'er precipices with impetuous sway  
 Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,  
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.  
 But her own king she likens to his Thames, 280  
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;  
 Serene, yet strong, majestick, yet sedate,  
 Swift without violence, without terrour great.  
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves,  
 Each shepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves;  
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose, 286  
 Fresh flow'rs for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

## XXIII.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous goddess go?  
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?  
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast, 290  
 And fields where mad Bellerophon was lost?  
 Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd,  
 By seas from Icarus' downfal nam'd?  
 Vain is the call, and useles the advice,  
 To wise persuasion deaf and human cries, 295  
 Yet upward she incessant flies,  
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,  
 And tell great Jove she sings his image here;  
 To ask for William an Olympick crown,  
 To Chromius' strength and Theron's speed unknown;  
 Till lost in trackless fields of shining day, 301  
 Unable to discern the way,  
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,  
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,

She, from the noble precipices thrown, 305  
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down :  
 Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate !  
 'The song too daring and the theme too great !  
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,  
 Than in continu'd annals live to sing 310  
 A second hero or a vulgar king,  
 And with ignoble safety fly  
 In sight of earth along a middle sky :

## XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng  
 That round his mystick temple press, 315  
 For William's life and Albion's peace,  
 Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.  
 Janus, cast thy forward eye  
 Future into great Rhea's pregnant womb,  
 Where young ideas brooding lie, 320  
 And tender images of things to come,  
 Till by thy high commands releas'd,  
 Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,  
 In decent order they advance to light ;  
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight, 325 }  
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight. }

## XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,  
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,  
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,  
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown 330

Can any future honours give  
 To the victorious monarch's name :  
 The Plenitude of William's fame  
 Can no accumulated stores receive.  
 Shut, then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate, 335  
 And make us happy as our king is great :  
 Be kind, and with a milder hand  
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age,  
 (Tho' noble, 't was an iron page)  
 A more delightful leaf expand, 340  
 Free from alarms and fierce Bellona's rage,  
 Bid the great Months begin their joyful round,  
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd :  
 Teach the glad Hours to scatter as they fly  
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy ; 345  
 Lead forth the Years for peace and plenty fam'd,  
 From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

## XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand,  
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand :  
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear 350 }  
 Foreign calamity and distant war,  
 Of which let her great Heav'n no portion bear. }  
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,  
 And as she wills let either part prevail :  
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn, 355  
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn ;



Around her coast let strong defence be spread,  
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed, [head. }  
 And heav'nly sweets bloom round the goddess' }

## XXVII.

Where the white tow'rs and ancient roofs did stand,  
 Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand, 361  
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame;  
 Let a young phoenix raise her tow'ring head,  
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread,  
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame: 365  
 August and open, as the hero's mind,  
 Be her capacious courts design'd;  
 Let every sacred pillar bear  
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.  
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe, 370  
 His shoulder bleeding fresh; and at his feet  
 Disarm'd shall lie the threat'ning Death:  
 (For so was saving Jove's decree complete)  
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd whose shield  
 Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd: 375  
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,  
 Boyne shall raise his laurell'd head,  
 And his immortal stream be known  
 Artfully waving thro' the wounded stone.

## XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd, 380  
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:



Thou, the fair heav'n that dost the stars inclose  
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows  
 On the great champions who support his throne,  
 And virtues nearest to his own. 385

## XXIX.

Round Ormund's knee thou ty'st the mystick string  
 That makes the knight companion to the king.  
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,  
 Bowing before thy fainted warrior's shrine,  
 Fast by his great forefather's coats and shields, 390  
 Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,  
 He hangs his arms, nor fears those arms should shine  
 With an unequal ray, or that his deed  
 With paler glory should recede,  
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame 395  
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

## XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confest,  
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast ;  
 Born to protect and love, to help and please,  
 Sov'reign of wit, and ornament of peace. 400  
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,  
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name ;  
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt  
 Which the great patron only would forget,  
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit. 405 }

## XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,  
 Asserting legal pow'r and just command.

To the great house thy favour shall be shown,  
 The father's star transmissive to the son.  
 From thee the Talbots and the Seymours race 410  
 Inform'd, their fires immortal steps shall trace:  
 Happy may their sons receive  
 The bright reward which thou alone canst give.

## XXXII.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide,  
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside, 415  
 Jersey, belov'd by all, (for all must feel  
 The influence of a form and mind  
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,  
 Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)  
 Jersey shall at thy altars stand, 420  
 Shall there receive the azure band,  
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,  
 Familiar to the Villiers' name.

## XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,  
 Be our great master's future charge; 425  
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs  
 High schemes of government and plans of wars;  
 By fair rewards our noble youth to raise  
 To emulous merit and to thirst of praise;  
 To lead them out from ease ere op'ning dawn 430  
 Thro' the thick forest and the distant lawn,  
 Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,  
 And chases give them images of war;

To teach them vigilance by false alarms  
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms; 435  
 Practise them now to curb the turning steed,  
 Mocking the foe, now to his rapid speed  
 To give the rein, and in the full career  
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

## XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts, 440  
 Planting societies for peaceful arts;  
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,  
 And by experiment make precept sound;  
 Some that to morals shall recall the age,  
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage; 445  
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,  
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech,  
 That from our writers distant realms may know  
 The thanks we to our monarch owe,  
 And schools profess our tongue thro' ev'ry land 450  
 That has invoc'd his aid or blest his hand.

## XXXV.

Let his high pow'r the drooping Muses rear,  
 The Muses only can reward his care;  
 'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils;  
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils: 455  
 To them by smiling Jove 't was giv'n to save  
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;  
 To them great William's glory to recall,  
 When statues moulder and when arches fall.

Nor let the Muses with ungrateful pride      460  
 The sources of their treasure hide ;  
 The hero's virtue does the string inspire,  
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre :  
 On William's fame their fate depends :  
 With him the song begins, with him it ends.      465  
 From the bright effluence of his deed  
 They borrow that reflected light  
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,  
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

## XXXVI.

Thro' various climes, and to each distant pole,      470  
 In happy tides let active Commerce roll ;  
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,  
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece,  
 Returning laden with the shining stores  
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.      475  
 As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way  
 Let all the naval world due homage pay ;  
 With hasty rev'ence their top-honours lower,  
 Confessing the asserted pow'r  
 To whom by Fate 't was giv'n, with happy sway      480  
 To calm the earth and vindicate the sea.

## XXXVII.

Our pray'rs are heard ; our master's fleets shall go  
 As far as winds can bear or waters flow,  
 New lands to make, new Indias to explore,  
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's pow'r ;      485

Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,  
And teach 'em arms and arts in William's name.

## XXXVIII.

With humble joy and with respectful fear  
The list'ning people shall his story hear;  
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd, 490  
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;  
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,  
And form their children's accents to his name,  
Inquiring how and when from heav'n he came. }  
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide 495 }  
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride, }  
Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd: }  
When William's virtues raise their op'ning thought,  
His forty years for publick freedom fought,  
Europe by his hand sustain'd, 500 }  
His conquest by his piety restrain'd, }  
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd. }

## XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore }  
Ideas of destructive pow'r, }  
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour: 505 }  
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,  
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;  
When the great father's character they find  
Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind,  
And own a present Deity confess'd, 510  
In valour that preserv'd, and pow'r that blest.



## XL.

'Thro' the large convex of the azure sky  
 (For thither Nature casts our common eye)  
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,  
 And comets march, with lawless horror bright. 515  
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own,  
 Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;  
 Thro' threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,  
 Till ardent pray'r averts the publick wo:  
 But the bright orb that bleffes all above, 520  
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,  
 Rules not his actions by capricious will,  
 Nor by ungovern'd pow'r declines to ill:  
 Fixt by just laws he goes for ever right;  
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

## XLI.

O Janus! would entreated Fate conspire 526  
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require,  
 Above, that sun should cease his way to go,  
 Ere William cease to rule and blefs below:  
 But a relentless destiny 530  
 Urges all that e'er was born;  
 Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn  
 The demi-god; the earthly half must die.  
 Yet if our incense can your wrath remove,  
 If human pray'rs avail on minds above, 535  
 Exert, great God, thy int'rest in the sky,  
 Gain each kind pow'r, each guardian deity,



That, conquer'd by the publick vow,  
 They bear the dismal mischief far away:  
 O! long as utmost Nature may allow, 540  
 Let them retard the threaten'd day:  
 Still be our master's life thy happy care;  
 Still let his blessings with his years increase;  
 To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,  
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace: 545  
 Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,  
 Whose verdure must for ever last.

## XLII.

Long let this growing era blefs his sway,  
 And let our sons his present rule obey;  
 On his sure virtue long let earth rely, 550 }  
 And late let the imperial Eagle fly,  
 To bear the hero thro' his father's sky  
 To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed  
 On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed:  
 To Hercules at length, absolv'd by Fate 555  
 From earthly toil, and above envy great;  
 To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,  
 Sire of the Latian and the British throne;  
 To all the radiant names above,  
 Rever'd by men and dear to Jove; 560  
 Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star  
 New-born, in rising majesty appear,  
 To triumph over vanquish'd night,

And guide the prosp'rous mariner  
With everlasting beams of friendly light. 565

### CELIA TO DAMON.

---

*Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo  
Inveniuntur. —* Lucret. Lib. IV.

---

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove  
My truth, what colours can describe my love,  
If its excess and fury be not known  
In what thy Celia has already done?  
Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd 5  
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;  
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear  
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.  
In vain I strove to check my growing flame,  
Or shelter passion under friendship's name; 10  
You saw my heart how it my tongue bely'd,  
And when you press'd how faintly I deny'd.—  
Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd aid,  
Ere reason could support the doubting maid,  
My soul surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd, 15  
Left all reserve and all the sex behind:  
From your command her motions she receiv'd,  
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.  
But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,  
And fires eternal on her altars shine, 20

Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,  
 Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.  
 By thy each look, and thought, and care, 't is shown  
 Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;  
 And sure I am thou wouldst not change this hour 25  
 For all the white ones Fate has in its pow'r. —

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,  
 Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,  
 In this great moment, in this golden now,  
 When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how, 30  
 Should from my soul by raging love be torn,  
 And far on swelling seas of rapture borne,  
 A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,  
 And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;  
 Invading fears repel my coward joy, 35  
 And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause  
 That with first sighs your panting bosom rose;  
 But with no owner beauty long will stay,  
 Upon the wings of time borne swift away. 40  
 Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes  
 (Where now without a boast some lustre lies)  
 No longer shall their little honours keep,  
 Shall only be of use to read or weep;  
 And on this forehead, where your verse has said 45  
 The Loves delighted and the Graces play'd,  
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,  
 And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may  
 And as the fuel sinks the flame decrease; [cease,  
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare, 51  
 And sickness strike what time a while would spare:  
 Then will my swain his glowing vows renew?  
 Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true,  
 When my own face deters me from my glass, 55  
 And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastick Fame may sound her wild alarms;  
 Your country, as you think, may want your arms:  
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate, the flame,  
 Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name, 60  
 And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue,  
 When you love's joys thro' honour's optick view.

Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak  
 To this abandon'd breast to bring you back:  
 When my lost lover the tall ship ascends, 65  
 With musick gay, and wet with jovial friends,  
 The tender accents of a woman's cry  
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;  
 When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail, }  
 When fair occasion shows the springing gale, 70 }  
 And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells }  
 the sail.

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

While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft, 75  
 To the rude censure of the world is left,  
 Her mangled fame in barb'rous pastime lost,  
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies  
 Sighs to my breast and sorrow to my eyes. 80

Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)  
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.  
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror,  
 May quit his pleasure to assert his pow'r;  
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway, 85  
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph, with fatal pow'r, may rise  
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;  
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confess,  
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest. 90

You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain,  
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain;  
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,  
 And her embraces want the pow'r to warm;  
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove  
 More heavy chains than those of hopeless love. 96

Just gods! all other things their like produce;  
 The vine arises from her mother's juice;  
 When feeble plants or tender flow'rs decay  
 They to their seed their images convey; 100  
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,  
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads;



And when the parent rose decays and dies,  
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.  
 That product only which our passions bear 105  
 Eludes the planter's miserable care.  
 While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,  
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root; [shoot. }  
 Soon fall the flow'rs of joy, soon seeds of hatred }  
 Say, Shepherd, say, are these reflections true? 110 }  
 Or was it but the woman's fear that drew  
 This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?  
 Will you be only and for ever mine?  
 Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?  
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn? 115  
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?  
 And can you not for her you love do more  
 Than any youth for any nymph before? 118

## DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

Imitated from the

FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

---

Nympha, precor, Penei mane.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

---

### APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy speed,  
 Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;  
 With kind regard a panting lover view;  
 Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue;



Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground, 5  
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPH. *aside.*] This care is for himself as sure as death;  
One mile has put the fellow out of breath:  
He'll never do, I'll lead him th' other round;  
Washy he is, perhaps not over-sound. 10

APOL. You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly.  
Nor ill-bred swain nor rusty clown am I:  
I Claros' isle and Tenedos command—

DAPH. Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.

APOL. What is to come by certain arts I know. 15

DAPH. Pish! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOL. Behold the beauties of my locks.—

DAPH. —————A fig—————

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig:  
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair, 20  
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOL. I sing. —————

DAPH. — That never shall be Daphne's choice.  
Sypacio had an admirable voice.

APOL. Of ev'ry herb I tell the mystick pow'r, 25  
To certain health the patient I restore,  
Sent for, carefs'd—

DAPH. — Ours is a wholesome air;  
You'd better go to Town and practise there:  
For me, I've no obstructions to remove; 30 }  
I'm pretty well, I thank you father Jove, }  
And physick is a weak ally to love. }

APOL. For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose. }  
 DAPH. So do your brother quacks and brother }  
 Memorials only and reviews write prose. [beaus }

APOL. From the bent yew I send the pointed reed, 36  
 Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed. —

DAPH. Then leaving me, whom sure you would not  
 In yonder thicket exercise your skill: [kill,  
 Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart 40  
 Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOL. Yet turn, O beautiful Maid, yet deign to hear  
 A lovesick deity's impetuous pray'r.  
 O let me woo thee as thou wouldst be woo'd.

DAPH. First, therefore, don't be so extremely rude;  
 Don't tear the hedges down and tread the clover, 46  
 Like an hobgoblin rather than a lover:  
 Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come,  
 At ebbing tide he always is at home.

Read the Courant with him, and let him know 50 }  
 A little politicks, how matters go }  
 Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po. }

As any maid or footman comes or goes,  
 Pull off your hat and ask how Daphne does:  
 These sort of folks will to each other tell 55  
 That you respect me; that you know looks well:  
 Then if you are, as you pretend, the god  
 That rules the day, and much upon the road,  
 You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,  
 That you may bring one home from Africa; 60

Some little rarity, some bird or beast,  
 And now and then a jewel from the East;  
 A laker'd cabinet, some China-ware;  
 You have 'em mighty cheap at Pekin fair.  
 Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove, 65  
 Nor take example by your father Jove.  
 Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,  
 Make me (Lord, what startles you?) your wife.  
 I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;  
 We mortals seldom live above fourscore: 70  
 Fourscore; you're good at numbers; let us see,  
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;  
 Aye, in that span of time you'll bury me. }  
 Mean-time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,  
 (Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life) 75  
 They'll quickly end, you see; what signify  
 A few odd years to you that never die?  
 And, after all, you're half your time away,  
 You know your bus'ness takes you up all day;  
 And coming late to bed, you need not fear, 80  
 Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep my dear:  
 Or, if a winter-evening should be long,  
 Ev'n read your physick-book, or make a song.  
 Your wife, your steeds, diachalon, and rhyme,  
 May take up any honest godhead's time. 85  
 Thus, as you like it, you may love again,  
 And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow;  
 I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo;  
 And may I split into ten thousand trees 90  
 If I give up on other terms than these.  
 She said; but what the am'rous god reply'd,  
 So Fate ordain'd, is to our search deny'd;  
 By rats, alas! the manuscript is ate;  
 O cruel banquet which we all regret: 95  
 Bavius, thy labours must this work restore,  
 May thy good-will be equal to thy pow'r. 97

### COLIN'S MISTAKES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

---

Me ludit amabilis  
 Infania.

Hor.

---

I,  
**F**AST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred,  
 (Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred stream)  
 To Wimple's woody shade his way he sped,  
 (Flourish those woods, the Muses' endless theme.)  
 As whilom Colin ancient books had read, 5  
 Lays Greek and Roman would he oft' rehearse,  
 And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,  
 What Father Spenser sung in British verse.  
 Who reads that bard desires like him to write,  
 Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight. 10

## II.

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the morn,  
 And light discover'd Nature's cheerful face,  
 The sounding clarion and the sprightly horn  
 Call'd the blithe huntsman to the distant chase.  
 Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly band; 15  
 The deep-mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the air,  
 The fiery coursers strike the rising sand,  
 Far thro' the thicket flies the frightened deer;  
 Harley the honour of the day supports,  
 His presence glads the woods, his orders guide the

## III.

[sports.

On a fair palfrey, well equipp'd, did sit 21  
 An Amazonian dame; a scarlet vest,  
 For active horsemanship adaptly fit,  
 Enclos'd her dainty limbs; a plumed crest  
 Wav'd o'er her head; obedient by her side 25  
 Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand  
 Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide:  
 The willing steed receiv'd her soft command:  
 Courage and sweetness on her face were seated;  
 On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

## IV.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake, 31  
 For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh,  
 Ah me, too nigh! or, Clio, I mistake,  
 Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,



Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen      35  
 Of lib'ral arts; with wonder and delight  
 In Homer's verse we read her; well I ween  
 That, em'lous of his Grecian master's flight,  
 Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite goddess known,  
 When is her graceful look fair Britomart is shown. 40

## V.

At noon as Colin to the castle came,  
 Op'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast;  
 Appears at table rich yclad a dame,  
 The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest;  
 With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deckt, 45  
 As well became her dignity and place,  
 But the beholders mought her gems neglect,  
 To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,  
 Serene with glory, and with softness bright:  
 O beauty sent from heav'n to cheer the mortal sight! 50

## VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood,  
 And decent State obey'd her high command,  
 And Charity, diffuse of native good,  
 At once pourtrays her mind and guides her hand.  
 As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to list, 55  
 And silence with obliging parley broke,  
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift!  
 But how more gracious what the giver spoke!  
 Such ease, such freedom, did her deed attend,  
 That ev'ry guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend. 60



## VII.

Quoth Colin, Clio, if my feeble sense  
 Can well distinguish yon' illustrious dame,  
 Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense  
 In Latian numbers, Juno is her name;  
 Great goddesses who, with peace and plenty crown'd,  
 To all that under sky breathe vital air, 66  
 Diffuseth blifs, and thro' the world around  
 Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;  
 Certes of her in semblant guise I read,  
 Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed. 70

## VIII.

As Colin mus'd at ev'ning near the wood,  
 A nymph undress'd, bescemeth, by him past,  
 Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd,  
 A riband bound and shap'd her slender waift;  
 A veil dependent from her comely head, 75  
 And beauteous plenty of Ambrosial hair,  
 O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,  
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air:  
 The smiling Zephyrs call'd their am'rous brothers,  
 They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

## IX.

Daiesies and violets rose where'er she trod, 81  
 As Flora, kind, her roots and buds had sorted;  
 And, led by Hymen, wedlock's mystick god,  
 Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported,

Quoth Colin, now I ken the goddess bright      85  
 Whom poets sing : all human hearts enthrall'd  
 Obey her pow'r ; her kindness the delight  
 Of gods and men ; great Venus she is call'd,  
 When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse ;  
 Belphebe is her name in gentle Edmund's verse.      90

## X.

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile reply'd,  
 Which shew'd soft anger mix'd with friendly love ;  
 Twin sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;  
 Can we know right till error we remove ?  
 But Colin, well I wist will never learn ;      95  
 Who flights his guide shall deviate from his way :  
 Me to have ask'd what thou couldst not discern  
 To thee pertain'd ; to me the thing to say.  
 What heav'nly will from human eye conceals,  
 How can the bard aread unless the Muse reveals ?      100

## XI.

Nor Pallas thou nor Britomart hast seen,  
 When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd ;  
 Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's fairy Queen,  
 At noontide dealt the honours of the feast :  
 Nor Venus nor Belphebe didst thou spy,      105  
 The ev'ning's glory and the grove's delight :  
 Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,  
 That all the day to knowing mortals fight  
 Bright Ca'ndish-Holles Harley stood confest,  
 As various hour advis'd in various habit drest.      110

---

## THE DOVE.

---



---

 Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?

Virg.

## I.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find  
 That passion can depress or raise  
 The heav'nly as the human mind;  
 Who dare deny what Virgil says?

5

## II.

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

8

## III.

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

12

## IV.

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

16

## V.

With that his longest dart he took,  
 As constable would take his staff;

I ij

That gods desire like men to look  
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh. 20

## VI.

Love's subaltern, a duteous band,  
Like watchmen round their chief appear ;  
Each had his lantern in his hand,  
And Venus mask'd brought up the rear. 24

## VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step  
To Cloe's lodging they directed :  
(At once I write, alas! and weep,  
That Cloe is of theft suspected.) 28

## VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go :  
St. Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one.  
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,  
Lives at the sober end o' th' Town. 32

## IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,  
Like footmen on a visiting day.  
Folks at her house at such an hour !  
Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ? 36

## X.

The door is open : up they run ;  
Nor pray'rs nor threats divert their speed :  
Thieves ! thieves ! cries Susan ; we 're undone ;  
They 'll kill my mistress in her bed. 40

## XI.

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

44

## XII.

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

48

## XIII.

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

52

## XIV.

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

56

## XV.

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

60

## XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber  
*Incognito*; for Susan said

It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—  
And Sufan is no lying maid. 64

## XVII.

But since we have no present need  
Of Venus for an episode,  
With Cupid let us e'en proceed,  
And thus to Cloe spoke the god : 68

## XVIII.

Hold up your head, hold up your hand;  
Would it were not my lot to show ye  
This cruel writ, wherein you stand  
Indicted by the name of Cloe : 72

## XIX.

For that by secret malice stirr'd,  
Or by an em'lous pride invited,  
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird  
In which my mother most delighted. 76

## XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid  
Rais'd just above the milkwhite sheet,  
A rose-tree in a lily-bed  
Nor glows so red nor breathes so sweet. 80

## XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear  
And widows court? Is not your name  
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—  
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same. 84



## XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say  
 Or do with her you call your mother?  
 If I should meet her in my way  
 We hardly curt'fy to each other. 88

## XXIII.

Diana chaste and Hebe sweet  
 Witness that what I speak is true;  
 I would not give my paroquet  
 For all the doves that ever flew. 92

## XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,  
 Go freely search where'er you please;  
 (The rage that rais'd adorn'd her voice)  
 Upon yon' toilette lie my keys. 96

## XXV.

Her keys he takes, her doors unlocks,  
 Thro' wardrobe and thro' closet bounces,  
 Peeps into ev'ry chest and box,  
 Turns all her furbelows and flounces. 100

## XXVI.

But Dove, depend on 't, finds he none,  
 So to the bed returns again;  
 And now the maiden, bolder grown,  
 Begins to treat him with disdain. 104

## XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,  
 Your poultry cannot yet be found:

Lies he in yonder slipper dead,  
Or may be in the teapot drown'd? 108

## XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,  
He's hid somewhere about your breast;  
A place nor god nor man denies  
For Venus' Dove the proper nest. 112

## XXIX.

Search then, she said; put in your hand,  
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me,  
As guilty I or free may stand  
Do thou or punish or reward me. 116

## XXX.

But, ah! what maid to Love can trust?  
He scorns and breaks all legal pow'r;  
Into her breast his hand he thrust,  
And in a moment forc'd it lower. 120

## XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,  
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?  
O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,  
Says he, for sure I touch his feather. 124

## ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

## IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,  
Baten beside Erle Robert's table,

Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,  
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch,  
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish ;  
 Feast-lyche as heart of moufe mote wish.

5

As guests sat Jovial at the board,  
 Forth leap'd our Mice ; eftsoons the Lord  
 Of Boling, whilom John the Saint,  
 Who maketh oft' propos full queint,  
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,  
 To Matthew seated on th' oth' side,  
 To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain  
 To understand these creatures tweine :  
 Come frame us now some clean device,  
 Or playfant rhyme on yonder Mice ;  
 They seem, God shield me, Matt and Charles.

10

15

Bad as Sir Topas or 'Squire Quarles  
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)  
 At emblem or device am I ;  
 But could I chaunt or rhyme, pardie,  
 Clear as Dan Chaucer or as thee,  
 Ne verse from me (so god me thrive)  
 On moufe or other beast alive.  
 Certes I have this many days  
 Sent myne poetick herd to graze.  
 Ne armed knight ydrad in war  
 With lyon fierce will I compare ;  
 Ne judge unjust with furred fox,  
 Harming in secret guise the flocks ;

20

25

30

Ne priest unworth of goddes coat,  
 To swine ydrunk or filthy stoat;  
 Elke simile farewell for aye,  
 From elephant, I trow, to flea.

Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene 35  
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.

Ne so, quoth Matt, ne shall be e'er,  
 With wit that falleth all so fair:  
 Eftsoons well weet ye my intent  
 Boweth to your commaundement. 40

If by these creatures ye have seen,  
 Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been,  
 Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,  
 The rest in order to explain.

That cupboard where the Mice disport 45  
 I liken to St. Stephen's court;

Therein is space enough, I trow,  
 For elke comrade to come and goe;  
 And therein eke may both be fed  
 With shiver of the wheaten bread: 50

And when as these mine eyen survey  
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play,  
 Return they may to diff'rent cells,  
 Auditing one whilst th' other tells.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind 55  
 In hounteous deed no mean can bind,  
 Now as I hope to grow devout  
 I deem this matter well made out,

Laugh I whilst thus I serious pray?  
 Let that be wrought which Matt doth say;  
 Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

}  
 61

### IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Matt with Topaz dine,  
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;  
 But Topaz his own werke rehearfeth,  
 And Matt mote praise what Topaz verseth.  
 Now shure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,  
 Full hardly earneth Matt his dinner.

6

### IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,  
 Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine;  
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,  
 Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong. 4  
 Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;  
 Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde,  
 That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal,  
 Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal. 8

### TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in prison or in court look down,  
 Nor beg thy favour nor deserve thy frown

In vain malicious Fortune hast thou try'd,  
 By taking from my state to quell my pride :  
 Insulting Girl, thy present rage abate,  
 And wouldst thou have me humbled make me great. 6

### TO CLOE.

#### I.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,  
 In vain cold friendship you return ;  
 Your drops of pity on my fire,  
 Alas ! but make it fiercer burn. 4

#### II.

Ah ! would you have the flame suppress'd,  
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,  
 Take half my passion to your breast,  
 The rest in mine shall ever last. 8

### TO CLOE WEeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see  
 The world in sympathy with thee :  
 The cheerful birds no longer sing,  
 Each droops his head and hangs his wing.  
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower, 5  
 And shed their sorrows in a shower.  
 The brooks beyond their limits flow,  
 And louder murmurs speak their wo,  
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares ;  
 They heave thy sighs and weep thy tears. 10



Fantastick nymph! that grief should move  
 Thy heart obdurate against love.  
 Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all  
 But that dear breast on which they fall. 14

## CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses ty'd,  
 Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,  
 A-hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,  
 And thro' the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.  
 Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid; 5  
 And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said;  
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.  
 Loud Cupid laugh'd to see the god's mistake;  
 And, laughing, cry'd, Learn better, great divine,  
 To know thy kindred and to honour mine. 10  
 Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,  
 Or on Meander's bank or Latmus' peak;  
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister, know,  
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:  
 Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring grove,  
 Sacred to soft recess and gentle love. 16  
 Go, with thy Cynthia hurl the pointed spear  
 At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:  
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim;  
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game. 20

## CLOE JEALOUS.

## I.

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

4

## II.

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

8

## III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse  
 The gen'ral pow'r that beauty has,  
 But why did no peculiar verse  
 Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

12

## IV.

The glass which was at Venus' shrine  
 With such mysterious sorrow laid,  
 The garland (and you call it mine)  
 Which show'd how youth and beauty fade.

16

## V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these  
 Nor can my rage nor anger move;  
 She should be humble who would please,  
 And she must suffer who can love.

20

## VI.

When in my glafs I chanc'd to look,  
 Of Venus what did I implore ?  
 That ev'ry grace which thence I took  
 Should know to charm my Damon more. 24

## VII.

Reading thy verfe, Who heeds, faid I,  
 If here or there his glances flew ?  
 O, free for ever be his eye  
 Whofe heart to me is always true. 28

## VIII.

My bloom, indeed, my little flow'r  
 Of beauty, quickly loft its pride ;  
 For, fever'd from its native bow'r,  
 It on thy glowing bofom dy'd. 32

## IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preface  
 Or withering wreath or fleeting youth ;  
 Love I esteem'd more ftrong than age,  
 And time lefs permanent than truth. 36

## X.

Why then I weep forbear to know ;  
 Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free ;  
 O Damon ! 't is the only wo  
 I ever yet conceal'd from thee. 40

## XI.

The fecret wound with which I bleed  
 Shall lie wrapt up ev'n in my hearfe,  
 K ij

But on my tombstone thou shalt read  
My answer to thy dubious verse. 44

## ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

The Author sick.

I.

Yes, fairest proof of beauty's pow'r,  
Dear idol of my panting heart,  
Nature points this my fatal hour,  
And I have liv'd, and we must part. 4

II.

While now I take my last adieu,  
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,  
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view  
On earth an object worth its care. 8

III.

From jealousy's tormenting strife  
For ever be thy bosom freed,  
That nothing may disturb thy life,  
Content I hasten to the dead. 12

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth  
Shall with his am'rous parley move thee,  
Reflect one moment on his truth  
Who dying thus persists to love thee. 16

## A BETTER ANSWER.

## I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face?  
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:  
 Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)  
 Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world. 4

## II.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy  
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?  
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy;  
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping. 8

## III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,  
 Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong;  
 You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:  
 Odd's life! must one swear to the truth of a song? 12

## IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shews  
 The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art;  
 I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose; 15  
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

## V.

The god of us versemen (you know child) the Sun,  
 How after his journies he sets up his rest;  
 If at morning o'er earth 't is his fancy to run,  
 At night he reclines on his Thetis' breast. 20

## VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,  
 To thee my delight in the ev'ning I come;  
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home. 24

## VII.

Then finish dear Cloe this pastoral war,  
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;  
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,  
 As he was a poet sublimer than me. 28

## VENUS MISTAKEN.

## I.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,  
 Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her own:  
 And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?  
 When was I bathing thus, and naked seen? 4

## II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;  
 And who's blind now Mamma? the urchin cry'd.  
 'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:  
 Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest. 8

## VENUS' ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame,  
 Adorn my altars and revere my name.



My son shall else assume his potent darts;  
 Twang goes the bow; my Girls, have at your hearts.  
 The Muses answer'd Venus, We deride  
 The vagrant's malice and his mother's pride:     6  
 Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,  
 To the loose dance and wanton masquerade;  
 Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look  
 On the instructive verse and moral book.  
 On female idleness his pow'r relies,  
 But when he finds us studying hard he flies.     12

## THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

### I.

WHEN Kneller's works, of various grace,  
 Were to fair Venus shown,  
 The goddess spy'd in ev'ry face  
 Some features of her own.     4

### II.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand)  
 So shone, says she, my eyes,  
 When from two goddesses I gain'd  
 An apple for a prize.     8

### III.

When in the glass and river too  
 My face I lately view'd,  
 Such was I, if the glass be true,  
 If true the crystal flood.     12

## IV.

In colours of this glorious kind  
 Apelles painted me ;  
 My hair, thus flowing with the wind,  
 Sprung from my native sea. 16

## V.

Like this disorder'd, wild, forlorn,  
 Big with ten thousand fears,  
 Thee my Adonis did I mourn,  
 Ev'n beautiful in tears. 20

## VI.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,  
 I fear says she, I fear,  
 Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art  
 Has far surpass'd thine here : 24

## VII.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,  
 By Myra am undone,  
 And must resign to her the prize,  
 The apple, which I won. 28

## VIII.

But soon as she had Myra seen,  
 Majestically fair,  
 The sparkling eye, the look serene,  
 The gay and easy air, 32

## IX

With fiery emulation fill'd,  
 The wond'ring goddess cry'd,

Apelles must to Cneller yield,  
Or Venus must to Hyde. 36

### PHILLIS' AGE.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,  
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?  
To answer is no easy task,  
For she has really two ages. 4

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,  
Her patches, paint, and jewels on,  
All day let Envy view her face,  
And Phillis is but twenty-one. 8

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,  
At night, astronomers agree  
The ev'ning has the day bely'd,  
And Phillis is some forty-three. 12

### CHASTE FLORIMEL.

I.  
No—I'll endure ten thousand deaths  
Ere any farther I'll comply:  
Oh! Sir, no man on earth that breathes  
Had ever yet his hand so high. 4

## II.

Oh! take your sword and pierce my heart,  
 Undaunted see me meet the wound;  
 Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?  
 A second Lucrece you have found.

8

## III.

Thus to the pressing Corydon  
 Poor Florimel, unhappy maid,  
 Fearing by love to be undone,  
 In broken dying accents said;

12

## IV.

Delia, who held the conscious door,  
 Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,  
 Knowing that sixteen months before  
 Our Lucrece had her second child.

16

## V.

And hark ye, Madam, cry'd the bawd,  
 None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;  
 Be civil here, or march abroad;  
 Oblige the 'squire, or quit the lodging.

20

## VI.

Oh! have I, Florimel went on,  
 Have I then lost my Delia's aid?  
 Where shall forsaken Virtue run  
 If by her friend she is betray'd?

24

## VII.

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name;  
 Lord, what is all our future view?

Then, dear destroyer of my fame,  
 Let my last succour be to you. 28

VIII.

From Delia's rage and Fortune's frown  
 A wretched lovesick maid deliver;  
 Oh! tip me but another crown,  
 Dear Sir, and make me your's for ever. 32

THE QUESTION. TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust  
 But Cloe, beauteous Cloe, just?  
 What nymph should I desire to see  
 But her who leaves the plain for me?  
 To whom should I compose the lay  
 But her who listens when I play?  
 To whom in song repeat my cares  
 But her who in my sorrow shares?  
 For whom should I the garland make  
 But her who joys the gift to take,  
 And boasts she wears it for my sake?  
 In love am I not fully blest?  
 Lisetta, pr'ythee, tell the rest. 13

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe just, and Cloe fair,  
 Deserves to be your only care;

But when you and she to-day  
 Far into the wood did stray,  
 And I happen'd to pass by, 5  
 Which way did you cast your eye?  
 But when your cares to her you sing,  
 Yet dare not tell her whence they spring,  
 Does it not more afflict your heart  
 That in those cares she bears a part? 10  
 When you the flow'rs for Cloe twine,  
 Why do you to her garland join  
 The meanest bud that falls from mine?  
 Simplest of swains! the world may see  
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me. 15

### CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN heav'n, one holyday, you read,  
 In wise Anacreon, Ganymede  
 Drew heedless Cupid in to throw  
 A main, to pass an hour, or so;  
 The little Trojan by the way, 5  
 By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.  
 The god, unhappily engag'd,  
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,  
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted,  
 Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted; 10  
 In ready money all the store  
 Pick'd up long since from Danaë's show'r;



A snuff-box set with bleeding hearts,  
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;  
 His ninepins made of myrtle wood;  
 (The tree in Ida's forest stood) 15  
 His bowl pure gold, the very fame  
 Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;  
 Two table books in shagreen covers,  
 Fill'd with good verse from real lovers, 20  
 Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,  
 Its matter passionate yet true;  
 Heaps of hair rings and cipher'd seals,  
 Rich trifles, serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets! 25  
 Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets  
 Those darts, whose points make gods adore  
 His might, and deprecate his pow'r;  
 Those darts whence all our joy and pain  
 Arise; those darts—Come seven's the main, 30  
 Cries Ganymede: the usual trick,  
 Seven flur a fix; eleven: a nick.

Ill news go fast: 't was quickly known  
 That simple Cupid was undone.  
 Swifter than lightning Venus flew; 35  
 Too late she found the thing too true.  
 Guess how the goddess greets her son:  
 Come hither Sirrah: no, begone;  
 And, hark ye, is it so indeed?  
 A comrade you for Ganymede? 40

An imp as wicked for his age  
 As any earthly lady's page;  
 A scandal and a scourge to Troy,  
 A prince's son? A blackguard boy;  
 A sharper that with box and dice  
 Draws in young deities to vice. 45

All heav'n is by the ears together  
 Since first that little rogue came hither;  
 Juno herself has had no peace,  
 And truly I've been favour'd less: 50  
 For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame  
 Says things not fit for me to name)  
 Has acted ill for such a god,  
 And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy Child, she said,  
 (Her anger by her grief allay'd) 55  
 Unhappy child, who thus hast lost  
 All the estate we e'er could boast,  
 Whither, O whither wilt thou run,  
 Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known? 60  
 Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd,  
 Nor shall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd,  
 When thou nor man nor god canst wound.

Obedient Cupid, kneeling cry'd,  
 Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide; 65  
 Gany's a cheat and I'm a bubble;  
 Yet why this great excess of trouble?  
 The dice were false; the darts are gone;  
 Yet how are you or I undone?

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

70

75

77

## CUPID MISTAKEN.

## I.

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

4

## II.

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

8

## III.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:  
 O cruel, couldst thou find none other  
 To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!  
 Like Nero thou hast slain thy mother.

12

## IV.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;  
 Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:

Alas! how easy my mistake?  
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

16

### CUPID IN AMBUSH.

It oft' to many has successful been  
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,  
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,  
Or gently squeeze her knees or press her feet.  
All publick sports to favour young desire, 5  
With opportunities like this conspire.  
Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,  
With human blood where the Arena flows,  
There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy  
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy; 10  
While the spectator gazes on the fight,  
And sees 'em wound each other with delight;  
While he his pretty mistress entertains,  
And wagers with her who the conquest gains,  
Slyly the god takes aim and hits his heart,  
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part. 16

### CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,  
A rustick wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd,  
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,  
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went; 4

Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,  
 His tune he whistled and his wheat he sow'd;  
 Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above  
 Raising his eye he thus insulted Jove:  
 Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,  
 And as I bid you let it shine or rain, 10  
 Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,  
 Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough; }  
 What once Europa was Nannette is now. 13 }

## CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,  
 And strong Boötes turns the Bear,  
 When mortals sleep their cares away,  
 Fatigu'd with labours of the day,  
 Cupid was knocking at my gate; 5  
 Who's there, says I? who knocks so late,  
 Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?  
 O fear not me, a harmless guest,  
 He said; but open, open pray;  
 A foolish child, I've lost my way, 10  
 And wander here this moonlight night,  
 All wet and cold, and wanting light.  
 With due regard his voice I heard,  
 Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,

And saw a naked boy below,	13
With wings, a quiver, and a bow :	
In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,	
Secure and thoughtless of my fate ;	
I set the child an easy chair	
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;	20
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,	
And warm'd his little hands with mine.	
All this did I with kind intent ;	
But he on wanton mischief bent,	
Said, dearest Friend, this bow you see,	25
This pretty bow, belongs to me :	
Observe, I pray, if all be right,	
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite :	
He drew it then, and straight I found	
Within my breast a secret wound.	30
This done, the rogue no longer staid,	
But leapt away, and laughing said,	
Kind host adieu, we now must part,	
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.	34

### MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN sullen humour one day Jove  
 Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,  
 Commanding Cupid to deliver  
 His store of darts, his total quiver,



That Hermes should the weapons break,  
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

5

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

10

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

Come, kinsman, (said the little god)  
Put off your wings, lay by your rod,  
Retire with me to yonder bow'r,  
And rest yourself for half an hour ;  
'Tis far indeed from hence to heav'n,  
And you fly fast, and 't is but sev'n :  
We'll take one cooling cup of Nectar,  
And drink to this celestial Hector.—

15

20

He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r !  
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's show'r !  
Go-bid him his wife's tongue restrain,  
And mind his thunder and his rain.—

25

My darts ! O, certainly I'll give 'em ;  
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em ;  
There's one, the best in all my quiver,  
Twang ! thro' his very heart and liver ;  
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave ;  
Good Lord ! what bustle shall we have !

30

Neptune must strait be sent to sea,  
 And Flora summon'd twice a-day :  
 One must find shells, and th' other flow'rs,      35  
 For cooling grots and fragrant bow'rs,  
 That Cloe may be serv'd in state,  
 The Hours must at her toilette wait ;  
 Whilst all the reas'ning fools below  
 Wonder their watches go too slow.      40  
 Lybs must fly south and Eurus east,  
 For jewels for her hair and breast ;  
 No matter tho' their cruel haste  
 Sink cities and lay forests waste ;  
 No matter tho' this fleet be lost,      45  
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.  
 What whisp'ring in my mother's ear !  
 What care that Juno should not hear !  
 What work among you scholar gods !  
 Phœbus must write him am'rous odes,      50  
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose  
 His letters in submissive prose ;  
 Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain  
 The honour of my myflick reign,  
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,      55  
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.  
     Dear couz, said Hermes in a fright,  
 For Heav'n's sake keep your darts: good night.      58

## DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

**D**EMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,  
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:  
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,  
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn,  
 Between you both I unconcern'd stand by;  
 Hurt can I laugh? and honest need I cry? 6

## MERRY ANDREW.

**S**LY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair;  
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,  
 So peevish was the edict of the May'r) }  
 At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,  
 To please our masters, and his friends the crowd, 5  
 A huge neats tongue he in his right hand held,  
 His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.  
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,  
 The clownish mimick traverses the stage:  
 Why, how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll, 10  
 To-day's conceit methinks is something dull.  
 Come on Sir, to our worthy friends explain  
 What does your emblematick Worship mean?  
 Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak;  
 Your emble—(what d'ye call 't?) is Heathen Greek.  
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence; 16  
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.

That busy fool I was which thou art now,  
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how,  
 With very good design but little wit                    20  
 Blaming or praising things as I thought fit :  
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd,  
 And dealing honestly was almost starv'd.  
 But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,  
 Since I have found the secret to be great.                    25  
 O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,  
 Henceforth may I obey and thou control ;  
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill—  
 Bow then, says Andrew, and for once I will.—  
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;                    30  
 Sleep very much ; think little, and talk less :  
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,  
 But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.  
 A rev'rend prelate stopp'd his coach-and-six  
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks :                    35  
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,  
 Drive on, (he cry'd) this fellow is no fool.                    37

## GAULTERUS DANISTONUS

AD AMICOS.

Dum studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,  
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,  
 Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiisque superbus  
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

Has ego corporibus profugas ad fidera mitto; 5  
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;  
 Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant  
 Vitæ faciles mollitèr ire vias:  
 Vinaque cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;  
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro, 10  
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;  
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:  
 Fabula fit terris agitur, quæ vita relictis;  
 Quique superstes homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.  
 Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas 15  
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,  
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis  
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.  
 His me parentem præceptis occupet orcus,  
 Et mors; seu divum, seu nihil esse velit; 20  
 Nam sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suavitèr horas  
 Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas. 22

## IMITATED.

SRUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,  
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,  
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,  
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.  
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath 5  
 The body only I give o'er to death;  
 The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:  
 What came from earth I see to earth return.

The immaterial part, th' ethereal soul,  
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control. 10  
 Glad I release it from its partners cares,  
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars:  
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,  
 Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.  
 The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend, 15  
 And offer to thee now immortal friend:  
 But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,  
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove,  
 On its dark side if thou the prospect take,  
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake; 20  
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,  
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky;  
 Yet bear thy lot content, yet cease to grieve;  
 Why ere death comes dost thou forbear to live?  
 The little time thou hast 'twixt instant now 25  
 And Fate's approach is all the gods allow;  
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare  
 To sad reflection and corroding care?  
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve  
 With pleasant mem'ry of the blifs they gave. 30  
 The present hours in present mirth employ,  
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy;  
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)  
 Where destin'd erst, nor can by Fate's decree  
 Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee. 35 }



## CHANSON.

I.

QUE fais tu bergere dans ce beau verger  
 Tu ne songe gueres à me soulager?  
 Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur.  
 Prens belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur. 4

II.

Dequoy te plains tu malheureux berger?  
 Que n'ay je point fait pour te soulager!  
 J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,  
 Prend on tant de peine quand on n'aime rein. 8

## IMITATED.

I.

WHY thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,  
 Forfaking her swain and neglecting his love?  
 You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,  
 Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly. 4

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,  
 Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray?  
 Need I tell what I mean that I languish alone!  
 When I leave all the plain you may guess't is for one. 8

## THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

**C**ELIA and I the other day  
 Walk'd o'er the sandhills to the sea;  
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,  
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;  
 And, on the surface of the deep 5  
 The winds lay, only not asleep:  
 The nymph did, like the scene, appear  
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;  
 Soft fell her words as flew the air.  
 With secret joy I heard her say, 10  
 That she would never miss one day  
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.  
 But, oh the change! the winds grow high;  
 Impending tempests charge the sky;  
 The lightning flies, the thunder roars, 15  
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
 Struck with the horror of the sight,  
 She turns her head, and wings her flight,  
 And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again  
 Approach the shore or view the main. 20  
 Once more, at least, look back, said I;  
 Thyself in that large glass descry;  
 When thou art in good humour drest,  
 When gentle reason rules thy breast,  
 The sun, upon the calmest sea, 25  
 Appears not half so bright as thee:

'Tis then that with delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of love;  
 I bless my chain, I hand my oar,  
 Nor think on all I left on shore. 30

But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear,  
 When the big lip and wat'ry eye  
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh,  
 'Tis then thou art yon' angry main, 35  
 Deform'd by winds and dash'd by rain,  
 And the poor sailor, that must try  
 Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd in vain to land I make,  
 While Love and Fate still drive me back: 40  
 Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey.  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
 I with thee or without thee die. 44

## THE LADY

WHO OFFERS HER

### LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass,  
 Since I am not what I was;  
 What from this day I shall be,  
 Venus, let me never see. 4

M ij

## THE CHAMELEON.

**A**s the Chameleon, who is known  
 To have no colours of his own,  
 But borrows from his neighbours' hue  
 His white or black, his green or blue,  
 And struts as much in ready light, 5  
 Which credit gives him upon sight,  
 As if the rainbow were in tail  
 Settled on him and his heirs-male;  
 So the young 'squire, when first he comes  
 From country school to Will's or Tom's, 10  
 And equally in truth is fit  
 To be a statesman or a wit,  
 Without one notion of his own,  
 He faunters wildly up and down,  
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad, 15  
 Takes notice of a staring lad,  
 Admits him in among the gang;  
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;  
 He acts and talks as they befriend him,  
 Smear'd with the colours which they lend him. 20  
 Thus merely as his fortune chances  
 His merit or his vice advances.  
 If haply he the sect pursues  
 That read and comment upon news,

He takes up their mysterious face ;  
 He drinks his coffee without lace :  
 This week his mimick tongue runs o'er  
 What they have said the week before ;  
 His wisdom sets all Europe right,  
 And teaches Marlbrô when to fight. 30

Or if it be his fate to meet  
 With folks who have more wealth than wit,  
 He loves cheap Port and double bub,  
 And settles in the Humdrum club :  
 He learns how stocks will fall or rise ; 35  
 Holds poverty the greatest vice ;  
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation,  
 And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if at first he minds his hits,  
 And drinks Champaine among the wits, 40  
 Five deep he toasts the tow'ring lasses,  
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses :  
 Is in the chair, prescribes the law,  
 And lies with those he never saw. 44

### THE FLIES.

SAY, fire of insects, mighty Sol,  
 (A fly upon the chariot-pole  
 Cries out) What blue-bottle alive  
 Did ever with such fury drive?

Tell Belzebub; great Father, tell,  
 (Says th' other, perch'd upon the wheel)  
 Did ever any mortal fly  
 Raise such a cloud of dust as I?

5

My judgment turn'd the whole debate;  
 My valour fav'd the sinking state.  
 So talk two idle buzzing things,  
 Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.  
 But let the truth to light be brought,  
 This neither spoke nor th' other fought;  
 No merit in their own behav'our;  
 Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

10

16

## THE FEMALE PHAETON.

### I.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,  
 And wild as colt untam'd,  
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,  
 With little rage inflam'd.

4

### II.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint  
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,  
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint  
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

8

### III.

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd  
 With Abigails, forsaken?



Kitty's for other things design'd,  
Or I am much mistaken. 12

## IV.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens? 16

## V.

What has she better, pray, than I?  
What hidden charms to boast,  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast? 20

## VI.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me  
Unchain'd my fortune try:  
I'll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why. 24

## VII.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,  
Make all her lovers fall:  
They'll grieve I was not loof'd before;  
She I was loof'd at all. 28

## VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way:  
Kitty, at heart's desire,  
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire. 32

## THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

Humbly addressed to

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

Postmaster, and Paymaster-general to Queen Anne.

I.

WILL Piggot must to Coxwould go,  
To live, alas! in want,  
Unless Sir Thomas say No, no,  
Th' allowance is too scant.

4

II.

'The gracious knight full well does weet  
Ten farthings ne'er will do  
To keep a man each day in meat;  
Some bread to meat is due.

8

III.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,  
And drink of Adam's ale;  
Pure element no life can give,  
Or mortal soul regale.

12

IV.

Spare diet and spring-water clear  
Physicians hold are good:  
Who diets thus need never fear  
A fever in the blood.

16

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, ye're in the right;  
Prescriptions all can sell,

But he that does not eat cann't sh \* \* \*  
Or pifs if good drink fail.

20

## VI.

But pafs—The Æsculapian crew,  
Who eat and quaff the best,  
They feldom mifs to bake and brew,  
Or lin to break their faft.

24

## VII.

Could Yorkshire tyke but do the fame,  
Then he like them might thrive;  
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel Dame,  
To ftarve thou doft him drive.

28

## VIII.

In Will's old mafter's plenteous days  
His mem'ry e'er be bleft,  
What need of fpeaking in his praife?  
His goodnefs ftands confeft.

32

## IX.

At his fam'd gate ftood Charity  
In lovely sweet array;  
Ceres and Hofpitality  
Dwelt there both night and day.

36

## X.

But to conclude, and be concife,  
Truth muft Will's voucher be;  
Truth never yet went in difguife,  
For naked ftill is fhe.

40

## XI.

There is but one, but one alone,  
 Can set the pilgrim free,  
 And make him cease to pine and moan;  
 O Frankland, it is thee.

44

## XII.

Oh! save him from a dreary way;  
 To Coxwold he must hie,  
 Bereft of thee he wends astray,  
 At Coxwold he must die.

48

## XIII.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,  
 And wear a porter's gown,  
 Duteous to what thou may'st command,  
 Thus William's wishes crown.

52

## NONPAREIL.

## I.

LET others from the Town retire,  
 And in the fields seek new delight;  
 My Phillis does such joys inspire  
 No other objects please my sight.

4

## II.

In her alone I find whate'er  
 Beauties a country landscape grace;  
 No shade so lovely as her hair,  
 Nor plain so sweet as is her face.

8

## III.

Lilies and roses there combine,  
 More beauteous than in flow'ry field;  
 Transparent is her skin so fine,  
 To this each crystal stream must yield. 12

## IV.

Her voice more sweet than warbling found,  
 Tho' sung by nightingale or lark;  
 Her eyes such lustre dart around,  
 Compar'd to them the sun is dark. 16

## V.

Both light and vital heat they give,  
 Cherish'd by them my love takes root;  
 From her kind looks does life receive,  
 Grows a fair plant, bears flow'rs and fruit. 20

## VI.

Such fruit I ween did once deceive  
 The common parent of mankind,  
 And made transgress our mother Eve,  
 Poison its core, tho' fair its rind. 24

## VII.

Yet so delicious is its taste,  
 I cannot from the bait abstain,  
 But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,  
 Tho' I were sure 't wou'd end in pain. 28

## THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,  
 Their rural sports and jocund strains;  
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)  
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,  
 And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks, **5**  
 He nourish'd endless wo.  
 The nymphs and shepherds round him came;  
 His grief some pity, others blame;  
 The fatal cause all kindly seek:  
 He mingled his concern with theirs; **10**  
 He gave 'em back their friendly tears;  
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.  
 Clorinda came among the rest,  
 And she, too, kind concern express'd,  
 And ask'd the reason of his wo: **15**  
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien  
 That made it easily foreseen  
 She fear'd too much to know.  
 The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;  
 And will you pardon me, he said, **20**  
 While I the cruel truth reveal,  
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,  
 Which never should offend your ear,  
 But that you bid me tell?



'Tis thus I rove, 't is thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;  
 You are the cause of all my care :  
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;  
 I love and I despair. 30

Too much Alexis I have heard :  
 'Tis what I thought, 't is what I fear'd ;  
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :  
 But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows or speak your pain.  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd. 36

## THE OLD GENTRY.

## I.

THAT all from Adam first began,  
 None but ungodly Whiston doubts,  
 And that his son and his son's son  
 Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts. 4

## II.

Each when his rustick pains began  
 To merit pleaded equal right ;  
 'T was only who left off at noon,  
 Or who went on to work till night. 8

## III.

But coronets we owe to crowns,  
 And favour to a court's affection ;

By nature we are Adam's sons,  
And sons of Anstis by election. 12

## IV.

Kingfale! eight hundred years have roll'd  
Since thy forefathers held the plough;  
When this in story shall be told,  
Add, that my kindred do so now. 16

## V.

The man who by his labour gets  
His bread, in independent state,  
Who never begs, and seldom eats,  
Himself can fix or change his fate. 20

## THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;  
On any subject let him dwell,  
His tropes and figures will content ye  
He should possess to all degrees  
The art of talk; he practises  
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty. 6

## THE REMEDY

WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

## I.

I SENT for Ratcliffe, was so ill,  
That other doctors gave me over,

He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,  
And I was likely to recover. 4

## II.

But when the wit began to wheeze,  
And wine had warm'd the politician,  
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,  
I dy'd last night of my physician. 8

## THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE 1696.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,  
And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,  
In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,  
On my left hand my Horace, a W\*\*\* on my right:  
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move, 5  
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;  
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,  
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee:  
This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,  
To good or ill fortune the third we resign: 10  
Thus scorning the world, and superiour to Fate,  
I drive on my car in proceffional state;  
So with Phia thro' Athens Pisistratus rode,  
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.  
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse, 15  
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;

Since none can with justice my pleasure oppose,  
 In Holland half drown'd in int'rest and prose?  
 By Greece and past ages what need I be try'd,      19  
 When the Hague and the present are both on my side?  
 And is it enough for the joys of the day  
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?  
 When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,  
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow  
 That search all the province, you 'll find no man dar is  
 So blest as the *Englisben beer Secretar'* is.      26

## CONSIDERATIONS

ON PART OF THE LXXXVIIIth PSALM.

[A College exercise, 1690.]

### I.

**H**EAUV, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie;  
 Accurst I am while God rejects my cry.  
 O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan,  
 And ev'ry place is hell, for God is gone.  
 O Lord arise, and let thy beams control  
 Those horrid clouds that press my frighted soul:  
 Save the poor wand'rer from eternal night  
 Thou that art the God of light.      8

### II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;  
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.

Soon shall I lie in Death's deep ocean drown'd:  
 Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found?  
 O save me yet whilst on the brink I stand;  
 Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.  
 O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,  
 Thou that art the God of pow'r.

16

## III.

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

24

## TWO RIDDLES, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat  
 Whatever stranger she could get,  
 Unless his ready wit disclos'd  
 The subtle riddle she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go  
 And try what strength of parts would do;  
 Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;  
 Tell me what animal is that  
 Which has four feet at morning bright,  
 Has two at noon and three at night?

5

10

'Tis Man, said he, who, weak by nature,  
 At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,  
 Upon all four; as years accrue,  
 With flurdy steps he walks on two;  
 In age at length grows weak and sick, 15  
 For his third leg adopts the stick.

Now, in your turn, 't is just, methinks,  
 You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,  
 What greater stranger yet is he  
 Who has four legs, then two, then three; 20  
 Then loses one, then gets two more,  
 And runs away at last on four? 22

### ON BEAUTY. A RIDDLE,

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this,  
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.  
 'Tis the first offspring of the Graces  
 Bears diff'rent forms in diff'rent places;  
 Acknowledg'd fine where'er beheld, 5  
 Yet fancy'd finer when conceal'd.  
 'T was Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm,  
 Pandora's box of good and harm;  
 'T was Mars' wish, Endymion's dream,  
 Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme: 10  
 This guided Theseus thro' the maze,  
 And sent him home with life and praise;



But this undid the Phrygian boy,  
 And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy :  
 This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,      15  
 And help'd rich Jason to the fleece :  
 This thro' the East just vengeance hurl'd,  
 And lost poor Anthony the world :  
 Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom ;  
 This banish'd tyranny from Rome :      20  
 Appas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire ;  
 This set Persepolis on fire :  
 For this Alcides learn'd to spin,  
 His club laid down, and lion's skin :  
 For this Apollo deign'd to keep      25  
 With fervile care a mortal's sheep :  
 For this the Father of the gods,  
 Content to leave his high abodes,  
 In borrow'd figures loosely ran,  
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan :      30  
 For this he reassumes the nod,  
 ( While Semele commands the god )  
 Lanches the bolt, and shakes the poles,  
 Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.  
     Here list'ning Cloe smil'd and said,      35  
 Your riddle is not hard to read :  
 I guess it—Fair one, if you do,  
 Need I, alas ! the theme pursue ?  
 For this thou see'st, for this I leave  
 Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,      40

Ambition, bus'ness, friendship, news,  
 My useful books and serious Muse :  
 For this I willingly decline  
 The mirth of feasts and joys of wine,  
 And chuse to sit and talk with thee 45  
 (As thy great orders may decree)  
 Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,  
 Of idle tales, and foolish riddles. 48

## AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

Lord High Treasurer, 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet  
 At Matthew's palace in Duke-street,  
 To try for once if they can dine  
 On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.  
 If, weary'd with the great affairs 5  
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,  
 Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend  
 Thy mind one moment to unbend,  
 To see thy servant from his soul  
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl, 10  
 Among the guests, which e'er my house  
 Receiv'd it never can produce  
 Of honour a more glorious proof—  
 Tho' Dorset us'd to bless the roof. 14

## WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700.

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

**O**F all that William rules. or Robe  
 Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe,  
 When or on posthorse or in chaise,  
 With much expence and little ease,  
 My destin'd miles I shall have gone,  
 By Thames, or Maese, by Po or Rhone,  
 And found no foot of earth my own ;  
 Great Mother, let me once be able  
 To have a garden, house, and stable,  
 That I may read, and ride, and plant,  
 Superiour to desire or want ;  
 And as health fails, and years increase,  
 Sit down and think, and die in peace.  
 Oblige thy fav'rite undertakers  
 To throw me in but twenty acres ;  
 This number sure they may allow,  
 For pasture ten, and ten for plough ;  
 'Tis all that I would wish or hope,  
 For me, and John, and Nell, and Crop.  
 Then as thou wilt dispose the rest  
 (And let not Fortune spoil the jest)  
 To those who at the market-rate  
 Can barter honour for estate.  
 Now if thou grant'ft me my request,  
 To make thy vot'ry truly blest,

5 }

10

15

20

25

Let curst Revenge and saucy Pride  
 To some bleak rock far off be ty'd,  
 Nor e'er approach my rural seat,  
 To tempt me to be base and great.

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

30

}

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

36

WRITTEN IN

## MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

Given to the

{DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,

After the Peace 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what thou hast seen  
 Of cities and of courts, of books and men,  
 And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Thro' ages, thus, I may presume to live,  
 And from the transcript of thy prose receive  
 What my own short-liv'd verse can never give. 6

Thus shall fair Britain, with a gracious smile,  
 Accept the work, and the instructed isle  
 For more than treaties made shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallick style preferr'd,  
 Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,      11  
 While Talbot tells the world where Montaigne err'd.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF

MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

W HATE'ER thy countrymen have done  
 By law and wit, by sword and gun,  
 In thee is faithfully recited,  
 And all the living world that view  
 Thy work, give thee the praises due  
 At once instructed and delighted.      6

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds  
 What beggar in the invalids,  
 With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,  
 Wish'd ever decently to die,  
 To have been either Mezeray,  
 Or any monarch he has written?      12

III.

It's strange, dear Author, yet it true is,  
 That down from Pharamond to Louis  
 All covet life, yet call it pain,  
 And feel the ill, yet shun the cure:  
 Can sense this paradox endure?  
 Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.      18

## IV.

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

24

Written in the

## NOUVEAUX INTERESTS

## DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes who have fought  
 For pompous names or wide dominion,  
 Since by their error we are taught  
 That happiness is but opinion.

4

## WRITTEN IN AN OVID.

OVID is the surest guide  
 You can name to show the way  
 To any woman, maid, or bride,  
 Who resolves to go astray.

4



## VERSES

Spoken to

LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,

Countess of Oxford,

In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9. 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses seat,  
 (Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)  
 Hail, thou the brightest of thy sex, and best,  
 Most gracious neighbour and most welcome guest:  
 Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear, 5  
 In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir,  
 Not he such present honour shall receive  
 As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,  
 To pay due homage to the softer sex: 10  
 Plato and Tully we forbear to read,  
 And their great foll'wers whom this House has bred,  
 To study lessons from thy morals giv'n,  
 And shining characters impress'd by Heav'n.  
 Science in books no longer we pursue, 15  
 Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;  
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join  
 We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring  
 To the kind mem'ry of some bounteous king: 20

With grateful hand due altars let them raise  
 To some good knight's or holy prelate's praise;  
 We tune our voices to a nobler theme,  
 Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;  
 Saint John's was founded in a woman's name. 25 }  
 Enjoin'd by statute, to the Fair we bow;  
 In spite of time we keep our ancient vow; 27 }  
 What Marg'ret Tudor was is Harriet Harley now. }

### ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S

BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, 1721.

I HAVE no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.  
 In sure and certain hopes—the Prelate cries:  
 Of these two learned peers, I pr'y thee say, man,  
 Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?  
 The Duke he stands an infidel confess: 5  
 He's our dear brother, quoth the lordly Priest.  
 The Duke, tho' knave, still brother dear he cries,  
 And who can say the rev'rend Prelate lies? 8

### ON A PICTURE OF SENECA

DYING IN A BATH.

BY JORDAIN.

At the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF EXETER'S, AT BURLEIGH-HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains  
 The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,

By study worn, and slack with age,  
 How dull how thoughtless is his rage ?  
 Heighten'd revenge he should have took ; 5  
 He should have burnt his tutor's book,  
 And long have reign'd supreme in vice ;  
 One nobler wretch can only rise ;  
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface  
 The Stoick's image in this piece ; 10  
 For while unhurt, divine Jordain,  
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,  
 He still has body, still has soul,  
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole. 14

SEEING THE

DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike  
 These lines, too faint ; the picture is not like.  
 Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again :  
 Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain  
 Place Ormond's duke : impendent in the air 5  
 Let his keen fabre, comet-like, appear,  
 Where'er it points denouncing death : below  
 Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe }  
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow ;  
 Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,  
 Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd, 11

He faints: his steed no longer hears the rein,  
 But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain.  
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies,  
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes 15  
 Stern Vengeance yet and hostile Terrour stand:  
 His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.  
 'The Gallick chiefs their troops around him call,  
 Fear to approach him, tho' they see him fall.—

O Kneller! could thy shades and lights express 20  
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress,  
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,  
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow;  
 In spite of time thy work might ever shine,  
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine. 25

## UPON THIS

## PASSAGE IN SCALIGERIANA,

*Les allemans ne se soucient pas quel vin ils boivent pourveu  
 que ce soit vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce  
 soit Latin.*

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine  
 Expect false Latin and stum'd wine:  
 They never taste who always drink;  
 They always talk who never think. 4

## ON MY BIRTHDAY, JULY 21.

## I.

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

5

10

## II.

I, my Dear, was born to-day;  
 Shall I salute the rising ray?  
 Wellspring of all my joy and wo,  
 Clotilda! thou alone dost know:  
 Shall the wreath surround my hair?  
 Or shall the musick please my ear?  
 Shall I my comrades mirth receive,  
 And bless my birth, and wish to live?  
 Then let me see great Venus chase  
 Imperious anger from thy face;  
 Then let me hear thee smiling say,  
 Thou, my Dear, wer't born to-day.

15

20

22

## LOVE DISARMED.

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

5 }

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

10

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

}

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

15

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping, said,  
 Pity poor Cupid, gen'rous Maid,  
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,  
 And on thy bosom lost his way;  
 Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well  
 He never there must hope to dwell.

20

Set an unhappy pris'ner free  
 Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

25



To me pertains not, she replies,  
 To know or care where Cupid flies;  
 What are his haunts, or which his way,  
 Where he would dwell, or whither stray; 30  
 Yet will I never set thee free,  
 For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!  
 I'll give thee up my bow and dart,  
 Untangle but this cruel chain, 35  
 And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart;  
 Instant give up thy bow and dart;  
 The chain I'll in return unty,  
 And freely thou again shalt fly. 40

Thus she the captive did deliver;  
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.  
 The god, disarm'd, e'er since that day  
 Passes his life in harmless play;  
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast, 45  
 A little flutt'ring idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid  
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead,  
 Directs his arrows as she wills,  
 Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills. 50

### A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room the other day,  
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?

In your lifetime you never regarded your hour ;  
 You promis'd at two, and (pray look Child) 't is four.  
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels, 5  
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with bawbles and seals.  
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—  
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.  
 Lord blefs me ! said she, let a body but speak ;  
 Here 's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck ; 10  
 It has hurt me and vext me to such a degree—  
 See here, for you never believe me ; pray see,  
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made.  
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd :  
 That feat of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
 And forgot ev'ry word I desigh'd to have said. 16

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

### A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER.

#### AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,  
 And rising night the ev'ning shade extends ;  
 While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,  
 And closing flow'rs reviving odours yield,  
 Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite 5  
 What from our hearts our Muses may indite :

Nor need we in this close retirement fear  
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SYLV. To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim,  
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme: 10  
A stranger to the loose delights of love,  
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove,  
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,  
Chaste goddess of the Groves, thy succour bring.

AMAR. Propitious god of Love, my breast inspire 15  
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;  
Propitious god of Love, thy succour bring,  
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis, sing;  
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,  
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air: 20  
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains  
The happy youth above each rival reigns;  
Nor to the echoing groves and whisp'ring spring  
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing,  
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves, 25  
And Phœbus the superiour song approves.

SYLV. Beauteous Aminta is as early light  
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.  
When she is near all anxious trouble flies,  
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes. 30  
Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,  
In ev'ry breast the Beauteous nymph inspires;  
And on the plain when she no more appears,  
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.

In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze 35  
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees:  
 In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,  
 And to the silent night their notes prolong;  
 Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,  
 Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield. 40

AMAR. And in his absence all the pensive day  
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;  
 All day, to the repeating caves, complain  
 In mournful accents and a dying strain:  
 Dear lovely youth I cry to all around; 45  
 Dear lovely youth the flatt'ring vales resound.

SYLV. On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,  
 Aminta is my Muse's softest theme;  
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine; 49  
 With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMAR. I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,  
 And consecrate to him eternal vows;  
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove; 53  
 He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

## TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Sylvia if thy charming self be meant;  
 If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent,  
 O! let me in Aminta's praises join,  
 Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.

When for thy head the garland I prepare, 5  
 A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;  
 And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,  
 Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;  
 My heart shall own the justice of her cause,  
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws. 10

But if beneath thy numbers' soft disguise  
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis, lies;  
 If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,  
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,  
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find 15  
 The flame propitious and the lover kind;  
 May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,  
 And make thy beauty like thy verse endure;  
 May ev'ry god his friendly aid afford,  
 Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board. 20

But if, by chance, the series of thy joys  
 Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,  
 Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,  
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,  
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,  
 And dies in wo that thou may'st live in peace. 26

### CHARITY:

A PARAPHRASE ON I COR. CHAP. XIII.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue  
 Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;



Had I all knowledge human and divine  
 That thought can reach or science can define;  
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth 5  
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth;  
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
 To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;  
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw  
 When Moses gave them miracles and law; 10  
 Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,  
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,  
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,  
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair;  
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice; 15  
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,  
 Sustens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide,  
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride. 20  
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,  
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;  
 She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;  
 Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature ev'n, 25  
 And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift which God on man bestows  
 Its proper bounds and due reflection knows,  
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r,  
 And finishing its act, exists no more. 30



Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,  
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;  
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,  
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
 In happy triumph shall for ever live, 35  
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass  
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,  
 A little we discover, but allow  
 That more remains unseen than art can show; 40  
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,  
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above)  
 High as we may we lift our reason up,  
 By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;  
 Yet are we able only to survey 45  
 Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.  
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,  
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,  
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld, 50  
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,  
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,  
 One lost in certainty and one in joy;  
 Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity, 55  
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,

Shalt still survive—  
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess,  
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest. 61

### UPON HONOUR. A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,  
 I mean the substance, not the name,  
 (Not that light heap of tawdry wares  
 Of ermine, coronets, and stars,  
 Which often is by merit sought, 5  
 By gold and flatt'ry oft'ner bought;  
 The shade for which ambition looks  
 In Selden's or in Ashmole's books)  
 But the true glory which proceeds,  
 Reflected bright, from honest deeds, 10  
 Which we in our own breast perceive,  
 And kings can neither take nor give. 12

### ADRIANI MORIENTIS

AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,  
 Hospes, comesque corporis,  
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula?  
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca. 5

## BY MONS. FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,  
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu scache où tu vas :  
 Tu pars seulette, nuë, et tremblotante, hélas!  
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?  
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats? 5

## IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,  
 Must we no longer live together?  
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,  
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?  
 Thy hum'rous vine, thy pleasing folly, 5  
 Lies all neglected, all forgot,  
 And pensive, wav'ring Melancholy,  
 Thou dread'st, and hop'st thou know'st not what. 8

## A PASSAGE IN THE

## MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS

## IMITATED.

IN awful pomp and melancholy state,  
 See settled Reason on the judgment-seat;  
 Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,  
 And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care;

Far from the throne the trembling pleasures stand,  
 Chain'd up or exil'd by her stern command. 6  
 Wretched her subjects, gloomy fits the queen,  
 Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;  
 And apish Folly, with her wild resort  
 Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court. 10  
 See the fantastick Minstrelsy advance  
 To breathe the song and animate the dance.  
 Blest the usurper! happy the surprize!  
 Her mimick postures catch our eager eyes;  
 Her jingling bells affect our captive ear, 15  
 And in the sights we see and sounds we hear,  
 Against our judgment she our sense employs,  
 The laws of troubled reason she destroys,  
 And in their place rejoices to indite  
 Wild schemes of mirth and plans of loose delight. 20

### IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET 'm censure, what care I?  
 The herd of criticks I defy;  
 Let the wretches know I write  
 Regardless of their grace or spite.  
 No, no; the fair, the gay, the young, 5  
 Govern the numbers of my song:  
 All that they approve is sweet,  
 And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire :  
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre; 10  
 Love shall be my endless theme;  
 Pleasure shall triumph over fame :  
 And when these maxims I decline,  
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine;  
 May I grasp at empty praise,  
 And lose the nymph to gain the bays. 16

### HORACE, LIB. I. EP. IX. IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.

---

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

---

DEAR Dick \*, howe'er it comes into his head,  
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,  
 That you and I Sir are extremely great,  
 Tho' I plain Matt, you Minister of State.  
 One word from me, without all doubt, he says, 5  
 Would fix his fortune in some little place.  
 Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows  
 How far my int'rest with my patron goes,  
 And answering all objections I can make,  
 Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake. 10

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed  
 One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;

\* Richard Shelton, Esq. whom Mr. Prior, in his will, calls his dear friend and companion.



That I in fact a real interest have,  
 Which to my own advantage I would save,  
 And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend 15  
 To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure I all shame lay by,  
 And make my reason with his will comply;  
 Hoping, for my excuse, 't will be confess'd  
 That of two evils I have chose the least. 20

So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll  
 Receive the partner of my inmost soul;  
 Him you will find in letters and in laws  
 Not unexpert; firm to his country's cause;  
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,  
 And in one word a good man and a true. 26

### ENIGMA.

By birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,  
 I dispose of all honours, myself having none;  
 I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,  
 Yet I hang my own master and lie with his wife.  
 When men are a-gaming I cunningly sneak, 5  
 And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.  
 Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,  
 And pick off their diamonds tho' near so well set.  
 For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,  
 Then presently take off your lands from your hands;  
 But this fury once over, I've such winning arts,  
 That you love me much more than you do your own  
 hearts. 12



## ENIGMA.

**F**ORM'D half beneath and half above the earth,  
 We sisters owe to art our second birth;  
 The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,  
 Made on the land, to travel on the waters.  
 Swifter they move as they are straiter bound, 5  
 Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground;  
 They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,  
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim. 8

## CANTATA.

SET BY MONS. GALLIARD.

RECIT.

**B**ENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade  
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,  
 Horace, immortal bard! supinely laid,  
 To Venus thus address'd the song;  
 Ten thousand little Loves around, 5  
 List'ning dwelt on ev'ry sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son  
 Sound no more his dire alarms:  
 Youth on silent wings is flown;  
 Graver years come rolling on. 10  
 Spare my age unfit for arms:

Safe and humble let me rest,  
 From all am'rous care releas'd.  
 Potent Venus, bid thy son  
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

15

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare  
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?  
 Why, why do I all day lament and sigh,  
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?  
 And why all night pursue her in my dreams  
 Thro' flow'ry meads and crystal streams?

20

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard, and thus the goddess spoke:  
 Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke;  
 Ev'ry state and ev'ry age  
 Shall own my rule and fear my rage:  
 Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove  
 That all the world was born to love.

25

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover  
 Soft desire and gentle pain:  
 Often praise, and always love her;  
 Thro' her ear her heart obtain.  
 Verse shall please and sighs shall move her;  
 Cupid does with Phoebus reign.

30

33

## AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

**M**ISS Danae, when fair and young,  
 (As Horace has divinely sung)  
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace  
 By doors of steel and walls of brass:  
 The reason of the thing is clear 5  
 Would Jove the naked truth aver;  
 Cupid was with him of the party,  
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty;  
 For, give that whipster but his errand,  
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant; 10  
 Dauntless as death away he walks,  
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks,  
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study,  
 Nor stops till he has Culprit's body.  
 Since this has been authentick truth, 15  
 By age deliver'd down to youth,  
 Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us  
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?  
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,  
 Make us less curious, her less fair? 20  
 The spy which does this treasure keep,  
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs nor sleep?  
 Does she to no excess incline?  
 Does she fly musick, mirth, and wine?  
 Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r 25  
 To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend ;  
 That spy is guarded by your friend—  
 But has this friend nor eye nor heart ?  
 May he not feel the cruel dart 30  
 Which soon or late all mortals feel ?  
 May he not, with too tender zeal,  
 Give the fair pris'ner cause to see  
 How much he wishes she were free ?  
 May he not craftily infer 35  
 The rules of friendship too severe,  
 Which chain him to a hated trust,  
 Which make him wretched to be just ?  
 And may not she, this darling she,  
 Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood, 40  
 Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,  
 Allow this logick to be good ?  
 Sir, will your questions never end ?  
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.  
 In short, I keep her from the sight 45  
 Of ev'ry human face.—She'll write.—  
 From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—  
 Has she a bodkin and a card ?  
 She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say ;  
 But how shall she that mind convey ? 50  
 I keep her in one room ; I lock it ;  
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.  
 The key-hole, is that left ? Most certain  
 She'll thrust her letter thro'—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done? 55  
 Is there no way?—There is but one.  
 Send her abroad, and let her see  
 That all this mingled mass which she,  
 Being forbidden, longs to know,  
 Is a dull farce, an empty show; 60 }  
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;  
 A staple of romance and lies,  
 False tears, and real perjuries;  
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,  
 And love is made but to be told; 65  
 Where the fat bawd and lavish heir  
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;  
 And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,  
 Must give up age to want and shame.  
 Let her behold the frantick scene, 70  
 The women wretched, false the men;  
 And when, these certain ills to shun,  
 She would to thy embraces run,  
 Receive her with extended arms;  
 Seem more delighted with her charms; 75  
 Wait on her to the Park and play;  
 Put on good humour, make her gay;  
 Be to her virtues very kind;  
 Be to her faults a little blind:  
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,  
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind. 81

## A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

**O**N his deathbed poor Lubin lies,  
 His spouse is in despair :  
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries  
 They both express their care.  
**A** diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly, 5  
 The same effect may give:  
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,  
 His wife that he may live. 8

## ANOTHER.

**F**ROM her own native France, as old Alison past,  
 She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with  
 malice,  
 That the flattern had left in the hurry and haste  
 Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at Calais. 4

## ANOTHER.

**H**ER eyebrow box one morning lost,  
 (The best of folks are oft'nest crost)  
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,  
 Her careless but afflicted maid,  
 Put me to bed, then, wretched Jane; 5  
 Alas! when shall I rise again?  
 I can behold no mortal now,  
 For what's an eye without a brow? 8



## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

**I**N a dark corner of the house  
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;  
 She will not see her loving spouse,  
 Nor her more dear Piquet allies;  
 Unless she finds her eyebrows,  
 She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

## ON THE SAME.

**H**ELEN was just flipt into bed,  
 Her eyebrows on the toilette lay,  
 Away the kitten with them fled,  
 As fees belonging to her prey.  
 For this misfortune careless Jane,  
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated,  
 And Madam getting up again,  
 With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.  
 On little things, as fages write,  
 Depends our human joy or sorrow;  
 If we do n't catch a mouse to-night,  
 Alas! no eyebrows for to-morrow.

## A TRUE MAID.

No, no; for my virginity,  
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die.  
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,  
 Rose, were you not extremely sick?

4

## ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,  
 And was brought in a laudable manner to-bed,  
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice  
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;  
 But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,  
 Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin,  
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,  
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once  
                     squeal.                      [lives,  
 Learn Husbands from hence, for the peace of your  
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives. 10

## A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin,  
 Says wise Professor Vander Brüin.  
 By flames a house I hir'd was lost  
 Last year, and I must pay the cost.

This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground,  
 And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.  
 A slave I am to Clara's eyes;  
 The gipsy knows her pow'r and flies.  
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin,  
 And great thy wisdom Vander Brüin. 10

## A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop  
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?  
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see  
 ('Tis but by way of Simile)  
 A Squirrel spend his little rage 5  
 In jumping round a rolling cage,  
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,  
 Striking a ring of bells a-top?—  
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,  
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs; 10  
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,  
 He never gets two inches higher.  
 So fares it with those merry blades  
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades.  
 In noble songs and lofty odes 15  
 They tread on stars and talk with gods;  
 Still dancing in an airy round,  
 Still pleas'd with their own verses found;  
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,  
 Always aspiring, always low. 20

## A FLOWER.

PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,  
 Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view :  
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,  
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,  
 And finishing the piece, she smiling said,  
 Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade. 6

## A CASE STATED.

I.

NOW how shall I do with my love and my pride,  
 Dear Dick, give me counsel, if friendship has any ;  
 Pr'y thee purge, or let blood, furly Richard reply'd,  
 And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny. 4

II.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd  
 For the pains and the torments for more than a year,  
 She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd  
 That it wanted a fortnight to Barthol'mew fair. 8

III.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,  
 While my negligent judge only hears with her eye ;  
 In a long flaxen wig and embroider'd new coat,  
 Her spark saying nothing talks better than I. 12

## A FABLE.

---

Personam tragiciam forte vulpes viderat,  
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!

---

Phædr.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,  
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round,  
Then threw it in contempt away,  
And thus old Phædrus heard him say,  
What noble part canst thou sustain,  
'Thou specious head without a brain?

6

## A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell?  
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

## FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says Baron le Crafs,  
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:  
And scarcely had he spoke it,  
When she, more confus'd as more angry she grew,  
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;  
She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

6

Qij

QUIDSIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.

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

4

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilette sat,  
 Admiring this and blaming that,  
 Tell me, she said, but tell me true,  
 The nymph who could your heart subdue,  
 What sort of charms does she possess ?  
 Absolve me fair one, I'll confess  
 With pleasure, I reply'd : Her hair,  
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
 Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,  
 And hiding half adorns the whole.  
 In her high forehead's fair half round  
 Love fits in open triumph crown'd ;  
 He in the dimple of her chin,  
 In private state, by friends is seen.  
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray,  
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;  
 Their dubious lustre seems to show  
 Something that speaks not Yes nor No.

5

10

15



Her lips no living bard, I weet,  
 May say how red, how round, how sweet: 20  
 Old Homer only could indite  
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight :  
 They stand recorded in his book,  
 When Helen smil'd and Hebe spoke—  
 The gipsy, turning to her glafs, 25  
 Too plainly show'd she knew the face ;  
 And which am I most like, she said,  
 Your Cloe or your Nut-brown maid ? 28

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE

WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted fight,  
 And therefore pardon'd when she did not right ;  
 But yet till then it never did appear  
 That as she wanted eyes she could not hear.  
 I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose 5  
 A thing she does not commonly refuse.  
 Two matadores are out against my game,  
 Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same :  
 Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,  
 Whereas I only ask in one to gain ; 10  
 Yet she still contradicting gifts imparts,  
 And gives success in ev'ry suit—but Hearts. 12

Engraven on three sides of an

## ANTIQUE LAMP.

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

MAT. PRIOR.

ANTIQUAM hanc lampadem  
E Museo Colbertino allatam,  
Domino Harleo inter *Κειμήλια* sua  
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

4

“ This lamp which Prior to his Harley gave,  
“ Brought from the altar of the Cyprian dame,  
“ Indulgent Time; thro’ future ages save,  
“ Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.”

8

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,  
Sanctius, lampas, tibi munus orno:  
I fove casto vigil Harleianas  
Igne camœnas.

12

Engraven on a column in the church of

## HALSTEAD IN ESSEX,

The spire of which, burnt down by lightning,

WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENSE OF MR. S. FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure giv’n  
To buildings rais’d by common hands:

That fabrick rises high as heav'n  
 Whose basis on devotion stands.  
 While yet we draw this vital breath, 5  
 We can our faith and hope declare;  
 But charity, beyond our death,  
 Will ever in our works appear.  
 Best be he call'd among good men  
 Who to his God this column rais'd; 10  
 Tho' lightning strike the dome again,  
 The man who built it shall be prais'd.  
 Yet spires and tow'rs in dust shall lie,  
 The weak efforts of human pains,  
 And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,  
 While deathless Charity remains. 16

FOR THE

## PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

On which is the

EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH;

The figure of the

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BENEATH,

And the chief rivers of the world round the whole work.

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

- “ Quæcunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu, 5  
 “ Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis  
 “ Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit et Ister, 7  
 “ Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.”

## AN EPITAPH.

---

Stet quicunque volet potens  
 Aulae culmine lubrico, &c.

Seneca.

---

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone  
 Lie faunt'ring Jack and idle Joan,  
 While rolling threescore years and one  
 Did round this globe their courses run:  
 If human things went ill or well, 5  
 If changing empires rose or fell,  
 The morning past, the evening came,  
 And found this couple still the same.  
 They walk'd, and ate, good folks; what then?  
 Why, then they walk'd and ate again. 10  
 They soundly slept the night away;  
 They did just nothing all the day:  
 And having bury'd children four,  
 Would not take pains to try for more.  
 Nor sister either had, nor brother; 15  
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.  
 Their moral and economy  
 Most perfectly they made agree;

Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground. 20  
 Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;  
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.  
 He car'd not what the footmen did ;  
 Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid ;  
 So ev'ry servant took his course, 25  
 And bad at first, they all grew worse,  
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,  
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.  
 Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;  
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short. 30  
 They gave the poor the remnant meat :  
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.  
 They paid the church and parish rate,  
 And took but read not the receipt ;  
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's due 35  
 Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.  
 No man's defects sought they to know,  
 So never made themselves a foe :  
 No man's good deeds did they commend,  
 So never rais'd themselves a friend. 40  
 Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;  
 That might decrease their present store :  
 Nor barn nor house did they repair ;  
 That might oblige their future heir.  
 They neither added nor confounded ; 45  
 They neither wanted nor abounded.

Each Christmas they accounts did clear,  
 And wound their bottom round the year.  
 Nor tear nor smile did they employ  
 At news of publick grief or joy. 50  
 When bells were rung and bonfires made,  
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :  
 Their jug was to the ringers carry'd,  
 Whoever either dy'd or marry'd :  
 Their billet at the fire was found, 55  
 Whoever was depos'd or crown'd,  
 Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wife,  
 They would not learn, nor could advise :  
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
 They led—a kind of—as it were : 60  
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd ;  
 And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd. 62

### EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,  
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,  
 The son of Adam and of Eve ;  
 Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher ? 4

### FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 't was giv'n to die ; to thee 't is giv'n  
 To live : alas ! one moment sets us ev'n. }  
 Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heav'n !



## FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

## I.

As Doctors give physick by way of prevention,  
 Matt, alive and in health, of his Tombstone took care;  
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention  
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir. 4

## II.

Then take Matt's word for it the sculptor is paid;  
 That the figure is fine \*, pray believe your own eye;  
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,  
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie. 8

## III.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,  
 His virtues and vices were as other men's are;  
 High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,  
 Is a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care. 12

## IV.

Nor to bus'ness a drudge, nor to faction a slave,  
 He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;  
 In publick employments industrious and grave, 15  
 And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he!

## V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,  
 Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither wou'd trust;

\* Alluding to the busto carved by the famous Coriveaux  
 at Paris, on his monument in Westminster-abbey.

And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,  
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but

VI. [duft.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere, 21  
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;  
It says that his relicks collected lie here,  
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true. 24

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,  
So Matt may be kill'd, and his bones never found;  
False witnesses at court, and fierce tempests at sea,  
So Matt may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd. 28

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,  
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;  
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,  
He cares not—yet pr'y thee be kind to his fame. 32

# CONTENTS.

---

## EPISTLES.

	Page
<b>A</b> N epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq. 1689,	1
To ditto, 1689,	8
Ad virum doctissimum, et amicum, dominum Sa- muelem Schaw,	10
To ditto,	11
Presented to the King, at his arrival in Holland, after the discovery of the conspiracy 1696,	ib.
To a child of quality. Five years old, 1704, the Author then forty,	15
To the Countess of Exeter, playing on the lute,	16
To the Countess of Dorset. Written in her Milton,	18
To the Lady Dursley, on the same subject,	19
To my Lord Buckhurst, very young, playing with a cat,	ib.
To the Hon. Charles Montague, Esq.	20
To Dr. Sherlock, on his practical discourse con- cerning Death,	22
To a person who wrote ill, and spake worse, a- gainst me,	25
On the same person,	ib.
To the Lady Elizabeth Harley, since Marchioness of Carmarthen, on a column of her drawing,	26

	Page
To the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, on a piece of Wieffen's, whereon were all her grandsons painted,	26
To a young Lady, who was fond of fortune-telling,	29
To a friend on his nuptials,	30
To a poet of quality, praising the Lady Hinchinbroke,	ib.
An epistle. Desiring the Queen's picture. Written at Paris 1714, but left unfinished, by the sudden news of her Majesty's death,	31
A letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux, occasioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704,	32

## HYMNS.

Hymn to the sun. Set by Dr. Parcell,	40
The first hymn of Callimachus. To Jupiter,	43
The second hymn of Callimachus. To Apollo,	47

## EPIGRAMS.

Pallas and Venus. An epigram,	54
Another,	ib.
Another,	55
Another,	ib.
Another,	ib.
Partial fame,	56
Nell and John,	ib.
Bibo and Charon,	ib.

CONTENTS.

197

	Page
Wives by the dozen,	57
The modern faint,	ib.
A failor's wife,	ib.
Fatal love,	58
The honest shepherd. A Greek epigram imitated,	ib.
The parallel,	59
Husband and wife,	ib.
The incurable,	ib.
The insatiable priest,	60
Doctors differ,	ib.
Pontius and Pontia,	61
Cautious Alice,	62
Truth told at last,	ib.
To Duke de Noailles,	ib.
On a fart, let in the House of Commons,	63
From the Greek,	ib.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Carmen seculare, for the year 1700. To the King,	64
Celia to Damon,	86
Daphne and Apollo. Imitated from the first book of Ovid's Metamorphoses,	90
Colin's mistakes. Written in imitation of Spenser's style,	94
The Dove,	99
Erle Robert's mice. In Chaucer's style,	104
In the same style,	107

	Page
In the same style,	107
To Fortune,	ib.
To Cloe,	108
To Cloe weeping,	ib.
Cloe hunting,	109
Cloe jealous,	110
Answer to Cloe jealous,	112
A better answer,	113
Venus mistaken,	114
Venus' advice to the Muses,	ib.
The judgment of Venus,	115
Phyllis' age,	117
Chaste Florimel,	ib.
The question. To Lifetta,	119
Lifetta's reply,	ib.
Cupid and Ganymede,	120
Cupid mistaken,	123
Cupid in ambush,	124
Cupid turned ploughman. From Moschus,	ib.
Cupid turned stroller. From Anacreon,	125
Mercury and Cupid,	126
Democritus and Heraclitus,	129
Merry Andrew,	ib.
Gualterus Danistonus ad amicos,	130
Imitated,	131
Chanson,	133
Imitated,	ib.



CONTENTS.

199

	Page
The lady's looking-glass,	134
The lady who offers her looking-glass to Venus,	135
The chameleon,	136
The flies,	137
The female Phaeton,	138
The wandering pilgrim. Humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart.	140
Nonpareil,	142
The despairing shepherd,	144
The old gentry,	145
The pedant,	146
The remedy worse than the disease,	ib.
The Secretary. Written at the Hague 1696,	147
Considerations on part of the lxxxviii <sup>th</sup> Psalm. [A college exercise, 1690,]	148
Two riddles, 1710,	149
On beauty. A riddle,	150
An extempore invitation to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer, 1712,	152
Written at Paris, 1700. In the beginning of Robe's geography,	153
Written in Montaigne's essays. Given to the Duke of Shrewsbury in France, after the peace 1713,	154
Written in the beginning of Mezeray's History of France,	155

	Page
Written in the nouveaux interests des princes de l'Europe,	156
Written in an Ovid,	ib.
Verfespokento Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley, Countefs of Oxford, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9. 1719,	157
On Bp. Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buck- inghamfhire, 1721,	158
On a picture of Seneca dying in a bath. By Jor- dain. At the Right Hon. the Earl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-houfe,	ib.
Seeing the Duke of Ormond's picture at Sir God- frey Kneller's,	159
Upon this paffage in Scaligeriana,	160
On my birthday, July 21,	161
Love difarmed,	162
A lover's anger,	163
Love and friendship : a pastoral. By Mrs. Eliza- beth Singer,	164
To the author of the foregoing pastoral,	166
Charity : a paraphrafe on 1 Cor. chap. xiii.	167
Upon honour. A fragment,	170
Adriani morientis ad animam fuam,	ib.
By Monf. Fontenelle,	171
Imitated,	ib.
A paffage in the moriæ encomium of Erasmus imitated,	ib.

	Page
In imitation of Anacreon,	172
Horace, lib. I. epist. 9. imitated. To the Right	
Hon. Mr. Harley,	173
Enigma,	174
Ditto,	175
Cantata. Set by Monf. Galliard,	ib.
An English padlock,	177
A reasonable affliction,	180
Another,	ib.
Another,	ib.
On the same subject,	181
On the same,	ib.
A true maid,	182
Another,	ib.
A Dutch proverb,	ib.
A simile,	183
A flower. Painted by Simon Varelt,	184
A case stated,	ib.
A fable,	185
A critical moment,	ib.
Forma bonum fragile,	ib.
Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere,	186
Her right name,	ib.
Upon playing at Ombre with two ladies,	187
Engraven on three sides of an antique lamp. Gi- ven by me to Lord Harley,	188

	Page
Engraven on a column in the church of Halstead in Essex, 1717,	188
For the plan of a fountain, on which is the effigies of the Queen on a triumphal arch; the figure of the Duke of Marlborough beneath, &c.	189
An epitaph,	190
Epitaph extempore,	192
For my own tombstone,	ib.
For my own monument,	193

From the APOLLO PRESS,  
by the MARTINS,  
Feb. 28. 1784.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

